

# 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. VIII.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1853.

No. 11.

## Prince Edward Island Jockey Club.

PATRON—His Excellency Sir DOMINICK DALY, Lieut. Governor.  
THE ANNUAL RACES will take place, under the management of the Club, on MONDAY and TUESDAY, the 27th and 28th September, 1853.

### The First Day.

#### CRAVEN STAKES.

A Plate of £5.—For Horses of all ages—Catch weights. Heats. Entrance 20s.

THE GOVERNOR'S PLATE OF FIVE SOVEREIGNS.  
For 3 year olds. Weights—Colts 8st. 10lbs.; Fillies 8st. 5lbs.; Geldings allowed 3 lbs. Once round. Entrance 20s.

#### CITY PLATE OF £5. HEATS.

For Horses of all ages.—3 year olds 8st.; 4 year olds 8st. 12lbs.; 5 year olds 9st. 8lbs.; 6 year olds and aged 10st. Entrance 20s.

### Second Day.

#### THE COUNTY STAKES £10.

For Horses of all ages. Heats. Weights same as for the City Plate. Entrance 20s.

#### THE LADIES' PURSE.

Weights as for preceding race. Heats. Entrance 20s.

#### THE WELTER STAKES FOR £5.

Once round. Weights—3 year olds 9st. 10lbs.; 4 year olds 10st. 8lbs.; 5 year olds 11st. 4lbs.; 6 year olds and aged 12st. Entrance Ten Shillings.

#### TROTTING RACE.

For a Plate of Five Pounds. Twice round. Heats. Weights—10st. Entrance 10s.  
Several Brides will be run for.  
No Dogs allowed on the course.

#### STEWARDS:

ARTHUR PENNY, Esq., W. SWABEY, Esq.,  
DR. H. JARVIS, FRANCIS McQUADE, Esq.,  
STEPHEN SWABEY, Esq.

CHESTER WOOLNER, Clerk of the Course.

No Jockey allowed to ride for any of the public Stakes unless in colours.

Horses to be entered, and the colours of the riders named at the Secretary's House, on or before Saturday, the 25th instant, or not allowed to start.

No public money will be given unless three Horses start for each Race. The first Race will start at 12 o'clock precisely. Sept. 13.

#### Leasehold Farm and Stock.

TO be sold by Auction, on TUESDAY, the 5th day of October next, the LEASEHOLD INTEREST of fifty-five acres of LAND, situated at the Nine Mile House, St. Peter's Road, Lot 35, subject to a yearly rent of £4, Island Currency, for 999 years. Thirty-six acres of which are in a good state of cultivation, having 12 chains front on the St. Peter's Road. There are on the premises a Dwelling House, Barn and Stables, and two excellent springs of water. Also, 2 horses, 7 years old, 2 Marems and 6 yearlings, 9, 3 Cows, 6 Sheep, 9 Pigs, 1 Cart, Trunk and Wheels, 2 Jaunting Chaises, 1 Double-seated box Sleigh, 1 Saddle, 2 Harness, 1 do. Cart Harness, 1 Wood Sleigh, 1 Plough, pair of Harrows, 1 Gig.

ALSO, Fifty acres of Leasehold Land, situated at the Ten Mile House, St. Peter's Road, subject to a yearly rent of £1. 14. per acre currency. Twenty acres of which are in a good state of cultivation, and the remainder is covered with wood.

Terms of Sale for the Land, one half of the purchase money to be paid down, the remainder may remain on interest for two years from the time of sale. The two other articles, all sums under £5, cash, above £5, three months credit will be given, on approved bill notes of bank. For further particulars apply to PATRICK MOONEY.

#### Nine Mile House, St. Peter's Road,

September 13, 1853.  
N. B.—There are also offered for sale, at the same time and place, 268 acres of Freehold Land, situated on Township 37, 23 acres of which are fit for planting, the remainder well covered with hard wood, and is the property of the subscriber, which will be sold in Lots to suit purchasers. S. M.

