

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.

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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.

THE ORIGIN OF THE DEW-DROPS.

BY MARY E. BATCHELOR.

There's a whispering of leaves, mid the sweet summer trees,
And a smile on the fruit and the flower,
There's a gush and a flash like the rippling of seas,
While the blossoms are laying their lips to the breeze,
As he daintily floats from his bower.

And the cold-fingered twilight, so beauteous and still,
Drooping her veil from the dim world of sleep,
Softly deepens the shadows o'er woodland and hill,
Richly draping the willows that dream by the rill,
With a softness so tender and deep.

On a cushion of moss, all golden and brown,
Sleeps a maiden in gentle repose,
While one snowy arm is so carelessly thrown
Beneath the rich curls that droop lovingly down
To her cheek sweetly tinged with the rose.

All around her are strown the sweet blossoms of May,
Fondly kissed into life by the spring,
Lovely roses and lilies in beauteous array,
With their starry buds gleaming like jewels astray,
Or the glow of the humming-bird's wings.

Even the starlight seems faint with the wealth of perfume
Floating up from the rose-clustered vine,
And no sound can be heard through the sweet shady gloom,
Save the startling of the buds as they leap into bloom,
Vermil cups filled with clear dewy wine.

Yet hark, there's a whisper, a low, dreaming sound,
Like the singing of winds through the dells,
'Tis heard in the blossoms that lie on the ground,
While bright little beings leap forth with a bound,
From the depths of their delicate bells.

From the flushed glowing leaves of the beautiful rose
There arises a lady divine,
There are pearls in her hair that so goldenly flow
O'er her shoulders now gleaming like drifts of snows,
Or sunbeams o'er woodlands that shine.

From the rain-scented jasmine, and violet so sweet,
And from pansies, white, purple and gold,
Trip gay little nymphs with their delicate feet,
More blue-veined, more white and more daintily sweet,
Than the Venus so famous of old.

From the rich crimson folds of a tulip so bold
Flaunts a queen with her proud scornful eyes,
While the cowslips and daisies their vases unfold,
And knights and gay pages in emerald and gold
From their amber-rimmed circlets arise.

From the lily-cups drooping on tremulous stems
Maidens float with soft eyelids like sleep,
Snowy mists are their robes all-bespangled with gems,
While their brows are encircled with rich diadems,
Far more lovely than pearls of the deep.

The wee little spirits float, murmur and swing,
Round the maiden in circles so gay,
They kiss her red lips, in her ringlets they cling,
While glancing and gleaming they tearfully sing
O'er the sleeper their musical lay.

"Oh maiden, fair maiden, thou'rt cruelly torn
And broken our life-giving tie,
And now when the warm glowing breath of the morn
Shall float to our lips as we lie so forlorn,
We shall weaken, fade, wither and die.

"And how happy were we, in our innocent glee,
Lightly chiming our fairy-like bells,
While our sweet sunny blooms opened joyous and free
To the kiss of the sun or the song of the bee,
As he rifled our beautiful cells.

"Now we fade from the earth, like some exquisite dream,
'Mid the odors and beauties of May,
No more the sweet zephyr, on bright sunny beam,
Shall deepen our leaves with their rose-colored gleam,
For we pass like the lovely away."

Thus the flower-spirits sang, but you could not tell where,
Nor if you were waking or dreaming,
So sweet was the murmur, it seemed like a prayer
Softly rippling the folds of the silvery air,
Where fragrance and star-beams were streaming.

And the song floated on till that gold-misted hour
When the dawn o'er the far hills was creeping,
And the maiden awoke from her sleep in the bower,
To behold every tree, every leaf, every flower,
Every bud, every blossom, every weeping.

—Louisville Journal.

DAISY HOPE.

(Concluded from last Examiner.)

But the prophesy of old Andrew soon came true, and friends were raised up for the orphan in very unexpected quarters. The poor are always kind to each other, and the villagers came in with sympathy and help. The good old minister was taken down among the first, and Bessy was taken up to the manse, for the dreariness of the ruined farm was too much for the solitary child; and before a month was past, a prospect was opened for a more permanent place than could be found for her at the parsonage house.

