

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.

CHARLOTTETOWN, AUGUST 28, 1850.

Vol. 1: No. 60

POETRY.

THE WELCOME.

BY THE LATE T. O. DAVIS, AUTHOR OF THE
"IRISH BALLADS."

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oft'ner you come here the more I'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted,
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers to wear, if you choose them,
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom;
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
O, your lip is like the rain to the summer-vex'd farmer,
Or sabre or shield to a knight without armor.
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie;
We'll tread round the earth on the track of the fairy;
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her,
Oh! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust when in secret most timefully streaming,
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
And our soul flow in one down eternity's river."

So, come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're look'd for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oft'ner you come here the more I'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever."

THRILLING SKETCH.

John Taylor;

THE TIMON OF THE BACKWOODS BAR AND PULPIT.

I can never forget my first vision of John Taylor. It was in the court house at Lewisburg, Conway county, Arkansas, in the summer of 1838. The occasion itself possessed terrible interest. A vast concourse of spectators had assembled to witness the trial of a young and beautiful

girl, on an indictment for murder. The Judge waited at the moment for the Sheriff to bring in the prisoner, and the eyes of the impatient multitude all centered on the door; when suddenly a stranger entered, whose appearance rivetted universal attention.

Here is his portrait: a figure, tall, lean, sinewy, and strait as an arrow; a face, sallow, bilious, and twitching incessantly, with nervous irritability; a brow, broad, massive, seemed filled with wrinkles, but not from age—for he was scarcely forty; eyes, reddish yellow, like the wrathful eagle, as bright and piercing; and finally, a mouth with lips of cast iron, thin, curled, cold, and sneering, the intense expression of which looked the living embodiment of an unbreathe curse. He was habited in a suit of new buckskin, ornamented after the fashion of Indian costume, with hues of every color of the rainbow.

Elbowing his way slowly through the crowd, and apparently unconscious that he was regarded as a phenomenon, needing explanation, this singular being advanced, and, with the haughty air of a king ascending the throne, seated himself within the bar, thronged as it was with the disciples of Coke and Blackstone, several of whom, it was known, esteemed themselves as far superior to those old and famous masters.

The contrast between the outlandish garb and disdainful countenance of the stranger, excited, especially, the risibility of the lawyers; and the junior members began a suppressed titter, which grew louder, and soon swept around the circle. They doubtless supposed the intruder to be some wild hunter of the mountains, who had never before seen the interior of a hall of justice. Instantly the cause and object of this laughter perceived it, turned his head gradually, as to give each laugher a look—his eyes curled with a killing smile of infinite scorn—his eyes shot arrows of lightning—his tongue, protruding through his teeth, literally writhed like a serpent, and ejaculated its asp-like poison in a single word: "Savages!" No pen can describe the defiant force which he threw into that term, no pencil can paint the infernal furor of his utterance, although it hardly exceeded a whisper. But he accented every letter as it were a separate emission of fire that scorched his quivering lips; laying horrible emphasis on the S, both at the beginning and end of the word—"Savages!"

It was the growl of the red tiger in the hiss of the rattle-snake.

The general gaze, however, was diverted by the advent of the fair prisoner, who then came in, surrounded by her guard. The apparition was enough to drive a saint mad; for here was a style of beauty to bewilder the tamest imagination, and melt the coldest heart, leaving in both imagination and heart a gleaming picture, enameled in fire, and fixed in a frame of gold from the stars. It was a spell of enchantment to be felt as well as seen. You might feel it in the flushes of her countenance, clear as a sunbeam, brilliant as the iris; in the contour of her features, symmetrical as if cut by the chisel of the artist; in her hair of rich auburn ringlets, flowing without a braid, softer than silk, finer than gossamer; in the eye, blue as the heaven of southern summer, large, liquid, beamy; in her motions, graceful, swimming, like the gentle waftures of a bird's wing in the sunny air; in the figure, slight, ethereal—a sylph's or a seraph's; and more than all, in the everlasting smile of the rosy lips, so arched, so serene, so like star-light, and yet possessing the power of magic or of magnetism to thrill the beholder's heart.

As the unfortunate girl, so tastefully dressed, so incomparable as to personal charms, calm and smiling, took her place before the bar of her judge, a murmur of admiration arose from the multitude, which the prompt interposition of the court, by a stern order of "silence," could scarcely repress from swelling to a deafening cheer.

The Judge turned to the prisoner; "Emma Miner, the court has been informed that your counsel, Col. Linton, is sick; have you employed any other?"

She answered, in a voice as sweet as the warbling of the nightingale, as clear as the song of the sky-lark.

"My enemies have bribed all the lawyers—even my own—to be sick; but God will defend the innocent!"

At this response, so touching in its simple pathos, a portion of the auditors buzzed applause, and the rest wept.

