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EDWARD WHELAN]

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

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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MOON'S PHASES.—OCTOBER, 1856.

First Quarter 7th day, 0h. 58m. morning.	W.
Full Moon 13th day, 6h. 20m. evening.	E.
Last Quarter 20th day, 1h. 27m. evening.	W.
New Moon 28th day, 5h. 15m. evening.	W.

Literature.

THE BEST ESTATE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The Heart it has its own estate;
The Mind it hath its wealth untold;
It needs not fortune to be great,
While there's a coin surpassing gold.

No matter which way fortune leans,
Wealth makes not happiness secure;
A little mind hath little means;
A narrow heart is always poor.

Stern fate the greatest still enthalls,
And misery hath its high compellers;
For sorrow enters palace halls,
And queens are not exempt from tears.

The princely robe and beggar's coat,
The scythe and sword, the plume and plough,
Are in the grave of equal note—
Men live but in the eternal "Now!"

Still disappointment tracks the proud,
The bravest "neath defeat may fall;
The high, the rich, the courtly crowd
Finds there's calamity for all.

'Tis not the house that honour makes—
True honour is a thing Divine;
It is the mind precedence takes—
It is the spirit makes the shrine.

So keep thou yet a generous heart,
A steadfast and contented mind;
And not till death consent to part
With that which friend triend doth bind.

What's uttered from the life within
Is heard not by the life without;
There's always something to begin
Twixt life in faith and life in doubt.

But grasp thou Truth, though black appears
The rugged path her steps have trod;
She'll be thy friend in other spheres—
Companion in the world of God.

Thus dwelling with the wise and good—
The rich in thought, the great in soul—
Man's mission may be understood,
And part prove equal to the whole.

ERIC WALTERHORN.

(Concluded.)

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER VI.

Autumn was drawing near, and Carl declared that he must have a holiday: he had been working so hard.

"Come with me, Eric. Let us go and have a ramble somewhere. What do you say to Venice? It is four years since we were there."

"I can't go with you, Carl. I must finish my picture of the Wolf Hunt before Christmas. It is to be my wedding present to Ernst, you know, and I want to take it with me. Remember, too, we have work cut out besides. I shall have enough to do to get through it all."

"So you still abide by the resolution not to go to Kronenthal before Christmas?"

"I do not think I shall go before that," said Eric, smiling faintly. "I believe that I am heart-whole now, but it is as well not to try my strength too soon. You are coming with me, Carl."

"Well, considering that I was cheated out of my visit last year, I think I will; and I shall keep a better look out after you this time. Why, you might have died in that small auberge in Bavaria, and no one would have been a bit the wiser for it."

"I am glad I did not, Carl. I should not have known what it is to conquer temptation and tread evil thoughts under foot."

So Carl departed, not for Venice, but for a fortnight's trip with some friends of his on a short cruise in a yacht to some of the Mediterranean islands. And Eric returned to his picture, and worked with redoubled pleasure, when he thought how pleased Ernst would be with it. And Schwartz sat for his portrait again, and slept at his master's feet between each sitting. It was a representation of the self-same hunt in which Ernst had saved Eric's life, and Schwartz was grappling with one wolf whilst Ernst, standing over his prostrate brother, held another at bay. Eric smiled and thought of the time when he would unpack his picture before the eyes of Ernst and his wife. He thought of calling her, sister! He was strong now and could bear it.

Carl had been gone nearly ten days; he would be home soon; and Eric thought he would go down to the quay to inquire if the marble had arrived out of which the two friends were going to cut a group. He had been hard at work all the morning, and wanted a little fresh air. So, calling Schwartz, who lay under the table sleeping, he went out, not even locking the door; and, telling the young man that he would be back very soon, he went down towards the quay. Turning the corner of a street, he suddenly met two ladies, face to face. One of them was Marie! He saw her for a moment; he felt a sudden choking, a violent throbbing in his head, and saw no more. He turned before he had been recognized. He flew over the burning pavement, nor stopped till he got into the country far beyond the suburbs. He could not rest till miles and miles he had left the city far behind him; and then he sat down and thought. Was this his boasted strength?

