

# The Examiner.

## AND SEMI-WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER.

"THIS IS TRUE LIBERTY WHEN FREE-BORN MEN—HAVING TO ADVISE THE PUBLIC—MAY SPEAK FREE."—MILTON'S EURIPIDES.

New Series.

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### SWEET VISITORS.

My Mother's voice, how often creeps  
Its cadence on my lonely hours,  
Like healing on the wings of sleep,  
Or dew on the unconscious flowers!  
I might forget her melting prayer,  
With pleasure's pulses madly fly;  
But in the still, unbroken air,  
Her gentle tones come stealing by;  
And years of sin and manhood flee,  
And leave me at my mother's knee.

The book of nature and its print  
Of beauty on the whispering sea,  
Give still to me some lineament  
Of what I have been taught to be.  
My heart is harder; and, perhaps,  
My manliness hath drunk up tears;  
And there's a mildew in the lapse  
Of a few miserable years:  
But nature's book is open yet,  
With all a mother's lessons writ.

I have been out at eventide,  
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,  
When earth was garnished like a bride,  
And night had on her silver wing;  
When bursting buds and grass,  
And waters leaping to the light,  
And all that makes the pulses pass  
With wild fleetness, thronged the night;  
When all was beauty, then have I,  
With friends on whom my love is flung,  
Like myrrh of wings of Araby,  
Gazed on where evening lamp is hung.

And, when the beauteous spirit there  
Flung over all its golden chain,  
My mother's voice came on the air,  
Like the light dropping of the rain;  
And, resting on some silver star,  
The spirit of a bended knee,  
I've poured a deep and fervent prayer,  
That our eternity might be—  
To rise in heaven like stars at night,  
And tread a living path of light.

### THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG.

BY ELIZA COOK.

When earth produces free and fair  
The golden waving corn;  
When fragrant fruits perfume the air—  
The fleecy flocks are shorn;  
While thousands move with aching head  
And sing the ceaseless song,  
"We strive, we die, oh give us breath!"  
There must be something wrong.

When wealth is wrought as seasons roll,  
From off the fruitful soil;  
When luxury from pole to pole  
Reaps fruit of human toil;  
When from a thousand, one alone  
In plenty rolls along—  
The others only gnaw the bone—  
There must be something wrong.

And when production never ends,  
The earth is yielding ever,  
A copious harvest oft begins,  
But distribution—never!  
When toiling millions work to fill  
The wealthy coffers strong;  
When hands are crushed that work and  
till,  
There must be something wrong.

When poor men's tables waste away  
To barrenness and drought,  
There must be something in the way  
That's worth the finding out;  
With surfeit one great table bends,  
While numbers move along,  
And scarce a crust their board extends—  
There must be something wrong.

Then let the law give equal right  
To wealthy and to poor;  
Let Freedom crush the arm of Might—  
We ask for nothing more.

Until this system is begun,  
The burden of our song  
Must be this one, this holy one—  
There must be something wrong.

### The Lady's Choice.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"In terms of choice I am not solely led  
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes."

Merchant of Venice.

(Concluded.)

"I sought to learn no more of poor Fanny's history, Emily; I scarcely heard the tale of her subsequent desertion and destitution. My conscience was awakened, and fearfully did she knell in my ears my own condemnation. 'Who made ye to differ?' asked my heart, as I gazed on this victim to vanity and treachery. Who taught this fallen creature to value the allurements of dress beyond the adornment of innocence? Who sowed in her bosom the seeds of envy and discontent, and nurtured them there until they bore the poisoned fruit of sin? Was I guiltless of my brother's blood? Had not I been the first tempter of the guileless child? Here, then, was an evidence of my influence;—how fatally exercised!

"Emily, I have repented in tears and agony of spirit:—I have prayed that this weight of bloodguiltiness might be removed from my soul; and I humbly trust my prayer has not been in vain:—but even now my heart sickens at the recollection of the being whom my example first led astray. It was at the bedside of the dying girl,—when my spirit was bowed in humble penitence—that the words of religious truth first impressed themselves upon my adamant heart. I had listened unmoved to the promises and denunciations of the gospel, when uttered from the pulpit; but now, the time, the place, the circumstance gave them tenfold power. I visited Fanny Rivers daily, until death released the penitent from her sufferings, and then, I fell into a deep melancholy from which nothing could arouse me, and for which no one could account.

"Frank Harcourt was annoyed and vexed at this change. He earnestly pressed our immediate marriage, and talked about a trip to Paris as an infallible cure for my 'nervous excitement.' But in proportion as my better feelings were awakened, my attachment to him decreased, until I actually shrunk from a union with him. He now appeared to me frivolous in his tastes, and the light tone with which he spoke of moral duties, though often listened to as an idle jest in calmer times, now offended and disgusted me. In vain I tried to recall my past feelings. In vain I gazed upon his exquisite face and watched the movements of his graceful form, in the hope of again experiencing the thrill of pleasure which had once been awakened by his presence. The flame had been kindled at the unholy shrine of vanity, and already the shrine of perished fancies had gathered over it to dim its brightness. I could no longer cheat myself into the belief that I loved Frank Harcourt. He was still as glorious in beauty,—still the idol of society; but the spell was broken, and I looked back with wonder to my past delusion.

"You will ask where, during all these changes, was Louis Heyward. The very day after the conversation which had so awakened my remorse of conscience, he bade me farewell, having been summoned to take charge of a small congregation, and to build up a church in the wilder-

ness.' I would have given much for his counsel and his sympathy, but he was far away, absorbed in noble duties, and had probably ceased to remember with interest, the being whom his one true word had rescued from destruction. I was exceedingly wretched, and saw no escape from my unhappiness. The approach of the period fixed upon for my marriage only added to the horror of my feelings, and I sometimes fancied I should be driven to madness.