On the instant, however, the stranger whose appearance had previously excited such merriment, started to his feet, approached the prisoner, and whispered something in her ear. She bounded six inches from the floor, uttered a piercing shriek, and then stood trembling as if in the presence of a ghost from Eternity; while the singular being who had caused her unaccountable emotion addressed the court in his sharp ringing voice, sonorous as the sound of bell-metal—

"May it please your honor, I will assume the task of defending the lady?"

"What?" exclaimed the astonished judge, "are you a licensed attorney?"

"The question is irrelevant and immaterial," replied the stranger, with a venomous sneer, "as the recent statute entitles any person to act as counsel at the request of a party."

"But does the prisoner request it?" inquired the judge.

"Let her speak for herself," said the stranger.

"I do," was her answer as a long drawn sigh escaped, that seemed to rend her very heart strings.

The case immediately progressed; and as it had a tinge of romantic mystery, we will epitomise the substance of the evidence.

About twelve months before, the defendant had arrived in the village, and opened an establishment of millinery.—Residing in a row connected with her shop, and all alone, she prepared the articles connected with her highly respected and honourable trade with unwearied labor and consummate taste. Her habits were secluded, modest and retiring; and hence she might have hoped to avoid notoriety, but for the perilous gift that extraordinary beauty which too often, and to the poor and friendless always proves a curse. She was soon sought after by all those glittering fire-flies of fashion.—But the beautiful stranger rejected them all with unutterable scorn and loathing. Among these rejected admirers was one of a character from which the fair milliner had everything to fear. Hiram Shore was at once opulent, influential and dissipated. He was himself licentious, brave and ferociously revengeful—the most famous duellist of the south-west. It was generally known that he had made advances to win the favour of the lovely Emma, and had shared the fate of all other wooers—a disdainful repulse.

At nine o'clock on Christmas night, 1837, the people of Lewisburg were startled by a loud scream of mortal terror, while, following with scarcely an interval, came successive reports of fire-arms, one, two, three, with a dozen deafening roars. They flew to the shop of the milliner whence the sounds proceeded; pushed back the unfastened door, and a scene of horror was presented. There she stood in the centre of the room, with a revolver

in each hand, every barrel discharged, her features pale, her eyes flashed wildly, but lips parted with a fearful smile. And there at her feet, weltering in his warm blood, his bosom literally riddled with bullets, lay the all-dreaded duellist, Hiram Shore, gasping in the last agony. He articulated but a single sentence.

"Tell my mother that I am dead, and gone to hell!" and instantly expired.

"In the name of God who did this?" exclaimed the appalled spectators.

"I did it!" said the beautiful milliner—"I did it to save my honor."

As may be readily imagined, the deed caused an intense sensation. Public opinion, however, was divided. The poorer classes, crediting the girl's version of the facts, lauded her heroism in terms of measureless eulogy. But the friends of the deceased, and of his wealthy family, gave a different and darker coloring to the affair, and denounced the lovely homicide as an atrocious criminal. Unfortunately for her, the officers of the law, especially the judge and sheriff, were devoted comrades of the slain, and displayed their feelings in revolting partiality. The Judge committed her without the privilege of bail, and the sheriff chained her in the felon's dungeon!

Such is the brief abstract of the circumstances developed in the examination of the witnesses. The testimony closed, and the pleading began.

First of all, three advocates spoke in succession for the prosecution; but neither names nor their arguments are worth preserving. Orators of the blood and thunder genus, they about equally partitioned their howling eloquence between the prisoner and their leather-robed counsel, as if in doubt who of the twain was then on trial. As for the stranger, he seemed to pay not the slightest attention to his opponents, but remained, motionless with his forehead bowed on his hands, like one buried in deep thought or slumber.

When the proper time came, however, he suddenly sprang to his feet, crossed the bar, and took his seat almost touching the jury. He then commenced in a whisper, but it was a whisper so wild, so clear, so terribly ringing and distinct as to fill the hall from floor to galleries. At the outset, he dealt in pure logic, separating and combining the proven facts, till the whole mass of confused evidence looked transparent as a globe of glass, through which the innocence of his client shone, brilliant as a sun beam; and the jurors nodded to each other of thorough conviction; that thrilling whisper, and fixed concentration, and the language, simple as a child's, had convinced all.

He then changed his posture, so as to sweep the bar with his glance; and began to tear and rend his legal adversaries. His sallow face glowed as a heated furnace, his eyes resembled living coals; and his voice became the clangor of a trumpet. I have never, before or since, listened to such murderous denunciations. It was like Jove's eagle charging a flock of crows. It was like Jove himself hurling red-hot thunder bolts among the quaking rank of conspiracy of inferior gods! And yet in the highest tempest of his fury he seemed calm; he employed no gesture save one—the flash of a long fore-finger direct in the eyes of his foes. He painted their venality and unmanly meanness, in coalescing, for money, to hunt down a poor and friendless woman; till a shout of stifled rage arose from the multitude, and even some of the jury cried "Shame."

He changed the theme once more. His voice grew mournful as a funeral song, and his eyes filled with tears, as he traced a vivid picture of man's cruelties and woman's wrongs, with peculiar illus-