

THE EXAMINER

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides.

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Literature.

THE END OF IT ALL.

The night is over—open wide the shutter;
The night is over, and the dismal rain;
Only the wild winds sob, and wail, and mutter
Like mighty spirits' tread out with pain.
The storm is over: I lie still and wake,
For an old friend I have not seen of late.

The dreary, dreary years since our last meeting—
The long, dark shadows of remembered things,
Thank God, those phantoms of the past are fleeting
Before the sweep of the Death angel's wings:
So I can lie in peace, with fainting memory's
And calmly wait till you approach—or Death!

'Twas very dreary when, of all forsaken,
You left me trembling in the cold alone;
But Death was kinder far, and he has taken
The hand you drew so coldly from your own,
And leads me—oh, how glad I am to see—
To his still shore, which hath no memories.

What will it matter, when we meet in heaven?
We shall not hear Life's angry billows roar;
This little bark, too rudely tempest-driven,
Casts anchor sooner where the storms are o'er.
E'en now, those waves that lift on Memory's shore
Meek thoughts, like pearl-shells scattered, nothing more.

And, oh, forgive her as I have forgiven,
Who came between us with her cruel art!
It will not matter, when we meet in heaven,
That our brief lives on earth were spent apart.
And then to love—and know that love is vain—
What wonder she was mad with rage and pain!

Methods I should know something of that sorrow,
Burning like fire on the heart and brain.
I, too, with trembling hand, have sought to borrow
Mirth's blessing roses for a brow of pain.
Though all these dreary years the world's cold eye
Has never read my secret—but I die.

But, ah! my dear old friend 'tis almost over,
The long, long struggle between pride and pain,
And neither slandering me nor doubting lover
Has power to grieve me any more again;
For God's great angel having touched mine eyes,
I read the meaning of those tears and sighs.

We shall not meet; my latest hours are lying;
Ere sets your sun upon the darkened land,
Yet will I clasp one flower close in dying,
That you may take it from my cold, still hand,
And keep it as a sign of wrong forgiven,
And a mute pledge that we shall meet in heaven.

ASLEEP.

An hour before, she spoke of things
That memory to the dying brings;
And kissed me all the while;
Then, after some sweet parting words,
She went to sleep, and left me here,
With tears on her cheeks and hair.

'Twas summer then, 'tis autumn now,
The crimson leaves fall off the bough,
And straw the gravel sweep.
I wander down the garden walk,
And muse on all the happy talk
We had beneath the trees.

And, resting on the garden seat,
Her old Newfoundland at my feet,
I think of other times.
Of golden eyes when she and I
Sat watching here the dusky sky,
The sunset and the sea;

Or heard the children in the lanes
Following home the harvest wains,
And shouting in their glee.
I wake and see the morning star,
And hear the breakers on the bar,
The voices on the shore.

And then with tears, I long to see
Across a dim, unbounded sea,
With her far-remembered more.

THE PHANTOM BRIDE.

'Will you love me even beyond the tomb?'
The question came from the vermilion lips of a young girl
at a fancy ball in Paris during the reign of Louis XV.
She was a brilliant brunette, with abundant raven hair,
and wore the Spanish veil and mantilla which she had assumed
for the occasion, with all the grace of a daughter of Andalusia.
Her interlocutor, a young Viscount of twenty, arrayed
as a page of Mary Stuart, in Scotch plaid and Highland
bonnet and feather, had been pursuing the fair unknown
all the evening with protestations of love and eternal fidelity.
His answer was prompt and unhesitating.

'Yes, I swear it. If I die I will dream of you in the
sepulchre, and a thrill of joy will welcome you if your foot
but press the grass over my head.'

'And if I should die?' inquired the young girl in a sad
tone.

'If you should die, I will be as faithful to you dead as
living; and if you should be permitted to visit me I will
kiss your cold hand with as much love as at this moment;
and be pressed to his lips the little white hand of the beautiful
Spaniard.'

