

The Examiner.

AND SEMI-WEEKLY INTELLIGENCE.

"THIS IS TRUE LIBERTY WHEN FREE-BORN MEN—HAVING TO ADVISE THE PUBLIC—MAY SPEAK FREE."—MILTON'S EURIPIDES.

New Series.

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IMAGINARY EVILS.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
Leave things of the future to fate;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
Life's troubles come never too late!
If to hope overmuch be an error,
'Tis one that the wise have preferred;
And how often have hearts been in terror
Of evils—that never occurred!

Have faith—and thy faith shall sustain thee—
Permit not suspicion and care
With invisible bonds to enchain thee,
But bear what God gives thee to bear,
By His Spirit supported and gladdened,
Be ne'er by "forebodings" deterred!
But think how hearts have been saddened
By fear—of what never occurred!

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow!
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow—
Still shorter by folly and fear!
Half our troubles are half our invention,
And often from blessings conferred
Have we shrunk in the wild apprehension
Of evils that never occurred!

The Dying Volunteer.

AN INCIDENT OF MOLINO DEL REY.
BY G. H. CHIPMAN.

The sun had risen in all his glorious majesty, and hung above the eastern horizon like a ball of glowing fire. Its bright rays danced merrily along the Lake of *Tesneo*; over the glittering domes of the city of Mexico; past the dark frowning battlements of Chapultepec Castle, and lit, in all their glorious effulgence, upon the blood-stained field of Molino Del Rey.

The contest was over, the sound of the battle had died away, save an occasional shot from the distant artillery of the Castle, or the fire of some strolling rifleman.

I was standing beside the battered remains of the mill door, above which the first footing had been gained upon the well-contested wall, and gazing over the plain, now saturated with the blood of my fellow-soldiers, which that morning waved green with flowing grass, when I heard a low and feeble wail in the ditch beside me. I turned toward the spot and beheld, with his right leg shattered by a cannon ball, a voltagieur lying amid the dead. He had been passed by in the haste of gathering up the wounded under the fire from the castle, and the rays of the burning sun beat down with terrible fervor upon his wounded limb, causing heavy groans to issue from his pallid lips, and his marble countenance to writhe with pain.

"Water, for God's sake, a drink of water," he faintly articulated, as I bent down beside him.

Fortunately I had procured a canteen of water, and placing it to his lips, he took a long, deep draught, and then sank back exhausted upon the ground.

"The sun," he murmured, "it is killing me by its rays, cannot you carry me into the shade?"

"I can procure assistance, and have you taken to the hospital."

"No, do it not, my sands of life are almost out. An hour hence I shall be a dead man.—Carry me into the shade of the mill, and then, if you have time to spare, listen to my dying words, and if you are fortunate enough to ever return to the United States, bear me back a message to my home and to another—he paused, and motioned for me to carry

him to the shade. I did so, and the cool wind which swept along the spot, seemed to revive him, and he continued:

"You, sir, are a total stranger to me, and from your uniform belong to another corps, and yet I must confide this, the great secret of all my recent actions, and the cause of my being here, to you. Would to God that I had reflected upon the fatal steps I had taken, and I should have now been at home enjoying the society of kind friends, instead of dying upon a gory field, and in a foreign land. My father was a wealthy man in the town of G—ch, in the State of Virginia, and moved in the best society of the place. I had received an excellent education, had studied law, and was admitted in the twenty-fourth year of his age to practice at the bar. I had early seen and admired a young lady of the place, the daughter of an intimate friend of my father's, and fortunately the feeling was reciprocated, and we were engaged to be married. The war with Mexico had been in existence some twelve months, and many flocked to the standard of their country. It so happened that about this time a recruiting office had been opened in the town, and several of my young friends had enlisted to go and try their fortunes upon the plains of Mexico. One night there was a grand party in the place, in honour of those who were about to depart for the seat of war, and both myself and Eveline were at the ball. Among those who were assembled that evening, was Augustus P., a talented young man, and accomplished scholar, gay and lively in his manners, free and cheerful in his disposition, and a universal favorite with the fair sex. He had been for some time paying his addresses to Eveline, as I deemed in rather too pointed a manner. As the party assembled in the long hall, and the dance was about to commence, I asked her for her hand for the first set.

"It is engaged," she replied, I thought rather tartly.

"To whom, if I may be so bold to inquire?" I demanded.

"To Augustus P.," was the immediate reply.

I smothered my rising indignation the best I could, and proudly returned the glance of malignant joy my rival gave me.

"Perhaps I can engage it for the second set," I calmly asked.

"Mr. P. has engaged it for the whole evening," she pettishly replied, and rising and taking his hand, they took their station upon the floor.

"I remained thunderstruck, and rooted to the spot, until I saw the eyes of my hated rival fixed upon me, and throwing off the spell that bound me, I assumed a proud cold look, and passed from the hall. As I swept by the dancers, Eveline paused a moment when just beside me, and bending close to her ear, I whispered 'Eveline, farewell forever.'

"She turned slightly pale, and then asked, 'When?'

"To-night, I join the army for Mexico," I firmly answered.

"A deep flush passed haughtily across her brow, and then waving her hand gracefully, she replied 'Go,' and again glided through the mazes of the dance.

"I rushed from the spot, and never paused until I had entered the recruiting office, and offered myself a candidate for the army.

"Are you a good, moral man, of well regulated habits," asked the serjeant.

"I can give you a hundred certificates, if necessary," I hastily replied.

"I rather think you'll do," said the officer with a smile, and he enrolled me as a soldier. When do you wish to leave?"

