

# 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. IX.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1859.

No. 13.

## Literature.

### HEART EASING THINGS.

To spend a calm, bright summer day alone,  
In one of Nature's sanctuaries holy.  
Where the uncounted hours glide on so slowly  
That the long day dream seems a life bygone;  
In leafy place with water flowing nigh it,  
Where faintly sound the never-ceasing gush,  
Low whispering its everlasting hush,  
Itself the only breaker of the quiet;  
On the cool, shining grass so still to lie  
That you can see the thrush's gleaming eye,  
Her soft, white eye, and mark her speckled breast,  
As near she comes, in doubt a moment hovering,  
Then darting through the curt'ning boughs, discovering  
Low in the alder her leaf-hidden nest.

Or lying on a lonely hill side, to  
Look upward through the unfathomable blue,  
Beyond the earth born cloud across it driven,  
Calm, changeless, everlasting, called Heaven;  
The sapphire floor trodden by angel legions—  
At least the way to reach their blissful regions.  
To watch the floating cloudlets soft and fair,  
And long to be a spirit thin as air.  
To sink half way into their downy pillows,  
And roll to westward 'mong the crimson billows;  
Stranded upon the sunset's golden sand;  
While clear still is the mild air above—  
Embracing all, like the Infinite love—  
Up-pillar'd dome, roofing Earth's temple grand.

[From Blackwood's Magazine for August, 1859.]

### THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Concluded.

But my story is not yet done. A few days after Mr. J— had moved into the house, I paid him a visit. We were standing by the window and conversing. A van containing some articles of furniture which he was moving from his former house was at the door. I had just urged on him my theory, that all those phenomena regarded as supernatural had emanated from a human brain; adding the charm or rather curse we had found in support of my philosophy. Mr. J— was observing in reply, "That even if mesmerism, or whatever analogous power it might be called, could really thus work in the absence of the operator, and produce effects so extraordinary, still could those effects continue when the operator himself was dead? and if the spell had been wrought, and, indeed, the room walled up, more than seventy years ago, the probability was, that the operator had long since departed this life;" Mr. J—, I say, was thus answering when I caught hold of his arm and pointed to the street below.

A well-dressed man had crossed from the opposite side, and was accosting the carrier in charge of the van. His face, as he stood, was exactly fronting our window. It was the face of the miniature we had discovered; and it was the face of the portrait of the noble of three centuries ago.

"Good heavens!" cried Mr. J— "that is the face of de V—, and scarcely a day older than when I saw it in the Rajah's court in my youth!"

Seized by the same thought, we both hastened down stairs. I was first in the street; but the man had already gone. I caught sight of him, however, not many yards in advance, and in another moment I was by his side.

I had resolved to speak to him, but when I looked into his face I felt as if it were impossible to do so. That eye—the eye of the serpent—fixed and held me spell-bound. And withal, about the man's whole person there was a dignity, an air of pride and station, and superiority, that would have made any one, habituated to the usages of the world, hesitate long before venturing upon a liberty or impertinence. And what could I say? what was it I could ask? Thus ashamed of my first impulse, I fell a few paces back, still, however, following the stranger, undecided what else to do. Meanwhile he turned the corner of the street; a plain carriage was in waiting with a servant out of livery dressed like a valet-de-place at the carriage-door. In another moment he had stepped into the carriage, and it drove off. I returned to the house. Mr. J— was still at the street door. He had asked the carrier what the stranger had said to him.

"Merely asked whom that house now belonged to."  
The same evening I happened to go with a friend to a place in town called the Cosmopolitan Club, a place open to men of all countries, all opinions, all degrees. One orderer's coffee, smokes one's cigar. One is always sure to meet agreeable, sometimes remarkable persons.

I had not been two minutes in the room before I beheld at table, conversing with an acquaintance of mine, whom I will designate by the initial G—, the man; the Original of the Miniature. He was now without his hat, and the likeness was yet more startling, only I observed that while he was conversing there was less severity in the countenance; there was even a smile, though a very quiet and very cold one. The dignity of men I had acknowledged in the street was also more striking; a dignity akin to that which invests some prince of the East; conveying the idea of supreme indifference and habitual, indisputable, indolent, but resistless power.

G— soon after left the stranger, who then took up a scientific journal, which seemed to absorb his attention.