There was a great handsome mansion at Belham Hill, near London, with garden houses, and coach house, and stables, and enormous iron gates, and rows of great trees, vainly trying to persuade itself by means of these rural appearances, that it stood in a great dark forest in the county of Warwick; and this large domicile, with all its grounds, and shrubberies, and graperies, and gardens, was the residence of an overwhelmingly rich citizen, who daily performed the journey from these agricultural splendors into a little dingy-looking lane in the city, and busied himself all day long about what seemed to the eyes of the uninitiated, the paltriest concerns. He toiled from morn to night among bales of merchandise and invoices of cargoes, and sold shiploads of sugar, or bought warehousefuls of cotton; for nothing came amiss to him; and everything flourished on which he laid his hands. After many hours of these labors, he stepped into his immensely decorated carriage at the door of the dirty counting house,

and was driven rapidly through streets and avenues till he reached the suburban elysium at Belham, and was received at the entrance hall by his daughter and his wife. This lasted so long, that it was unanimously believed by the three personages just named, that it would last forever; it was therefore with a feeling compounded nearly as much of surprise as of grief that the lady and her child perceived that the ordinary course of affairs had suddenly changed; that the carriage came no more to the door at nine o'clock, and returned from London at half-past five; that the dinner was no longer on the table punctually at six; for a certain tremendous cavalcade had departed one morning from the front door, with the principal vehicle profusely ornamented with black feathers, and a noble piece of sculpture, emblematic of Hope and Resignation, rose gradually over the humbler graves in the Highgate cemetery. How touching is the grief of a widow, left sole mistress of a place like Belham Belvidere, with a hundred and fifty thousand pounds in the four per cents! It overflows in square hatchments over the middle window, and black velvet over the seat in church, and yards of crape in all directions, and widow's weeds of preternatural size. So the glories of Belvidere were eclipsed for many months under a cloud of mourning. The bereaved proprietor devoted herself to the cultivation of her husband's memory and the spoiling of her daughter's disposition. In every room of the house, the image of a red-faced, broad-shouldered, flat-featured man was suspended, who might have been taken for the fancy figure of a blacksmith retired from trade, but was glorified in the eyes of the widow as the likeness of one of the handsomest and most aristocratic-looking of men. The daughter, aged eleven, was treated with the respect befitting the representative of such a sire, and the heiress of so much wealth. She was far from beautiful; indeed if it had not been for her expectations, she would have been thought positively ugly—for her hair was of the reddest; her eyes, though blue in color, were not unanimous in their choice of the objects they fixed on; and her figure was bad, and her temper not of the best. But her mother thought by dint of constantly talking of her beauty, that she could induce it at last to come—so she spoke of her golden locks and her interesting eyes, and thought her Delia [such was the young lady's name] the perfection of the human race.

"I've been thinking," said the minister of Daisyside, to his wife, "of a nice situation for poor Bessy Miller. There's that rich English lady up at the Wallace Arms, that drinks so much mineral water and is so generous to the poor, she wants a Scotch maid, and doesn't care how young. Now Bessy's just a wee past twelve, but she has sense and discretion enough for twenty-five, and I'll awa' up this very day, and see what can be done."

"Will she be kind to the wee bairn?" inquired the wife, "for we could manage to find work for her here, and she's no expensive, and reads so well, and is so mindful, she wad be a perfect treasure, and we hae nae o' our ain ye ken."

"She'll be very kind," replied the gentleman. "Anybody would be kind to Bessy Miller; and besides, I'm told she has just lost a lass o' her own, about the same age, a most wonderful creature by all accounts, both for cleverness and beauty, for she speaks o' little else to all the company at the Wells,—and she'll, may be, tak' a kindness to Bessy for the dead bairnie's sake."

The minister started on his benevolent mission and succeeded as he deserved. The lady agreed to instal his parishioner as dressing-maid and reader, and on the following morning the introduction took place. When Bessy timidly entered the room where her future mistress sat, she had many sad thoughts of the time when she first presented herself to the grand old lady in the drawing room at Daisy Hope. She clung to the good minister's hand as if loth to lose the last link of connection between herself and home, and cast shy looks at the occupant of the apartment; a large stout figure, rendered more striking from the exaggerated appearance of wee with which it was encumbered; a face of vulgar good-nature, but with an assumption at the same time of vast superiority and almost disdain; how different was the first impression from that left by the appearance of the stately Mrs. Donnington, with her gold-headed cane, and her form reclining on the high-backed rich covered chair, with her feet on the splendid fur rug, and her elbow on the velvet table cover! Scarcely did the lady at the wells withdraw herself sufficiently from the absorption of her grief to listen to the minister's words; scarcely did she take her handkerchief long enough from her countenance to look on the trembling little applicant for her favor; but when she did so, when at last she mastered her emotions sufficiently to look at the shrinking figure, something—a stray expression of face—a faint resemblance in the color of the hair—an indefinable sentiment that struck upon some chord of recollection—made her suddenly rise from her chair, and advance a step or two towards the pair—"the likeness," she said—"I never saw such a resemblance—she is my darling Delia over again;" and then losing the expression of dignity and rank altogether, she flung her arms round the astonished Bessy's neck, and kissed her a thousand times.

