

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. VI.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, AUGUST 18, 1856.

No. 6.

MOON'S PHASES.—AUGUST, 1856.

First Quarter 8th day, 7h. 43m. evening. S.W.
Full Moon 16th day, 1h. 15m. morning. S.
Last Quarter 23d day, 4h. 28m. evening. E.
New Moon 30th day, 6h. 34m. morning. E.

Literature.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

BY TENNYSON.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown;
You thought to break a country heart
For pasture, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbelieved
I saw the snare, and I retired;
The daughter of a hundred earls,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name;
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that dotes on truer charms,
A simple maiden in her flower,
Is worth a hundred coat-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find:
For were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply;
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head;
Not thrice your branching lines have blown,
Since I beheld young Lawrence dead.
O your sweet eyes, your low replies:
A great enchantress you may be;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed, I heard one bitter word
That is scarce fit for you to hear;
Her manners had not the repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall:
The guilt of blood is at your door,
You changed a wholesome heart to gall,
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From you blue heavens above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
How'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I now you, Clara Vere de Vere,
You pine among your halls and towers,
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must ply such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
O! teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew,
Pray heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

LORD LYNTHURST.

John Singleton Copley was born at Boston, in the United States of North America, on the 21st day of May, in the year 1772, and is now, of course, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. His father, a native of that city, married Miss Clarke, daughter of Richard Clarke, Esq.; and by that lady he had issue, the subject of this memoir, and three daughters. Mr. Copley, a painter by profession, subsequently settled in England, and attained to considerable reputation in his art. The education of his son may be regarded as having, about this period, actually and systematically commenced. Having previously passed through a course of careful elementary training he was entered a student at Trinity College, Cambridge; and throughout the whole of his academic career, he gave rich promise of the distinction which awaited him in the more extended sphere of public life. In the year 1794, he was announced as Smith's prizeman and second wrangler; having thus taken a position in his college, which commanded the respect of his teachers and his fellow students. He had already given striking indications of the vigor of his intellect, as well as the extent and variety of his information, not merely in the higher branches of mathematical learning, but likewise in the fields of classical literature and general knowledge. It has been said—although, perhaps, on no stronger authority than that of the wavering intentions and dubious expressions which not infrequently divide the thoughts, and are supposed to indicate the tendencies, of a young man at the close of his academic studies, and before the commencement of the actual business of life—that, at this period, the views of Mr. Copley were directed toward the church, as the chosen scene of his future exertions; and it cannot be doubted that with his masculine understanding, his scholastic attainments, and, above all, with a certain ductility of nature, in adapting himself to surrounding circumstances, enhanced as all these advantages were by many attractive personal qualities, he could scarcely have failed to win episcopal honors, and wear a mitre. He had subsequently, through his connection with the university, an opportunity of gratifying a very early and very natural longing to visit the continent in which his father had been born; and having on his return from North America taken the degree of Master of Arts, he was in due time elected a fellow of his college. While he was thus closely connected

with the University of Cambridge, Mr. Copley acquired such tastes, and formed such friendships, as materially contribute to the dignity and happiness of human life—tastes which have never forsaken him amidst the turmoil of public affairs, and attachments which, originating in a love of literature and science, have been the sources of enjoyment more pure and enduring than the unsteady, fleeting friendships which spring from and expire with the political associations of ambitious men.

Many an anecdote could be given of his dignified rencontres in the House of Lords. The following extract from a recent work will furnish an illustration:—