'Ah, well! I permit you, then, to love me. We shall
see if you will be constant. Farewell; we shall meet again.'

'But where?—When?' demanded the Viscount anxiously.

'I cannot tell. Perhaps here—perhaps elsewhere—but
you will see me.' And with a gesture which forbade him to
follow her, she disappeared in the crowd.

Two years passed, during which the Viscount Ralph
sought vainly at Marly, at Versailles—in every place of
public resort—for his beautiful unknown. He was a Scotchman
by birth, and like many of his countrymen, had entered
the service of the King of France. But a court life did not
comport very well with his slender fortune, and he became,
ere long, deeply involved in debt.

'You must find some rich heiress,' said his sympathizing
friends—it was the resource of all embarrassed gentlemen of
that day. But the Viscount had not forgotten the bewitching
Andalusian, and was in no mood for the search. He was
spared the trouble, however. His uncle, who was arch-
bishop in partibus of an Assyrian city destroyed by the
Romans, informed him, one day, that it was time for him to
marry, and that he had found a wife for him.

'Is she rich?' inquired Ralph. 'I do not ask if she is
pretty—it is all the same to me.'

'Very rich and very pretty.'

The Viscount thought of his unknown, and sighed; then
thought of his creditors, and consented. The uncle arranged
everything, and when all was settled, he gave his nephew
his benediction and two hundred pistoles, and sent him off to
Burgundy to pay his respects to Mlle. de Roche Noire,
whom he was to marry in a fortnight.

slight, but graceful, her hands exquisitely shaped, and trans-
parent as alabaster. So much the Viscount saw as he bent
low before his betrothed and in spite of professed indiffer-
ence, he inwardly congratulated himself on his good fortune.

The Viscount and Baron exchanged the usual reciprocal
compliments and enquiries. Ralph was accustomed to so-
cieties, and understood the art of making himself agreeable;
the Baron, spite of his seventy winters, had not forgotten
how to be a courtier, and Herminie had the simple grace,
the dignity, the modest without prudery, of a young girl of
high birth, religiously educated, but without any rigidity.
The conversation soon became animated and sparkling, while
Ralph watched Herminie, and now and then murmured to
himself: 'She is charming! blessings on my uncle for find-
ing me a wife at once so pretty and so rich.'

When supper was announced he offered his hand to the
young girl, who accepted it with a blush, while the Baron
led the way to the dining-room. It was a lofty apartment
furnished in the massive style of Louis XIV., and upon the
walls were suspended ancient family portraits. As Ralph's
eye glanced over these, it was attracted by one whose fresh-
ness formed a striking contrast to the smoky canvasses of
the defunct barons of Roche Noire. It represented a young
girl of dazzling but foreign beauty, such as is only found
under southern skies. A more brilliant daughter of Spain
never danced the bolero in the perfumed gardens of the Al-
hambra. The eyes of Ralph were fixed immovably upon the
canvass, the first glance had told him that it was his long
lost of the fancy ball.

'Come, my dear viscount,' said the baron, 'let us be
seated.'

Ralph started and obeyed, then turned his eyes from the
portrait to Herminie. In contrast with that glowing beauty
she appeared to him utterly insipid. He made some remark
about the picture. The baron did not reply, but a cloud
passed over his face, and Herminie turned pale, and sat silent
with downcast eyes. A chill seemed to be thrown over these
three persons, just now talking so joyously. Brief remarks
were made occasionally, in a constrained tone, and the supper
ended almost in silence. At its close the viscount made the
fatigues of his journey an excuse for retiring early. As the
servant was conducting him to his apartment they passed
again through the dining hall.

'Whose portrait is this?' he asked, pointing to the portrait
of the lady.

'The servant hesitated.
'Speak!' said the viscount impatiently.
'It is the portrait of Mlle Fulmen,' said the old man
tremblingly.

