

# 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.

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## POETRY.

TO MR. AND MRS. D\*\*\*\*\*'S, LITTLE RIVER.

Life is a varied scene, we know :  
The sunshine and the cloud of woe  
Succeed in fitful turn :

Young Joy smiles sweetly on a while ;  
But, as it glows, that infant smile  
Is sear'd by cares that burn.

So Fate ordain'd, or Nature's God,  
Who robs the wilds and decks the sod,  
And form'd the mighty plan  
Of earth, and air, and sea, and all  
That fills this fair terrestrial ball,  
Up to immortal man.

All, all who tread this toilsome earth  
Have found, from date of Reason's birth,  
This truth upon my pen :  
The fatal cause has follow'd on,  
As wave succeeding wave, upon  
The doomed sons of men.

But the Unseen, with potent charm,  
Still buoys us up amid the storm  
Of Evils pelting drear ;  
And Friendship cheers on kallow'd ground,  
And gentle Love outshines around,  
And foils the fang of care.

So, as my steps did varied go  
To fair-born weal or sullen wee,  
As Destiny might tend,  
Along the way I gathered flowers  
Whose sweetness banish'd weary hours,  
And always had a friend.

When ranging D\*\*\*\*\*'s wilds away,  
All o'er the blooming fields to stray,  
I was full free to roam,  
And in your homestead, on the lea,  
Great fount of hospitality,  
I found a perfect home.

That home—these souls of generous deeds  
Deserve a higher muse and meed,  
With genius' gift imbued,  
To lyre their praise in as pure stream  
As ever swelled the human vein,  
And told of gratitude.

In honest phrase, still far or near  
Accept, through vital life's career,  
These fervent words and true :  
I never met with friends more kind  
Of warmer hearts, more single minds,  
Than I have found in you.

Around your hearth may joy preside,  
The frown of chilling care to chide,  
And plenty be your store :  
May sovereign peace which virtues give,  
Unblemished in your bosoms live !  
I scarce can wish you more.

And now, awhile I pledge good bye :—  
Again, with glowing heart and eye,  
In feelings fond array,  
We'll meet, delighting to impart  
The social beauties of the heart,  
Some early, happy day.

WERAND.

Charlottetown, 17th July, 1850.

## SELECT TALE.

From Blackwood's Magazine for February, 1850.

The Siege of Dunbeg ; or, the Stratagems of War.

(Continued.)

"So, by St. George! I am here in a pleasant case!" exclaimed the astonished and indignant governor; "stripped of my garrison, at the very moment I want them most! Left with my cook and my butler to defend his Majesty's castle, be like a dripping-pan and ladle against twenty miles of a country swarming with rebels!—deprived of my command when another hour would make me master of the two first fortresses in Leix! It is not to be endured: I will bring Lord Or-

mond to an account for this injurious conduct—I will, by heaven!—and you, sir, whom he takes it upon him to commend to me," turning angrily to the new-comer, "what counsel have you for me? What do you propose to do, to save his Majesty's castle from the dangers that you see surround it on every side?"

"Let me counsel you to keep your temper, Sir Simon," said Lady Brabazon's voice from the window above.

"Madam, mind your own affairs," replied the angry governor, and gruffly shifted his position.

"Any poor assistance I can render, Sir Simon Brabazon, is heartily at your service," said the bearer of the despatches, not seeming to notice this disagreeable interlude; "and if a sentry or two more than are usually on guard in Dunbeg be any object, I shall not boggle at stretching my authority a little in leaving them behind."

"Sir, you speak reasonably and to the purpose, and I will be happy to make your acquaintance; but you will acknowledge, sir, that it is an unexampled hardship for a governor of one of his Majesty's castles to be left, as I said before, to defend his garrison with no better garrison than a corps of cooks and kitchen wenches; and if my Lord of Ormond deprive me thus of my forces, how, I pray you, am I to execute the commands of the Lords of the Council? Think you, Sir," (handing him the open letter,) "that I can both defend Dunbeg and take Dunmore at the point of the dripping-pan?"