#### Halifax Packet.

THE fast-sailing Schooner "ARIEL," 167 tons, J. H. Moore, Master, will run between CHARLOTTETOWN and HALIFAX, leaving Charlottetown on Wednesday, the 13th instant. Will perform our trips regularly during the season. This vessel has good accommodations for Passengers, and is too well known to need further description. For Freight or Passage apply to J. & T. MORRIS, Charlottetown, and at Halifax to the subscriber. P. W. HYNDMAN.  
Sept. 13, 1853.

#### To Let.

A COMFORTABLE COTTAGE on King's Square, having 4 Rooms on the first story, and 3 on the second story. Enquire of the owner, WILLIAM BUTCHER, Senr., Charlottetown, Sept. 13, 1853. (all papers 2)

#### FOR SALE AT THE CITY DRUG STORE.

BERMUDA ARROW ROOT Hester's Barica, Clark's Corn STARCH, Mott's Prepared Cocoa and Broma, Ground Spices, Ground Rice, Pearl Barley and Split Peas. W. R. WATSON.  
Charlottetown, Sept. 13, 1853.

#### Cigars! Cigars! Cigars!

HAVANA CIGARS of superior quality. Wholesale, at the CITY DRUG STORE. W. R. WATSON.  
September 13, 1853.

#### Flour, Flour.

200 BARRELS No. 1 superfine Canada FLOUR, for sale. Enquire at the store of A. H. YATES, or at the subscriber's residence, STEPHEN SWABEY.  
Charlottetown, September 13, 1853.

#### Valuable Property.

TO BE SOLD by Auction, on THURSDAY, the 23rd November next, at 12 o'clock, on the premises, that commodious TWO-STORY DWELLING HOUSE, AND VALUABLE FREEHOLD PROPERTY, owned by Mrs. JOSEPH McDONALD, adjoining the grounds of the Roman Catholic Church. The House is very convenient and well finished from the ground floor to the attic.

There are likewise on the premises a Stable, Coach and other Out-Buildings, with an excellent Well and Pump in the yard.

These Premises are well adapted for a large family or Private Boarding House. A portion of the purchase money may remain on interest for a term of years, as may be agreed upon. A. H. YATES, Auctioneer.  
Charlottetown, September 6, 1853. Isl

#### Boston Packet.

THE fast-sailing Packet Brig "AFION," Turnball, master, will leave Boston on the 15th September next. For freight or passage, having good accommodation, please apply to JOHN A. FOWLE & Co., No. 11 Foster's Wharf, Boston.  
August 30, 1853.

#### Butler's Catholic Catechism.

FOR sale either by the quantity or by retail at the Examiner Office, Charlottetown.  
The Most Rev. Dr. James Butler's Catechism, to which is added the SCRIPTURAL CATECHISM, by the Right Rev. Dr. Milner; together with different prayers, explanations, instructions, &c.  
Country retailers supplied to order. March 8.

## Literature.

[From the Atlantic Monthly for August, 1853.]

### THE ROMANCE OF A GLOVE.

[Concluded.]

"Out of my own mouth do I condemn myself; peccavi! If I had ever loved Margaret, then I did not love Flora. The same heart cannot find its counterpart indifferently in two such opposites. What charmed me in one was her purity, softness and depth of soul. What fascinated me in the other was her bloom beauty, and passion. Which was the true sympathy?"

"I did not stop to ask that question when it was most important that it should be seriously considered. I rushed into the crowd of competitors for Flora's smiles, and distanced them all. I was pleased and proud that she took no pains to conceal her preference for me. We played chess; we read poetry out of the same book; we ate at the same table; we sat and watched the sea together, for hours, in those clear, bright days; we promenade the deck at sunset, her hand upon my arm, her lips forever turning up tenderly towards me, her eyes pouring their passion into me. Then those glorious nights, when the ocean was a vast, wild, fluctuating stream, flashing and sparkling about the ship, spanned by a quivering bridge of splendor on one side, and rolling off into awful darkness and mystery, on the other; when the moon seemed swinging among the shrouds like a ball of white fire; when the few ships went by like silent ghosts; and Flora and I, in a long trance of happiness, kept the deck, heedless of the throng of promenade, forgetful of the past, reckless of the future, aware only of our romance, and the richness of the present hour.

