

# The Examiner.

AND SEMI-WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER.

"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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## SELECT TALE.

### The Pirate.

Eighteen years ago, the ship I commanded was dancing over the waves, on a mission of mercy. Laden by the general contributions of New England, she was bound to the Cape de Verds with bread for the famine-stricken and dying. Brighter skies never gladdened the sailor's heart than those which were bent over us; pleasanter gales never filled the sails of the sea-journer, than those which sped us to the haven where we should be; "and now may God have the ship in his holy keeping," the prayer which concluded the old English bill of lading, was heard and granted, we felt, as we trod on the deck of the stout craft, whose errand was to succor the destitute.

We were all in high spirits, forward in the fore-castle and aft in the cabin. Sailors, who are often so hungry, liable at any moment to be put upon short allowance, and compelled at times to fast entirely, know better than the landmen how to pity those whom famine threatens. Jack has ready sympathy for the man who has no biscuit in his locker.

It was now the fourteenth day out—just in the first gray of the morning—that the mate aroused me with the startling intelligence that a suspicious vessel was in sight. With the first ray of light, the valiant officer had descried her, and she was so near as to be made out with a glass. I was on deck in an instant.

The first glance at the strange ship almost dispelled the fear that the mate's alarm had occasioned.

"Why Mr. Larkin," I said, laughing as I spoke, "there's nothing suspicious in that lubberly-looking craft. She's a Portuguese brigantine—she can't sail."

"She looks like that build," said the mate, "but she is built for sailing, and she'll spread canvas in a wind like this, that'll send her skimming like a gull over the sea. And look now at the men on her deck."

One glance through the telescope was enough to satisfy me that the mate was right. The vessel was sharp-built, of light draught, and rigged like a brigantine. Her masts raked very slightly; besides the canvas usual to such a rig, she was fitted to carry a lugger-sail, which when spread before the wind would add to her speed. In addition she was pierced for 22 sweeps. Her decks were crowded with men.

"It's no honest craft, Mr. Larkin," I said; "but she may not be a pirate for all that. One need not be surprised to fall in with a slaver hereabouts."

"She's no slaver, captain."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because there are guns on her deck instead of water casks."

"I did not say she had a cargo of slaves in," I replied.

"Then why does she carry so many guns on deck? If without a cargo her guns should be below; if with one, there should be more guns on deck. If that ain't a pirate never believe me again."

As if to put an end to our speculations and clear up the mystery, the suspicious craft began to spread more canvas, and as she gathered way with the freshening breeze, they ran up to her foremast a flag, which when it reached the truck unhooked its folds to the wind. On a white ground we saw the terrible insignia of the free-booter, the death's-head and cross-bones, painted in diabolical black.

"I thought so," said Mr. Larkin, quietly, "and the ship has no guns."

"What arms have you, Mr. Larkin?" I asked.

"An old horse-pistol, with the lock out of order."

"And I have only an old fowling-piece and a pair of pistols. I fear these fellows will make their own terms with us."

"Yes; cut our throats, and administer to our effects afterwards," replied the mate, walking forward.

"We made all the sail we could, but fifteen minutes satisfied me that escape was impossible. The report of a gun from the pirate, and a shot whistling over us, speedily brought us to. The pirate came quietly along, like a panther, which, sure of its prey, was in great hurry to seize it. The moment he came within speaking distance he hailed, and ordered me to launch a boat and come on board. We got the quarter-boat and I was about to jump into her, to pay my respects in person to the villains, when Mr. Larkin asked leave to go.

"If they want the captain," said he, "let them send for him. I'll see if the mate won't answer as well."

He had scarcely put his foot on the deck of the pirate, when he again appeared on the rail, and descended to the boat, which began to pull back. Almost at the same instant a launch was swung over the rail, into which twenty savage looking rascals armed to the teeth, sprang and pulled towards us. Ten minutes afterwards they were on board my vessel, and began clearing away the main hatch.

The leader, a swarthy fellow, whose square, compact frame indicated strength, and whose eyes, black and hazy, and half-concealed by the lids, expressed cruelty and cunning, approached the cabin-hatch, where I stood and addressed me in tolerable English.

"Are you the captain of this vessel?"

"Yes," I replied.

"What's your cargo?"

"Flour."

"Where from?"

"Boston."

"Where to?"

"Cape de Verds."

"Why, they are all starving there," he said, opening his eyes and looking full at me.

"Yes; and the flour in my vessel was freely given by good Christians to feed those starving people."

The rascal continued his deliberate gaze a moment, then turned towards his men, and, in a rough commanding tone, spoke a few words in Spanish, which I could not make out. The men looked up in astonishment, and then withdrew to the side, where they stood gazing cautiously towards their captain, for such was my interrogator. He thrust his hand behind him and walked quickly to and fro for five minutes; then, turning to me, he said sharply.

"You Americans are all heretics—why should you send flour to feed starving Catholics?"