I drew G— aside. "Who and what is that gentleman?"  
"That? Oh, a very remarkable man, indeed. I met him last year amidst the caves of Petra; the scriptural Edom. He is the best Oriental scholar I know. We joined company, had an adventure with robbers, in which he showed a coolness that saved our lives; afterwards he invited me to spend a day with him in a house he had bought at Damascus, a house buried amongst almond blossoms and roses, the most beautiful thing! He had lived there for some years, quite as an Oriental, in grand style. I half suspect he is a renegade, immensely rich, very old; by the by, a great mesmerizer. I have seen him with my own eyes produce an effect on inanimate things. If you take a letter from your pocket and throw it to the other end of the room, he will order it to come to his feet, and you will see the letter wriggle itself along the floor till it has obeyed his command. 'Pon my honor 'tis true; I have seen him affect the clouds, by means of a glass tube or wand. But he does not like talking of these matters to strangers. He has only just arrived in England; says he has not been here for a great many years; let me introduce him to you."  
"Certainly! He is English, then? What is his name?"

"Oh!—a very homely one—Richards."  
"And what is his birth—his family?"  
"How do I know? What does it signify?—no doubt some parvenu, but rich—so infernally rich!"

G— drew me up to the stranger, and the introduction was effected. The manners of Mr. Richards were not those of an adventurous traveller. Travellers are in general constitutionally gifted with high animal spirits; they are talkative, eager, imperious. Mr. Richards was calm and subdued in tone, with manners which were made distant by the loftiness of punctilious courtesy—the manners of a former age. I observed that the English he spoke was not of our day. I should even have said that the accent was slightly foreign. But then Mr. Richards remarked that he had been little in the habit for many years of speaking in his native tongue. The conversation fell upon the changes in the aspect of London since he had last visited our metropolis. G— then glanced off to the moral changes—literary, social, political—the great men who were removed from the stage within the last twenty years—the new great men who were coming on. In all this Mr. Richards evinced no interest. He had evidently read none of our living authors, and seemed scarcely acquainted by name with our younger statesmen. Once and only once he laughed; it was when G— asked him when he had any thoughts of getting into Parliament. And the laugh was inward—sarcastic—sinister—a sneer raised into a laugh. After a few minutes G— left us to talk to some other acquaintances who had just lounged into the room, and I then said quietly—

"I have seen a miniature of you, Mr. Richards, in the house you once inhabited, and perhaps built, if not wholly, at least in part, in — street. You passed by that house this morning."

Not till I had finished did I raise my eyes to his, and then his fixed my gaze so steadfastly that I could not withdraw it—those fascinating serpent eyes. But involuntarily, and as if the words that translated my thought were dragged from me, I added in a low whisper, "I have been a student in the mysteries of life and nature; of those mysteries I have known the occult professors. I have the right to speak to you thus." And I uttered a certain pass-word.

"Well," said he drily, "I concede the right—what would you ask?"

"To what extent human will in certain temperaments can extend?"

"To what extent can thought extend? Think, and before you can draw breath you are in China?"

"True. But my thought has no power in China!"

"Give it expression and it may have: you may write down a thought which, sooner or later, may alter the whole condition of China. What is a law but a thought? Therefore thought is, infinite—therefore thought has power; not in proportion to its value—a bad thought may make a bad law as potent as a good thought can make a good one."

"Yes; what you say confirms my own theory. Through invisible currents one human brain may transmit its ideas to other human brains with the same rapidity as a thought promulgated by visible means. And as thought is imperishable—as it leaves its stamp behind it in the natural world even when the thinker has passed out of this world—so the thought of the living may have power to rouse up and revive the thoughts of the dead—such as these thoughts were in life—though the thought of the living cannot reach the thoughts which the dead now entertain. Is it not so?"

"I decline to answer if, in my judgment, thought has the limit you would fix to it; but proceed. You have a special question you wish to put."