"The woman is a Christian woman," said the minister to his wife on his return, "in spite of her disregard of the proper position of the letter h, which seems a sore stumbling-block to the English nation, and she'll be a perfect mother to Bessy Miller, for a' her ignorance of grammar and cockney ways of going on. Riches is a snare to the slockery educated, and she puts a little too much trust in corruptible treasure, but Bessy will be very comfortable, and has promised to write and tell us how she is treated."

Daisy Hope fell into ruins faster and faster. It ceased to be occupied by any one. The proprietor did not like the expense of taking it down, and very wisely thought a few years would save him the trouble. The little road leading up to the front door was overgrown with nettles; the stable roof began to fall in; the windows were broken by playful boys, or blown in by tempestuous weather; and year after year the grand catastrophe of a total tumble into heaps of stone and lime, drew nearer and nearer, and the possibility of repair became more and more problematical. But when things are at the worst they will mend. When eight or nine years had done their utmost to destroy all resemblance in the old mansion to a habitable dwelling; when people began to forget all about its having been lived in; when the minister had long been dead, and the Wallace Arms had risen into high reputation, symptoms of reparation were visible. Men with mysterious implements began measuring the ground, and trying the strength of the old walls; and it was currently reported that a great English nobleman had bought the original estate and was going to build a mansion, at least the size of Windsor Castle. But the building as it proceeded gave no token of being designed on so gigantic a scale. The intention seemed to be to renew the old manor-house as closely as possible, and not a bow window was

omitted, nor a jutting wall, nor pepperpot towers at every corner; so it began to look like a dwelling of the sixteenth century suddenly transplanted into the present time, but combining in its interior arrangements the conveniences of modern life, with the strength and solidity of the past. And the view from the upper rooms was unequalled in all the land! The winding Forth, the castellated rock, the glowing hills to the north, the rich valley to the eastward, and the hills all round, which assumed every day a more cultivated and civilized look. There was not in all Scotland a finer domain or a more comfortable dwelling than Daisy Hope.

One day in January last year, there was a crowd in the inner dock at Southampton, to see the invalids from the Crimea brought to shore. Some were carried out looking so pale and worn, that the spectators drew involuntarily back as if in reverence of approaching death; some of the more slightly wounded were received with a suppressed cheer. The Alma and Inkermann were still fresh in people's hearts; and indignation at official neglect boiled over into acts of kindness to the sufferers. The ships had been long expected; the passengers' names had been sent on by telegraph, and parents and sisters and brothers, had assembled from all quarters to welcome their friends home.

A sad and touching, yet an elevating sight, to see the heroic reception afforded by English mothers to their wounded sons! If sorrow was there, it was chastened and ennobled by pride in the achievement that had brought the wound. Carriages were in waiting to convey the sufferers to their lodgings or hotels. Embraces were given and received without a word being said; and holding by the brother's feverish hand, and walking close beside the litter on which he was carried, walked sisters many a one, who were afraid to ask the extent of the calamity, but were busy laying plans for their brother's solace if he should turn out to be lame for life. All had nearly gone. Carriages and litters had moved out of the dock, and yet an old lady kept steadily at the end of the landing board, attended by a younger, who was dressed in the plain apparel commonly adopted by the ladies who devoted themselves at that time to the duties of the hospital; and both kept their eyes intent on the cabin stairs from which the passengers emerged on the deck. At last there came up slowly and with pain a young man in undress uniform, who supported himself on a crutch, and had his left arm in a sling. The young lady touched the arm of the senior, and drew her veil over her face. The officer looked round, but no preparation had been made for his conveyance. No mother was in waiting with easy-hung coach. "Get a cab there for Major Donnington!" cried a rough voice from the paddle-box; but the old lady stepped forward, and said to the almost fainting soldier, "Deed Major Donnington, ye'll hae nae cab, and gang to nae hotel. Ye'll just come to our branch o' the Crimea Hospital, and ye'll no want for nurses or any care that a mother could gie ye."

