

# 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. VII.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 25, 1858.

No. 29.

### To be Sold or Let,

**THE** Leasehold Interest in a STORE or DWELLING HOUSE at Montague Bridge, with a Loft capable of holding 1,000 Bushels of Grain. Also, a good Cellar underneath the whole; and a Coach-house and Stable at hand.

Also, a BUILDING LOT adjoining the Bridge, where a Wharf or Limekiln might be erected at a small expense, or a Yard for Shipbuilding.

Mr. Thomas Annear will show the premises, and give possession when required.

Orwell, Nov. 30, 1857. PATRICK STEPHENS.

### Co-Partnership.

**THE** BUSINESS heretofore carried on by the subscriber at Orwell and Montague Bridge, in his own name, will, on and after the 1st day of January, 1858, be carried on under the style and firm of STEPHENS & CLARK, having made arrangements to take my Nephew, Mr. RICHARD G. CLARK, in Partnership at that time.

All Notes of Hand and Book Accounts unpaid on the 20th of December next, will be sued for, without further notice, in the Courts of Georgetown, Belfast and Charlottetown, as all Accounts must be settled before the Partnership commences. A list of Debtors will at once be placed in the hands of Wm. Sanderson, Esq., Georgetown.

Orwell, Nov. 30, 1857. PATRICK STEPHENS.

### STEAM! STEAM! STEAM!

#### Patrick Hickey & Co's

CABINET, SASH, DOOR, BLIND AND GENERAL

WOOD WORK MANUFACTORY.

**H**AVE just completed their new-story BUILDING, east of the Wellington Hotel, Sydney-street, the only one of the kind in this Island where Steam Power and the most approved Machinery now in use is employed for saving manual labor.

In the establishment is a Drying-room, in which Lumber is thoroughly seasoned by the heat of Steam.

They having engaged the service of a competent Machinist and General Engineer from Boston, are enabled to undertake repairing all kinds of Machinery, including Locomotives, Gun-fitting and Screw-cutting, having imported self-acting Lathes and other Machinists' tools for that purpose.

Also—Planing, Straight and Sweep Sawing,—Morticing, Tenoning, Moulding, Boring and Turning Machinery.

N. B.—All kinds of Iron Turning done to order.

Ch. Town, Dec. 14, 1857. Isl 4m

### Saddle, Harness, Collar and Trunk-making

#### ESTABLISHMENT.

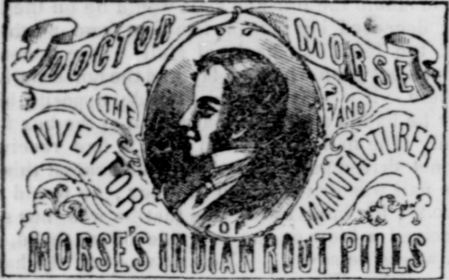
**T**HE subscriber respectfully intimates to the public generally that he has commenced business in the above line in the house on the corner of Queen and Sydney-streets, near the store of the Hon. Daniel Brennan, where he will keep for sale a large assortment of

GIG, CARRIAGE AND CART HARNESS; SADDLES, BRIDLES, COLLARS, WHIPS, TRUNKS, &c.

All orders for any article connected with the trade will be punctually attended to. He is also prepared to trim Sleighs, Gigs and Carriages in a superior style. The subscriber feels confident he can give satisfaction to those who may favor him with their patronage, from his having had a long experience in the business both in the Old Country and in this Island.

Ch. Town, Oct. 19, 1857. JOHN BOWERS.

N. B.—A liberal discount will be allowed to country wholesale dealers.



**CAUTION.**—Beware of a Counterfeit signed A. B. MOORE. All genuine have the name of A. J. WHITE & Co. on each box. Also the signature of A. J. WHITE & Co. All others are spurious.

A. J. WHITE & Co., Sole Proprietors, 50 Leonard Street, New York.

**T**HIS philanthropist has spent the greater part of his life in travelling, having visited Europe, Asia, and Africa, as well as North America—he has spent three years among the Indians of our Western country—it was in this way that the Indian Root Pills were first discovered. Dr. Morse was the first man to establish the fact that all diseases arise from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD—that our strength, health, and life depended upon this vital fluid.

