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EDWARD WHELAN]

This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

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MOON'S PHASES.—SEPTEMBER, 1856.
First Quarter 7th day, 11h. 18m. morning. E.
Full Moon 14th day, 9h. 29m. morning. N.W.
Last Quarter 21st day, 1h. 9m. morning. E.
New Moon 28th day, 11h. 9m. evening. N.

Literature.

WEEP NOT FOR HIM THAT DIETH.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Weep not for him that dieth—
For he sleeps, and is at rest;
And the couch whereon he lieth
Is the green earth's quiet breast;
But weep for him who pineth
On a far land's hateful shore,
Who wearily declineth
Where ye see his face no more!

Weep not for him that dieth,
For friends are round his bed,
And many a young lip sigheth
When they name the early dead;
But weep for him that liveth
Where none will know or care,
When the groan his faint heart giveth
Is the last sigh of despair.

Weep not for him that dieth,
For his struggling soul is free,
And the world from which it lieth
Is a world of misery;
But weep for him that weareth
The captive's galling chain:
To the agony he beareth,
Death were but little pain.

Weep not for him that dieth,
For he has ceased from tears,
And a voice to his replieth
Which he hath not heard for years;
But weep for him that weepeth
On that cold land's cruel shore—
Blest, blest is he that sleepeth;
Weep for the dead no more!

* Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep ye for him that is yet alive, for he shall return no more, nor see his native country.—Jeremiah xxii. 10.

ERIC WALTERHORN.

(Continued.)

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER III.

Arrived at the hotel, the bruised servant was led up stairs, and got into bed. Carl and Eric, ushered by the landlord, found themselves in a room prepared for them, and with cigars and spirits on the table, and slippers by the fire, sat down to enjoy the repose they had well earned.

"Carl," said Eric, between the whiffs of the meerschaum he was smoking, "do you know who the ladies are whom we rescued to-night?"

"No," said Carl, knocking the ashes off his cigar with his finger. "I was just going to ask you." And he leaned back in the deep arm chair, and stretched his feet out before the fire.

"I don't suppose you will ever guess. It is she!"

"Who?"

"The lady of the Sistine Chapel!" answered Eric; "my dream—my vision! I knew her at once as she stood there, her golden curls streaming in the wind, and her beautiful blue eyes raised to Heaven. As we came along, I think she recognised me."

"And what is her name?"

"I did not ask her. I must find out to-night."

"I am not sure," said Carl, raising his eyes in astonishment. "What were you talking about so earnestly, that you forgot to ask her name?"

"Nothing," said Eric. "She said a great deal to me about taking her back, so that I might help you, and wait till you were ready to come back with us."

"Much obliged to her, I am sure, for taking so much interest in me. And what did you say in answer to her proposal?"

"Nothing," said Eric.

"Nothing, Eric—nothing? What were you thinking about so intently, that you could not answer her?"

"I am not sure," said Eric, looking puzzled.

"Well, this must end in love, I should think, if it is not already begun," said Carl. "She must, out of pure gratitude, love the handsome knight who so gallantly came to her rescue, and is yet so daunted by her eyes that he cannot speak to her."

"I suppose it is fate," said Eric.

"And a very pleasant fate, my dear fellow, to fall in love with a beautiful girl, with the most improbable hope that she may return your affection. But I should like to know the name of your beautiful lady with the golden locks; let us ask the landlord."

"I never thought of that," said Eric.

"Of course not," returned Carl, laughing. "Who ever heard of a lover doing anything half so matter-of-fact!"

The landlord now came in, followed by a waiter bearing a savoury supper. It seemed as if worthy Herr Wirkmann could not do honor enough to the young man who first rescued the ladies, and then braved the storm to go to the assistance of his friend.

"You seem to know the ladies we were so fortunate as to save from the wolves, host? Can you tell us who they are, and what are their names; and do they live in this neighborhood?" asked Eric, of the hospitable landlord, now busy superintending the placing of the supper on the table.

"Yes, noble sir," answered the host. "I believe they live at Strahlen; they are two sisters, the ladies, Marie and Katrine von Mellinthen—at least, so my wife told me, for we had not seen them before to-night—and they told my wife their name was Mellinthen, and there are no Mellinthen's live nearer than Strahlen, and that is a good twenty leagues off."

"Which is Marie?" asked Carl—"the lady with the golden curls?"

