

# THE EXAMINER

Vol. XII.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, October 27, 1862.

New Series.—No. 42.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**MR. W. A. JOHNSTON,**  
OF HALIFAX, N. S.  
**Attorney and Barrister at Law,**  
Notary Public, &c. &c.  
Office—Mrs. McDonald's, next door to  
Mrs. Forsyth's, North side of  
Queen Square.  
Charlottetown, October 21, 1862.

## A CARD.

**NEIL RANKIN** begs leave to inform the  
MERCANTILE AND TRADING COM-  
MUNITY of Prince Edward Island, and the  
Neighbouring Provinces, that he has made  
arrangements for the immediate prosecution  
of business as an  
**Auctioneer, Commission Merchant  
& General Agent,**  
in each of which lines all Commissions with  
which he may be favoured (at home or from  
abroad) shall receive his prompt and best  
attention.  
Charlottetown, July 8, 1861.

## Watch and Clock Maker.

## PURCHASE, Sardon's Corner.

**A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF**  
WATCHES always on sale, and warranted  
to perform well. Price £3 10s. and upwards.  
WEDDING RINGS, BROOCHES, &c. &c. in  
great variety.  
Charlottetown, August 4, 1862.

**HARRINGTON & SMITH,**  
Commission Merchants,  
**Mount Stewart Bridge,**  
P. E. ISLAND.  
Grain Cargoes Purchased and Shipped  
on Commission.  
Sept. 22, 1862. 1st 2m

**Rockwell, Higley & Garland,**  
Commission Merchants,  
And Wholesale Dealers in  
**FLOUR, GRAIN, POTATOES, EGGS,  
BUTTER, CHEESE,**  
Beans, Pork, and Produce generally,  
44, NORTH STREET, BOSTON,  
(Opposite Merchants' Row.)  
References in Charlottetown—  
W. CUSHALL, Esq. W. B. DEAN, Esq.  
June 23, 1862. 1st 2m

**W. B. HERBERT,**  
SHIP BROKER  
AND  
**COMMISSION MERCHANT,**  
No. 112 Hollis-street,  
HALIFAX, N. S.  
Strict attention will be given to all consign-  
ments of Prince Edward Island Produce.  
September 1, 1862. 1st 2m

## Dentistry.

**C. F. HUBERT, Dentist,**  
is prepared at all times  
to attend to the various branches of the  
profession.  
Teeth carefully inserted, extracted, cleaned,  
and filled.  
Office hours from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Re-  
sidence at Mrs. Douglas's, Water-street.  
Charlottetown, Jan. 20, 1862. 1st 2m

## GEORGETOWN.

**WILLIAM SANDERSON,**  
Commission Merchant, Wholesale & Re-  
tail General Agent, Auctioneer & Broker.  
NOTARY PUBLIC.  
Agent for Col. Life Assurance Company in  
King's County. Agent for Pictou Iron Foundry.  
Towns Lots, Pasture Lots, and Farms for  
Sale in King's County.  
Nov. 15.

**JOHN & ROBERT SCOTT,**  
Coach & Sleigh Builders,  
Kent Street,  
INFORM the inhabitants of Charlottetown  
and the Country generally, that they have  
now on hand a number of new and second-hand  
CARRIAGES, open and covered, of different styles,  
which will be sold cheap for prompt payment.  
All orders punctually attended to.  
April 14, 1862.

## PRESTO! FOR SALE.

**AN ASSORTMENT OF TEN MUSICAL IN-  
STRUMENTS,** suitable for a Band party,  
comprising—1 Horn, 1 Trombone, 1 Trumpet,  
1 Clarinet, 1 Bassoon, 1 French Horn, 1  
Cornet, 1 Trumpet and Cornet, 2 Clarinets,  
1 Cornet, with Case and Crook; Music Book,  
&c. The whole will be sold in one lot, or very  
reasonable terms. Application (if by letter, post-paid)  
to the Secretary of the Charlottetown Amateur Band.  
J. R. WALSH, Sec'y.  
Oct. 6, 1862.