When the various passages become clogged, and do not act in perfect harmony with the different functions of the body, the blood loses its action, becomes thick, corrupted and diseased; thus causing all pains, sickness and distress of every name; our strength is exhausted, our health we are deprived of, and if nature is not assisted in throwing off the stagnant humors, the blood will become chafed and cease to act, and thus our light of life will forever be blown out. How important then that we should keep the various passages of the body free and open. And how pleasant to us that we have it in our power to put a medicine in your reach, namely, Morse's Indian Root Pills, manufactured from plants and roots which grow around the mountainous cliffs in Nature's garden, and the recovery of diseased man. One of the roots from which these Pills are made is Sudafrica which opens the pores of the skin, and assists Nature in throwing out the finer parts of the corruption within. The second is a plant which is an Expectoant, that opens and unblocks the passage to the lungs, and thus, in a soothing manner, performs its duty by throwing off phlegm, and other humors from the lungs by copious spitting. The third is a Diuretic, which gives ease and double energy to the kidneys; thus encouraged, they draw large amounts of impurity from the blood, which is then thrown out abundantly by the urinary or water passage, and which could not have been discharged in any other way. The fourth is a Cathartic, and accompanies the other properties of the Pills while engaged in purifying the blood; the coarser particles of impurity which cannot pass by the other outlets, are thus taken up and conveyed off in great quantities by the bowels.

From the above, it is shown that Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills not only enter the stomach, but become united with the blood, for they find way to every part, and completely root out and cleanse the system from all impurity, and the life of the body, which is the blood, becomes perfectly healthy; consequently all sickness and pain is driven from the system, for they cannot remain when the body becomes so pure and clear.

The reason why people are so distressed when sick, and why so many die, is because they do not get a medicine which will pass to the affected parts, and which will open the natural passages for the disease to be cast out; hence, a large quantity of food and other matter is lodged, and the stomach and intestines are literally overflowing with the corrupted mass; thus undergoing disagreeable fermentation, constantly mixing with the blood, which throws the corrupted matter through every vein and artery, until life is threatened. It is this corrupted matter which Dr. Morse's PILLS have added to the victory upon victory, by restoring millions of the sick to blooming health and happiness. As thousands who have been racked or tormented with sickness, pain and anguish, and whose feeble frames have been scorched by the burning elements of raging fever, and who have been brought, as it were, within a step of the silent grave, now stand ready to testify that they would have been numbered with the dead, had it not been for this great and wonderful medicine, Morse's Indian Root Pills. After one or two doses had been taken, they were astonished, and absolutely surprised, in witnessing their charming effects. Not only do they give immediate ease and strength, and take away all sickness, pain and anguish, but they at once go to work at the foundation of the disease, which is the blood. Therefore, it will be shown, especially by those who use these Pills, that they will so cleanse and purify, that disease—that deadly enemy—will take its flight, and the flush of youth and beauty will again return, and the prospect of a long and happy life will cheer and brighten your days.

For sale at the Apothecaries' Hall, and at the Drug Stores of W. R. Watson and M. W. Skinner, and sold at all the stores throughout the Island. Persons wishing supplies of the above Medicines, can be furnished at Proprietors' prices at the Drug Store of July 9, 1857. W. R. WATSON, General Agent.

### Literature.

Among the guests at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, on St. Andrew's night was Dr. Mackay. He made a speech and sang the following song:

#### THE MEN OF THE NORTH.

Fierce as its sunlight the East may be proud  
Of its gay gaudy hues, and its skies without cloud;  
Mild as its breezes, the beautiful West  
May smile like its valleys that duple its breast.  
The South may rejoice in the vine and the palm,  
In its groves where the midnight is sleepy with balm.

Fair tho' they be,  
There's an isle in the sea,  
The home of the brave and the boast of the free;  
Hear it ye lands, let our shouts echo forth,  
The lords of the world are the men of the North.