The wounded man considered that this was a piece of careful sympathy from an active and paternal administration, and submitted to his fate with resignation. Accordingly he was installed in a carriage standing near the gate and driven off—and off, through streets, and out among trees, till he entered a moderate sized avenue and pulled up at the door of a pretty looking villa about two miles from the town upon the shore of Southampton Water. There he was soon shown into his apartment by the ladies, who had followed in another conveyance; and as medical assistance was kept in waiting, the extent of his wounds was ascertained, and a speedy recovery promised. A bayonet stab in the left shoulder, and a bullet in the knee, were the memorials he carried away of the "Soldier's Victory." But a grateful country was ready to pour balm into his wounds. Wasn't he in a charming hospital, with a beautiful view from the window, the nicest, cleanest curtains for his bed, the best doctor in the county of Hans to attend to his recovery, and nurses so kind, so obliging, so sweet-toned and tender-hearted, that it was a positive gratification to be ill! His servant arrived a short time after him with his luggage; his things were put away in convenient drawers, book-shelves in the neighboring chamber, to which he was to be removed when well enough to sit up, were filled with pleasant volumes; and in a room beyond, he occasionally in the absence of the younger nurse, heard a clear beautiful voice accompanied by a piano. But in spite of all this care of a watchful government, the young man felt depressed at the thought that he was causing so much trouble to two amiable ladies upon whom, individually, he had no claim. He was anxious to make all manner of inquiries, and was profuse in his acknowledgment for all their care. And at first, notwithstanding the doctor's prognostic, their care seemed of no avail. A fever supervened, during which fancy played its usual tricks, and arrayed itself in the lost robes of memory; and in his wanderings there was a curious mixing up of Indian recollections and the scenes he had seen in Scotland with his mother. When he had recovered sufficiently to be read to, the younger attendant sat at the side of his bed, and it seemed something like a continuance of his feverish aberration when her gentle words fell upon his ear, for the volumes she chose, were Orme's History of Hindostan, and the Life of Warren Hastings, and the story of the Black-hole.

"Mrs. M'Vicar," said the soldier, after one of these readings, "will you answer me a question or two? And first, do you think I am perfectly recovered from delirium?"

"Ye'll maybe be the best judge o' that, yersel," was the cautious answer of the elder nurse.

The young man paused and seemed engaged in a minute inspection of the state of his own brain.

"Who is the young lady who hovers over my bed, and reads in such musical accents, that I sometimes even now doubt whether she isn't altogether an angel?"

"Her name is Miss Preedy—an English sister of charity, and I'm a mither o' the same."

"And does she always wear a veil over the upper part of her face?"

"Oh, no."

"She doesn't squint, does she?" inquired the Major, as a horrible suspicion crossed his mind that this might be the reason of the concealment of brow and eyes.

"I daursay, ye'll see and judge for yersel in that too," replied Mrs. M'Vicar; "but I suppose you'll soon be thinking of leaving the hospital. You must be anxious to get home."

The officer sighed sadly. "The fact is," he said, "I have no home—I lost my mother nine or ten years ago, and have been in India ever since till we were sent out to the Crimea. I have no home." It seemed so melancholy a confession that they were both silent for a time,—but I hope to get well again soon," he added, "and go out to join my regiment. What does the doctor say now?"

The doctor's report was hopeful. In a week he sat up, in

a fortnight he entered the little apartment next his bedroom, and in three weeks he was invited to the drawing room. It was gratitude, probably, that made him think Miss Preedy so wonderfully beautiful. Light hair and dark blue eyes, a clear complexion, and the finest carved features with the sweetest smiling mouth, were enough to justify his admiration; but when he united to this amount of loveliness all her kindness, the care she had bestowed on his comforts, the hours she had devoted in the half-darkened room, to his amusement, there is no wonder that his feelings of gratitude took a far warmer shape, and, in short, that he was in love; madly, desperately. Yes, desperately, for how would it look in the announcement, that a wounded officer had married the hospital attendant? and would a real sister of charity descend from the poetic dignity of her great and generous work to bestow her hand upon a patient? Besides, there are always plenty of other reasons in the mind of a man with nothing but his commission; for how could he expose so delicate, so refined, so lady-like a being to the discomforts of his narrow means? How wisely people resolve when the object of their admiration is at a little distance, say a mile or two, or in the neighboring parish, or in another street,—or even, as in this case, in a different room! For when he saw Miss Preedy, when he heard her speak, there was no further use of argument. He determined to plead his cause with the utmost ardor, and with that view addressed Mrs. M'Vicar when he had an opportunity.

"My dear friend," he said, "I have something very important to say to you. Was Miss Preedy ever in Bengal?"

"No."

"Has she a father and mother alive?"

"I don't think she has a living relation in all the world."