A thrust, however, which could be dexterously parried by the cool self-possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne, was fatal to the more ardent temperament of Viscount Melbourne. Lord Lyndhurst having, exactly twelve months before the skirmish to which we have now alluded, called the attention of the peers to the evil effects inseparable from the system of solitary confinement pursued at the Millbank penitentiary, the minister thought proper to characterize the statement as "calm and artful." "I hope," replied Lord Lyndhurst, accompanying the words, which fell from him in the blandest tones, with one of his most contemptuous smiles, "that the statement I made was calm; but I assure your lordship it was not artful. * * * That the noble viscount, and the other members of the government," continued he, with a look of scorn, "should be ignorant of the facts contained in the statement which I made, only proves that they are as ignorant of their domestic duties as they are incapable of managing the colonial affairs and foreign relations of the country." Lord Melbourne, stung by this remark, complained with warmth, as he had already done, of the course taken by Lord Lyndhurst in provoking a discussion on topics of which due notice had not been given to the government. "I wish," exclaimed he, in a paroxysm of rage, "that the noble duke (Wellington) had been here;" then, turning towards Lord Lyndhurst, he continued—"the noble duke would have sooner cut his right hand off than have taken such a course as that taken by the noble and learned lord: the noble duke is a gentleman; the noble duke is a man of honor." Suddenly a cloud settled over the features of the insulted peer: the compression of the lips, and the gleam of the eyes, revealed the thunder which was sleeping within. A dead stillness reigned throughout the house. Lord Lyndhurst rose from his seat, and spoke in a calm, firm tone:—"The noble viscount says he wishes the noble duke had been here, because the noble duke is a gentleman, and a man of honor. That observation, which is true of the noble duke, was applied by the noble viscount in such a manner as to bear a different construction when applied to others: I beg an explanation." Lord Melbourne would have shrunk from grappling with his strong antagonist. "When I said that the noble duke," remarked he, "was a gentleman and a man of honor, I did not say that anybody else was not a gentleman and a man of honor." This paltry subterfuge was of no avail. "The words," rejoined Lord Lyndhurst, "are capable of a particular construction: again I ask the noble viscount what he meant by them." The premier not having risen to answer the question, Lord Lyndhurst quitted his seat, and was in the act of leaving the house when Lord Brougham—the only man, probably, who might with safety venture to interfere, for

"'Tis dangerous when a baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites"—

started to his feet, and entreated his friend to remain. The latter resumed his seat. A few remarks then dropped from Lord Brougham. Lord Lyndhurst once more rose, and with a look and tone which could not be misinterpreted, demanded an explanation. "I must insist on knowing," said he, "from the noble viscount, whether he meant to convey an imputation on my character; whether he meant to say that I am not a man of honor." Lord Melbourne's better feelings had speedily prevailed. He admitted that he had allowed himself to be carried away by passion. "I do not recollect"—such was his confession—"what I said: I do not know what were the words I used in the excitement of the moment; but I distinctly state, that if I said anything in reference to the noble and learned lord, to the effect that he had acted unlike a man of honor, or in any way unbecoming a gentleman, I most fully retract the words." Lord Lyndhurst immediately declared that he was satisfied.

DAISY HOPE.

Far away down in the north, where the Forth, after flowing proudly past the castle of Stirling loses itself in the rich alluvial plain through which it winds in so many golden links to the sea, there was a small collection of cottages not large enough to aspire even to the dignity of a village, but which rejoiced in the collective name of Bank Row. The largest house in the number, which bore evidence, in size and architecture, of having seen better days, was Daisy Hope, a long irregular building, of which the wings had gradually tumbled down, and the main part of the house fallen into disrepair; while roof and chimney in many places threatened immediate dissolution, and only the lower floor and a small portion of the one above could be occupied with safety.

The lands, of which Daisy Hope had at one time been the manorial residence, had been worthy of the style and pretension of the house. Far and wide their boundaries had extended; rich Carse and Haugh had spread themselves along the river side; cattle were fed upon the Ochils and fish caught in the lower links of Forth—all on the property of the Millers of Daisy Hope. But the Millers of Daisy Hope had been careless and extravagant for many generations. When the Rebellion broke out in 1715, there was a foolish Miller of Daisy Hope who left his comfortable quarters and led his tenants to join the Pretender. The English government took him prisoner, and sent in a bill for his maintenance in Newgate, which cost him half his remaining land. In thirty years afterwards the son and heir of this intelligent gentleman, followed his father's example, and paid more dearly for the honor of commanding a regiment at the battle of Falkirk; for he was executed on Tower Hill, and his estates confiscated to the Crown. But when many years where come and gone, there came to Daisy Hope an old man who was recognised by some of the neighbors as a son of the last of the Millers, and occupied a portion of the lands as tenant; a small portion; for though he gave it to be understood he had tried to improve his fortunes by merchandise in Holland, he was as poor as any of the peasantry around him. His family was brought up in accordance with their altered circumstances; and some ten or twelve years ago it was only the students of genealogy and inquirers after family arms who knew that the poor old man—the grandson of the last

of the lairds—who added to his scanty profits, as cultivator of a few acres of land, by acting as carrier between Stirling and Bank Row, was the lineal descendant of the Millers of Daisy Hope.