"Yes, noble sir; the lady Katrine has darker hair, and darker eyes than her sister. It was she who fainted."

"Marie is a beautiful name, and suits her well," said Carl.

"I believe the ladies would like to see you to-night, noble gentlemen," said the landlord. "They were very anxious when they heard your excellency had gone back into the storm. The beautiful lady Marie was speechless with terror, and was only pacified when she heard you were returned."

Eric's countenance flushed with strong emotion. Joy beamed from his dark eyes. Carl looked at him, and smiled mischievously.

"I suppose I am not to go?" said Carl. "I dare say the ladies never saw me," he continued, with an air of mock despondency.

"O yes, noble sir, but they did! Mademoiselle Marie saw you hold the plunging horses at the risk of your life, and she wants particularly to see the friend for whom the noble Eric Waldertorn risked his life in the storm. She told my wife that she thought he must love and value you like a brother."

Eric and Carl looked at each other and smiled, while their hands met in a friendly grip.

"We have seen some danger and some trouble together, worthy Herr Wirkmann," said Carl, "and that always makes men friends."

"Noble sirs," observed the landlord, "the gracious ladies bade me say they would be glad to see you after your supper; there will be coffee in their apartment if you will do them the honor to partake of it."

Carl and Eric despatched their suppers in all haste, and then following a waiter whom they had summoned, they found themselves in the room where the two ladies were expecting them.

Katrine was kneeling down bathing Schwartz's ear, which had been torn in the affray with the wolf; Marie, kneeling beside her, held him round the neck; their servant, Wilhelm—the man who had been thrown out of the sleigh—stood beside them, holding a bowl containing warm water.

The sisters rose on the entrance of the two young men, and Marie blushing, and looking more lovely than ever with joy beaming in her face, came forward hastily towards Eric, holding out both her hands. Eric took them, and pressed them in his own with a fervor partaking of the two-fold nature of his feelings for her,—the spiritual devotion he had borne towards her so long, and the more human passion struggling for mastery in his breast, now when he found his cherished dream a reality. He pressed the offered hand of Katrine, receiving their grateful thanks with a manly embarrassment, presenting, at the same time his friend, Carl.

"His name is not Carl, exactly," said Eric; "but as he always laughs at me whenever I attempt to pronounce his English name, I have always called him Carl."

"And what is your unpronounceable name?" asked Marie, smiling.

"Charles Tomestone," answered Carl, laughing; "Eric cannot say anything but 'Charles,' so we have made an arrangement that I am to be Carl for him, and he has further germanised my name, and calls me Carl Tohanson."

"So you are German, after all, you see," said Katrine, "and now that you have killed some wolves and been out in a snow storm, you are quite naturalised."

"I am so glad you are a German," said Marie; "I like my friends to be German; here is a third who fought in our defence; Schwartz, dear Schwartz!" and she patted the head of the handsome wolf-hound, who, on Eric's entrance, had jumped up to greet him. "See!" she continued, to Eric, "he recognises you who killed his antagonist."

Eric stooped to pat Schwartz's head, and in so doing touched Marie's hand by accident. Their eyes met, Eric's heart throbbed violently, and when, at Katrine's invitation, he sat down and took the coffee presented to him, his hand shook so much that, had it not been for Carl, he would have dropped the cup on the ground.

"You know we are old acquaintances," said Katrine, laughing, to Eric. "Do you not remember three ladies in the Sistine Chapel, last spring?"

"I recognised you the moment I saw your sister. And my friend Carl, he was with me that morning. But there was another lady with you."

"That was our aunt," said Marie. "It was returning from her house to-night that we were beset by the wolves, when you came so opportunely, to our help."

"No wonder that we remarked your countenance in the Sistine Chapel," said Katrine, "you are so like your brother, the Baron Ernst."

"Do you know Ernst?" asked Eric, quickly.

The sisters looked at each other and smiled. "Oh, yes; a little."

The two friends sat talking with the sisters till late. They found so many things to talk of; and Schwartz sat before Eric, looking up into his face, switching his great tail on the floor, as if he knew him.

When Carl and Eric met at breakfast the next morning, the snow still fell fast. All travelling was out of the question; there was nothing for it but to wait patiently until it cleared up. Even then Eric acknowledged that it would be a day or two before the snow would be fit for travelling. Fortunately, Carl had materials for painting with him, so Eric sat down and employed himself in making a sketch of the scene with the wolves, of the night before. Carl came and looked over his shoulder.