Joseph, my travelling companion, looked on, and wrote letters. He showed me one of those, addressed to a friend of Margaret. In it he extolled Flora's beauty, piquancy, and supremacy; related how she made all the women jealous, and all the men mad; and hinted at my triumph. I knew that that letter would meet Margaret's eyes, and was vain enough to be pleased.

At last, one morning, at daybreak, I went on deck, and saw the shores of England. Only a few days before we had left America behind us, blown and leafless, still emerging from the long gloom of winter; and now the slopes of another world rose green and inviting the flush of spring. There was a bracing breeze; the dingy waters of the Mersey rolled up in wreaths of beauty; the fleets of ships, steamers, sloops, pilot boats, bounding over the waves, meeting, tacking, plunging, swaying gracefully under the full spreading canvas, presented a picture of wonderful animation; and the mingling hues of sunshine and mist hung over all. I paced the deck, solemnly joyful, swift thoughts pulsing through me of a dim, far-off Margaret, of a near radiant Flora, of happiness and hope superior to fate. It was one of those times when the excited soul transfigures the world, and we marvel how we could ever succumb to a transient sorrow while the whole universe blooms, and an infinite future waits to open for us its doors of wonder and joy.

In this state of mind I was joined by Flora. She laid her hand on my arm, and we walked up and down together. She was serious, almost sad, and she viewed the English hills with a pensiveness which became her better than mirth.

"So," she sighed, "all our little romances are to come to an end!"

"Not so," I said; "or if one romance ends, it is to give place to another, still truer and sweeter. Our lives may be all a succession of romances, if we will make them so. I think now I will never doubt the future; for I find that, when I have given up my dearest hopes, my best-beloved friends, and accepted the gloomy belief that all life besides a barren—then comes some new experience, filling my empty cup with a still more delicious wine.

"Don't vex me with your philosophy!" said Flora. "I don't know anything about it. All I know is this present,—this sky, this earth, this sea, and the joy between, which I can't give up quite so easily as you can, with your beautiful theory, that some thing better awaits you."

"I have told you," I replied—"for I had been quite frank with her,—how I left America,—what a blank life was to me then; and did I not turn my back upon all that to meet face to face the greatest happiness which I have ever yet known? Ought not this to give me faith in the divinity that shapes our ends?"

"And so," she answered, "when I have lost you, I shall have the satisfaction of thinking, that you are enjoying some still more exquisite consolation for the slight pang you may have felt at parting from me! Your philosophy will make it easy for you to say, 'Good-bye! it is a pretty romance; I go to find prettier ones still'; and then forget me altogether!"

"And you," I said, "will that be easy for you?"

"Yes," she cried, with spirit,—"anything is easy to a proud, impetuous woman, who finds that the brief romance of a ten-days' acquaintance has already become thirsome to the second party. I am glad I have enjoyed what I have; that is so much gain, of which you cannot rob me; and now I can say good-bye as coolly as you, or I can die of shame, or I can at once walk over this single rail into the water, and quench this little candle, and so an end!"

She sprang upon a bench, and, I swear to you, I thought she was going down! I was so exalted by this passionate demonstration, that I should certainly have gone over with her, and felt perfectly content to die in her arms,—at least, until I began to realize what a very disagreeable bath we had chosen to drown in.

I drew her away; I walked up and down with that superb creature panting and palpitating almost upon my heart; I poured into her ears I know not what extravagant vows; and before the slow-handed sailors had fastened their cable to the buoy in the channel, we knotted a more subtle and difficult noose, not to be so easily undone!

Now see what strange, variable foibles we are! Months of tender intercourse had failed to bring about anything like a positive engagement between Margaret and myself; and here behold me irrevocably pledged to Flora, after a brief ten-days' acquaintance!