**Dr. LaMert on Self-preservation.**  
Price, with Engravings and Cases, 25 cents; by  
post, 30 cents.

**SELF-PRESERVATION;** a popular  
Essay on Nervous and Physical Debility, re-  
sulting from injurious habits contracted in youth, or  
excesses in maturity, which, by prematurely dis-  
tressing the functions of Manhood, destroy the  
happiness of Married Life, or prevent the fulfilment  
of engagements that constitute the most cherished  
objects of existence.  
By Dr. LA MERT, 37 Bedford Square, London,  
Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of  
Birmingham;  
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons,  
England, &c.  
The above work contains most useful and interest-  
ing information on the physiological changes which  
occur in the Reproductive System during the  
periods of youth, puberty, and manhood; and on  
the due attainment of that degree of functional  
vigour upon which the hopes of posterity depend.  
It also points out how all the attributes of Manhood  
can be preserved to an advanced period of life, how  
they are lost, and how they can be recovered. It  
is free from the gross exaggerations, alarming  
descriptions, and dangerous remedies so generally  
resorted to by persons, who, practising with false  
medical qualifications, inflict most serious injuries,  
and render judicious treatment frequently abortive.  
The Author is the only legally qualified practi-  
tioner whose name stands on the Medical Register  
(the sole test of medical qualification), who has been  
exclusively engaged for a series of years in the  
treatment of the diseases which are the result of  
the nervous and reproductive system, which, owing to  
the great discoveries of modern science, are rendered  
obscure to a rational, simple, and easy mode  
of treatment.  
At home for consultation daily from ten till two,  
and from six till eight, either personally or by  
letter.—37 Bedford Square, London, England.  
Patients residing in the colonies can be success-  
fully treated by correspondence, and remedies can be  
forwarded in secrecy and safety to any address.  
"SELF-PRESERVATION"  
may be had of the undermentioned Agents, price  
25 cents, free by post, 30 cents.—  
HALIFAX, N. S.—Mr. E. G. Fuller, Express Agent,  
YAMBOURNE, N. S.—Messrs. Young and Baker,  
Booksellers.  
ST. JOHN'S, N. S.—Mr. J. P. Ward, 'New's' Office.  
EDMONTON, N. S.—Messrs. H. Chubb and Co.,  
'Courier' Office.  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.—Mr. J. Inge, 'Islander'  
Office.

## LITERATURE.

### AUTUMN.

O Ruler of the waning year!  
How calm while summer lingers here  
In thine enchanted sleep,—  
When murmuring woods are full of songs,  
And all green leaves are whispering tongues,  
And fields grow rich and deep.  
Till waken'd by the shrill sound  
Of the sharp scythe along the ground,  
Thou Nature's flowering heart,  
Or shouts of joyful Harvest home,  
That down the echoing valleys come,  
From laughing hills apart.  
How calm a splendour ever lies  
Within thy royal waking eyes,  
O wondrous Autumn-time!  
Like the glory round a good man's head,  
When angels light about his bed,  
And waken thoughts sublime.  
And who could dream you soft sweet light  
Were herald of the year's dark night,  
And north wind's stormy breath,—  
That all these tints of red and gold,  
Burning through every starry fold,  
Were signs of Nature's death!

Ah, me! thy coming stirs the sense,  
At every portal calling thence  
The troops of awe and fear.  
We think of days gone by,  
And days that all as swiftly fly—  
Knowing thine errand here.

We cannot with the swallow flee,  
And shun the gloomy days that be  
So full of winter snow;  
We pass into our Orient land  
Across dark seas, where some bright hand  
Calls from the deeps below.

Thou art the gloomy spirit of all  
The wondrous years that rise and fall  
Within the glass of time.  
Thou wert in fair Creation's bound,  
When first the child-like Earth swung round,  
Exulting in her prime.

Born when the black pine crowned the hills,  
And violets pierced the soil that fills  
The elm-trees' rugged spurs;  
When wren the thorn her snow white crown,  
And chestnut-spires fell softly down,  
Among the golden furze.

Still thy dread pinions, as of old,  
The sylvan hills and vales unfold  
O'er all the spreading land;  
And earth's sweet face, once bright and mild  
As the fair forehead of a child,  
Is scar'd with a brand.

And still Man's conscious spirit feels  
While far and wide the east wind peals,  
Thine God's almighty breath;  
(While as in prayer all Heaven is bow'd)  
O'er hill and valley blowing loud,  
The Autumn-blast of Death.

### A KISS AND ITS REVENGE.

Down a green lane dashed madly a horse,  
While its rider, a lady, leaning forward in  
her saddle, urged him on by constant and  
severe lashes of her whip, and sharp quick  
words of encouragement.

Very lovely was the picture! Ellen Perceval  
presented as she swept recklessly home-  
ward, her long golden hair streaming behind  
her like a cloud of sunshine, her great eyes  
sparkling with excitement, and the red flush  
deepening the rosy tint on both cheeks.