Cold though our seasons and dull though our skies,  
There's might in our arm, and a fire in our eyes,  
Dauntless and patient to dare and to do,  
Our watchword is duty, our maxim is "through;"  
Winter and storm only nerve us the more,  
And chill not the heart if they creep from the door.

Strong shall we be  
In our isle of the sea,  
The home of the brave and the boast of the free;  
Firm as the rock where the storm flashes forth,  
We stand in our courage, the men of the North.

Sunbeams that ripen the olive and vine,  
In the face of the slave and the coward may shine,  
Roses may blossom when freedom decays,  
And crown'd be a growth of the sun's brightest rays;  
Scant be the harvest we reap from the soil,  
Yet virtue and health are the children of toil.

Proud let us be  
Of our isle of the sea,  
The home of the brave and the boast of the free,  
Men with true hearts let our fame echo forth,  
Oh, these are the fruit that we grow in the North.

### LYNDON HALL.

(Continued.)

#### IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Lucy threw the light of a new life into Lyndon Hall. Before she had been there four days, the Colonel was in love with her. Seldom has there been so swift a fall, so sudden a conquest. And now, with the insolence of youth, she showed his fetters to all the world. There was not a petty girlish act of tyranny and self-will of which she was not guilty. She deranged all his habits and overthrew his authority. She made him wait for dinner, contradicted him before the whole household, beat him at chess, scolded down his assertions respecting woman's inferiority and the good of absolute submission, shook all the starch out of his military demeanour, and made him a pliant nobody, whom she twisted round her fingers at her pleasure. But all was done so graciously, his insolence was accomplished by means of such beaming eyes and sunny smiles, it was such a lovely comedian, that the Colonel was forced to submit, despot and autocrat as he was. But he apologised to himself for his loss of dignity on the same plea that a grave man would use if caught romping with his child. It was his pleasure, his will. He suffered these petty pretty liberties because he liked them: they were not taken by force, they were granted. He submitted, like Hercules to Omphale, to a tyranny he could crush between his fingers and thumb to-morrow, if he chose. He was Samson bound by Dalilah, but not asleep, nor with his locks shorn. The threads round him were but the fragile threads of a woman's caprice, which he could break at a moment, if he put forth his strength in never so minute a degree. This disguised lord was still the lord, though he might masquerade in the slave's attire for his own good pleasure: and he—his will was none the less iron nor his purpose adamant, because he made himself the supple toy of a pretty woman; let her go an inch too far, and then she would find how much of this cruelty was based on her intrinsic power, and how much on his complaisance. So he comforted his damaged dignity with such soliloquies as those; and sat at the feet of his Omphale while she rated him, or followed while she led him hither and thither, and took his lion's skin for her footstool, and laughed at his demi-godship to his face.

Norah looked on in silent wonder. To see her father, of whom she stood in almost superstitious awe, cajoled and trifled with by a girl only a year older than herself, seemed a miracle. She felt almost afraid as if some new mysterious power had risen up before her. It was so strange that her father, who had so crushed her, who laid his own will so heavily on the household, should now be paraded before them all like a tame monster, and pushed to the very verge of ridicule by his facility. She did not recognize him. Lucy could do anything she pleased with him. After keeping dinner waiting a full half-hour—a slight which Colonel Lyndon had once resented from a peer—Lucy would come down into the drawing-room all smiles and composure, conscious power, all exquisite attire and fabulous perfections, sailing in as tranquilly as if she were no delinquent; then saying, if the Colonel looked haughty and sulky:

"Has the dinner-bell sounded yet?"

What her motive was for her conduct, Norah never asked; and even if she had, Lucy would have been puzzled for an answer; for she had no plans as yet—no actual motive. And as Norah was too quiet and indifferent to trouble herself much about what any one did, Lucy found no very officious censor or inquirer in her.