Least of all to entertain such useless knowledge was honest Andrew Miller himself, a tall, upright figure, with his long white locks escaping from under his broad lowland bonnet, as he walked sedately by the side of his strong and sinewy, but not over-fed horse "The Bruce;" no thought of grandeur or wealth ever entered his head. If he could manage, by all his toil, to leave his wee mitherless bairn provided for, that was all he ever desired. And for this purpose he worked with all his heart. And Bessy was well worth working for. The prettiest blue-eyed, light-hearted lassie that ever was seen, it was the most charming sight in the world to see her springing along on the Stirling road to meet her father on his return; then to see her lifted into the cart and, seizing the reins, drive the Bruce with a tiny willow wand in her hand, and encouraging the too ambitiously-named quadruped to more rapid exertion with promises of warm oatmeal for his supper, and clean straw for his bed. This was when she was eight or nine; but when two more years were past, there came into her eyes a more sedate and thoughtful expression such as poverty often imprints on even more youthful countenances than Bessy's; but the change gave only a deeper charm to her beauty, and even the father seemed to grow conscious that there was something about his little "lassie" that made her different from "ither folk." There was a grace in her walk which he saw nowhere else; and when she sat in the silent kitchen, and took his hand in hers after his work, and sang some old Scotch ballad with a voice so sweet and clear, old Andrew was very much astonished to find somehow that his eyes had become filled with tears, though he had never been so happy in his life. But there was soon to be other people to share in the old man's admiration. The upper floor was still fit for occupation, and after a little bargain-making a grand English lady of the name of Mrs. Donnington was installed in the apartments, into which some scanty furniture was put which Andrew brought in his cart from Stirling.

When fairly distributed over the drawing room, and the little parlor, and the two bed rooms, it made the mission appear in the eyes of all the village the most sumptuous dwelling-place that ever was inhabited by a king. All the population flocked up to see the rooms before the grand lady came. There was a table of rosewood, covered with a velvet cloth of the most rich and gorgeous manufacture; embroidered on the centre of it, in gold thread, with a coat-of-arms representing griffins with expanded wings, and other unknown animals. Then there were six chairs, also of rosewood, and also covered with velvet cushions, with the same embroidered ornaments. On the mantle-piece was a beautiful clock, in which Time, carved in marble, blew a trumpet to awaken Industry, which unfortunately had fallen asleep on the pedestal; and over the middle of the room was spread a carpet, so soft, so thick, so beautiful in color and design, that it was thought a shame to apply so magnificent a work to so degrading a use as to be trod upon; but rather, it was unanimously agreed, that it should be hung upon the walls, carefully covered from dust with a linen cloth, and only opened out on extraordinary occasions. On the hearth-stone was spread another article which excited still more admiration. It was a rug composed of the finest possible furs, all sewed and joined together so as to make a beautifully variegated pattern; and of so much value from its size and quality, that there could be no doubt that Ledy Donnington, as she was called, was closely connected with the royal family, or was even a cousin of the Governor of the Bank. And a stately lady she was when at last she made her appearance. With high thin features, a remarkably erect figure, and a dignity of manner which at first over-awed and surprised the beholder, she seemed in the eyes of Andrew Miller the exact complement and appropriate conclusion to the furniture by which she was surrounded. The Queen of Sheba on her throne of gold was not more fittingly established than Ledy Donnington, with her feet on the rug, and her elbow on the velvet cover of the table. As for Bessy, she opened her eyes, and also her mouth, but said nothing. She was presented to the great lady as her maid-of-all-work; her tirewoman; her chambermaid; her *dame de compagnie*; and stood before her in that fourfold capacity, holding tight by her father's hand, who had ascended with her to the drawing room, and so blushed and so flustered, and stammered and trembled at the awful apparition, that she derived no consolation even from the kind tone of voice in which the old lady spoke, nor recovered her self-possession, till by little and little the unaccustomed fear departed, and she went nearer and nearer, and looked into the eyes of her majestic mistress, and saw something in them which seemed to soften when their looks met; and on parting the first night, it was scarcely with surprise—it certainly was with pleasure—that she felt the grand dame's hand laid upon her head, and her lips applied to her cheek.