Onward she flew, (it almost appeared),  
followed closely by a young man mounted on  
a magnificent black hunter, whose hand-  
some proud face indicated equal excitement to  
her's, for his haughty lips were tightly com-  
pressed, his cheek pale to ghastliness, with  
the exception of a red mark which glowed  
brightly across nose, chin and cheek, and  
the blue eyes, so sad and tender, usually,  
were black and piercing now; his horse's  
bloody sides also indicated his great excite-  
ment, for his spurs were generally worn  
more from custom than for use. On they  
dashed! Ellen Perceval always two lengths  
ahead, notwithstanding the mad efforts of  
Leigh Waring, for such was his name, to  
overtake her. At last the wide gate of Perceval  
Hall was reached—the smiling porter-  
ess opens it with a low dropped courtesy, and  
Ellen Perceval, with Leigh Waring now by  
her side, galloped through it and up the long  
avenue until they drew rein before the open  
doors of Perceval Hall. His master stood  
smiling lovingly upon this mad race (as he  
thought it) of his only and idolized child.  
Hastily dismounting, Leigh Waring accept-  
ed the extended hand of Mr. Perceval, while  
he said in a most melancholic manner:

"You see, Miss Ellen and I have had a  
race, but her Arabian was too fleet for my  
poor charger, and I have not only lost the  
race, but have also received a stinging mark  
across my face."

"I am sorry, Waring, but it is not my  
fault, for I told my overbearing master days ago  
to have those limbs out away, as I knew that  
road through the woods was my daughter's  
favorite ride. Come, let me give you some  
arica, it will relieve the stinging sensation,"  
said Mr. Perceval, as he drew Waring by  
the arm into the house, and Ellen ran with  
eager steps into the room.

Ellen Perceval and Leigh Waring were  
alone once more in the great drawing room  
of Perceval Hall, she sitting in a low sofa  
while he stood before her, looking down upon  
her with eyes filled with a strange mixture  
of anger, love, and almost despair, for the  
face he looked upon, so calm, defiant, was  
scarcely one that would make a lover feel  
happy.

"Ellen, you have to make a decision now  
this night," he said, breaking the silence, in  
a low, hissing voice, while his proud face  
became dark with passion.

"I have to do nothing that is disagreeable  
to me," she answered, coldly.

"You shall decide this night between me  
as your husband or your enemy!" rejoined  
Leigh Waring, while a cold, hard expression  
fell over his emotional face.

"That decision, Mr. Waring, is not hard  
to make after what has passed this evening.  
Had you asked me for the same decision a  
few days ago, it would probably have re-  
ceived a different judgment," answered the  
young girl, while a flash of anger mantled  
her cheek.

"It is I, Miss Perceval, who should feel  
aggrieved after what has occurred this evening,  
for the cut from your whip is still burn-  
ing on my cheek, but I will forgive the hand  
that struck the blow if I can call it mine."

A soft, tender smile curled the lips of the  
young man as he finished speaking.

"Your wife I never will be; and my cheek  
will always feel the stain of your hated kiss  
when my eyes rest upon you, whom I no  
longer esteem a gentleman; so, henceforth,  
I command you, let our paths be wide apart,"  
answered Ellen Perceval, as she rose to her  
feet, and looked scornfully into the face of  
her companion, which was lowering in its  
anger now.

"My bride, Ellen, or my enemy! Once  
more I ask you to decide. Do not bid me  
go, for, if you do, the cut across my face  
shall be avenged," said Leigh Waring, while  
his face was pale with emotion.

"Take your revenge, Leigh Waring, how  
you will and where you can, it matters little  
to me, as you can never have it in your  
power to do me evil, and good I would not  
receive from your ruffian hands; and now  
good night forever! and with a haughty  
bow of her beautiful head Ellen Perceval  
swopt from the room, leaving Leigh Waring  
loving her more madly, more hopelessly, than  
he had ever done before.

"I kissed her! I kissed her!" he muttered  
as he rode swiftly homeward in the darkness  
of night, folding to his heart a memory that  
became his curse.

Three years from that night, Ellen Perceval  
stood by the seaside, with her hands  
clasped together in a wild, beseeching  
manner, as she peered, with streaming eyes,  
through the gathering darkness, out across  
the ocean, whose white-capped waves dashed  
angrily against the shore at her feet. There  
she had stood immovably through long,  
weary hours; the storm had burst and yet  
all remonstrances were unavailing to draw  
her from her anxious watch.

