

The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

EDWARD WHELAN]

This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Vol. VII.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1858.

No. 31.

STEAM! STEAM! STEAM!
Patrick Hickey & Co's
CABINET, SASH, DOOR, BLIND AND GENERAL WOOD WORK MANUFACTORY.
HAVE just completed their three-story BUILDING, east of the Wellington Hotel, Sydney-street, the only one of the kind in this Island where Steam Power and the most approved Machinery now in use is employed for saving manual labor.
In the establishment is a Drying-room, in which Lumber is thoroughly seasoned by the heat of Steam.
They having engaged the service of a competent Machinist and General Engineer from Boston, are enabled to undertake repairing all kinds of Machinery, including Lathes, Gun-fitting and Screw-cutting, having imported self-acting Lathes and other Machinists' tools for that purpose.
Also—Planing, Straight and Sweep Sawing,—Morticing, Tenoning, Moulding, Boring and Turning Machinery.
N. B.—All kinds of Iron Turning done to order.
Ch. Town, Dec. 14, 1857. Isl 4m

Co-Partnership.
THE BUSINESS heretofore carried on by the subscriber at Orwell and Montague Bridge, in his own name, will, on and after the 1st day of January, 1858, be carried on under the style and firm of STEPHENS & CLARK, having made arrangements to take my Nephew, Mr. RICHARD G. CLARK, in Partnership at that time.
All Notes of Hand and Book Accounts unpaid on the 20th of December next, will be sued for, without further notice, in the Courts of Georgetown, Belfast and Charlottetown, as all Accounts must be settled before the Partnership commences. A list of Debtors will at once be placed in the hands of Wm. Sanderson, Esq., Georgetown.
Orwell, Nov. 30, 1857. PATRICK STEPHENS.

Co-Partnership Notice.
THE subscriber, having taken into Partnership Mr. G. W. MILLER, will continue to carry on the Marble Business in future under the Firm of
WELLS & MILLER.
Orders for MARBLE HEADSTONES will receive prompt attention.
S. WELLS, Manufacturer.
G. W. MILLER, Salesman.
Ch. Town, Dec. 21, 1857. 3m

Carriage Making
JOHN SCOTT, Carriage Manufacturer, returns thanks to the inhabitants of Charlottetown and the Island generally, for the very liberal patronage he has received since his commencement in business, and now informs them that he has this day—October 13th, 1857—taken into partnership his brother, Mr. ROBERT SCOTT, who has returned from the United States, where he has been engaged at the above business for a number of years, and has learned all the modern improvements in Carriage Building, and they will now be able to furnish as good an article, and at as moderate a price, as can be had anywhere on the Island. In future the business will be carried on under the style and title of
JOHN & ROBERT SCOTT,
CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH BUILDERS, &c., &c.
Carriages and Sleighs always on hand, and built to order at the shortest notice. Carriage and Sleigh Trimming done with neatness and despatch.
Charlottetown, Oct. 19, 1857. if

MESSRS. STANFIELD & LORD beg to inform the Farmers of Prince Edward Island, that after this date their NEW MILL at TRYON will be ready for Dyeing, Fulling and Dressing Cloth, having spared no expense in fitting up. The services of Mr. Lippincott, of Pictou, being secured as manager, they guarantee to finish work in the best possible manner, on the usual terms.
Mr. H. CALBECK, of Sydney Street, Charlottetown, will receive Cloth and attend to its being forwarded with despatch.
Tryon, July 27. if

Saddle, Harness, Collar and Trunk-making ESTABLISHMENT.
THE subscriber respectfully intimates to the public generally that he has commenced business in the above line in the house on the corner of Queen and Sydney-streets, near the store of the Hon. Daniel Breanan, where he will keep for sale a large assortment of
GIG, CARRIAGE AND CART HARNESS;
SADDLES, BRIDLES, COLLARS, WHIPS, TRUNKS, &c.
All orders for any article connected with the trade will be punctually attended to. He is also prepared to trim Sleighs, Gigs and Carriages in a superior style. The subscriber feels confident he can give satisfaction to those who may favor him with their patronage, from his having had a long experience in the business both in the Old Country and in this Island.
Ch. Town, Oct. 19, 1857. JOHN BOWERS.
N. B.—A liberal discount will be allowed to country wholesale dealers. 3m