"Oh, father, father!" said Bessy, rushing into the kitchen, "she kens what it is to hae an orphan bairn, for she has a fatherless laddie herself."

"Pair woman!" said Andrew. "He'll hae de'd most likely o' the gut, for they say English great folks are terrible on the turtle and wine."

"And only think, father!" continued Bessy, "when I can' awa' she kissed me!"

Andrew looked at her as she said this, as if for a moment he feared her vanity had led her to boast untruly; but when he saw how real her gratification was, he said nothing, but only looked at her with more pride and affection than ever. He could not have looked at her with more respect if she had been that moment presented with the Order of the Garter, with permission to wear the insignia on her arm.

The country side was alive with reports and conjectures about the past and present history of the Lady at Daisy Hope. Some thought she was perhaps a former Mistress of the Robes of Her Majesty the Queen, and had been condemned to her magnificent exile for interfering too much in political affairs. People who were lucky enough to see her in a dress of solemn velvet, with a veil of richest lace extending its thick covering over her features, were the more confirmed in the belief in her previous dignity in the court, as they took it for granted that the perquisites of the office included the royal dresses; and nothing less than a crowned head could have worn such articles of apparel. Others, of a still more suspicious disposition, believed she was one of the deposed potentates who at that time were perambulating Europe; but whether she was a Spanish princess, or one of the elder Bourbons, they could not exactly decide. It is strange that nobody was lucky enough to guess anything near the truth.

Bessy, to be sure, soon began to feel less awe; for the grand

lady was by no means grand in her manner to her. She even amused herself by teaching her to read and write, and in a short time derived full payment for her labor in the possession of the cleverest little reader and amanuensis that anybody could wish. How pleasant it was in the long winter evenings to see the little girl seated on a footstool at the lodger's feet, reading in a clear, child-like, but very intelligent voice, long pages of Orme's History of Hindostan, and Lives of Warren Hastings, and the sufferings of the English prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta! But sometimes the night's entertainment consisted of lighter and more interesting volumes than these. There were poets, and novelists, and historians, all opening their stores to the quick apprehension of Bessy Miller. And there was solid talk, too; for Mrs. Donnington had seen the world, though the greater part of her life had been spent in India; and, glad of an attentive listener, though in the person of one so young, she sat with her hand on the lassie's head, and told her the adventures of her life, the manners of the far East, the storms at sea she had encountered, the grand oriental cities she had visited, the gorgeous buildings of Delhi, and the sacred waters of Benares.

Then sometimes the new secretary tried her powers in writing letters to her patroness's son; a lad, at this time of sixteen or seventeen, and just finishing his course at one of the great English schools, preparatory to his embarking in a profession. What the profession was to be, the anxious mother could not decide. Meanwhile the time for his entrance upon life drew near, and his letters in reply were full of ardent hope and strong anticipations of success. Once he came—but his visit was short, and his interviews with his mother so long, that Bessy was little heeded. So again she betook herself entirely to the company of her father, and illuminated him, at second-hand, with the wondrous knowledge she had picked up in the last half year. It was only when he was on the eve of his departure that Walter Donnington took any notice of his mother's friend. He thanked her for her kindness, patted her on the head with the familiar condescension of a very old gentleman to a very young child, and remarked for the first time the extraordinary beauty of cheek and eye as a blush, perhaps of shame, perhaps of gratification, seemed to suffuse them both. But boys of seventeen have an unbounded contempt for girls of eleven and a half; and Walter took a sorrowful leave of his mother, after a week's stay, and departed from Daisy Hope almost without wishing Bessy Miller good-bye.