He rose and walked on. A cooler breeze was beginning to temper the fierce heat of the afternoon. He saw a small village at a little distance. The fierce emotions which had arisen in his breast on so suddenly meeting Marie began gradually to subside. The road he followed wound through rich fields; where the purple grapes blushed through the green leaves of the vines, twined in the trees and fell in luxuriant festoons from branch to branch. The bright cicada sang lustily among the stones which formed the low walls, the boundaries of fields where the yellow corn fell beneath the sickles of the suburban laborers, their swarthy

brows bound round with bright colored handkerchiefs. Farther on, a beautiful little brook murmured over the large loose stones in its bed, and fell into a small hollow, where some dark, curly-headed children, with sparkling eyes, were dipping a brown pitcher, and where Schwartz cooled his hot tongue. But Eric heeded not all this beauty; which, at another time, would have excited his warmest admiration. He was holding fierce communion with himself.

He reached the village he had seen at a distance. As he entered it, he looked round for some one of whom he could inquire the way, or ask where he could find a lodging for the night. He was determined that he would not return to Rome—at any rate not till he had heard from Carl. He would wait in that village; he would write to Carl from thence. When Carl could assure him that she was gone, then he would return; but he must give up all thoughts of Kronenthal that winter. He and Carl would spend it somewhere else; perhaps in Paris, perhaps in London; but trust himself where she was—no! he dare not do that, now!

As he advanced up the street of the little village, he found a child sitting on a door-step weeping bitterly. At sight of Schwartz, she was frightened. Eric drew near; and, sitting on the step beside her, took her on his knee, and tried to soothe her. She told him her father was very ill—her mother said he would die. After a little while he prevailed on her to lead him to her father, and entered a low white cottage. Ascending a narrow staircase, he found himself standing beside a bed, on which lay a man, still young, but emaciated and parched with fever. A pale young woman sat near his pillow; his wife, the mother of the little child. Strong compassion awoke in Eric's heart. He comforted the weeping wife, and gave her money to buy food for herself and child, and medicines for her husband. As he was leaving the cottage, he was met at the door by a venerable old man, the priest of the small village. Eric saluted him with deep respect; said he had just been to see the poor people above; and he thought the man looked very ill. Then the priest, after learning from him how he came to the village (he had been out rambling, and had lost his way, he said), offered to conduct him to the house of a parishioner, where he would be well lodged and taken care of.

"I am afraid the fever will spread; we have another case in the village," the old priest said to Eric, as they walked along.

"Who is it?" asked Eric.

"An artist, who came here to paint an altar-piece for us. It was going on rapidly, and was to have been finished before this. Only a fortnight ago he was seized with this fever; and a very bad state he is in, poor fellow. Bad enough for him, but bad for us too. We expected the painting to have been ready before this, and we had appointed the day after to-morrow for a grand festa. The neighboring gentry had promised to be present at it; some rich Englishmen from Rome too; and we expected to make a good collection for our poor against the winter. But now," added the old priest, sorrowfully, "we shall have no festa, no collection; and our poor will starve next winter, I fear."

"Is there no one you know of who could finish the painting?" asked Eric.

"I have written to Rome," answered the old priest, "but all the artists seem either to be so busily employed, that they cannot leave their work; or they do not care to finish a picture already begun. I have written to a young Englishman I know there; but he also is away, and not expected home for five days. I am sure he would have come had he known our strait, and he will come when he gets my letter; but it will be too late then."

"Where is this painting?" asked Eric. "Might I see it?"

"O! certainly, certainly," answered the old priest; and he led the way to the village church, a large and ancient one, and they entered the building together: leaving Schwartz stretched on the pavement outside.

They went towards the high altar. Above it, and just beneath three beautiful painted windows, hung the unfinished picture; on a level with it was the scaffold on which the artist had worked.

"We cannot take the scaffold down before the painting is finished; it cost too much to put it up. The painting is given to us by a kind lady friend who lives in the neighborhood. We were to find the artist, and she was to pay him. It was she who suggested the idea of a festa when it was finished, and a collection for the poor."

"Is there not something wanting in the group to complete the idea?"

"It is 'The Child Christ teaching in the Temple,'" answered the priest.

"But the principal figure is wanting," said Eric; "the Divine Child."

"True—true."