FAUGHT'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE, QUEEN-SQUARE.
THE subscriber invites the attention of the public generally to his large supply of Ladies', Gents', Misses' and Boys' BOOTS and SHOES, consisting of:—Ladies' Congress and Gaiter Boots, a superior article; Gents' Calf and Kip Boots and Brogans, Patent Leather and Congress Cloth Boots; Boys' and Youths' Patent Leather Shoes, of all kinds. A quantity of French Calf-skin on hand, which he will manufacture to order in the most approved and fashionable style.
—ALSO—
A large supply of Ladies', Gents', Misses' and Boys' Indian Rubber Boots and Shoes, of all sizes and of the best quality. A quantity of Indian Rubber Solution, for repairing Rubbers. Sign Golden Boot, City, Aug. 17, 1857. ly

From Liverpool.
THE fast-sailing first class Ship "MAJESTIC," 500 tons burthen, EDWARD NOWLAN, Commander, will sail from the above Port for Ch. Town, on the 21 of APRIL. For Freight or Passage please apply to W. W. LORD & Co., Charlottetown; or, to the Agents of the Ship, Messrs. DAVID CANNON, SONS & Co., 52 South John-street, Liverpool.
All Goods forwarded by this Ship for any Port, from Pictou, Nova Scotia, to Miramichi, will be forwarded immediately on the arrival of the Ship at the owner's expense, but at the shipper's risk.
Ch. Town, Jan. 18, 1858.

Prince Edward Island Regular Trader!
THE fast-sailing ship "ISABEL," 700 tons burthen, A. I. at Lloyd's, coppered and copper fastened, commanded by ALEXANDER McDONALD, an experienced person in the trade, will sail from Liverpool, England, for this port direct, early in April next. She has always landed her cargoes in good condition, and performed her trips with regularity. There has never been any cause for claim on the underwriters for Goods shipped by this vessel. Persons intending to forward by this conveyance will please have their Goods alongside at an early date. For further particulars respecting Freight or Passage, apply to ANDREW DUNCAN, Esq., 12 Baltic Buildings, Liverpool, or to DUNCAN, MASON & CO., Charlottetown, P. E. I., Jan. 25, 1858. 6i.

For Sale,
A FREEHOLD PROPERTY, thirteen miles from Charlottetown, the most eligible situation for country business on the Island, situated at Vernon River Bridge, Lot 50—where vessels drawing ten feet of water can load at the Bridge—the public road from south side of the Island running close by the shop door. There are on the premises a DWELLING-HOUSE, in good repair, containing on the lower floor a Dining-room, Drawing-room, two Bed-rooms and Kitchen, also a Shop 24 x 20, on the upper floor two Bed-rooms; a two-story GRANARY 40 x 25, with double floors; a new SHOP 48 x 20; a Store-house, Stable and Coach-house, and a good Well of water close to the house. For further particulars apply in Charlottetown to BENJ. DAVIES, Esquire, or on the premises to the proprietor.
October 5, 1857. ROBERT BARKER.

For Sale,
LOTS suitable for Villa Residences, situate on the western moiety of "Spring Park" Estate—within a few minutes walk of the Province Building. For further particulars, plan, &c., apply to THEO. DESBRISAY, or to the subscriber.
May 18, 1857. W. H. POPE.

Valuable Leasehold Property for Sale.
THE undersigned offers for sale his FARM at Barrett's Cross, Lot 19, containing 114 acres of excellent Land, at the annual rent of 1s. per acre, for 999 years; forty acres of which are under a high state of cultivation, and the remainder is covered with the best quality of hardwood timber and fencing poles. It has a front of nineteen chains on the Main Western and Bedeque Road, and is within nine miles of the flourishing Town of Summerside. There are on the premises a very excellent DWELLING-HOUSE, together with a DISTILLERY, COACH-HOUSE, STABLES, &c.; two excellent Wells of water are within a few yards of the door, and every other accommodation besides. A portion of the purchase money may remain on interest for such time as may be agreed on.
Barrett's Cross, Lot 19, Oct. 5. if PETER MULLIN.

"Stratford."
To Let or Lease for a term of years.
THREE or 4 BUILDING LOTS in Stratford, Lot 48, opposite Charlottetown; together with a sufficient number of Bricks to erect a House or Cottage on each Lot, with the privilege of purchasing the same within the period of the term. For further particulars apply to Mr. JOHN BALL, or the owner, MAJOR BEETE.
Ch. Town, Dec. 14, 1857. 8i

For Sale or to Let,
DEVENPORT COTTAGE AND GROUNDS.
THE subscriber being desirous of removing into Town, offers for SALE or to LET, the above named property where he now resides. This property is prettily situated, and is only about one mile from the centre of the City. The COTTAGE contains eight well-finished rooms, and a large parlour, besides a kitchen, laundry, and two rooms for servants. BARN, STABLES, Coach House, and other Out-Buildings are in good repair, and are convenient and commodious. A Well of excellent water is within a few yards of the kitchen door.
The LAND consists of THREE PASTURE LOTS, of which from 6 to 12 Acres will be sold or leased with the House and Buildings.
For Terms, and further particulars, apply to the Subscriber.
July 6, 1857. G. W. DEBLOIS.