"Who is it your watching for, lady?"  
said a tall, dark man, with flowing hair and  
slouched hat, to Ellen.

"For my husband, sir, whose wife I have  
only been one short week. Oh, God! what  
if he should even now be dead?" and Ellen  
Perceval wept aloud, unceasing for the  
presence of strangers, for many had collected on  
the beach to watch for the coming of the  
beloved and young husband of the heirs of  
Perceval Hall.

The stranger turned suddenly, almost  
rudely, from Ellen, as she spoke, and walked  
rapidly away, but he soon returned and  
stood near her.

A half hour had elapsed—a half hour of  
breathless anxiety—when a boat was dis-  
cerned, while a man clung to it unable  
to steer her.

"I see him! it is Ralph, my husband!"  
cried Ellen Perceval, as she ran forward as  
if to rush into the sea to meet him, but  
the strong hand of the tall stranger held her  
back, while he swore to her that her husband  
should be saved, even if it cost him life itself  
to bring him to her.

The hands of gold given by the stranger  
soon sent a boat with men to the rescue of  
Ellen's husband, while he stood at the helm  
and encouraging the men, from time to time,  
only reach the boat, before a man let go his  
hold. Manfully they pulled upon their oars,  
and soon the boat was gained, and the almost  
dying man was lifted in, while the tall  
stranger received him in his arms, and re-  
signed his post at the helm to one not nearly  
so competent as himself to guide the frail  
vessel, as was too soon proved, for when  
they had scarcely started back for the shore  
the boat was suddenly upset, and life de-  
pendent upon the power of each to swim  
ashore. Boldly did the stranger strike out with  
Ellen's helpless husband for the strand, and it  
seemed as if God gave him strength to fulfill  
his vow to the despairing woman, watching  
anxiously on the beach, for the shore was  
reached safely, and Ralph Eustis was re-  
ceived and watched over by his wife, who  
walked by his side, as he was borne by lov-  
ing servants to his home.

Leigh Waring—for such was the stranger  
—was carried by the rough seamen, for a  
very long way. Ordinarily I should de-  
light to wade in gore, but my blood in  
country bade me stay at home. It is imperi-  
ously necessary that I remain here for the  
purpose of announcing from week to week,  
that our Government is about to take vigorous  
measures to put down the rebellion!"

"I can't go," he said, shaking his head in a  
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to resign the position in favor of sum more  
worthy person. Modesty is what ails me.  
That's what's kept me under.

"I meaner say, I shall have to resign if  
I'm drafted everywhere I've bin in. I  
must now, furristans, be inrol'd in upards  
of 200 different towns. If I'd kept on trav-  
elin' I should have eventually become a Bri-  
gade, in which case I could have held a  
meetin' and elected myself Brigadier-giral  
quite onamiss. I hadn't no idee there was  
so many of me before. But, serisly, I  
concluded to stop exhibitin' and make  
tracks for Baldinsville."

"My only daughter threw herself onto my  
bosom, and said, 'It is me father! I thank  
the gods!'"  
She reads the New York Ledger.

"Tip us yer bunch of fives, old fader!"  
said Artemus, Jr. He reads the New York  
Clipper.

"My wife was to the sowin' circle, I knew  
she and the wimin folks was havin' a plea-  
sant time slanderin' the females of the other  
sowin' circle, (which likewise met that  
afternoon, and was doubtless enjoyin' their-  
selves eckally well in slanderin' the fust  
named circle.) an' I didn't send for her. I  
allus like to see people enjoy themselves."

My son Orgustus was playin' onto a float.  
Orgustus is an ethereal cuss. The twins  
was bidlin' cob-houses in a corner of the  
kitchen.

It'll cost some postage stamps to raise  
this family, and yet it 'ud go hard with the  
old man to lose any lamb of the flock.