'And who is she?'
'The elder sister of Mlle Herminie.'
'But she is dressed in Spanish costume.'
'Yes, her mother was a Spanish lady.'
'And Fulmen, where is she now?'
'She is dead,' said the old man solemnly.
'She lies at the left of the altar in the chapel of the
chateau.'

Fatigue had no power that night to bring sleep to Ralph's
eyes. It was in vain that he extinguished the candles, and
buried his head under the blankets; the image of Fulmen
still pursued him. Now, it was Fulmen radiant with
beauty, as she was represented in the picture, and as he had
seen her at the fancy ball; again it was Fulmen, pale and
cold, extended in the coffin under the pavement of the chapel.
Then he remembered his oath, to love her as well dead as
living, and a cold sweat bathed his brow. At that moment
a light at the opposite extremity of the apartment attracted
his attention; a door, whose existence he had not suspected,
turned noiselessly on its hinges; the candles relighted them-
selves spontaneously, and a figure, draped in a wind-sheer,
entered the room and approached his bed. It advanced
slowly; the most acute ear could have detected no sound of
footsteps. Brave as he was, the viscount trembled at the
apparition. When the figure was within a few feet of the
bed the winding-sheet was thrown back, and revealed a
young girl dressed in Spanish costume.

'Fulmen!' he murmured; 'the picture has descended
from its frame.'

It was indeed Fulmen, just as she was painted, save that
the lids were pale, the eye mournful, the whole expression
unrecognizably sad.

'Fulmen!' repeated the viscount, with a tone of terror,
in which was mingled a sort of feverish joy.

'It is I,' she said. 'Do you remember your oath? They
have told you that I am dead.'

The youth of Ralph chattered; but the voice was so pure,
so melodious, that it aided him to shake off the torpor which
was creeping over him.

'No, you are not dead,' he exclaimed, with an effort.
'I have been dead a year,' replied Fulmen, sadly. 'They
buried me in the chapel. You can read my epitaph on the
marble slab, the third from the high altar.'

Ralph could not detach his eyes from this singular crea-
ture, whose marvellous beauty counteracted in some degree
the terror which the apparition would otherwise have caused.

'Alas!' resumed the spectre—draping the shroud about
her form with all the e query which a living belle might
wrap an opera cloak around her—'I am dead, really
dead, at seventeen; when life was full of light, and perfume,
and music; when tears, even, were so sweet that they re-
sembled smiles; when the present was so happy that the
future was forgotten. And then I loved you. I trusted in
your oath; and you did not care for me. You have come
here to marry my sister.'

'Fulmen!' murmured Ralph, who felt a pang of remorse
at his heart. 'I have loved you, I love you still.'

'She shook her head.
'The dead are never loved,' she replied, sadly.
Ralph trembled. He felt his blood curdle in his veins.
He remembered his oath. Yet Fulmen did not complain.
She did not overwhelm him with reproaches. She seemed
resigned. He saw her lean her head upon her hand, a r
shone in her eye, and a shiver passed through her frame.

'I am cold,' she said, and rising from the chair in which
she had seated herself, she approached the fire-place, and
bent as if to warm herself by the half-extinguished brands.

'The dead are always cold,' she murmured.
'Heavens,' exclaimed Ralph, 'you are not dead; but
dead or living, you are beautiful, more beautiful than any
living woman, and I love you as on the day I first saw you.'

'The dead are never loved,' she repeated mournfully.
'But you are not dead. The limbs of the dead are rigid;
the flesh corrupt; they are insensible; they cannot walk;
they cannot speak; you are not dead—it is impossible.'

'I am dead,' repeated Fulmen, in a tone of authority
which admitted of no question; 'dead—and yet I suffer.'

'You suffer!' the viscount exclaimed.
'Yes. Because I deal with a guilty thought in my heart.
I remember the ball where I met you. It was earthly love,
not penitence that engrossed my last hours. Yet if you who
are alive can love me still, God will perhaps pardon me, and
I shall suffer no longer.'