To be Sold or Let,
THE Leasehold Interest in a STORE or DWELLING HOUSE at Montague Bridge, with a Loft capable of holding 1,000 Bushels of Grain. Also, a good Cellar underneath the whole; and a Coach-house and Stable at hand.
Also, a BUILDING LOT adjoining the Bridge, where a Wharf or Lime-kiln might be erected at a small expense, or a Yard for Shipbuilding.
Mr. Thomas Annett will shew the premises, and give possession when required.
Orwell, Nov. 30, 1857. PATRICK STEPHENS.

A Card.
ALL persons indebted to the subscriber are informed that unless their Accounts be paid before the 25th FEBRUARY next, prompt coercive steps will be taken to enforce payment. No further Credit will be given to parties while their old Accounts remain unsettled.
JAMES ROMANS.
City Hardware Store, Jan. 25, 1858. 4w.

Prepare for Lent.
AS the above season draws near, the subscriber considers it a duty he owes to the public to make known that he has on hand a very superior article of
Fresh Oysters, Mackerel and Lobsters!
These have been carefully prepared and Hermetically Sealed during the past season, by Cairns & Romans, and will be found as well-flavored as if just taken from their native element. Try them, and judge for yourselves.
Owing to the large cash outlay connected with getting up this delicious preparation, the terms of sale will be invariably Cash on delivery—whether by wholesale or retail.
JAMES ROMANS.
City Hardware Store, Jan. 25, 1858. 4w.

Notice.
BEER & SON
BEG to notify all persons, without exception, who are indebted to them, that their respective amounts MUST BE PAID FORTHWITH. And, further, that prompt payment of the full amount of last year's account is the ONLY CONDITION on which credit can be given for the future.
Ch. Town, Jan. 18, 1858. 1m

Moncton and Shediac Railway.
UNTIL further notice Trains will run between Shediac and Moncton every lawful day, leaving Shediac at 7 1/2 a. m., and 4 1/2 p. m.; leaving Moncton at 9 a. m., and 6 p. m.
Fare 2s. 6d. Children under 12 years, half price.
Freights at the following rates, viz:—
Flour.....6d. per barrel.
Fish.....7d. do.
Pork.....9d. do.
Oats.....14d. per bushel.
Barley.....2d. do.
Other goods in proportion. All goods delivered at the stations.
The "Maid of Erin" connects with Saint John twice a week, leaving Saint John on Tuesday and Friday evenings and arriving at Moncton at high water next morning.
There is also communication with Saint John three times a week by stage coaches.
The steamers "Westmorland" and "Rosebud" connect with Prince Edward Island on Wednesdays and Saturdays.
R. JARDINE, Chairman Railway Board.
Saint John, August 31, 1857. if

Flour for Sale in Georgetown.
350 BARRELS extra superfine FLOUR, 75 Barrels Navy BREAD, just received per "Hemisphere," for sale at lowest cash prices. Apply to Mr. FADE GOFF, in Georgetown; or to SAMUEL A. FOWLE, Peake's Buildings, Ch. Town, Jan. 18, 1858. 2m

HAVELOCK.
He sleeps the sleep of glory, and for him Stern hearts are sad, and manly eyes are dim; What though the tardy tide that they gave To grace the warrior, found him in his grave; The loss was ours—not his; our Havelock needs No vulgar blazon for his deathless deeds.
No plaudits loud, no faint praise trimly turned Could make or mar the glory he had earned: The love of England is a nobler prize Than Senates can decree or Kings devise; And England's grief a staltier monument Than wealth can build, or heraldry invent.

Yes, England loved this warrior, for she felt That in his soul true English virtue dwelt. Steadfast, yet ardent, prompt but wary, brave To height of daring, yet not daring's slave; Pious as valiant, hopeful mid despair; Dauntless in danger, vehement in prayer; Alike in peace or war, one path he trod, His law was Duty, and his guide was God.
Through arduous struggles and with toil severe, His friendless virtue ploughed its slow career. He could not match in purse the carpet lords Of purchased epaulettes, and bauble swords; Merit, not wealth, when manhood's prime was past, Raised the born leader to command at last; And with command came glory. Why recall What lives and burns within the hearts of all? We all remember how he rose—a star— On the thick midnight of that dreadful war, Roll'd back the tide of ruin, and restored The poise of Empire with his single sword.

