

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. V. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1855. No. 25.

GLOBE HOTEL,
James W. Cairns, Proprietor,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.
Pleasantly situated, and every comfort afforded at moderate cost.
Horses and vehicles, for hire, in connection with the establishment.
September 3.

JAMES MORRIS,
Commission Merchant, General Agent and
Auctioneer.
QUEEN STREET,
CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Card.
STEWART & MACLEAN,
Ship Brokers and Commission Merchants,
For the sale and purchase of American and Provincial Produce,
and Dealers in Provisions, Fish, Oil, &c.
FERRY LANDING, WATER-ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
REFERENCES—Charlottetown, P. E. I., JAS. PURDIE, Esq.,
St. John, N. B., MESSRS. R. RANKIN & CO.
Oct. 8, 1855. 6m

HARRIS, BOWDITCH & Co.,
Commission Merchants,
RUSSIA WHARF, BOSTON.
Particular attention is given to consignments of Vessels and
Produce from the British Provinces; and the purchase and
shipment of all kinds of Merchandise, with a general Insurance
Agency. September 10.

A. L. CUTLER,
Wholesale Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS AND WINDOW GLASS,
Drugs, Medicines & Dye Stuffs.
Manufacturer of Coach, Furniture, Piano-forte and Damar or
Zinc VARNISHES.
No. 43 INDIA STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
October 22, 1855. 2m

"Stratford Hotel."
THE above Establishment, which is delightfully situated on
the South Side of the Hillsborough, and commands an
extensive view of the City and Harbour, IS JUST OPENED,
and has superior accommodations for Private Families and
Transient Boarders; and the Subscriber trusts, by assiduity
and attention to the convenience and comfort of his guests,
to merit the countenance and support of the public generally.
There is also good STABLE accommodation on the premises.
October 29. GEORGE MOORE.

Commission Merchant & General Agent.
THE undersigned having good Shop, Cellarage and Ware-
house rooms, offers his services as General Agent and
Commission Merchant; would attend to the purchase and
shipment of Produce, &c.
REFERENCES.—HON. JAMES PEAKE,
" W. W. LORD,
" D. BREXAN,
" CHAS. YOUNG,
W. B. DEAN, Esq., Am. Cons. Agent.
GEORGE MOORE.
Stratford Hotel, opposite Charlottetown, Nov. 5. 2m.

**"Alliance Life and Fire Insurance Company" of
LONDON**
ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT
1824.
Capital, Five Millions Sterling.
CHARLES YOUNG,
April 14. Agent for P. E. Island.

Freehold for Sale.
THAT well known Freehold, of 55 acres, "EGLANTINE
POINT," Fortune Bay, formerly owned by EDWARD ABELL, is
now offered for sale, of which a good and valid title can be given. For
further particulars apply to
Registered book 24, page 878. W. B. DEAN, July 23.

**Dwelling House and Land near Charlotte-
town for Sale.**
FOR SALE, the newly built and commodious Dwelling
House in Charlottetown, late the residence of the Hon.
Charles Hensley, together with eighteen acres of Land adjoining. The
Dwelling House contains—Dining Room, Drawing Room and Study; two
Kitchens, with Store-rooms, &c.; and Nine Bed rooms. There is also
Stables, Coach-house, Root-house, Pump, &c., on the premises. The dis-
tance from Charlottetown is rather less than one mile.
Also to let from year to year, or for a term of years, as agreed upon,
several Pasture Lots in Charlottetown, near the above Dwelling
House.
For Terms of Sale and Lease apply to the subscriber at the Attorney
General's Office, Colonial Building, Charlottetown.
July 30. JOSEPH HENSLEY.

Public Lands.
THE Commissioner of Public Lands gives notice that per-
sons who have given bonds for the purchase of lands—having had
favorable terms offered them—should not speedily settle their
accounts, by calling at the Commissioner's Office, and agreeing to the
balance thereon in the terms offered by the Government—render them-
selves liable to any alteration in these terms which may be thought
advisable. September 17, 1855.

Notice.
ALL persons are hereby cautioned against trespassing on
those lands situate on Lot or Township No. 46, the property of
Captain Byrne, the heirs of Mrs. Taylor and of Miss Gun Cunningham,
and lying between the western boundary of Major Crooke's land, and the
eastern boundary of Lot 45. Any person or persons so found
trespassing, will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.
ROBERT STEWART,
Agent for Captain Byrne, the heirs of Mrs. Taylor
and Miss Gun Cunningham.
Charlottetown, April 22.

BOOKS, BOOKS.
THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of the reading
Public to his Stock of new and second hand BOOKS,
which comprises works on every branch of human knowledge,
and in various languages. Ministers and Schoolmasters will
find by inspection that they can obtain valuable Works, Eng-
lish editions, at one-third the usual price.
S. WESTACOTT.
Charlottetown, Nov. 12, 1855.