Eric stood gazing on the half-finished canvas; a glow spread over his countenance, a bright light beamed from his eyes, and still he stood gazing in silence upon it. The priest looked at him; his face was changed. From the time that he had taken the child on his knees in the street; had spoken comfort to the weeping mother; had entered into the old priest's distress; peace had been dawning in his mind again. And now the full notes of an organ swelled through the church, and a beautiful tenor voice poured forth the words of a Latin anthem:—

"The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because He hath appointed me to preach good tidings to the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted; to proclaim liberty to the captives, the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

Yes; "the opening of the prison to them that are bound." The voice dwelt on that verse again and again; "the opening of the prison to them that are bound;" the loosening of the dark chains bound around the captives of Passion. The divine words came floating down the aisle; Eric felt them thrilling to his soul.

The melody changed; a full chorus of voices burst forth in answer back to that divine announcement: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; good tidings of peace; that sayeth unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! Break forth into joy, sing together, oh ye waste places of Jerusalem! Know ye that to-day He hath spoken. Behold it is He!"

A Divine vision passed before Eric's eyes; he saw the Glorious Child standing in the vacant place; the Deliverer from the power of the Evil One. As the music ceased, he spoke to the priest:

"My father, I am an artist; I will finish the picture. Where are the colors and the pencils of the poor artist who lies ill?"

"They can be fetched, my son," said the good old priest trembling with joy.

"I must begin instantly. I cannot sleep till it is done."

Can I have a light this evening—one that will burn all night?"

The colors were fetched, and he selected those he wanted, by the fast declining rays of the sun. Preparations for a good strong light were made; and the good father promised to come and superintend it himself. Before the twilight had ceased, the figure was sketched in by a rapid and masterly hand. When the good priest came according to his promise, to light the tall wax candles which were to illuminate the night vigil, he was astonished at the progress that had been made. Silently the old man mounted the scaffold; lighted the thick tapers in the tall, massive gold candlesticks, that stood on either side of the picture; silently descended, glided over the pavement, and put some bread and wine in a corner which Eric had pointed out. And then he stood and watched him. Rapidly he sketched, rapidly put in the colors. The soft night breeze came in at the open window; and the broad full moon poured down a flood of silver light through the many-colored panes, and strewed the pavement with the varied hues of the rainbow. Everything was so hushed, so still, that the hum of the fire flies was heard as they danced beneath the trees which overshadowed the sleeping dead in the churchyard; and a full-throated bird sang all night in a neighboring wood.

Midnight struck. In the deep silence, the muffled strokes on the bell, high up in the tower, throbbled through the church, as if dealt by the hand of some mighty and invisible giant. The old priest went out; Eric had not seen him; he was absorbed in his work, body and soul. And there, by the light of the huge wax tapers, in the deep silence of the night, his vision sprang into being beneath his rapid skilful fingers. The moon faded, the bright stars vanished from the face of the glorious sun, all nature sprang into life; and, when the good old priest stood again in the church behind Eric, he found him still at work. The sun streaming in through the east windows, through gorgeous hues of crimson and blue, poured a purple radiance round his head. The father stood amazed. He saw the figure of the Holy Child in all its beauty. The countenance was entirely finished. The calm blue eyes seemed to pour down a flood of light on the amazed doctors, listening, intently to the words proceeding from the parted lips. The shining gold curls rolled down upon the shoulders; the pure white festal robe, in which he had "come up to Jerusalem," flowed down to the pavement, but did not conceal the sandalled feet. He seemed to be in the act of descending the steps, around and upon which the doctors were grouped. The left foot was on a step higher than the right, and was lifted, as if the child were coming forward, perhaps to descend to the very steps of the altar itself. The left arm was raised, the hand pointing to heaven; the right hung down by his side, grasping a parchment roll from which he seemed to be expounding.