The person most perplexed of all was Gregory. He, as all the world, saw Lucy's evident flirtation with the Colonel, and he, like Norah, let it pass without comment. He was too much absorbed in his own real love to care about the mock-play of others. Why did those strange fixed looks meet his when no one was by?—looks that left a very sound of words behind them. Why did she surround him with her influence, so that he could not escape from her, and was forced, as if by mesmeric will, to turn to her, and at least to watch her? Why, in the midst of all this possession—for it was a real possession—did he hate her fiercely, and wish that she had never entered Lyndon Hall?

Gregory was restless and distracted at his unusual state of feeling. He chafed and raged under it as under a concealed wound; for if Gregory had the faults, he had also the virtues of a savage. If he believed in the right of might, he believed also in the beauty of truth, and he practised the virtue of sincerity. It was only sincere then in him to hate Lucy, while dreaming of her beauty and her love, which he did so often now, he should also dream of hatred. For, true to his origin, he believed in spells and witchcraft, and he had no

doubt that Lucy was casting a spell round him now, which he did not feel quite sure of resisting, and which he had full right to abhor.

Such a mute world of passion and fierce forbidden thought as it all was in this dim old stately Lyndon Hall! Such a stormy world, surging and boiling up round little Norah as the centre figure; she, the only calm one of them all, though the saddest of them all; but still and motionless, as philosophers say is the characteristic of storm centres.

What could Colonel Lyndon do to please his beautiful guest? He had presented her with a bridesmaid's bracelet; that was something, for Lucy adored jewellery. But what more could he do for her? The Colonel was a cautious man, and went by easy marches. He did not know Lucy's family; and, infatuated though he was, his pride was greater than his love; and he would sacrifice even Lucy, rather than make a mesalliance. He was anxious to win her heart—to thoroughly gain her mental consent—and then, on further knowledge, he would decide on what was best for himself. He did not wish to commit himself; but he wanted to be secure. This was his programme. Lucy? what was she? But what could he do to please her? Ah! he had it!—the very thing! and good policy too. He would ask her brothers to Norah's wedding, as an attention to herself, and for his own private inspection. That would do—a fitting clasp to the diamond bracelet—perhaps a clasp never to be unloosed. Lucy was charmed. She caught at the idea with eagerness; for it flashed a thought, a means, a way, into her mind which hitherto she had not been able to seize. Yes; and Launce and Edmund must come. Edmund was pining to find his ideal; Norah was dying under Gregory's love. If they found what each was seeking for in the other—then, Gregory's first anger over; then—Lucy buried her face in her hands; but the very roots of her hair were crimson, and her heart beat so loud, that she might have counted the strokes.

When she came to herself, the second dinner-bell had rung, and her hair was hanging loose over her shoulders.

#### CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Launce and Edmund Thorold came to Lyndon Hall. They were both exceedingly handsome, though very unlike each other, and quite unlike Lucy, excepting indeed a certain genial expression in Launce's face, which was like Lucy's when she was at her best—when she was not acting a part and not thinking of herself. But of the two, Launce was the more manly, as Lucy had said, and Edmund the better-looking. Both were very gentle; Launce from that good nature and mental indolence which belongs to a certain type of large-built, stout, strong-limbed young Saxons; Edmund, from a refined nature, and from the absence of combativeness. Launce was the more affectionate; Edmund, the more loving. Launce would make the kind husband, the good master, and the indulgent father.

The Colonel liked them. Their quiet manners pleased him, as did their manly deference to himself. For Lucy had warned them of his character, and had besought them to be extraordinarily respectful. And they always did what Lucy told them. Gregory stood aloof, watching his rivals. He surrounded Norah with more jealous cares than ever, hardly letting her out of his sight for a moment; sitting by her: talking to her exclusively, or rather suffering no one else to speak with her; breathing defiance and distrust in every glance and gesture; chained to her side like a fierce gaoler standing between the very sun and her. It was a hard time for Norah: it very nearly killed her.

The marriage-day was drawing near. Norah was growing thin and pale; Gregory more restless and more violent. It was no secret now, that he was eating his heart out for despair at Norah's want of love for him, or that Norah was literally dying of terror and oppression. But no one spoke; not even Lucy. She did not feel the ground beneath her firm enough yet for such a hazardous chance.