Books, Books.
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Public to his Stock of new and second hand BOOKS,
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S. WESTACOTT.
Charlottetown, Nov. 12, 1855.

Literature.

THE CLOSING OF THE YEAR.

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling; 'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past, yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud: the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand:
Young spring, bright summer, autumn's solid form,
And winter with his aged locks,—and breathe,
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for fears. Within the deep,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life.

That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what is passed to nothingness. The year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious thought
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on the brow,
Its shadows in each heart.

In its swift course,
It waded its spectre o'er the beautiful;
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous; and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o'er
The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield,
Flashed in the light of mid-day; and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mould'ring skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on,
He presses and forever. The proud bird,
The Condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag; but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness;
And Night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion.

Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations.

Yet time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless; and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

The Dress-maker.
"The idea of you choosing a dress-maker's occupation,
Annie, 'tis perfectly outrageous: I shouldn't have thought
of you—it's positively unkind;" and the speaker paused
and regarded her young cousin, Annie Desmond, with in-
creasing ire, as she remarked her cool indifference.

"Why don't you speak, Annie?" she went on, as that young
lady continued her work quietly, without replying; "one
would think you were about conferring some great honor
upon your family by your lofty manner, instead of degrad-
ing it?"

A flitting smile passed over Miss Desmond's delicate face.
"I have told you before, Cousin Fanny, that it was the
best thing I could do. Why need to waste words upon it?"
"The best thing you can do, indeed! Can't you play
upon the piano—can't you paint, and draw, and talk in two
or three languages?"

"Yes, I can play the last new polka or song, provided it
isn't very difficult. I can paint a little with crayons, and I
can say it's a fine day, and *bon soir* in French and Italian.
What a teacher of all those accomplishments I should make!"
and the flitting smile ended in a scornful laugh.

"You underrate yourself, Annie, I know. Why, I heard
Frank Hunter say last winter, that your voice was the
sweetest contralto he ever heard."
"That may be, but a good voice won't make a good
teacher."
"You are too provoking, Annie, I declare. Do tell me
what particular vocation you think you have for dress-making,
then," said Miss Fanny Harper sarcastically; but the sneer
did not affect Annie Desmond in the least—she answered
as lightly as if it had been unspoken.

"O, I have considerable taste, I believe, in all due modesty,
for anything of that kind; you know I always made Nurse
Harris's cape and got up my own party dresses."
"I guess you'll find it's another thing to get up everybody's
party dresses!"
"I dare say I shall, Fanny," answered Annie, with the least
touch of sadness in her tone.

"Then do for pity's sake give it up, and act like a ration-
al being."
"Now, Fanny, it won't do any good for you to talk. I
have made up my mind, and I shall abide."
"To be a dress-maker?"
"A dress-maker's apprentice at first!" calmly answered
Annie.

"Well, you always were perfectly set from a child. I
I hope you'll get somebody to master that iron will some
of these days."
"Not where my duty is concerned—no man or woman
shall ever acquire that influence over me."
"Well, I've done trying, and now mean to wash my hands
of you. I've done all I could. I've given my advice, and
promised to recommend you as a teacher."
How Anne's royal lips curled at this.

"And if you persist in this odd whim, you must be aware
Anne, that we cannot—"
"Associate, I understand perfectly, Fanny; you needn't
mince the matter," interrupted Anne, very coldly. "I knew
from the beginning how you would feel about this, and I am
neither angry nor hurt—it is what I always expected—'tis
your character to do so—we shall not quarrel about that."
Mrs. Harper didn't know whether to be offended or not;
so she replied with some pique in her tones:

"Well, if you ain't the curtest, most unfeeling girl I ever
saw. You didn't want me to cry about it, did you? How
queer you are, Anne Desmond!" and Mrs. Harper rose to
go, with a secret feeling that Anne was somehow her superior,
spite of poverty, misfortune and her strange whims.
"Where are you going to work, Anne?" she asked, rather
hesitatingly.

"O, not at your dress-maker's, Fanny, so you won't be
mortified by seeing me there. At Mrs. Bowen's in C—
street."
"Well, good by, you must let me know how you get along."
"Yes, and when the balance brings me up again in the
scale of society, Fanny, I suppose I can come and see you."
Again Mrs. Harper was nonplussed, as she often was
with her cousin Anne, and hastily took her leave. Anne
Desmond did care for the painful necessity that compelled
her to seek employment when her father died, and contrary
to all expectations left her penniless; but she had an active,
energetic mind, and one good friend, her nurse, house keeper,
and foster mother, who would as soon have thought of de-
serting her own flesh and blood, as Anne; so the two had
decided to take a small tenement and furnish it with some
of the plainest furniture saved from the grand sale—thus,
with what our heroine could earn, together with some prop-
erty derived from the sale of some valuable jewels, pictures
and trinkets of her own, they would eke out a subsistence.