We all remember how through India's plains, Scorch'd by fierce suns, or drenched by tropic rains, O'er stony swamps by torrid skies o'er-arched, Dauntless and swift, the heroic band marched. No need to count their triumphs, none to tell Of cursed Cawnpore, and its hideous well; Of Lucknow's fate, that trembled on a thread, Of the fierce carnage, and the glorious dead; When the close battery's tempest surged and sung, And through a lane of fire the avengers sprung, Spent, but victorious—and the glorious shout For Lucknow's rescue scared the miscreant rout— Yes, they were saved, but at what deadly cost! The ransom'd live; but what a ransom's lost! His brain outwreathed and his heart o'erfought, The avenger sinks beside the work he wrought. He lived to save; and, having saved, bow'd down Beneath the burden of his great renown; Leaving to us the treasure of his fame, A noble memory, and a stainless name.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.
Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort! We knew that it was the last, That the enemy's lines crept surely on, And the end was coming fast.
To yield to that foe was worse than death, And the men and we all worked on; It was one day more of smoke and roar, And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife, A fair, young, gentle thing, Wasted with fever in the siege, And her mind was wandering.
She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid, And I took her head on my knee. When my father comes home frae the plough," she said, "Oh! then please wauken me."
She slept like a child on her father's floor In the flecking of woodbine-shade, When the house-dog sprawls by the open door, And the mother's wheel is staid.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench, And hopeless waiting for death; And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child, Seemed scarce to draw her breath.
I sank to sleep; and I had my dream Of an English village-lane, And wall and garden—but one wild scream Brought me back to the roar again.
There Jessie Brown stood listening Till a sudden gladness broke: All over her face, and she caught my hand And drew me near, as she spoke—
"The Highlanders! Oh! dinna ye hear The slogan far awa? The McGregor's? Oh! I ken it weel; It's the grandest of them a'!"

"God bless the bonny Highlanders! We're saved! we're saved!" she cried; And fell on her knees; and thanks to God Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.
Along the battery-line her cry Had fallen among the men, And they started back—they were there to die; But was life so near them, then?
They listened for life; the rattling fire Far off, and the far off roar, Were all; and the colonel shook his head, And they turned to their guns once more.
But Jessie said, "The slogan's done; But winna ye hear it no, The Campbells are comin'? It's no a dream; Our success has broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar, But the pipes we could not hear; So the men plied their work of hopeless war, And knew that the end was near.
It was not long ere it made its way,— A shrilling, ceaseless sound: It was no noise from the strife afar, Or the sappers under ground.
It was the pipes of the Highlanders! And now they played *Auld Lang Syne*; It came to our men like the voice of God, And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another's hands, And the women sobbed in a crowd; And every one knelt down where he stood, And we all thanked God aloud.
That happy time, when we welcomed them, Our men put Jessie first; And the general gave her his hand, and cheers Like a storm from the soldiers burst.
And the pipers' ribbons and tartans streamed, Marching round and round our line; And our joyful cheers were broken with tears As the pipers played *Auld Lang Syne*.
—Atlantic Monthly.

LYNDON HALL.
(Concluded.)
IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

The next day Lyndon Hall was in confusion. Edmund missing,—not at home all night; Lucy flown; Norah like a ghost; Gregory seen stealing about the place in a mysterious and burglarious fashion,—all these wild reports met Colonel Lyndon as he descended to the breakfast-room, where Launcelot Thorold, agitated and abashed, was the only one to greet him. Norah had not yet come down. It was with great efforts that she came at all, for she was painfully ill.

"What does this mean?" said the Colonel, angrily. "Is all the household in league to bewilder me? Do you understand it, Mr. Thorold? Where are your brother and sister? Where, too, is Norah? What?" (an untranslatable expletive) "is the meaning of all this, sir?"
"I do not know where my brother is," replied Launcelot. "He has not been at home all night. My sister, I grieve to say—" He hesitated.
"Well, sir, what? Speak, Mr. Thorold! Your sister?" The old Colonel looked stern, pulled up his stock, and scowled, as if Launcelot had been the cause of it all.