'I do love you,' cried Ralph, gazing at the young girl so
beautiful in her sadness. Yet a secret voice said within
him: 'Ah! if she were only alive!'

The next day dawned bright and beautiful. The baron of
Roche Noire, who did not appear to notice the pallor and
abstraction of his guest, proposed a hunt. The day was spent
in the open air, and if, amid the excitement of the chase,
the viscount thought of the occurrences of the last night,
they seemed to him only as a bewildering dream. But with
the return of darkness, and especially at the sight of the
picture, the apparition again seemed to him a reality, and he
determined to ascertain the truth. Pleading a headache,
he retired to his room, and extinguishing the candle, he
called, softly:

'Fulmen! Fulmen! there was no answer. Again he
called:
'Fulmen! I love you, though dead.'

Immediately the candles were relighted and Fulmen again
appeared. She threw off her wind-sheer and seated her-
self in a chair by his side. Her face had the cadaverous
paleness of the tomb; her eye was sad; her step slow and
painful; yet her exquisite beauty exerted the same fascina-
tion over Ralph as when sparkling with life and vivacity.

'Fulmen, I love you,' he repeated, gazing at her with
admiration.

'Yet if my hand should touch yours,' she replied with a
sad smile, 'you would utter a cry as you did last night; the
dead are always cold.'

'Give me your hand, and you will see,' said Ralph, ex-
tending resolutely his own. She took it, and again there
came over him the same terrible sensation as before; but he
had self-control enough to conquer it, and again to repeat:
'I love you!'

A bright smile illuminated the features of Fulmen.
'My poor friend,' she said, 'I would gladly believe you;
but if your love would end my sufferings, it must be so pro-
found, so ardent, that it can conquer even the desire to live.
A tomb with me must have attractions for you, and you are
but twenty-two, Ralph. At your age life is sweet.'

The viscount shook his head.
'To live without you is death; to be united to you, even
in the tomb, would be life.'

'Take care, my friend.'
'Of what dear Fulmen?' said Ralph, over whom the
smiles of the young girl seemed to exercise an overpowering
fascination.

'Do you know,' she said, 'that if you utter such a wish,
God may hear your prayer?'

'Ah! it is he!' An eternity by your side would be
infinite happiness.'

'Ralph, my friend,' interrupted Fulmen, while a smile of
celestial joy shone in her face, 'take care; you will die if
you love me!'

'I wish to die.'
'But you are betrothed to my sister.'
'An exclamation of anger escaped him.
'I hate her!' he said vehemently.
'Why?'

'Because she is alive while you are dead. What has she
done that she should enjoy the light of the sun, the perfume
of flowers, the melody of birds? Was she any younger or
more beautiful?'

'Ralph, you are unjust. My sister had no control over
her destiny or mine.'
'You are right, perhaps; but I swear to you that I will
never marry Herminie. I wish to be yours, and only yours
forever.'

'You are mad, my friend; I cannot accept happiness at
such a sacrifice.'
She rose slowly.
'Alieu, Ralph,' she said, 'Marry Herminie and pray for
me.'

'Fulmen! Fulmen!' exclaimed Ralph, falling on his
knees at her feet. 'Do not abandon me—I love you.'

'Do your love is death.'
'It is happiness. It is life.'
His tone was so earnest, so touching, that the young girl
hesitated.

'Let me live eternally with you,' he persisted.
'Listen, my friend,' she said at length, as if she could no
longer resist his entreaties, 'in this casket, pointing to a
richly carved box which stood upon the table, 'there is a
dark liquid.'

'And this liquid?'

'Is death.'
'It is happiness,' exclaimed Ralph, seizing the casket.
Fulmen stopped him; by-a-bay—at midnight—but first
reflect.'

Immediately the candles were extinguished, and he found
himself in complete darkness.