Anne had fondly imagined that she would be confined to
the work room; but Mrs. Bowen was too well aware of the
advantage that a fine face and lady-like bearing would be to
her reception room. She made no remark at this, but bore
it with a humility that was far prouder than most people's
pride. One day while showing a superb cloak to a young
belle, the door opened and a lady and gentleman entered.
Anne did not look up, for it was no unusual thing for the male
friends of the ladies to accompany them, but she was startled
when the stylish girl she was conversing with, said, with
some suavity:

"How do you do, Mrs. Carlisle," and then the pretty head
returned the gentleman's inclination with a little gratified nod.
No wonder Anne was startled and interested, for this
handsome man was Edward Carlisle, a young lawyer and
orator of great talents, as she could testify, having heard
him lecture before the Lyceum that winter. By Mrs. Carlisle's
request, which lady was the sister-in-law of the young
man's—Anne put on the dainty cloak and stood while they
discussed the form and material, perfectly unconscious in her
proud carelessness, how very becoming the soft emerald hue
was to her rose-tinted complexion; but Mrs. Carlisle, with
her keen appreciation of beauty, was quite as much struck
with the wearer as with the garment itself, and turning to
her companion, who was watching the drays and omnibuses
with commendable attention, she said: *N' a-telle pas la belle
air, Edward?*

The bright color flushed up to Anne's oval cheek, and the
next moment the Parisian novelty was lying over the back
of a chair, and with haughty civility she folded her hands
and awaited further orders. Pretty little Mrs. Carlisle had
good sense and kind feelings, and her distress was only equal
to her amazement, as she discovered that her handsome shop-
woman understood French.

"How vexatious, Edward; I had no idea she could talk
French. I dare say she is a reduced gentlewoman."
"I dare say she is just what she seems, my little romantic
sister, but you have no idea of any other class than your
own; republican as you profess to be, you yet cannot imagine
a seamstress understanding French. This is a country of
public schools, you must remember, and your heroine, most
likely, is some poor man's daughter, that has passed through
one of these, and not having a vocation for teaching, or the
opportunity perhaps, she has chosen with praiseworthy
independence her present profession."

"Pshaw! How you bring everything down to your
plain practical standard."
"It will have to come there in the end, and it might first
as last, for what I see."
"Pooh, there are exceptions to every rule, and I know
there is romance connected with that girl, the romance at
least of—"

"Having seen better days, that *cont phrase*," laughed
her companion. "Oh you are bound to make a heroine of
her, I see. But democratic as you think you are, I am
much mistaken, if when brought to the test—say of her
becoming a member of our own family, that your republicanism
would materially diminish."

"No such a thing, but I am sorry you judge me harshly."
"Nay, my dear Bel, not harshly—it is only just; for a
woman brought up as you have been from infancy, in the
midst of luxury, with not one reverse of fortune as yet, 'tis
next to impossible to view those things as they really are.
I speak about them from experience—for John and I carved
our way upward, as you know, from poverty."

"To distinction, Edward, and that is what I honor in you
both, your undaunted courage and brave talents—now wasn't
that romance?"
"No, anything but that; it was steady, unflinching per-
severance."
"O you horrible old realist!" playfully exclaimed the lady,
as she ran up the steps of her spacious dwelling, followed by
her brother-in-law.

"Miss Desmond, I wish you would call at Mrs. Carlisle's,
on your way home, and see what is the trouble with those
dresses," and Mrs. Bowen handed Anne a slip of paper with
the address written on it. It was an easy matter to find
that stately residence, and Anne very soon was conferring
with its mistress.

"I wish you would stay this evening and alter them,
miss—"
"Desmond," said Anne, quietly.
The lady bowed in acknowledgment, and went on. "It
would oblige me very much if you could."
It was with great satisfaction that Mrs. Carlisle heard
Anne's compliance with this request, for she really cared far
more about the dress-maker than the dresses. She was a
very warm-hearted, enthusiastic little woman, and when once
interested, was a staunch friend. Contrary to all Anne's ex-
perience, when the tea bell rang, she was invited very quietly,
in a matter-of-course way, to join them. Determined to
show that sceptical Edward how in earnest she was, Mrs.
Carlisle introduced the young seamstress like a guest, for a
lady—no matter in what circle accident had placed her, and
the hostess felt that it was an easy thing to treat her as such.
The sceptical Edward could not but acknowledge that his
young *vis-a-vis* was a very lovely, high-bred woman, perhaps,
too, he acknowledged she had *la belle air*. The conversation
turned upon lectures, and the last was discussed with great
interest.