"Intense malignity in an intense will, engendered in a peculiar temperament, and aided by natural means within the reach of science, may produce effects like those ascribed of old to evil magic. It might thus haunt the walls of a human habitation with spectral revivals of all guilty thoughts and guilty deeds once conceived and done within those walls; all, in short, with which the evil will claims rapport and affinity,—imperfect, incoherent, fragmentary snatches at the old dramas acted therein years ago. Thoughts thus crossing each other hap-hazard, as in the nightmare of a vision, growing up into phantasm sights and sounds, and all serving to create horror, not because those sights and sounds are really visitations from a world without, but that they are ghastly monstrous renewals of what have been in this world its life, set into malignant play by a malignant mortal. And it is through the material agency of that human brain that these things would acquire even a human power—would strike as with the shock of electricity, and might kill, if the thought of the person assailed did not rise superior to the dignity of the original assailer—might kill the most powerful animal if unnerved by fear, but not injure the feeblest man, if, while his flesh crept, his mind stood out fearless. Thus, when in old stories we read of a magician rent to pieces by the fiends he had evoked—or still more, in Eastern legends, that one magician succeeds by arts in destroying another—there may be so far truth, that a material being has clothed, from his own evil propensities, certain elements and fluids, usually quiescent or harmless, with awful shape and terrific force;—just as the lightning that had lain hidden and innocent in the cloud becomes by natural law suddenly visible, takes a distinct shape to the eye, and can strike destruction on the object to which it is attracted."

"You are not without glimpses of a very mighty secret," said Mr. Richards composedly. "According to your view, could a mortal obtain the power you speak of, he would necessarily be a malignant and evil being."

"If the power were exercised as I have said, most malignant and most evil; though I believe in the ancient traditions that he could not injure the good. His will could only injure those with whom it had established an affinity, or over whom it forces irresistible sway. I will not imagine an example that may be within the laws of nature, yet seem wild as the fables of a bewildered monk."

"You will remember that Albertus Magnus, after describing minutely the process by which spirits may be invoked and commanded, adds emphatically, that the process will instruct and avail only to the few; that a man must be born a magician; that is, born with a peculiar physical temperament, as a man is born a poet. Rarely are men within whose constitution lurks this occult power of the highest order of intellect; usually in the intellect there is some twist, perversity, or disease. But, on the other hand, they must possess, to an astonishing degree, the faculty to concentrate thought on a single object; the energetic faculty that we call WILL. Therefore, though their intellect be not sound, it is exceedingly forcible for the attainment of what it desires. I will imagine such a person, pre-eminently gifted with this constitution and its concomitant forces. I will place him in the loftier grades of society. I will sup-

pose his desires emphatically those of the sensualist—he has, therefore, a strong love of life. He is an absolute egotist—his will is concentrated in himself—he has fierce passions—he knows no enduring, no holy affections, but he can covet eagerly what for the moment he desires—he can hate implacably what opposes itself to his objects—he can commit fearful crimes, yet feel small remorse—he resorts rather to curses upon others, than to penitence for his misdeeds. Circumstances, to which his constitution guides him, lead him to a rare knowledge of the natural secrets which may serve his egotism. He is a close observer where his passions encourage observation, he is a minute calculator, not from love of truth, but where love of self sharpens his faculties,—therefore he can be a man of science. I suppose such a being, having by experience learned the power of his arts over others, trying what may be the power of will over his own frame, and studying all that in natural philosophy may increase that power. He loves life, he dreads death; he wills to live on. He cannot restore himself youth, he cannot entirely stay the progress of death, he cannot make himself immortal in the flesh and blood; but he may arrest for a time so prolonged as to appear incredible, if I said it—that hardening of the parts which constitutes old age. A year may age him no more than an hour ages another. His intense will, scientifically trained into system, operates, in short, over the wear and tare of his own frame. He lives on. That he may not seem a portent and a miracle, he dies from time to time, seemingly, to certain persons. Having schemed the transfer of a wealth that suffices to his wants, he disappears from one corner of the world, and contrives that his obsequies shall be celebrated. He reappears at another corner of the world, where he resides undetected, and does not visit the scenes of his former career till all who could remember his features are no more. He has none but for himself. No good man would accept his longevity, and to no man, good or bad, would he or could he communicate its true secret. Such a man might exist; such a man as I have described I see now before me!—Duke of —, in the court of —, dividing time between lust and brawl, alchemists and wizards;—again, in the last century, charlatan and criminal, with name less noble, domiciled in the house at which you gazed to-day, and flying from the law you had outraged, none knew whither;—traveller once more revisiting London, with the same earthly passions which filled your heart when races now no more walked through yonder streets;—a thaw from the school of all the nobler and diviner mystics;—execrable Image of Life in Death and Death in Life, I warn you back from the cities and homes of beauteous men; back to the ruins of departed empires; back to the deserts of nature unredemmed!"

