

# 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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## SELECT TALE.

### Self-Sacrifice;

OR

### THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT.

[Concluded.]

About three weeks after the funeral of the deceased baronet, Lieutenant Travers received a letter, on service, from the Admiralty, announcing his appointment to a crack frigate fitting for sea at Portsmouth, and directing him to report himself on board immediately. This summons rendered further delay or hesitation impossible. He could not leave Marlands without coming to a frank explanation with Lady and Miss Wharton, and he resolved it should take place that morning. Not a syllable had yet passed his lips as to the extraordinary disclosures made by Sir Richard Wharton in his last moments, or to the wishes he had expressed regarding his daughter. In the event, Travers mentally argued, of the acceptance of his suit by Miss Wharton and her mother, there could be no reason for concealment from them; they would not betray the late baronet's disgraceful secret. At all events, he would not, by first revealing to Mary Wharton that she was penniless, and afterwards proffering her his heart and fortune, seem to wish to purchase her consent to a union with him. Full of these cogitations and resolves, he arrived at Archer's Lodge, to his extreme astonishment, he found the servants packing up the furniture, as if for immediate removal. He hurried to the breakfast-room, where he found Lady Wharton and her daughter both busily engaged in arranging books, music and papers.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded, with intense agitation. "Surely you are not leaving Archer's Lodge?"

"Indeed we are, Mr. Travers," replied Lady Wharton. "We received a letter yesterday, accepting an offer we had made for the lease of a house in Wales, close to Edmund's new curacy, which he says will suit us admirably."

"Us!—Edmund?" gasped Travers.

"Mary, love, place these papers," said Lady Wharton, "in the writing-desk in my room. 'Mr. Travers,' she added as the door closed, 'you are ill. The walk perhaps fatigued you. Let me give you a glass of wine.'"

"No—no—no! What is it you say; Mary—Edmund! Speak, and quickly? My brain turns!"

"I feared this," said Lady Wharton soothingly, as she approached, and gently took his hand; "and perhaps have been to blame in delaying the explanation which now must be made."

"What explanation—relative to whom?"

"To Mary and her cousin, Edmund Harford."

"They are betrothed lovers, and have been so, with my consent, for many months. Listen to me calmly, Mr. Travers," continued Lady Wharton, terrified by the wild expression of the young man's eyes. "Mary some time since wished me to give you my confidence. I hesitated; for, alas! bitter experience has taught me to place but little reliance on the faith of men. I was wrong, I see; but pray strive to calm yourself."

"Go on—go on. Let me at least now know all—the worst, the worst."

"I will be frank with you. The failing health of Sir Richard Wharton has for some time warned me but a brief space remained to him on earth. The frightful catastrophe of the other day but hastened his end, in all probability, by

only a few months. Mary's sole dependence was in that event, I knew, the marriage portion secured to me, the interest of which amounts to something over £800 per annum."

"I know—I have heard—"

"Indeed!"

"Yes; but no matter. Proceed, I beg of you."

"The possession of an income in my own right, amply sufficient for the needs of an unambitious household, warranted me, I conceived, in consenting to Mary's engagement with her cousin, whom she had known from girlhood, and of whose worth no one can speak too highly. My silence and reserve have, I perceive, Mr. Travers, misled you; but forgive me; I did not know—I could not conceive—"

"Let me pass, madam," exclaimed Travers, disengaging his hand, and staggering towards the door. "I will return presently."

A whirlwind of emotion was sweeping through his brain, as he hurried from the house into the adjoining shrubbery. Wounded affection, despair, compassion, tugged at his heart, and ruled it by turns. The open air helped to cool and revive him; and after an hour's bitter conflict with himself, he returned to the apartment where he had left Lady Wharton. She was still there.

"May I have your ladyship's permission to see Miss Wharton alone, for a few minutes?" he asked.

Lady Wharton appeared surprised at the request, but at once acceded to it. "I will send her to you immediately," she replied and left the room.

A considerable interval elapsed before Miss Wharton, trembling, blushing, painfully agitated, almost, indeed, in tears, entered the apartment.

"Pardon my freedom, my importunity, Miss Wharton," said Travers, in as calm a tone as he could command, as he led her to a seat, and placed himself beside her. "I have a question to ask you, of the last importance to you as to myself, and I entreat you to answer it frankly as to a brother."

The lady bowed, and the lieutenant proceeded with somewhat more firmness.

"You are, I am informed, dependent as to fortune upon Lady Wharton. Is it, then, of your own free choice and will that you are contracted to your cousin—the Reverend Mr. Harford? Nay, lady, be not offended at my boldness. It is in virtual compliance with the injunctions of Sir Richard Wharton, expressed in his last moments, that I ask this question."

The momentary glance of indignant surprise passed from Mary Wharton's face at this cursory mention of her father's name. Her suffused eyes were again bent on the ground, whilst the rich colour came and went on her cheek, as she replied in a low agitated voice,—

"Edmund and I have known, have been attached, almost betrothed to each other since his boyhood—"

"Enough, Miss Wharton," hastily rising; "I will not trespass further on your indulgence. May all good angels guard and bless you!" he added, seizing her hand, and passionately kissing it; "and, for your sake, him—Farewell!" He hurried from the house, and the same evening took coach for London; made the necessary arrangement for continuing the payment of Lady Wharton's dividend through Child's, as before; then proceeded to Portsmouth, and joined his ship, which in a few days afterwards sailed for the South American station.