The young men had been a week at the hall, and the marriage was to take place now in ten days, when Gregory received a letter from his lawyer which threatened to destroy all existing engagements whatsoever. A cousin of his, the son of his father's younger brother, suddenly claimed the estate, on the plea that Gregory's Nubian mother had never been legally married. A doubt had always existed in that branch of the family; for, if true, the estates would be theirs, and self-interest marvellously sharpens suspicion.

Colonel Lyndon was only half-brother to Gregory's father, and knew nothing of the rest of the family. In no case, then, could the estates devolve on him; consequently he had never questioned the validity of his half-nephew's title. Had he received only a hint of such a possibility as the want of those important marriage lines, which change so many destinies, he would have thoroughly investigated the matter before he had suffered him to stand suitor to his daughter. For he cared only for the estates—not the man, and he would give Norah quite as willingly to the new owner as he had given her to Gregory; a great deal more willingly if he had a better income. Gregory knew this well enough, and foresaw all that would happen if he could not overcome this difficulty—a difficulty not wholly contemptible, for, though he had been brought up and considered as the lawful heir, he had no legal or documentary evidence of his father's marriage, and could not prove his title, if disputed; at least, not with the proofs in his hands. He would have to search for more.

After thinking over his position for full five minutes—which was a long time for Gregory to reflect—he determined on going at once to London, and seeing the matter to the end. Nothing but the certainty of losing Norah altogether—should his opponent's claim be made good—could have spurred him to this extreme step. But he felt that it was better to risk a few weeks' absence than a life's loss;—better to suffer anxiety for a term than anguish for ever.

He rode over to Lyndon Hall, taking the letter with him. It was early morning, and he found the family assembled at breakfast. Lucy, in the most wonderful elaboration of lace and muslin that the genius of Parisian artist could invent, was sitting by the Colonel, whom she was drugging with her pleasant poison. Norah was between Launce and Edmund, and assiduously attended to by both. It was the only hour they had with her unmolested, and as they both wished to become really acquainted with her, it is not surprising that they made the most of it. In the midst of this delightful ease and dangerous pleasure, Gregory's step was heard in the hall. Not suffering the servant to announce him, he opened the door of the breakfast-room and strode rapidly forward. Norah was just handing a cup of tea to Edmund, at whom she was looking earnestly, smiling at an anecdote he was relating; Launce, on her other side, was bending forward, listening, but putting in a laughing comment. Both the young men were animated; Norah unembarrassed and pleased. The instant Gregory appeared

the smile faded from her lips, her eyelids dropped, her hand trembled, her breath was checked, and she turned pale. Launce and Edmund both stopped speaking, and Edmund half drew away, looking a shade guilty and caught. Lucy flushed crimson, a welcome springing like a wood to her eyes; Colonel Lyndon looked surprised and bored by the interruption.

Not a shade, not a change, in the countenances of that unsuspecting breakfast-party, but had been marked by Gregory. He thought he detected a look of intelligence between Norah and Edmund. He was mistaken, as the jealous always are. Norah could not have established a good intelligence with any man. But for a moment this suspicion made him waver. Should he go and leave her to the designing people about her? Was he not mad and suicidal to think of such a thing? Then, again, if Colonel Lyndon heard a breath of this difficulty, adieu to Norah for ever, unless he could overcome it. Perhaps, already he had received intimation of the matter from that miserable cousin of his, whose life would not be worth much if ever he fell within the grasp of those hands. No! Gregory crushed back his transient hope and set himself to his task. To say the least of it, a difficult and a painful one to any man.

The Colonel—when he and Gregory were closeted in his study—took the news quietly.

"Of course," he said, "unless you can perfectly substantiate your claim and clear your position, you need not expect to—"

Gregory anticipated the end of the unfinished sentence.

"But love—love—" he urged passionately.

"Bah! Acres, not love, my dear boy, when you talk to a father!" said the Colonel. "Do you think it possible for me to give my child to a penniless—? Well! we will not discuss the question. Now, silence! not another word!"