There answered me a whisper so musical, that it seemed to enter into my whole being, and subdue me despite of myself. Thus it said—

"I have sought one like you for the last hundred years. Now I have found you, we part not till I know what I desire. The vision that sees through the Past, and cleaves through the veil of the Future, is in you at this hour; never before, never to come again. The vision of no pulsing, fantastic girl, of no sick-bed somnambule, but of a strong man with a vigorous brain. Soar and look forth!"

As he spoke I felt as if I rose out of myself upon eagle wings. All the weight seemed gone from air,—roofless the room, roofless the dome of space. I was not in the body—where I knew not—but aloft over time, over earth.

Again I heard the melodious whisper,—"You say right. I have mastered great secrets by the power of Will; true, by Will and Science I can retard the process of years; but death comes not by age alone. Can I frustrate the accidents which bring death upon the young?"

"No; every accident is a providence. Before a providence snaps every human will."

"Shall I die at last, ages and ages hence, by the slow, though inevitable growth of time, or by the cause that I call accident?"

"By a cause you call accident."

"Is not the end still remote?" asked the whisper, with a slight tremor.

"Regarded as my life regards time, it is still remote."

"And shall I before then, mix with the world of men as I did ere I learned these secrets, resume eager interest in their strife and their troubles—battle with ambition, and use the power of the sage to win the power that belongs to kings?"

"You will yet play a part on the earth that will fill earth with commotion and amaze. For wondrous designs have you, a wonder yourself, been permitted to live on through the centuries. All the secrets you have stored will then have their uses—all that now makes you a stranger amidst the generations will contribute then to make you their lord. As the trees and the straws are drawn into the whirlpool—as they spin round, are sucked into the deep, and again tossed aloft by the eddies, so shall races and thrones be plucked into the charm of your vortex. Awful Destroyer—but in destroying, made, against your own will, a Constructor!"

"And that date, too, is far off?"

"Far off; when it comes, think your end in this world is at hand!"

"How and what is the end? Look east, west, south, and north."

"In the north, where you never yet trod—towards the point whence your instincts have warned you, there a spectre will seize you. 'Tis Death! I see a ship—it is haunted—'tis chased—it sails on. Baffled navies sail after that ship. It enters the region of ice. It passes a sky red with meteors. Two moons stand on high, over ice-reefs. I see the ship locked between white defiles—they are ice-recks. I see the dead strew the decks—stark and livid, green mould on their limbs. All are dead but one man—it is you! But years, though slowly they come, have then seathed you. There is the coming of age upon your brow, and the will is relaxed in the cells of the brain. Still that will, though enfeebled, exceeds all that man knew before you, through the will you live on, gnawed with famine: And nature no longer obeys you in that death-spreading region;—the sky is a sky of iron, and the air has iron clamps, and the ice-recks wedge in the ship. Hark how it cracks and groans. Ice will imbed it as amber imbeds a straw. A man has gone forth, living yet, from the ship and its dead; and he has clambered up the spikes of an iceberg, and two moons gaze down on his form. That man is yourself; and terror is on you—terror; and terror has swallowed your will. And I see swarming up the steep ice-rock, gray grizzly things. The bears of the north have scented their quarry—they come near you and nearer, shambling and rolling their bulk. And in that day every moment shall seem to you longer than the centuries

through which you have passed. And heed this—after life, moments continued make the bliss or the hell of eternity."

"Hush," said the whisper; "but the day, you assure me, is far off—very far! I go back to the almond and rose of Damascus!—sleep!"

The room swam before my eyes. I became insensible. When I recovered, I found G— holding my hand and smiling. He said, "You, who have always declared yourself proof against mesmerism, have succumbed at last to my friend Richards."

"Where is Mr. Richards?"

"Gone, when you passed into a trance—saying quietly to me, 'Your friend will not wake for an hour.'"

I asked, as collectedly as I could, where Mr. Richards lodged.

"At the Trafalgar Hotel."

"Give me your arm," said I to G—, "let us call on him; I have something to say."

When we arrived at the hotel, we were told that Mr. Richards had returned twenty minutes before, paid his bill, left directions with his servant (a Greek) to pack his effects, and proceed to Malta by the steamer that should leave Southampton the next day. Mr. Richards had merely said of his own movements, that he had visits to pay in the neighbourhood of London, and it was uncertain whether he should be able to reach Southampton in time for that steamer; if not, he should follow in the next one.

The waiter asked me my name. On my informing him, he gave me a note that Mr. Richards had left for me, in case I called.