The priest stood in silent wonder. Eric was now busy on the folds of the pure linen garment. He did not notice that any one was in the church, any more than he had noticed the old man's presence on the evening before. The hours passed, and he still lingered over his work, loth to part with it, for, to the good father's eye, it seemed finished; still he did not like to speak to him; and if he had spoken, Eric would not have heard him, so wholly was he absorbed in his work. The priest saw with concern that the bread and wine had not been touched. Fain would he have asked him to come down and eat something, but he dared not interrupt the work, and the rapt worker. Some one came to fetch him to the bed side of the man ill of fever; they thought he was dying. He left the church. Schwartz still lay where his master had left him. Some hours elapsed before the priest returned. When, at last, he was released from the numerous claims on his attention, he came back to the church. The painting was finished. The artist was no longer on the scaffold. He appeared to be kneeling on the steps of the altar, as if returning thanks for his finished work. The good father went up to him, he was lying prostrate at the foot of the altar, his head on the first step. The priest raised him; he thought he was dead, but he had only fainted. Weakened by his previous illness, the fierce emotions he had experienced on again meeting Marie, the rapid flight from Rome, the night watch, the long fast, the absorption in his work—all had been too much for him. The priest called for assistance; he was lifted and carried gently to the priest's house, and laid on the priest's bed. The scaffold was taken down; the people flocked to the church to see the wonderful figure of the Holy Child; the report of its beauty spread abroad. Next day the church was full to overflowing; and, while the anthem swelled down the aisles, and the people worshipped, and money was poured into the box for the poor, Eric lay tossing in the delirium of the fever that was heavy on the village.

CHAPTER VII.

Carl returned to Rome three days before the expiration of the fortnight. They had encountered a squall at sea which had damaged the yacht so much that it was thought prudent to bring her home for repairs. Refreshed by his holiday, invigorated by the sea-breeze, and excited by the danger they had been in, Carl stepped lightly along the street which led to his and Eric's lodging. He had a whole budget of fresh ideas and new thoughts to impart to Eric, and he anticipated with pleasure the work they were to begin together, and wondered whether Eric had been to look after the marble, as he promised. He bounded up the steps of the old palace, and met the portress before he reached the door of the studio.

"I have a letter for you, signor; it is down stairs," she said, "it came for you three days ago."

"I will go with you and fetch it," said Carl. "Is the Signor Eric up?"

"No, signor; but there is a lady and gentleman in the signor's studio. They have been here several times since signor Eric went out. The lady and gentleman came to-day to see if you were come home."

"Eric gone out?" said Carl. "When did he go out? This morning?"

"No, signor. Two days ago."

"Two days ago! And where is he gone?"

"I do not know, signor."

"What lady and gentleman?"

"I do not know, signor. The gentleman asked if you had returned, and said he would wait a little and see if you or signor Eric came in."

Carl ran up stairs to the studio; he opened the door, and entered. He stepped back in amazement—he could scarcely believe his eyes when then fell upon Ernst and Katrine.

"And where is Marie, Madame Waldertorn," he asked, hesitatingly, after the first hearty greetings were over. "She is not ill, I hope?"

It was now Ernst's turn to look at Carl in amazement.

Katrine smiled. "Why, this is Madame Waldertorn," he said, laying his hand on Katrine's arm.

"Whew!" said Carl, and drew a long breath; and then sitting down, fanned himself with his broad-brimmed hat, and burst out laughing, with tears at the same time pouring from his eyes. "Why," he said, when he had recovered his breath, "we both thought it was Mademoiselle Marie you had married."

"What?" said Ernst. "Who thought so? Eric?"

"Yes, and so did I," said Carl. "I am sure I cannot exactly tell you, how or where, either he or I got the impression that you and she were betrothed lovers last Christmas. But we were both certain of it. It was the cause of his flight from Rabenstein."

Ernst was thunderstruck. Carl told him everything he knew of the business, beginning from the meeting in the Sistine chapel to the hour when he found him again in Rome.

"Poor suffering Eric!" cried Ernst. "It was Katrine who told me your adventures that night, and the rescue they had received at your hands. It was Katrine who told me also that Eric loved Marie; and that she returned his affection. I had been speaking to my mother and Marie's parents when I came into Eric's room, and that evening was to have seen their betrothal. But how came you to be so deceived, Carl? Did not I tell you that Katrine was my betrothed, or Franz—did you not see him again?"