"Because they are our fellow men, and their Saviour is our Saviour," I answered, astonished at the conduct of the man.

"If you lie to me," he cried, with startling fierceness, "if you lie to me, I'll nail you down to your own deck! Is this cargo the gift of your countrymen to the starving?"

"I'll prove it to you by my papers," I answered.

"I don't want to see your papers," he returned; "swear by the Saviour, whose name you have just pronounced." As he spoke he crossed himself devoutly.

"I swear by the Holy Trinity," I replied solemnly.

The pirate lifted his cap and bent his head devoutly, when I mentioned the Trinity. He stood still, with head bent over, while one might moderately have counted fifty. When he raised himself

up, it seemed to me there was less ferocity in his countenance. His eyes were no longer half-closed, but open and clearer in their depths. I looked steadily at him.

"Captain," said he, courteously, "can you supply me with two or three casks of water?"

I gave the order, and the water was lowered into the boat. A word from him sent his cut-throats over the side, but he lingered behind, and after a moment's hesitation, as though he half-repented of his resolution, and was almost ashamed of what he was doing, he approached me with his hand extended.

"God bless you," he exclaimed, as he felt my grasp, "and send you where the starving are praying for bread."

The next moment he was gone. It is very probable that the piratical rascal was afterwards hung as no doubt he deserved to be.—But however terrible his fate, I am sure that from his heart, seared and callous by crime, and self-dedicated, there burst forth a little warm glimmer of light which mitigated somewhat the desolation, and relieved, though it could not entirely dispel, the gloom of his dying hour.

## The Examiner.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1850.

### THE TREASURER.

It is now well known, all the Island over, that the Treasurer left this place two or three weeks ago, on leave of absence, with the alleged view of visiting a relative in New Brunswick. It may not, however, be generally known, that the term for which leave was granted has expired, and that the "honourable gentleman" is *non est inventus*.

The plain unvarnished fact is, that the Honourable John Spencer Smith has secretly betaken himself to the United States, with the intention, as every body believes, of never returning—being the second runaway within the short period of six months from that distinguished batch of public officers, who were regarded, (and are still regarded so by those of their own party who have not been "sucked in") as the only intelligent, rich, honest, and trustworthy people in the Colony!!

We do not choose to believe all the fraudulent transactions ascribed to Mr. Smith; but there is no denying the fact that he has utterly destroyed his own character, and seriously compromised the Government, which is believed to have connived at his departure from the Island, by the gross deceptions he practised upon honest trades-people and shopkeepers in trafficking with Bills of Exchange, drawn upon houses in which he had neither credit nor funds. It is not the fault of the distinguished Treasurer that only two parties have suffered by his flying kites across the Atlantic, for when one of the Bills had come back protested, he offered another party a Bill on the same house, (Codd & Co. we believe) with the inducement, that a portion of

the cash might remain in the hands of the purchaser of the Bill, in payment of an old account.

The easiest and the safest way of raising the wind, which Mr. Smith adopted with singular success, was his taking sums of money from ignorant people in the country, and giving them a simple receipt, which the poor fools were led to believe was a good Government security. We have heard of many such dupes—know most of them personally; and we confess that we have very little sympathy for them,—for, when two or three years ago, the Liberal party in the Assembly endeavoured to bring about an investigation of the Treasury, they were howled at by those and others of the same kidney, for daring to do anything which might affect the character of Mr. Smith. Had that investigation been thoroughly made, it is more than probable that Mr. Smith would not have been in the Treasury to do them and others harm. While the Liberals in the Assembly have been regularly libelled as a set of unprincipled fellows, who were anxious to get an opportunity of robbing the public—whom it was not safe to trust in a Government office,—all the officials have been as regularly praised sky-high, as the most honest and patriotic men alive: and just two of them have "cut and run" within a period of six months! "I would take the ghost's word for a thousand pound," says one of the players in Hamlet; and there is some people who would have been no less accommodating to the Treasurer, a few days before he left the Island. Seduced by the prestige of office, there are some who deem those to be fit objects of worship who happen to hold situations under the Crown. We don't pity such fellows when their idols are thrown down, even if they lost twice as much in the fall.

It was reported at a meeting of the Executive Council yesterday that the Treasury was left in a correct state. We hope this may prove to be the case. We never had any confidence in the present Government, and less since some of those who are high in that Government connived at the Treasurer's late proceeding: we, therefore, naturally fear they are deceiving us when they may be stating the truth.

It is said that it is not the intention of the Government to appoint at present a successor to Mr. Smith; but that he shall be allowed to return and resume his office. Don't they wish they may get him? We dare say the Executive would be bad enough to allow him to continue in office, if he should return to the Island; but such a thing would not be tolerated in England, as will be seen by the following paragraph, which is taken from an English paper. It is remarkable that the case of Lieut. Nicholson is very like that of Mr. J. S. Smith, only the latter is somewhat worse:—