Six mortal hours were exhausted in making the steamer fast—in sending off her Majesty's mails, of which the cookery speaks with a tone of reverence altogether disgusting to us free-minded Yankees—and in entertaining the custom-house inspectors, who paid a long and tedious visit to the saloon and our luggage. Then we were suffered to land and enter the noisy, sordid street of Liverpool, amid the donkeys and beggars and quiet scenes which strikes the American so oddly upon a first visit. All this delay, the weariness and

impatience, the contrast between the morning and the hard, grim reality of mid-day, brought me down from my elevation. I felt alarmed to think of what had passed. I seemed to have been doing some wild, unadvised act in a fit of intoxication. Margaret came up before me, sad, silent, reproachful; and as I gazed upon Flora's bedimmed face, I wondered how I had been so charmed.

We took the first train for London, where we arrived at midnight. Two weeks in that vast Babel—then, ho! for Paris! Twelve hours by rail and steamer carried us out of John Bull's dominions into the brilliant metropolis of his French neighbor. Joseph accompanied us, and wrote letters home, filled with gossip which I knew, or hoped, would make Margaret writhe. I had not found it so easy to forget her as I had supposed it would be. Flora's power over me was sovereign; but when I was weary of the dazzle and whirl of the life she led me, when I looked into the depths of my heart, and saw what the thin film of passion and pleasure concealed, in those serious moments which would come, and my soul put stern questions to me; then, Sir, then, Margaret had her revenge.

A month, crowded and glittering with novelty and incident, preceded our departure for Switzerland. I accompanied Flora's party; Joseph remained behind. We left Paris about the middle of June, and returned in September. I have no words to speak of that era in my life. I saw, enjoyed, suffered, learned so much! Flora was always glad, magnificent, irresistible. But, as I knew her longer, my moments of misgiving became more frequent and profound. If I had aspired to nothing higher than a life of sensuous delights she would have been all I could wish. But—

We were to spend the winter in Italy. Meanwhile, we had another month in Paris. Here I had found Joseph again, who troubled me a good deal with certain rumours he had received concerning Margaret. According to these, she had been in feeble health ever since we left, and her increasing delicacy was beginning to alarm her friends. "But," added another of Joseph's correspondents, "don't let Westwood flatter himself that he is the cause, for she is cured of him; and there is talk of an engagement between her and a handsome young clergyman, who is both eloquent and fascinating."

This bit of gossip made me very bitter and angry.

"Forget me soon!" I said; "and receive the attentions of another man? You see how inconsistent I was to condemn her for the very fault I had myself been so eager to commit!"

Well, the round of rides, excursions, soirees, visits to the operas and theatres, walks on the Boulevards, and in the galleries of the Louvre, ended at last. The evening before we were to set out for the South of France, I was at my lodgings, unpacking and repacking the luggage which I had left to Joseph's care during my absence among the Alps. I was melancholy, dissatisfied with the dissipation which had exhausted my time and energies, and thinking of Margaret. I had not preserved a single memento of her; and now I wished I had one, if only a withered leaf, or a line of her writing. In this mood, I glanced to cast my eye upon a stray glove in the bottom of my trunk. I searched at it eagerly, and, in the impulse of a moment—before I reflected that I was wronging Flora—pressed it to my lips. Yes—I found the place where it had been wounded, the spot Margaret's fingers had touched, and gave it a kiss for every station, then, increased at myself, I flung it from me, and hurried from the room. I walked towards the Place de la Concorde, where the brilliant lamps burned like a constellation. I strolled through the Elysian Fields, and watched the lights of the carriages swarming like fire-flies up the long avenue; stopped by the concert gardens, and listened to the glorified girls singing under rosy and golden pavilions the last songs of the season; wandered about the fountains—by the gardens of the Tuilleries where the trees stood so shadowy and still, and the statues gleamed so pale—along the quays of the Seine, where the waves rolled so dark below—trying to settle my thoughts, to master myself, to put Margaret from me.