If Viscount Ralph had been a Frenchman, as soon as Ful-
men disappeared he would have opened the window and let
the cool night air play upon his brow. Then, the fever of
being over, he would have said to himself:

'All this is folly, I am twenty-two years old, an officer in
the king's service, and am about to marry a young girl,
blond as a Mole, a fair as a lily, who will bring me an in-
come of a hundred thousand livres. I have only to be quiet,
and let things take their course.'

After which he would have slept quietly and dreamed no
more of Fulmen. But Ralph was a Scotchman, with a mind
susceptible of exaltation as most of his countrymen of the
land of mountain and mist. As soon as the phantom
vanished, he relighted the candle by the aid of a half-extin-
guished fire-brand, and opening the casket, he took out the
phial.

'Fulmen! Fulmen! wait for me! I am coming!' he
murmured, and swallowed the contents of the draught.

For a moment he experienced a strange and inexplicable
sensation; a coldness in the chest; a heat in the head; then
his eyes became heavy; his lips trembled; an extreme
languor came over him; and he sank upon the floor, still
murmuring faintly:
'Fulmen, wait for me—I love you.'

Provincial Parliament.

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

ELECTION LAWS.

WEDNESDAY, April 11, 1860.

House in Committee on said Bill: His Honor Mr. Walker
in the Chair.

After the clause which provides for the transfer to Lot 17 of
the representation hitherto enjoyed by Princeton, Royal,
and Lot 18 had been read, a long and earnest debate ensued
thereon; but, for good and sufficient reasons, as already
assigned by the Reporter, in his notice of the previous debate,
concerning the choice of a site for a new public Market-house
at Charlottetown, he is obliged to confine himself to very brief
recitals of the principal features, not only of his debate, but of
the rest which yet remain to be noticed by him.

His Honor the PRESIDENT said that when the proposed altera-
tion in the representation was first spoken of in a hearing,
the reason assigned for proposing it, was the great increase of
population which had taken place on Lot 17, over that on Lot
18. That had induced him to refer to the last census,
which, in 1855, and, much to his astonishment, he had
found that the great excess of the male population of the
age of 21 years and upwards, of Lot 17 over that of Lot 18
amounted to no more than fourteen. By that census, it appeared
that the whole male population of Malpeque and Lot 18 was
then 77, and of Lot 17, 753—the excess on Lot 17 being
only 76; and the total of both sexes, of Lot 18 and Malpeque,
was 137, and of Lot 17, 1511, showing an excess of both
sexes on Lot 17, over those on Lot 18, of no more than 124.
But it was to be observed, that the excess in favor of Lot
18, of males of the age of 21 years and upwards, (to
whom was confined the exercise of the elective franchise),
instead of being hundreds, amounted to no more than 14. It
was quite clear that the proposed alteration in the repre-
sentation could be justified on the score of an unequal dis-
tribution of the property in the Island. He did not mean
those observations to apply to any one Government more than
to another, nor to the Government officials of one party more
than to those of another; for it was his fixed opinion that active
poor of every class (however honest and upright in their
character and dealings in private life) are, when invested with
power to further the peculiar interests of themselves and their
own party to the prejudice of their opponents, all alike in dan-
ger of deviating from strict rectitude in the exercise of their
official functions, (in many cases, perhaps, without being aware
of it) through political bias. The Bill was one of so impor-
tant a character and of so great a magnitude, as to justify, as
it would, if it became law, the franchise of one-fourth of the
electors of the Colony—that he trusted their Honors would
fully perceive the propriety of passing before they agreed to it,
in fact, it was his decided opinion that the Bill ought not to be
further proceeded with until the people at large should have had
an opportunity of becoming well acquainted with its provisions,
and of comprehending what might be calculated upon as the
probable result of its leading provisions. The Bill, he pre-
sented to the Legislature, would not go into operation until
before the next General Election; and therefore he could not
see why the postponement of further consideration of it until
next Session should be objected to, even if it were a Govern-
ment measure. Such a postponement would allow the people
opportunities to canvass the measure at public meetings, and to
petition the Legislature, either for or against it, according to
their deliberate convictions. For himself, he had no hesita-
tion in saying that, much as he disapproved of and dreaded the
effect of the main provisions of the Bill, should the people
decide in favor of them, and should he, next Session, be where
he then was, and the Bill be again before their Honors, he
would offer no opposition to it. Indeed, he imagined that such
of their Honors as were himself, looked upon the Bill, and re-
sponded upon the precautionary provisions of the Bill, would
also, in the event of its being approved of by the people, and
its again coming before their Honors, offer no opposition to its
passage. He knew not indeed exactly whether the Bill before
the House was a Government measure or not.