"That is as well," he said; "but don't you think, Eric, it would be as well to ask Mademoiselle Marie to sit for her portrait? It would make the thing more complete. It really is perfect. It is the scene itself. And the dark group of the hounds and the wolf! I think, though, Schwartz would not be quite satisfied with his portrait if he saw it. Let us ask his black seigneurie to favor us with a sitting."

When the sisters heard what Eric was about, they asked to be allowed to see the picture, and Eric was obliged to finish it in their room, where Schwartz, very gravely, sat for his portrait. Carl made a small model of him for Katrine, who received it with a well-pleased smile.

"I will make one life-size for you, when I return to Rome," he said, "I feel in a very industrious mood. I will have him struggling with the wolf."

It was not to be supposed that Eric saw so much of Marie with impunity. Whenever their eyes met, a strange spasm passed through his breast, and he could not even speak to her without embarrassment. On the afternoon of the second day, the snow had quite ceased, and the strong easterly wind which still remained, promised to harden the snow, so as to make it to tread in a few hours. The blacksmith had repaired the sleigh of the two sisters; he had been hard at work in the inn-yard for an hour, and Eric had been sketching him for Marie. It was fixed that they should leave Stettin the next morning. Katrine was gone to see if Fritz was well enough to accompany them, and had left Marie in their room reading. A knock was heard at the door, and Marie said, "Come in."

The door opened, and Eric appeared. When he saw Marie alone in the room, he stood there irresolute; not knowing whether to advance or retreat. As Marie raised her eyes from her book he came forward. "I—I forgot my pencil," he said, "and we are packing up the drawing materials."

"Is this it?" said Marie, rising and coming forward with it in her hands. "I found it on the table."

Eric did not look at the pencil; he looked at the hand, and from the hand he looked at the face. She held out the pencil, and he took, not the pencil only, but the hand with it. She did not withdraw it; he felt it tremble in his. In another moment his arm was round her waist, and his lips were pressed to her forehead.

"We shall meet sooner than you expect," said Katrine, gaily, in answer to Carl, who asked them if they were going all the way to Strahlen that day, when he and Eric escorted the sisters to their sleigh next morning. Marie was silent; but, when Eric tucked the warm furs round her, the smile she gave him, said something for all that.

CHAPTER IV.

Ernst Waldertorn walked to and fro in the withdrawing room of Goldenstern. His face was anxious, though he strove to smile and words of hope were on his lips, which, to judge from his unequal steps and restless eyes, seemed far from his heart.

"You may depend on it, dear mother, that Eric never left Stettin that stormy night. Every one must have seen the storm coming up all the evening. You may rest assured he slept safely under the hospitable roof of the Goldenstern."

"Heaven grant it may be as you say, my son," answered the lady to whom his words were addressed.

The lady of Kronenthal, as she was always called, had not long passed the prime of life. She was about forty-five, and bore her years well, though the traces of deep sorrow were to be seen on her still handsome countenance. The likeness between her and her children was very remarkable, and there could be no doubt as to whence Eric derived his broad forehead and deep intellectual eye. She was tall and rather slight; and, as she rose from her chair and approaching her eldest son, stood beside him, putting her hand upon his arm and looking into his face, he almost started back from her, and from his own thoughts—the face was so like Eric's.

"Mother! I will have a horse saddled and ride over to Stettin. There is plenty of time before dark."

But before this intention could be executed, sleigh bells were heard in the court below; and Ernst, running down, was seized in the hall by Eric. Warm greetings passed between the brothers; all the warmer for the suspense Ernst had been enduring.

Eric presented Carl, who was heartily welcomed, and the three proceeded up stairs to the mother—overpowered with the joy of hearing her son's voice—who stood trembling at the door. Eric bounded forward and, embracing her, carried her to the sofa, covering her face and hands with kisses.

"Mother, dear mother, I hope you have not been anxious about me. The storm detained us; we slept at Stettin that night, and had to wait there till the road was passable."

But the mother did not so soon recover from the suspense she had been enduring for the last two days; and now the reaction was so great that she fairly gave way and burst into tears, as Eric knelt before her. So he looked at Carl, and they said nothing about the wolves and the snow-storm.