"Did you hear it, Miss Desmond?" questioned Mrs.
Carlisle, turning to Anne.
"No, ma'am, I have attended but one this winter."
"Which was that?"
"The first."
Anne did not blush as she pronounced this, though she
was very well aware that the orator of that evening was
looking at her very closely with his bright blue eyes, but
his sister-in-law looked up and said with simplicity:
"Why, then, you heard Edward, it was funny you didn't
recognize him."
Anne thought it was funny, but she didn't say so; and
when the conversation turned on something else she glanced
up to the young man's face, and met his arch smile with
another as arch and sweet, but more evanescent—it was
enough to make them feel a great deal better acquainted
than a mouth of sober conversation, and when they retired,
as was the usual custom, to Mrs. Carlisle's pretty sitting
room, the young gentleman watched Anne secretly, with some
curiosity, to know what was beneath that calm, professional
exterior; for one moment the mask had been off, and he had
a glimpse of her soul; that glimpse only excited the wish to
learn more, but with drooping head she silently worked away
at the elegant silks, until at last a general silence ensued. At
length, Frank, a little fellow of eight years, who was looking
over a book of his father's, turned to Anne, with whom he
had taken a wonderful fancy, with:
"What's this? what does it mean?"

It was a sentence of stenography, and our heroine, in a
very low voice, explained and translated it to him, but low as
it was, it did not escape either Mrs. Carlisle's or her brother's
ears, and that lady looking up from her work, said, with
some surprise:
"That's an unusual accomplishment for a lady, Miss
Desmond."
"My father taught it to me," was the only reply.
Mrs. Carlisle glanced across at Edward with an expression
that said as plainly as looks could say—"she has seen better
days"—and by way of leading her on, she said:
"What benefit did he think would accrue?"
"He was a printer, ma'am, it was of great assistance to
him at times."
Poor little Mrs. Carlisle; how her air castle crumbled; she
had been so sure that Anne's father was an eminent man and
scholar, and she could hardly brook with patience the lurking
smile at the corners of Edward's mouth, as the simple truth
was simply announced. But if the young man smiled at his
pretty sister's discomfiture—he was no less pleased with the
noble simplicity of that reply.
The work completed, Anne arose to go, she quietly ac-
cepting his offered escort. Mrs. Carlisle had begun really to
find much interest in Anne, and it was odd how often after
this she was wanted at her house to retrim or alter some
dress.
"Bel, I have an opportunity to put your vaunted repub-
licanism to the test," and Mr. Edward Carlisle threw down
his book and flung his head back to meet his sister's eyes, not
long after this.
"Well, out with it, some of your teasing nonsense, I sup-
pose."
"There is no nonsense about it; it is just this. I am
going to make Anne Desmond my wife, if she will have me."
"Why, Edward," she said, hastily, "I never was so sur-
prised in my life; you often laughed at my romantic notions
regarding her."
"I think it quite a natural thing for a young man thrown
into the society of a handsome intellectual woman, to fall in love
with her."
Mrs. Carlisle laughed. "How many handsome intellectual
women have you mingled with before, pray?"
"Ah, but my time hadn't come, then, Bel."
"Well, you're a queer lover, anyway; do tell me, Edward,
if you ever send her flowers, books, or any of the delightful
trifles lovers usually lavish on their sweet-hearts?"
"Never!"
"I knew you hadn't, you heathen you!"
"Hark a moment. I respected her situation too much to
do so, until I had made her an offer of my hand. I knew too
many young men, who never go any further with girls in
her position, than to send them flowers and gifts; if she should
accept your humble servant, I think you will not find me
tardy in lover-like accomplishments, Bel."
"You're a noble fellow. I wish you success."
"And you will welcome her as a sister?" he said, fixing
his bright eyes on her as he rose to leave the room.
"Yes, indeed, I will. I may perhaps have felt a little
disappointment at first, for as you said, it is hard to over-
come the influences of society, especially when I found it was
coming home to you, Ned, you whom I have always thought
too good for anybody; but my own noble husband's father and
yours was a carpenter, Ned, and now I think of it, I believe
my grandmother was a seamstress, so that those who live in
glass houses shouldn't throw stones. But where are you
going?"
"To learn my fate," he said smiling half comically, half
sadly.
"And you doubt the issue?"
"I shouldn't be a lover if I did not; besides you must
remember there has been no tender little love passages—no
flirting. I go without any of the sweet securities which
accompany most lovers, for she is a woman, Bel, who does