His Honor Mr. PALMER rose. What is a Government measure?
It is one which, having been laid before the Executive
Council, has therein, in all its principles and in all its
provisions, been thoroughly discussed, and which the mem-
bers of that body individually agree to support in the Legisla-
ture, or, if not, conclude to tender their resignations. His
Honor Mr. PALMER has told us, that a most important principle
was not discussed in the Bill, and that it was under the con-
sideration of the other Branch in Committee. I submit that, from
pressure of opinion, in either Branch, such an alteration or ex-
tension of a measure, originally a Government measure, may
occur; but to be really a Government measure it must be so
introduced. His Honor Mr. PALMER has told us that the Bill is a
Government measure; but he has also given us to understand
that as a Government measure, it was not introduced into the
Council until it was before the other House in Committee—the whole
Bill had never before been before the Executive Council. I there-
fore maintain that the Bill, as it now stands, cannot properly
be accounted a Government measure, even although the pro-
visions added to or introduced into it in Committee of the other
House may have had the support of the Government.

His Honor Mr. PALMER—Is it important to this
House that, if the Bill is a Government measure, we must pass
it, whether we approve of its principles and details or disappro-
ve of it? If it is, I, for one, hesitate not to declare at
once that I disapprove of the Bill, and will therefore vote against
it, whether it is a Government measure or not.

His Honor Mr. PALMER—That part of the Bill
which provides for the transfer of the privilege of electing two
members from Princeton and Lot 18, to Lot 17, Sumnerdale,
and St. Eleanor's, was not a part of the Bill when it was in-
troduced into the consideration of the Executive Council; but
that it was introduced whilst the Bill was progressing in
Committee of the House of Assembly; but the rest of the Bill
is, and they will carry it. That part of the Bill which respon-
sible to the Government does not essentially necessary
measure to secure the honesty and purity of elections; and, sup-
ported as they are therein by a large majority of the House of
Assembly, they will carry it, if possible,—in fact, they are
determined to do so; and you will see it in the course
of three weeks. The Government are in a position to carry it;
and they will carry it. That part of the Bill which respon-
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visions added to or introduced into it in Committee of the other
House may have had the support of the Government.

His Honor Mr. PALMER—Is it important to this
House that, if the Bill is a Government measure, we must pass
it, whether we approve of its principles and details or disappro-
ve of it? If it is, I, for one, hesitate not to declare at
once that I disapprove of the Bill, and will therefore vote against
it, whether it is a Government measure or not.

His Honor Mr. PALMER—That part of the Bill
which provides for the transfer of the privilege of electing two
members from Princeton and Lot 18, to Lot 17, Sumnerdale,
and St. Eleanor's, was not a part of the Bill when it was in-
troduced into the consideration of the Executive Council; but
that it was introduced whilst the Bill was progressing in
Committee of the House of Assembly; but the rest of the Bill
is, and they will carry it. That part of the Bill which respon-
sible to the Government does not essentially necessary
measure to secure the honesty and purity of elections; and, sup-
ported as they are therein by a large majority of the House of
Assembly, they will carry it, if possible,—in fact, they are
determined to do so; and you will see it in the course
of three weeks. The Government are in a position to carry it;
and they will carry it.

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