"Mother," said Eric, "I have brought you something from Rome, which I know will please you. It is to be hung in your oratory. It will come with the rest of my things in the baggage sleigh this evening. And see, Ernst," he continued, "what I have brought for you, or rather for your bride."

"How beautiful!" said Ernst, as he opened a case, which his brother put into his hands, and an exquisite set of antique cameos met his eyes.

"I hope your bride will like them," he said, "and I hope she will approve of her new brother a little; though, I suppose, she likes you so much that she will have no liking to bestow on me."

"Oh, yes, a sister's love, dear Eric; we never had a sister. Some day you will give me one, as I give you one, now."

Eric reddened, and said, "Perhaps."

"There could not have been a nobler pair of brothers," thought Carl, as sitting beside the lady of Kronenthal, he watched them as they walked arm-in-arm, up and down the room. There was a great likeness between the two. Eric was a little taller, though both were tall and well made. There was the same frank bearing, the same noble cast of countenance; but there was a look of fire at times in Eric's eyes, which the calm grey eyes of Ernst did not possess. There was in both the same confiding, loving repose on each other's faith. The love that Eric bore his brother, amounted almost to devotion; and that of Ernst for him was that of one who had protected and humoured, and petted him from his infancy.

Left without a father when they were yet infants, the two boys soon knew what the cares and sorrows of the world meant. Their right to their inheritance was contested for years, and more than once the mother had been obliged to fly by night to carry her children to a place of safety and often had she known what it was even to want bread and a place of refuge. During all these trials—which came to a close when Ernst was twelve and Eric ten—the care of the elder brother for the younger was something beautiful to witness; and after they were restored to their estate in peace and safety, his care and solicitude for him seemed to increase. It was Ernst who had taught him all the athletic exercises in which he was so well skilled; Ernst who had carried him home half dead through a snow storm; Ernst who had killed the wolf whose teeth were at his throat; and, when the indescribable longing had seized him to be an artist—to see Rome—it was Ernst's entreaties which had obtained the mother's reluctant consent to his departure. It was not surprising, that he loved Ernst with all the strength of his impassioned soul; that to him all his thoughts turned in success, in despair; that to him he poured out his heart in long letters—all his yearnings, his hopes, his fears; that to Ernst were sent the first successful creations of his pencil, of his chisel; and that at Ernst's summons he should have left his beloved studio, his unfinished picture, and journeyed to the north, to be present at the crowning of his brother's happiness, which he knew would have been incomplete without him.

This Carl knew partly. Eric from time to time had told him enough of his past life to make him understand the bond which bound the brothers together, and made their affection appear so beautiful to him. It was as much to see this Ernst, of whom Eric spoke so constantly, that Carl had consented to go with him to Kronenthal, as the desire to hunt wolves, to skate, or enjoy the other amusements of a Pomeranian winter.

"When shall I see your bride?" said Eric. "And you will not tell me her name?"

"No," replied Ernst, "I want to surprise you. She is an old friend of yours."

"Who can she be?" said Eric.

"You will see to-night," replied Ernst. "We are going to Rabenstein to spend a few days. She will be there. You must drive our mother, Eric; and your English friend and I will take the other sleigh."

While Carl was in his room preparing for this visit, Eric, came in to him.

"Carl, don't say anything about the wolves or the snow storm to Ernst as you go to Rabenstein; it will make him uneasy, and my mother will be sure to find it out if it is spoken of. I would not have her know it just now for a great deal; her nerves are still trembling." After a pause, he continued, "I must ask Ernst if he knows the Mellinthen's. I can't remember the name."

"She is a beautiful creature," said Carl, as he continued his occupation of culling the contents of a large portmanteau and transferring them to a smaller one.

"Carl, Carl, she is mine. I have won her!" said Eric. "At least, I know she loves me. For the rest I do not foresee any difficulty. My mother and Ernst are so universally beloved and respected in the neighbourhood, that I do not think I shall ask her parents for her in vain."

"I wish you joy, dear Eric," said Carl, warmly pressing his hand. You will find that there is a great difference between pure love and the devouring fire of passion."

"It was the last I feared," said Eric. "I know too well what I suffered all last summer,—what it cost me of my life and power as an artist, and how much time I lost in fruitless longings. But it is a quiet joy which fills my heart since I became certain that Marie loves me. I shall tell Ernst all about it when we return from Rabenstein. Carl, were you going to Rabenstein, when I met you at Stettin?"