"Now, to-night—to-morrow, any time," I eagerly answered.

"Promptness is a good quality, you'll make a fine soldier. Get ready to start in the morning, for Newport, Ky."

"I will be ready," and rushing from the room, I hastened home, packed up my things, and threw myself down upon the bed to sleep. But it was impossible. Heavy thoughts were crowding my mind with lightening speed, and I resolved to depart the next day without bidding a single soul farewell. I know you will deem it strange for me to hurry off without bidding a single soul farewell. I know you will deem it strange for me to hurry off without bidding adieu to father or mother or sister or brother, but feeling the deep respect which I held for my father's advice, would prevail, and I should be induced to remain at home, I made the resolve and carried it out. The next morning I was at the office by seven o'clock, was furnished with a suit of regimentals, and departed for the railway depot, to start for Wheeling. As I hurried along the street, who should turn a corner but Eveline, and we met for the last time on earth. I informed her of my intention, and without manifesting any disposition of regret at my departure, she gaily said,

"Good bye, and may good luck attend you," and glided away.

"A new fuel was added to my desire to hasten from such scenes, and I had soon left the town for the Ohio. I will not weary you with further details, as my breath is failing fast. Suffice to say, I arrived in Mexico, and here I am perishing by inches upon the battle field.

"Here," he continued "is a ring," taking one from his finger, and presenting it to me, which was given me by Eveline as a bond of our marriage contract. I have worn it ever since, and, as I daily told her then, 'it shall leave me but with my death.' Take it to her when you get back, and if she be unmarried, give it to her, and tell her he who sent it, never forgot her for a moment, even in his dying hour, and is lying beneath the clouds of a foreign soil. This little give back to my father, and tell him I have studied its precepts; to my mother and sister, say that I sent them a son's dying love, to my brother's, beware of human strife."

He faltered in his speech, and then murmuring "I am going," pressed my hand feebly, and expired. I dug a lone grave upon the field, and laid him down to rest, and left him to "sleep his last sleep," until that day when all shall be summoned to a final account.

One year rolled on and how checkered by passing events. Chapultepec had fallen, the city of Mexico was taken, and peace, thrice glorious, peace had waved her pinkons over the land of war. The volunteers were joyfully hastening home, and among the rest I once more trod my native land, a freeman again: in heart and soul. A spell of sickness at first confined me several weeks, but at length I rose wearied and feeble from the bed, and my physicians recommended a change of air. I travelled into Virginia, and one evening I entered the town of G—ch. I inquired for the family of my friend, and was directed to a large fine-looking building upon the principal street. I advanced and rung the bell, and anxiously waited for an answer. At length the door opened, and an old, gray-headed man stood before me, the lines of his furrowed face marked by care, and his whole appearance betokening one who had a secret grief at heart.

"Mr. —, I presume?" said I, bowing.

"The same, sir, won't you walk in?" replied the old man politely.

I entered the house, and was soon seated in the parlor, when the old man started to leave the room.

"I have something of importance for your private ear," said I hastily.

He turned toward me, and taking the Bible from my pocket, I held it up to view. Quicker than thought the father sprang forward, caught the book in his hand, and murmured, as the tears fell slowly over his aged cheeks,

"My son, my son, you bring news of him."

"I do, but it is very bad," I answered, my voice trembling as I spoke, and I retold to him the scene upon the battle field.

When I had finished, the old man clasped his hands in silent agony, and raising his eyes towards the ceiling, exclaimed in deep and fervent tones, "God's will be done."

At this moment a young lady of pale and care worn countenance entered the parlor, and rising, I said:

"Miss Eveline——, I believe

"The same," she calmly replied.

She ceased speaking, and as her eyes glanced to the ring which I silently presented, she stretched forth her hand, grasped it convulsively, then fell suddenly forward upon her face, and lay upon the carpet, the blood gushing rapidly from her mouth. The terrible ordeal had broken a blood vessel, and her spirit passed unchecked to another world.

A plain marble slab in the grave yard of the town of G—ch, upon which is engraved the lone word "Eveline," marks the last resting place of the betrothed of the DYING VOLUNTEER. — *Cincinnati Nonpar* *et*.

CHILLING INCIDENT OF THE TEXAN WAR.

The tragedy of Nacogdoches, and the romantic incidents which led to the Texan war of Independence, find their parallel only in the Roman history of Lucretia and the elder Brutus. Juan Costa was a person of great influence and bravery in the wild forests; but he fell under the displeasure of Santa Ann, and his minion, Pedras, the commandant of Nacogdoches, was sent to arrest him. He arrested his father at the supper table, attended by his only daughter, a young girl of surprising beauty and intelligence. He loaded him with chains, and cast him into prison, notwithstanding her tears and entreaties. Finally he proposed to free the father if the daughter would consent to sacrifice her innocence and honor. She rejected the infamous proposition with a blow in the face; when the armed ruffian swore a horrible oath to execute his will on them both and then

With dark eyes, tearless, glassy, fixed as those of a corpse, yet flashing a double portion of luminous fire, she mounted a horse and hurried away wildly around the country. She halted at every house no matter whether Mexican or American, and rehearsed in tones of thrilling horror, her father's wrongs and her own. All timid modesty, all weakness had vanished from her tongue, utterly consumed by the scorching thirst of vengeance. She painted, in passion's fiery language, and with awful minuteness, the facts of the damning deed: she bared her virgin bosom, and showed the livid marks of the ravisher's among the mazes of those azure veins along the surface of that expanse of snow, now so polluted and soiled, but before pure as the gleam of an angel's wings.