"I'm glad to hear it. Nor I. We are quite unencumbered in that respect. Ah! Mrs. M'Vicar, I wish I were as rich as Croesus, whoever that fortunate gentleman may have been; but the truth is, I am one of the most ostentatious persons in the Queen's dominions, and wear all the gold I possess upon my shoulders in the shape of epauletts; but if a true heart—if a devoted love—if years of—she's very poor, I hope," he said, suddenly interrupting himself, afraid that his intentions might be misunderstood.

"Her father was the last partner of the great house in London of Blogg and Preedy. You've may be heard of it, in the sugar line, and she was heiress to a' the wealth o' the firm."

Major Donnington looked and felt as if another bayonet was entering his shoulder, another bullet lodging in his knee. He did not answer for a long time. At last he said, "One only favor, my excellent friend; keep this a secret. It was a delusion,—it shall not last. Take my thanks for all you have done; tell her how deeply grateful I am; I will leave this hospital to-day."

"This is Miss Preedy's villa, and a bonny little mansion it is; but its nae hospital, unless for yersel' that has no home to go to."

The young man was overwhelmed more and more.

"Ye'll say farewell to her ere ye gang?" inquired Mrs. M'Vicar.

The interview took place; and some curious things occurred preparatory to it which puzzled Major Donnington almost as much as the discovery of Miss Preedy's wealth. In the first place, as his knee continued a little stiff, he found a cane placed beside his chair to assist his walk to the drawing room. He looked at the stick. It was a long gold-headed staff, of a very peculiar wood, and on the top was an inscription. It was a name: "Elizabeth Donnington." He passed his hand rapidly across his eyes as he looked at the words, and continued his course. When he entered the drawing room Miss Preedy was sitting in an arm chair with the back to him. She wore a shawl—a rich patterned, gorgeous colored, tasteful bordered Indian shawl. She wore a black silk gown, with a particular stripe in the watering, which riveted his eyes. He advanced slowly towards the sitting figure, and saw her hand negligently spread on the arm of the chair. He looked at her hand—small, white, beautiful—and on her finger discovered a ring; it was an amethyst, surrounded with small pearls. There could be no mistake; the young man knelt and took her hand; it wasn't drawn away. He kissed the ring. Had he not a right to do so? It had been his mother's, and was once his own!

And all that blessed month of April the spring sun had been shining on the steep roofs and proud turrets of Daisy Hope. Paxton had sent down a man to lay out a grand old Scottish garden, with broad grass walks, and a stone sun-dial in the middle,—and the place was now almost perfect,—and when furniture began to arrive the lucubrations of the inhabitants of Bank Row took higher flights than ever. Then came wagon-loads from Stirling. There was a rosewood table for the drawing room, with a noble velvet cover to it, on which was embroidered in gold thread, an impossible griffin; there was a fur rug for the hearth; and some chairs with the same heraldic blazonary as the table cloth; and speculations were rife as to when the new proprietors would come down to take possession.

One day in July the landlady of the Wallace Arms ushered into the bar, where I was sitting at lunch, and said, "Oh, Mr. Jockitieg, its a' come out! They're up stairs in the best saloon—the three o' them! And wha' d'ye think they are? There's Bessy Miller who took the name of Preedy after the half-dementit havell that adopted her, because she was so like her dootier; and there's Mrs. M'Vicar, the widow o' the gude auld minister that recommended her to the place; she's had her for governante and companion ever since Mrs. Preedy died; and the gentleman is Walter Donnington, the son o' the grand auld leddy that was Andrew Miller's lodger; and he's married to Bessy Miller—and oh! man, what a bonny cretur she is! and they're a' going to live at Daisy Hope—Mrs. M'Vicar tauld me so herself—she could keep the secret no longer; and the estate's a' bought back; and look, there they go! what a handsome couple!—a wee cripple maybe, the man, but tall and strong!—and wheesh! that's Bessy Miller—they're just walking down to the Hope to see if the furniture's all right, and they'll tak' possession at the end of the week."

A lady, whose kindness to animals amounts almost to a mania, was one day sadly annoyed by a blue-bottle fly. Calling her maid, she bade her catch the fly, and without hurting it, put it out of the window. Seeing the girl hesitate to raise the sash, she inquired the cause. "Why, madam, it rains so very hard," answered the mischievous creature. "True," replied the mistress; "put the poor thing in the other room."

A SIMILE—An angry woman in a room is as bad as a lighted cracker—for when once she goes off, there's is no stopping her, and when she does go out it is sure to be with a bang.