Lady Wharton and her daughter, removed, as they intimated, to Wales, where Edmund Harford had obtained a curacy, scarcely of so much money value

as that which he had left in Devonshire. After the lapse of a twelvemonth he was married to Mary Wharton; still, however, retaining his curacy as a means of usefulness. The union was a happy one. In the enjoyment of an amply sufficient income, and soon begirt with joyous infancy, their days fled past in tranquil happiness; and each succeeding year, as it rolled over them in their beautiful retreat, augmenting with some new blessing their sum of worldly felicity. If a thought of the noble-hearted man to whom they were unconsciously so deeply indebted crossed their minds, it was chiefly when a present for one of the children, of some rich or curious produce of distant climes, arrived; or a gazette of that stirring period announced one of the bold deeds which rapidly advanced Lieutenant Travers to post-captain's rank. Peace, for which the harassed, trampled world had so long sighed, was at last proclaimed, and Edmund Harford, who corresponded with Captain Travers, thought it possible he might now pay them a visit—perhaps take up his abode in the neighbourhood, for Marlands, they knew, had long since been disposed of. He, however, came not; and the next letter received announced that he had joined the expedition against Algiers under Lord Exmouth. Tidings of the triumph of the British fleet over that nest of pirates reached them in due season, accompanied by victory's ever present crimson shadow—the list of killed and wounded. Harford glanced anxiously at the sad column, and an exclamation of dismay and sorrow broke from him—Captain Travers was returned "mortally wounded!" Greatly pained and shocked as they all were by this intelligence, they were some days before they knew how deep cause they had for grief. About a fortnight, it might have been, afterward, Mr. Harford, by Lady Wharton's directions, wrote to Messrs. Child, to inquire the reason why the last half-year's dividend had not been forwarded as usual. The answer, revealing as it did the crime of Sir Richard Wharton, the heroic sacrifice of Travers, and their utter worldly ruin, stunned overwhelmed them! "The reported death of Captain Travers," the bankers wrote, after fully explaining the source from which, since the death of Sir Richard Wharton, the remittances had been derived, "and a consequent claim to his property by a distant relative, as heir-at-law, necessarily precluded them from continuing the half-yearly payments."

All emotions of admiration, wonder, gratitude, excited by this discovery were soon absorbed by consternation at the terrible prospect before them—suddenly deprived as they were, as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, of their imaginary wealth. "Our children!" exclaimed Mrs. Harford with fearful vehemence, "nursed as they have been in ease and luxury?"

"God will provide both for them and us, Mary," replied her husband. "If we exercise but faith and patience, I have no fear; but my heart swells to think that that noble-minded man should have passed away, unassured, unconscious, of our deep gratitude and esteem."

"Do not deem me selfish, Edmund," rejoined Mrs. Harford. "I feel his generous kindness as deeply as yourself. It is for our children I am anxious—not for myself, not even for you."

"Be assured," said Lady Wharton, recovering from her panic, "that Captain Travers has not neglected to provide for such a probable contingency in his profession as sudden death. His unselfish devotion to you, Mary, will shield you and yours from beyond the grave; of that be satisfied."

Lady Wharton was not mistaken in her judgment of the character of Travers. By the very next post a letter arrived under cover of Messrs. Child, from a solicitor, informing them that, by a will executed by Captain Travers on the same day that he had directed the bankers to remit the usual amount to Lady Wharton, the whole of the property of which he might die possessed was bequeathed to Mary Wharton, now—he, the solicitor, was informed—Mary Harford, for her sole use and benefit, and not passing by marriage to the husband. "The instant official news of the death of Captain Travers arrived," it was added, "probate would be at once obtained on the will, and the proper steps taken to put Mrs. Harford in possession of the legacy."

All doubts were speedily set at rest, a carriage drove slowly up the avenue one evening just as it was growing dusk, and Mr. Harford was informed that a gentleman wished to speak with him. He hastened out, and a pale, mutilated figure extended its hand to him, exclaiming in a feeble voice, "Edmund! do you know me?"

"Captain Travers!" almost shouted Harford. "Can it indeed be you?"

"A piece of me, Edmund," replied the wounded officer with an effort at a smile. "I am come to ask permission," he added in a graver tone, "to die here. I shall not I think be refused?"

He survived for several months, ministered to with tenderest solicitude by Mrs. Harford and her husband. The last tones that sounded in his ear were those of Edmund Harford, reading with choking voice the prayers of the church for the dying; the last object his darkening eye distinguished was the tearful countenance of the beloved of his youth and manhood; the last word his lips uttered was her name—Mary.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### AN OFFENDED CORRESPONDENT.

[We give the following letter to show that we have magnanimity enough to let our own correspondents abuse us. "Old Mentor" is only one of a class by whom editors are often pestered; we know them well, and have long since ceased to be chafed by their impertinence. Let a conductor of a newspaper strive to manufacture decent, readable English out of their silly lucubrations, and ten to one he gets a lecture as long as a charity sermon for daring to make them appear like sensible folk. They forget, of course, that their communications cease to be their own property the moment they pass into an editor's hands. We publish the present letter without a single alteration, "barring" the punctuation; and those who read it will see that we could not wish a better revenge on our correspondent than to print it so.—ED. EX.]

### TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Sir—As "The Examiner" is the organ through which my communication of the 23d ult. obtains report in reply to the remarks of "Fast," or "Fact," as you now style him, published in a previous No., and as you have thought proper to materially alter "the tone," and thereby the sense of, as well as to pass strictures—I had almost said *censure*—in your editorial of Saturday, on that article, I therefore beg to observe that I do not feel in the