Again the confidence between the old lady and her protégée began. A commission in the army had been offered to the son, and she had at last given her consent to him to accept it. He was to spend some months at a military academy, and then join the regiment, which was stationed in India. So all the interval was spent in expectation of the visit he was to pay to Daisy Hope before he left England. Indian story was more carefully studied than ever; the history of the wars of all times and nations were carefully read; and Bessy's education was more fitted for a cadet at Sandhurst or Woolwich, than for the daughter of a poor Scotch carrier in a broken-down farm house on the banks of the Forth.

The expected visit was to take place in September, and people passing the ruined gateway of the Hope were surprised to see an approach to a little garden gradually making its appearance in front of the drawing room windows. Sometimes even they were startled by the apparition of a tall lady dressed in black silk, and sustaining her stately form on a long gold headed cane, superintending the labors of Bessy Miller, in watering the flowers and tying up the roses. In these labors old Andrew Miller joyfully assisted, and a painter no doubt could have made a very picturesque group of the lofty lady, and the blue-bonneted, grey-coated, peasant, watching the graceful motions of the little girl with almost equal affection. It formed a bond between the elders which made up for the differences of their condition; and Andrew could stand for hours on the lawn discoursing on Predestination and Effectual Calling, as also on the prices of oatmeal, and the prospects of the Barley Harvest, with the greatest ease and fluency. Sometimes he was interrupted in the middle of a disquisition on turnips, or free-will, [for Andrew was a great controversialist on all subjects, and settled points of divinity and routines of crops, with the same facility.] by the lady's saying to him—"But Mr. Miller, I have just been thinking again—what will become of Bessy if we both die?"

"Troth, my laddy, I dinna ken; for except it be the Bruce—who has seen his best days; mair by token, he'll be fifteen year auld next grass; and wadna fetch above ten pound at Hallow fair; I'm thinking she'll hae me great share o' waird's gear—but she's a gude lassie, and a bonnie; and friends will aye be raised up for her; for isna there a promise that she'll never be forsaken, nor reduced to beg for bread? The cart also wadna fetch muckle, by reason one of the wheels is rather frail, and the left train needs constant mending; but what o' that? Had Queen Esther's father a horse half sea gule as the Bruce! or any sort o' cart awa'! and yet she clamb up on a golden seat, and fitted a new rope round Haman's thrapple—a proper end for a' unbelieving Jews."

Mrs. Donnington did not seem particularly encouraged by the example of Queen Esther and Andrew's animosity to the Hebrews, but resolved to do her best for the future fortunes of her favorite herself. But not much was in her power. For some days she was busy asserting her drawers, and tying up various parcels. Then she wrote several letters, with her own hand, directing them to various practitioners of the law in Bedford Row, and other precincts of Themis; but when the answers came, they seemed to convey no pleasant intelligence. She increased, however, in her kindness to Bessy, as if to make up for some involuntary wrong; and, whether from disappointment and not being able to carry out some scheme in Bessy's favor, or from some other cause, the lady became gradually unwell, her walks in the garden grew less frequent, her weakness increased, and when September came, and Walter arrived to say farewell, she was confined to her chair. His stay was to be limited to a fortnight. The excitement of his arrival, and the expectation of his departure, combined to increase her illness, so that, as Andrew Miller expressed it, "the end was uncoun't." The young people were, as usual, blind to the symptoms of decay; and how great was their surprise, it is needless to say, when they were summoned, one evening, to the sufferer's bed room, and ushered by Andrew into what he called "the chamber o' the great King." The great King was indeed there in all his majesty—and with a blessing on Walter, and with her hand locked in Bessy Miller's the grand old lady died.

Oh! there was such surmising, and guessing, and wondering, within the next few days, as never had been heard of in Bank Row. Nay, they extended beyond Bank Row. There were curious persons in Alloa and Stirling itself, who marvelled at the incidents as they gradually evolved themselves