"But the *denouement*,—a most unexpected one—came at length. The aunt of poor Fanny, who was very grateful for my attentions to the unhappy girl, accidentally heard that I was on the point of marriage with Mr. Harcourt, and, instigated no less by revenge than by a sense of gratitude to me, she revealed to me the name which Fanny had sworn, and she promised to conceal. You can imagine the rest, Emily. With the indignant feeling of insulted virtue and outraged womanhood, I instantly severed the tie that bound me to him. Did I not do right in breaking my engagement?"

"More than two years passed away. I had withdrawn from my follies, though not from the rational enjoyments of society; and, having joined myself to the church, I endeavoured to live in a manner worthy of my profession. Alas! all my good deeds were insufficient to make amends for my wasted years and baleful example. The world ceased, at last, to wonder and ridicule my sudden reformation, (which they kindly attributed to my lover's fickleness,) and I was beginning to enjoy the peace of mind, always attendant on the exercise of habitual duty, when I was surprised by the intelligence that Louis Heyward had been chosen to succeed the deceased pastor of our church. The day when he preached his first sermon for us will long live in my remembrance. Associated, as he was, with my brightest and my darkest hours, I almost feared to see him, lest the calm of my feelings should be disturbed by painful recollections. But he now appeared before me in a new and holier light. He was a minister of truth unto the people, and as I watched the rich glow of enthusiasm mantling his pale cheek, and the pure light of zeal illumining his dark eyes, I thought there was indeed a beauty in holiness.

"Do not think I was in love with our young pastor. I fancied that my heart was dead to such impressions, and it was only with quiet friendship that I greeted him when he renewed his acquaintance with her whom he had once known as the glittering belle of a ball-room. I saw him frequently, for I now understood the value of wealth and influence when they could be made subservient to the interests of religion and humanity. My purse as well as my time was readily bestowed for the good of others. Always in extremes, I was in danger of running into the error of fanaticism, and I owe it to Louis that I am now a rational, and I trust, earnest Christian. But a long time elapsed after the renewal of our intercourse before I was permitted to read the volume of his heart. It was not until he was well assured that the change which he beheld was the result, not of temporary disgust with the world, but of a thorough conviction of error, that he ventured to indulge the affections of his nature. He had loved me, Emily, during my days of vanity and folly. His cold, stern manner was a penance imposed upon himself, to expiate his weakness, and while he strove to scorn my levity, he was, in fact, the slave of my caprice. But he crushed the passion even in its bud, and forced himself to regard me only as his cousin's bride. Yet the glimpses of better feel-

ings which sometimes struggled through every frivolity, almost overcame his resolution, and the conversation which first awakened me to reflection, was the result of a sense of duty strangely blended with the impulses of a hopeless passion.

"Perfect confidence now existed between us. My external life had been almost an unbroken calm, but my heart's history was one of change and tumult, and darkness. Louis wept,—aye, wept with joy, when he learned that his hand had sown the good seed within my bosom. It is Madame de Staël who says that 'Truth, no matter by what atmosphere it is surrounded, is never uttered in vain;' and I am a living proof that she is right. I have now been five years a wife; and, though my husband has not a face that limners love to paint and ladies to look upon,—though his form is not moulded to perfect symmetry, and his limbs lack the graceful comeliness of manly strength,—in short,—though he is a little, ugly, lame man, yet I look upon him with a love as deep as it is enduring, for the radiant beauty of his character has blinded my feeble eyes to mere personal defects. Frank Harcourt was the sculptured image,—the use less ornament of a boudoir, but Louis,—my own Louis is the unpolished casket,—rude in its exterior, but enclosing a pearl of price,—the treasure of a noble spirit."

"And what has become of your former lover?"

"He is the ornament of Parisian saloons; living no one knows how, but suspected to be one of that class, termed in England, 'flat catchers,' lending the aid of his fine person and fascinating manners to attract victims to the gaming-table. He is said to be as handsome as ever,—dresses well, and is the admiration of all the young ladies as well as the dread of all the mammams who are on the watch to avoid 'ineligibles.' And now that you have heard my story, Emily, are you still surprised at my choice?"

### THE PLEASURES OF EDITORIAL LIFE.

We could wish gentry whose criticism is expressed in the order "Stop my paper," no worse punishment than a week spent on the wheel of a newspaper. They would soon find the situation too hot for them. They would require some notion of severe drudgery of which they are in blissful ignorance. Multifarious particles of matter, each of them insufficient in itself, yet important in general combination, to be selected, analysed, compressed, to please a diversity of tastes without offending any; reports to be stripped of their verbiage and transformed in presentable shape; comments on topics, political, literary, commercial, esoteric as well as popular, to be obtained or prepared; paragraphs to be prepared on every imaginable subject, from a monstrous gooseberry to the revolution of an empire; correspondence to be licked into shape—for the *Bruti Decii* often require a great deal of correction: in word all the local events of the week, and all the striking incidents of the four quarters of the globe, i. e. its N. E. W. S., to be cooked on the gridiron of memory. All the time, too, a flood tide of "unavoidable matter" comes sweeping along, crumbling away plans, destroying arrangements, and making the heart sick with the ever beginning never ending toil. Talk of the hardships of "six upon four" on board ship!—certainly, it is disagreeable to lack beef when you abound in appetite, but it is nothing near so bad as the newspaper ill—a month's reading and writing to be got through in a week, and whole volumes of matter to be crammed in a few slender columns. Then