"Yes," I was going to see Franz Von Wedel. He lives there, does he not?"

"Lives there!" said Eric; "yes, and is a great friend of ours. It is he whom we are going to visit. Rabenstein castle belongs to his father. It is close to the town. You must take care of your heart, Carl; Franz has some very beautiful sisters, I hear. I knew them when they were little girls, and I was a boy of fourteen. I hear they have grown to be perfect beauties. When I was here two winters ago, they were in Paris with their aunt; so I did not see them."

On their arrival at Rabenstein, the travellers, were shown into the rooms prepared for them. Carl had one allotted to him close to those of the two brothers; and Eric had been gossiping with him, and had not quite finished his toilet, when Ernst came into his room. His face was radiant with some great joy. He stretched out his hand to his brother Eric, and took hold of his, which he pressed warmly.

"How well you look, Eric, this evening!" he said. "You are as handsome as a young bridegroom going to see his betrothed. Or shall we make this your betrothal night? There are such beautiful young ladies down stairs, you must choose one. But come; I want to present you to my bride; she is all impatience to see you."

As the three young men descended the wide staircase of the old castle, and just as they had reached the last step, Ernst said to his brother, "Eric why did you not tell me all about your adventure with the wolves the other night, and your ride in the snow storm?"

Eric started. He looked at his brother.

"Who told you? Did Carl?"

"Not I," said Carl.

"Ernst! how came you to know anything about it?"

"Come and see who told me," said Ernst, smiling, and he laid his hand on the door.

Eric's heart beat quickly, his eyes became dizzy. Who told Ernst about the wolves? His bride? How came she to know? Who told her? Had Marie? Did she know Marie? Was Marie there? No; she was at Strahlen, thirty leagues off. Then he remembered her sister's parting words, "You will see us sooner than you expect." A light flashed through his mind. It was she—his brother's bride—whom he had rescued from death! She was on her way to Rabenstein when he had met her. She, Marie, whom he loved with all the strength of his soul! He looked around; he would have fled. Quick as lightning this truth must have flashed through his mind; for, almost before Ernst had done speaking, the door was opened, and there, in a brilliantly lighted room, stood his mother; and, beside her, robed in pure white, the golden curls falling round her beautiful face, stood Marie, Marie, his Roman dream. Marie, his beloved. Marie, his brother's bride!

There were other persons in the room. He saw only her. Mechanically, as in a dream, he heard the voices of those around him; a confused whirring filled his ears. He saw Marie advance towards him, again holding out both her hands, smiling with an angelic smile. He looked at her. All present saw his face was of a deadly pallor; then a wild, unearthly gleam shot from his eyes. He advanced to meet Marie as she approached; then turned and fled.

All stood amazed. In the first consternation none thought of following him; and when Ernst and Carl did so, it was too late. He was nowhere to be found. He was gone; fled out into the night.

Soon the woods round Rabenstein rang with the voices of men and hounds. "Eric! Eric!" was heard on every side in the voices of his friend and brother. Ernst and Carl sought everywhere; and Schwartz bounded into the woods, baying loudly. "Heaven be praised!" said Ernst; "he is on his track." But hour after hour passed, and neither Schwartz nor Eric re-appeared.

"Can I have a sleigh?" asked Carl. "I will go to Stettin. I think he will go there."

"I will go with you," said Ernst.

"I think it will be better that you should stay here and direct the search, both here and at Kronenthal," answered Carl.

"We had better divide our exertions. Depend upon me for leaving, on my part, nothing undone. I will write to you from Stettin, and tell you where I go next, if my researches there are unsuccessful; and you can write to me there, and let me know whether you find any traces of him."

So Carl arrived at Stettin, and went to the Goldenstern, which he had only left a few hours before.

CHAPTER V.

Eric had rushed from the room into the hall; caught up his cloak and cap, which still lay there, opened the outer door, and fled—fled out into the brilliant night; fled over the hard frozen snow; fled, whither he knew not. One idea, one thought, scorched his brain, lent wings to his feet. Ernst's bride!—his brother's bride! At first he could think of nothing else. Then the remembrance of the two days, passed at Stettin came back in a flood to his memory. Looks, tones, words, seared him as with a hot iron. Yes, his brother's bride; he loved her, loved her to madness. He felt