"No, you said nothing to me that night," said Carl; "nor did you ever mention it in any of your letters. I suppose you never dreamed of our mistake; even in your letter announcing your marriage, and telling me Eric was at Rome, you did not mention your bride's name. And as for Franz, I have never seen him, or heard from him since; and, if you remember, I never returned to the room after we had searched the woods. No! Eric told me, and I never doubted but that he knew all about it; therefore, I never asked any one. Why should I? But, good Heaven, what surprise and joy for him! Where is his mother now—the lady of Kronenthal?"

"She is herself again, and here with us at Rome. She is at our lodgings with Marie. We have brought her here for change of air. She has been ill; and is even now far from well, poor child."

It was true. Marie, since the night when Eric fled from Rabenstein, had drooped like a broken flower. All through the agony of the night of fruitless search, she had scarcely uttered a word; and during the weeks of suspense which passed, before she heard that he was safe at Rome, she had scarcely seemed alive. Her greatest consolation appeared to consist in being allowed to watch beside the bed of his mother, when she lay, long, at the point of death. She would retire to pray in the oratory, where the picture had been hung, which Eric had brought for his mother, the picture in which she saw herself so lovingly, so well remembered.

When weeks and months passed away, and he did not return, but only wrote and said that he was happy, and would come to see them soon, the hope which the picture inspired faded away from her heart, and she became very ill. When the group of Schwartz struggling with the Wolf, arrived, Katrine, to whom it was sent, gave it to Marie, who was still living at Kronenthal, with Eric's mother, and Ernst and his wife. It was carried into her room, and sometimes she would stand and look at it for hours, unheeding those who spoke to her. At last, as summer approached, Ernst determined to go to Rome, and see Eric, since he would not answer any of his letters, or inquiries as to the cause of his flight. At first he thought he would go alone, and then he determined to take Katrine and Marie with him; but as Marie was still very weak, their journey was put off from week to week, till the autumn was at hand. They wanted to surprise Eric, so Ernst took care not to write to him.

Their precautions had been defeated on the first morning after their arrival.

"Where can Eric be?" asked Ernst, "surely he will return soon?"

"I cannot think," said Carl. "I have a letter here, it may be from him. I will open it, if you will allow me, Madame Waldertorn?"

"Oh, pray do!" she said. "But pray call me Katrine. You call my sister Marie; and we have known trouble enough together to make us all brothers and sisters."

"I am so accustomed to hear Eric speak of your sister as Marie," said Carl. "But this letter is not from him," he added, in a tone of disappointment. "It is from a friend of mine who was very kind to me once, when I was very ill—indeed saved my life—and what is most vexatious is, that it will oblige me to leave Rome for a few days. He implores me to go and finish an altar-piece, left in a half unfinished state by the illness of the artist who began it. My friend is the Cure of Arqui, a small village about four leagues off. I will write it down for you. You had better come here, and wait for Eric's return."

"I will wait here all day long until he comes," said Ernst. "We must tell my mother and Marie the clue we have to his wild flight from Rabenstein. How it will gladden Marie's heart to know that she is so devotedly loved!"

"And we must bring her and our mother here to see this beautiful picture of the wolf-hunt," said Katrine.

Carl hired a conveyance, and went to Arqui, the small village where his friend lived. He arrived there the day after the festa, and met the good cure.

"I knew you would come," said the father, his face brightening with pleasure, as he shook the young man's hand; "but I am sorry that you have had your journey for nothing. The picture is finished by another painter, and the festa took place yesterday. Come and see it!"

On their way to the church, he told Carl how he had met with the strange artist. At first Carl listened abstractedly, for he was thinking where could Eric be; but when the cure began to describe this artist, Carl listened attentively. By this time they had reached the church, and went up to the picture.

Carl instantly recognised the hand. "It is he! It is Eric! Where is he?"

"He lies at my house, my son. I grieve to say he has the fever."

"O Eric, Eric!" cried Carl; and tears of grief stood in his eyes. "Bring me to him, my father. He is my friend my brother."

As Carl entered the room where Eric lay, Schwartz the faithful Schwartz, leaped up and fawned on him.

Carl bent over Eric's bed. He gave no sign of recognition. His eyes were glazed with fever; his cheeks burnt as if with fire; his lips were parched.

"I will write to his brother, and send it by the driver who brought me here," said Carl. "I will stay here till his brother comes."

The same evening brought Ernst and his mother. They