Wearily at length, I returned to my chamber, seated myself composedly, and looked down at the glove which lay where I had thrown it, upon the polished floor. Mechanically I stooped and took up a bit of folded paper. It was written upon. I unrolled it and read. It was as if I had opened the record of doom! Had the apparition of Margaret herself risen suddenly before me, I could not have been more astounded. It was a note from her—and such a note!—full of love, suffering, and humility—poured out of a heart so deep and tender and true, that the shallowness of my own seemed utterly contemptible, in comparison with it. I cannot tell you what was written, but it was more than even my most cruel and exacting pride could have asked. It was what would once have made me wild with joy,—now it almost maddened me with despair. I, who had often talked fine philosophy to others, had not a grain of that article left to physic my own malady. But one course seemed plain before me, and that was, to go and quietly drown myself in the Seine, which I had seen flowing so swift and dark under the bridges, an hour ago, when I stood and mused upon the tragical corpses its sordid flood had swallowed.

I am a little given to superstition, and the mystery of the note excited me. I have no doubt but there was some subtle connection between it and the near presence of Margaret's spirit, of which I had that night been conscious. But the note had reached me by no supernatural method, as I was at first half inclined to believe. It was, probably, the touch—the atmosphere, the ineffably fine influence which surrounded it, which had penetrated my unconscious perceptions, and brought her near. The paper, the glove were full of Margaret—all of something besides what we vaguely call mental associations,—full of emanations of the very love and suffering which she had breathed into the writing.

How the note came there upon the floor was a riddle which I was too much bewildered to explain by any natural means. Joseph, who burst in upon me in my extremity of pain and difficulty, solved it at once. It had fallen out of the glove, where it had lain folded, silent, unnoticed, during all this intervening period of folly and vexation of soul. Margaret had done her duty in time; I had only myself to blame for the tangle in which I now found myself.

I was thinking of Flora, upon the deck of the steamship, when in a moment of chagrin she had been so near throwing herself over; wondering to what fate her passion and impetuosity would hurry her now if she knew; cursing myself for my weakness and peevishness; while Joseph kept asking me what I intended to do.

"Do? do?" I said furiously.—"I shall kill you, that is what I shall do, if you drive me mad with questions which neither angels nor fiends can answer."

"I know what you shall do," said Joseph; "Go home and marry Margaret."

You can have no conception of the effect of these words,

—Go home and marry Margaret. I shook as I have seen men shake with the ague. All that might have been—what might be still—the happiness cast away and perhaps yet within my reach—the temptation of the devil, who appealed to my cowardice to fly from Flora, break my vows, risk my honor and her life, for Margaret—all this rushed through my tumultuously. At length I said—

"No, Joseph; I shall do no such thing. I can never be worthy of Margaret; it will be only by fasting and prayer that I can make myself worthy of Flora."

"Will you start for Italy in the morning?" he asked.

"For Italy in the morning?" I groaned. Meet Flora, travel with her, play the hypocrite, with smiles on my lips and hell in my heart—or thunder-strike her at once with the truth; what was I to do? To some men the question would, perhaps, have presented few difficulties. But to me, sir, who am not quite devoid of conscience, whatever you may think—let me tell you I'd rather hang by sharp books over a roasting fire than be again suspended as I was betwixt two such alternatives, and felt the torture of both.

(Having driven Joseph away, I locked myself into my room, and suffered the torments of the damned in as quiet a manner as possible; until morning. Then Joseph returned, and looked at me with dismay.

"For Heaven's sake," he said, "you ought not let this thing kill you—and it will, if you keep on."

"So much the better," I said, "if it kills nobody but me. But don't be alarmed. Keep perfectly cool, and attend to the commission I am going to trust to you. Go to the station of the Lyons railway, where I have engaged to meet her party; say to her that I am detained, but that I will join her on the journey. Give her no time to question you, and be sure that she does not stay behind."