An old bachelor is a poor critter. He  
may have hearn the skylark or (what's nearly  
the same thing) Miss Kellogg and Caroly  
Patti sing; he may have hearn Old Bull  
fiddle, and all the Dodsworths too, an' yet  
he don't know nothin' about music—the  
real, genuine thing—the music of the laugh-  
ter of happy well-fed children! And you  
may ax the father of six children home to  
dinner, feelin' very sure there'll be no spoons  
missin' when he goes away. Such fathers  
never drop tin five cent pieces into the con-  
tribution box, nor palm shoe-pegs off into  
blind boxes for cats, nor skeddadle to Bri-  
tish side when their country's in danger—  
nor do any thing which is really manly. I  
don't mean to intimate that the old bache-  
lor is up to little games of this sort—not at  
all—but I repeat he's a poor critter. He  
don't live here; he only stays. He ought  
to 'pologize, on behalf of his parents, for  
bein' here at all. The happy married man  
dies in good stile at home, surrounded by  
his weeping wife and children. The old  
bachelor don't die at all—he sort of rots  
away, like a polly-wog's tail.

My townsmen was sort of demoralized.  
There was a evident desire to evade the  
Draft, as I observed with sorrow, and patri-  
otism was below par—and Mar, too. [A  
few despit.] I hadn't no sooner set down  
on the piazza of the tavern than I saw six-  
teen solitary hossmen ridin' four abreast,  
weedin' their way up the street.

"What's them? Is it cavalry?"  
"That," said the landlord, "is the stage.  
Sixteen able-bodied citizens has lately bou't  
the stage line 'tween here and Scotsburg.  
That's them. They're stage drivers. Stage  
drivers is exempt."

I saw that each stage driver carried a  
letter in his left hand.

"The mail is heavy to-day," said the land-  
lord. "Ginrally they don't have more'n  
half-a-diz n letters 'twecn 'em. To-day  
they've got one apiece! Bile my lights and  
liver!"

"And the passengers?"  
"There ain't any, scarcely, now-days,"  
said the landlord, "and what few there is  
very much pretter to walk, the roads is  
so rough."

"And how is it with you?" I inquired  
of the editor of the *Bagle Horn of Liberty*,  
who sat near me.

"I can't go," he said, shaking his head in a  
very wise way. "Ordinarily I should de-  
light to wade in gore, but my blood in  
country bade me stay at home. It is imperi-  
ously necessary that I remain here for the  
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The schoolmaster turned a little red, but  
repeated—"Nihil fit."

"Exactly," I said. "Nihil fit. He wasn't  
a strategy feller."

"Our venerable friend," said the school-  
master, smiling pleasantly, 'isn't posted in  
Virgil!'"

"No, I don't know him. But if he's a  
able bodied man he must stand his little  
draft."

The schoolmaster wound up in eloquent  
style, and the subscriber took the stand.

I said the crisis had not only cum itself,  
but it had brought all its relations. It has  
cum, I said, with a evident intention of  
makin' us a good long visit. It's goin' to  
take off its things and stop with us. My  
wife says so too. This is a good war. For  
those who like this war, it's just such a kind  
of war as they like, I'll bet ye. My wife  
says so too. If the Federal army succeeds  
in takin' Washington, and they seem to be  
advancin' that way pretty often, I shall say  
it is strategy, and Washington will be safe.  
And that noble banner, as it were—that  
banner, as it were—will be an emblem, or  
rather, I should say, that noble banner—as  
it were. My wife says so too. [I got a  
little mixed up here, but they didn't notice  
it. Keep num.] Feller citizens, it will be  
a proud day for this Republic when Wash-  
ington is safe. Gloucester, Massachusetts,  
is safe. Gen. Fremont is there. No danger  
of Gloucester, Massachusetts, as long as  
Gen. Fremont's there. And may the day  
be not far distant when I can say the same  
of Washington. But if it is saved, it will  
be by strategy. Vermont will soon be safe.  
Gen. Phelps is comin' home. Let us all re-  
joice that Vermont is about to be safe. My  
wife says so too.

The editor of the *Bagle-Horn of Liberty*  
here arose and said: "I do not wish to in-  
terrupt the gentleman, but an important  
dispatch has just bin received at the telegraph  
office here. I will read it. It is as follows:  
'Gov'ment is about to take vigorous mea-  
sures to put down the rebellion!'" [Loud  
applause.]

That, said I, is cheering. That's soothing.  
And Washington will be safe. [Sensation.]  
Philadelphia is safe. Gen. Patterson is in  
Philadelphia. But my heart bleeds particu-  
larly for Washington. My wife says so too.

There's money enough. No trouble about  
money. They've got a lot of first-class  
bank-note engravers at Washington (which  
place, I regret to say, is by no means safe)  
who turn out two or three cords of money a  
day—good money, too. Gosh well. These  
bank-note engravers make good wages. I  
expect they lay up property. They are full  
of Union sentiment. There is considerable