For Gregory was raging about the room on the point of committing some excess. "Leave us now," he continued, in that cold haughty, iron-bound way of his, which always stilled the poor passionate savage like a spell. "Go to London, investigate this matter; go to Egypt, if need be,—probe the affair to the end, and substantiate your claim to the estates, or leave this country for ever. I will take care that Norah remains free and unsuspected till your return—but, on that return, unless indeed you are wise enough never to come back if unsuccessful—however, as I was saying, on that return, your good or ill-fortune will determine your relations with her. Go. Lose no time. The longer you stay you delay your possible marriage." And the Colonel waived him from the room.

Gregory went to find Norah. She and Lucy were in the drawing-room, sitting in the bay window working; Norah in a low prie-dieu cunningly isolated, Lucy on the ottoman, with plenty of space on the cushions beside her. He clanked into the room with even more than his usual indifference to forms, looking dark and agitated, not quite unlike the popular notions of demon lovers, when those gentlemen first threw off their fascinations and plunged into revelation.

"I must speak with you, Norah," he said, abruptly, sitting down by Lucy.

"And I am de trop?" said Lucy in her sweetest voice, bending forward, and letting her hand rest lightly on his.

Gregory turned and looked into her face, and their eyes met. When she withdrew hers, Lucy felt that she had told too much. Single-hearted and absorbed as Gregory was, that look disturbed him, and for a moment he could not speak.

"Do you wish to say anything to me?" then asked Norah submissively.

"Yes, Norah, yes!" he answered hurriedly; "I must speak with you."

"Shall I go, then?" said Lucy, with the same smile and the same caressing accent.

Norah looked at her imploringly.

"My cousin has no secrets from you," she said, in her timid voice, asking her to remain. But she went out of the room.

When the door was closed, Gregory exclaimed: "Swear that you will be faithful, whatever may happen!"

"I do, cousin," said Norah. She might as well have said, I am cold, or I am hot, for any emphasis or soul that lay in her words.

"More fervently—more passionately!" cried Gregory.

"I am not fervent, or passionate, cousin," said Norah quietly, "were I to pretend to be so, I should be untrue."

"Say it to me again, then—let me hear those blessed sounds once more! You vow on your eternal salvation that nothing shall tempt you from me—that no one shall steal you away."

"No one, cousin. I love no one else."

"But me?"

"Cousin, I am bound to love you."

"And if you were not bound?—if you were free? Would you love me then, Norah?"

"Yes," she gasped, faintly.

"O! I can go now!" cried Gregory. "I will go while that word still vibrates on my ear? No colder sound shall disturb the echo of that word," and he rushed through the rooms, and departed without any leave-taking whatever.

Norah clasped her hands together. "Is it true! can it be true—has he really gone!" she exclaimed. Then hiding her face she too burst into tears. Were they tears of grief or joy?

She waited until she had quite recovered herself, and until the last echo of the horse's hoofs had died away in the distance, before she sought Lucy. Finding her, she kissed her and clung to her, like a happy child, and though they both were silent, Lucy had scarcely seen her smile since she came to the Hall.

"What is to be done?" said Lucy to herself. "People would call me very dishonorable if they knew; but what can I do? There is no forcing these things—and no preventing them."

#### CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

What had passed into Lyndon Hall? or rather, what had passed from it? The very birds seemed to sing more cheerily in that hoary beech-wood, and the Colonel himself forgot his drill manners. Lucy's fascination over him was more potent than ever, and smoothed him to such pleasant serenity that even Norah was included in the general amnesty, and her chain lengthened by a couple of links at the very least. The young men, of course, proposed to leave; but the Colonel, prompted by Lucy, would not accept their dismissal, and insisted on their remaining some weeks longer.

The walks and drives about Lyndon were very lovely. Norah had always taken great delight in them, in her little, quiet, silent way; but she thought them more beautiful than ever now. But the heather looked greener, the dew lay more brightly on the glittering grass, the flowers were more numerous, the birds sang more sweetly this year than on