"I'll manage it—trust me!" said Joseph; and off he started. At the end of two hours, which seemed twenty, he burst into my room, crying:

"Good news! she is gone. I told her you had lost your passport, and would have to get another from our minister."

"What! you lied to her?"

"Oh! there was no other way," said Joseph,—"she is so sharp. They're to wait for you at Marseilles. But I'll manage that too. On their arrival at the hotel d'Orient, they'll find a telegraphic despatch from me. I wager a hat they'll leave in the first steamer for Naples. Then you can follow at your leisure."

"Thank you, Joseph."

I felt relieved. Then came a reaction. The next day I was attacked by fever. I know not how long I struggled against it, but it mastered me. The last things I remember were the visits of friends, the strange talk of a French physician, whispers and consultations which I knew were about me, yet took no interest in—and at length Joseph running to my bedside, in a flutter of agitation, and gasping—

"Flora!"

"What of Flora?" I demanded.

"I telegraphed, but she wouldn't go; she has come back; she is here!"

I was sinking back into the stupor from which I had been roused, when I heard a rustling which seemed afar off, yet was in my chamber; then a vision appeared to my sickened sight, a face which I dimly thought I knew—a flood of curls and a rain of kisses showering upon me, sob and devouring caresses,—Flora's voice calling me passionate names; and I lying so passive, faintly struggling to remember, until my soul sank whirling in darkness, and I knew no more.

On morning, I cannot tell how long after, I awoke and found myself in a strangling room, filled with strange objects, not the least strange of which was the thing that seemed myself. At first I looked with vague and motionless curiosity out of the Lethe from which my mind slowly emerged; patient and at peace; listlessly questioning whether I was alive or dead—whether the limp weight lying in bed there was my body—the meaning of the silence and the closed curtains. Then, with a succession of painful flashes, as if the pole of an electrical battery had been applied to my brain, memory returned.—Margaret, Flora, Paris, delirium. I next remember hearing myself groan aloud—then seeing Joseph at my side. I tried to speak but could not. Upon my pillow was a glove, and he placed it against my cheek. An indescribable, excruciating thrill shot through me; still I could not speak. After that came a relapse. Like Mr. Bowdler's poet, I lay

"Twixt gloom and gleam,  
With Death and Life at each extreme."

But one morning I was better. I could talk. Joseph bent over me, weeping for joy.

"The danger is past!" he said. "The doctor says you will get well!"

"Have I been so ill, then?"

"Ill?" echoed Joseph. "Nobody thought you could live. We all gave you up, except her—and she!"

"She!" I said—"is she here?"

"From the moment of her arrival," replied Joseph, "she has never left you. Oh, if you don't thank God for her!—and he lowered his voice,—and live all the rest of your life just to reward her, you are the most ungrateful wretch! You would certainly have died but for her. She has scarcely slept till this morning, when they said you would recover."

Joseph paused. Every word he spoke went down like a weight of lead into my soul. I had, indeed, been conscious of a tender hand soothing my pillow, of a lovely form flitting through my dreams, of a breath and magnetic touch of love infusing warm, sweet life into me,—but it had always seemed Margaret, never Flora.

"The glove?" I asked.

"Here it is," said Joseph. "In your delirium you demanded it; you would not be without it; you caressed it, and addressed to it the tenderest apostrophes."

"And Flora—she heard?"

"Flora?" repeated Joseph. "Don't you know—haven't you any idea—what has happened? It has been terrible!"

"Tell me at once!" I said. "Keep nothing back!"

"Immediately on her return from Marseilles—you remember that?"

"Yes, yes! go on!"

She established herself here. Nobody could come between her and you; and a brave, true girl she proved herself. Oh, but she was wild about you! She offered the doctors extravagant sums—she would have bribed Heaven itself, if she could—not to let you die. But there came a time—one night when you were raving about Margaret—I tell you, it was terrible! She would have the truth, and so I told her—everything, from the beginning. It makes me shudder now to think of it—it struck her so like death!"

"What did she say?—what did she do?"