"My sister—" began Launcelot. But here he was interrupted by a servant bringing in a small scented note, written in violet ink.
"If you please, sir, this is for you," said the man. "Justine, Miss Thorold's maid, gave it me. Miss Thorold left it for you on the pin cushion."
The Colonel tore it open.
"My dear Uncle," it began—"for so I may soon hope to address you—at last, my happiness is at hand. Your nephew Gregory has, at last, understood that poor little Norah did not love him; no fault of hers, dear child: she did her best to obey you; but hearts are sometimes disobedient, and his has followed the—shall I say it?—first impulse of our introduction: he has loved me instead. This may account to you, dear uncle, for much which, at the time, you misunderstood, but in which I could not set you right, or enlighten you. To avoid unpleasantness to you and others, dear Gregory and I have decided on being married privately, away from Lyndon. When assured of your approbation—about which, however, I have no kind of doubt—we shall return to ask your blessing and recognition. From your expressed kind feeling for me, I am sure that you will be pleased at my happiness in being made dear Gregory's wife. For Norah, I dare say she will find a husband nearer to her taste, and more similar in nature; and perhaps the two families will be even more closely united yet. Ask Edmund, dear uncle, where his heart is gone to; for it has a *chance aux cœurs* lately at Lyndon. I embrace you heartily. When Gregory and I come home to the Moat, I shall be very near you, and I shall hope to see you often.
"Your affectionate niece,
Lucy.

"P.S.—I enclose a note which dear Gregory has just given me for you. Adieu!—L. T."
Gregory's note was shorter, and more to the point. It ran thus:
Dear Sir,—My cause is lost. In searching among the papers which my father left sealed up in his lawyer's hands, we found—not a certificate of his marriage, but a confession, under his own hand and seal, which has left me a beggar, and the declared illegitimate son of a Nubian slave.
"Yours truly,
GREGORY LYNDON.

The reason of his marriage with Lucy was clear now. Few persons would have recognized the Colonel after he had read Lucy's insolent and Gregory's defiant letter. His self-possession vanished. Based on pride, not on self-control, it could not bear so rude a shock as this. His military bearing broke down, as if it had been a pasteboard manikin paraded before the world. He stormed, he swore, he raved and raged, and called Lucy naughty names, and threatened to shoot Gregory through the head, and insulted Launcelot, and abused Norah in really gross language, and said that if Edmund came near the hall again he would have him horse-whipped by his groom. In short, he was a wild, mothing madman, much too occupied with his own disappointment to feel any thankfulness at Norah's escape, or at his own. He did not remember this, nor think how he would have felt, had Norah been married before the crash and exposure came. He only remembered that his bewitching mistress had betrayed him, and that she had been deceiving and laughing at him during the time of her sweetest blandishments. Poor starchy Colonel, it was a rare fall for his dignity!

At this moment of supreme anger little Norah stole into the room, deathly pale and broken, but bearing up in the wonderful way proper to frail little women, who support trials which would destroy the robust. The sight of her renewed the Colonel's passion. He advanced to her menacingly, his hand uplifted. That gesture, and Norah's patient, timid, half-cowering attitude revealed a family secret to Launcelot. It seemed no new thing to the girl to have her father's hand turned against her; indeed, it was so usual, that she neither resented nor wondered at it. But Launce started forward and drew her hastily to his side, holding her, quite unconscious of appearances, with his left arm round her waist while prepared to defend her with his right, even against her father.

The nearest approach to love which Norah had ever felt was then, when Launcelot Thorold took her on his arm. It was the first time in her life that she had ever known the real protection of a man—that protection of superior strength which is so sweet to women to receive. Her father had beaten and subdued her into mechanical submission; Gregory had overwhelmed her with his passion and overcome her by the force of his love; young Edmund had worshipped and revered her; but no one had ever before protected her, no one had made her feel her weakness a claim to aid and care. If Launcelot had read her heart at this moment, perhaps he, too, would have mistaken and hoped.

The Colonel baffled in his assault on Norah, turned again to Launcelot, and a painful and undignified scene was the result; when in the midst of their highest altercation a small knot of men, bearing a body in the midst, was seen crossing the park. Both Launcelot and Norah were struck with the same foreboding.
"Stay here—you are safe," whispered Launce, rushing from the room, judging correctly that the Colonel's attention would be diverted, and that Norah was therefore left in no peril.
She saw him cross the lawn, and meet the men. But one of them, the head gamekeeper, stepped forward and spoke to him, laying his broad hand on his arm in the honest equality of sympathy. Launce thrust him aside, hastily but not ungently; and then she heard an agonised cry, as he recognized his fair young brother with a deep wound on his