The note was as follows:—"I wished you to utter what was in your mind. You obeyed. I have therefore established power over you. For three months from this day you can communicate to no living man what has passed between us—you cannot even show this note to the friend by your side. During three months, silence complete as to me and mine. Do you doubt my power to lay on this command?—try to disobey me. At the end of the third month the spell is raised. For the rest I spare you. I shall visit your grave a year and a day after it has received you."

So ends this strange story, which I ask no one to believe. I write it down exactly three months after I received the above note. I could not write it before, nor could I show to G—, in spite of his urgent request, the note which I read under the gas-lamp by his side.

### SUNSET ON LAKE LEMAN.

Leaving Lausanne in the afternoon, we passed slowly along the margin of the lake. The air was cool and pleasant—the scenery most enchanting; the waters of the lake were gently ruffled by the zephyr which skimmed over its surface; on the opposite shore rose towering to the skies the snow clad members of the gigantic Alps—most appropriate scenery for the display of that magnificence which the two rulers of day and night put forth on that evening. At the extremity of the lake toward Geneva the sun was setting, arrayed in glory, behind the Alps, whose bold outline was finely pencilled on a sky of deepening red. The lake below glittered with gold in the broad line of light, which the declining luminary threw across its waters. At the other extremity the moon was rising behind mountains, whose dark and mysterious form were dimly shadowed out in the gloom. Here a broad belt of glistening silver seemed to gird the lake, as its waters gently rippled in the moonbeams. No description, much less the imperfect one here presented, can possibly give an adequate idea of the magnificence of the scene.—*Rambles in Switzerland.*

### GEORGE WASHINGTON.

George Washington, without the genius of Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte, has a far purer fame, as his ambition was of a higher and holier nature. Instead of seeking to raise his own name, or seize supreme power, he devoted his whole talents, military and civil, to the establishment of the independence and the perpetuity of the liberties of his own country. In modern history no man has done such great things without the soil of selfishness or the stain of a grovelling ambition. Cæsar, Cromwell, Napoleon, attained a higher elevation, but the love of dominion was the spur that drove them on. John Hampden, Wm. Russell, Algernon Sydney, may have had motives as pure, and an ambition as unstained; but they fell. To George Washington nearly alone in modern times has it been given to accomplish a wonderful revolution, and yet to remain to all future times the theme of a people's gratitude, and an example of virtuous and beneficent power.—*Lord J. Russell's Life of For.*

### THE TIMBER OF PARAGUAY.

We brought home sections of a variety of woods, and of their indestructible qualities I had some opportunity of judging in my frequent visits to the abandoned missions of the Jesuits in Paraguay, where the finest wood-work—columns, statuary, and roofing—exposed to the action of the elements for more than two centuries, was as untouched by time as granite or iron. A ship built of Paraguayan wood, says Azara, will outlast four of European timber. The economy of nature is also most wonderful and beautiful. In the edible fruits, foliage, barks, fibres, and juices of its great forest trees, as well as in those of every species of minor vegetation, we find farinaceous food, a-timulant, or tea, more beautiful than that afforded by the Chinese leaf, precious medicines, raw materials for the finest tissues and the most useful fabrics, dye-stuffs offering varied and unfaded tinge, gums, resins. This exuberance of vegetable life is united with a climate as delicious as it is salubrious.

REMEDY FOR THE BITE OF MAD DOGS.—A Saxon forester, named Gastell, now at the venerable age of 82, unwilling to take to the grave with him a secret of so much importance, has made public in the *Leipsic Journal* the means which he has used for 50 years, and wherewith he affirms he has rescued many human beings from the fearful death of hydrophobia. Take immediately vinegar or tepid water, wash the wound clean therewith, and then dry it; then pour upon the wound a few drops of hydrochloric acid, because mineral acids destroy the poison of the saliva, by which means the latter is neutralised.

A correspondent from Constantinople in the *Presse* speaks of serious disorders which have taken place at Suesboli, on the Black Sea. The agency of the French steamer company had been invaded, the agent wounded and dragged through the streets. The Turks had assaulted the Christians on every side, and injured them severely.

Orders are given to launch three screw line-of-battle ships at Portsmouth in October.

The number of workmen at Chatham dockyard is being largely increased.

Spain is occupied seriously with the preparation of its expedition against the Moors. 40,000 men are to form the army of invasion. The whole of the several political parties join in supporting such a national undertaking.