"Take Dunmore, Sir Simon!" repeated the stranger in a tone of surprise; "I thought Dunmore was also a royal garrison."

"Neither royal nor loyal, sir, I can assure you; and if you would assure yourself, read that letter of the Lords Justices."

"Why, how is this!" exclaimed the stranger as he ran his eye along the paper; "here is some mistake, Sir Simon. I have reason to know—that is, I have heard and believe—that Sir Theobald Verdon is in arms for the King."

"You have been misinformed, then, sir, I can avouch it to you. His conduct has for a length of time been very suspicious: the motions of his garrison throughout the last week, in particular, have been alarming to well-disposed persons. Look yonder, sir: you can see, even at this early hour, a party of his savage repeares returning, doubtless, from some marauding excursion against the peaceful subjects of the country. How am I to deal with these pestilent neighbours, I pray you, if I be left without means offensive or defensive? Why, sir, for aught I know, this Teague of a warden may take it into his cracked pate to march his savage crew against Dunbeg itself, before sunset!"

"Tush, Sir Simon! Captain Dempsey is better instructed: if your only apprehensions be from that quarter, I can guarantee you a sound sleep to-night."

"But, sir, I will not sleep upon any man's guarantee. See you what a stir there is in the nest of hornets! I tell you, sir, were it not that a good half-mile of the bog of Tullymore lies between me and those heavy sakers that you see bristling on the rascal's rampart, I would rather give you the right hand off my body than a single man out of my garrison."

"You may be easy on that score also, Sir Simon: you know the bog is totally impassable for cannon, as the woods for this season are, for either man or horse."

"Are you from this part of the country, sir?" demanded Sir Simon, looking at the stranger sharply.

"From within a mile of Maryborough," was the reply, in a careless tone.

"You know the country well, sir," persisted the governor.

"I have often hunted through it with old Sir Hugh Verdon, when he kept house in Dunmore."

"You might have hunted in better company, sir," gruffly replied the governor; half-soliloquising, "he was my bitter enemy."

"You do him wrong, Sir Simon: on my honour, you do!" exclaimed the stranger, with greater animation than he had yet exhibited. "I have often heard him say—"

"No matter what you have heard him say, sir," interrupted Sir Simon, as he twitched himself round, to cast another suspicious glance on the walls of Dunmore. "Look yonder, sir, and tell me what you think of that."

"The knaves do seem to be bent on some mischief," said the stranger, thoughtfully, as he surveyed the opposite fortress, for some minutes in silence. At length he took down his hand, with which he had shaded the rising sunlight from his eyes, and said, "it is

only the morning parade; you need be under no apprehension from your neighbours of Dunmore to-day; their warden is absent."

"How do you know that?" sharply demanded the governor.

"Captain Dempsey never permits the parade on the esplanade before his windows."

"You seem well acquainted with their discipline, sir," said Sir Simon, again eyeing the stranger with considerable earnestness.

"I recollect the routine of garrison in old Sir Hugh's time," replied the stranger, apparently unconscious of the pointed manner of the governor. "We have no time to lose, however, Sir Simon," he added: "we should have been upon our march ere now. I see you mount one sentry on your drawbridge, and another on the turret, with two on guard in the barbican, which makes on duty four in all. I shall leave you half-a-dozen men, which will, I think, be a sufficient force for the security of the place, till the return of your garrison, as that will certainly be before sunset to-morrow. Should you think it necessary to make the usual show of a force within your walls, I will be glad to instruct your people how to turn their resources to the best advantage."

"How do you mean, Sir? What more can we do, if we be attacked, than stand at our posts, till we are shot or cut down?"

"To tell you the truth, Sir Simon, from what you mention to me, and from the aspect of things in this neighbouring fortress, I think it would be advisable to hang up a few red jackets here and there about your embrasures: a dozen of military caps set upon poles behind the parapet, and shifted occasionally along the platform, would at all events do no harm, and might perhaps deter ill disposed persons from looking too lightly on your defences. If you will instruct your storekeeper to show me your stock of military clothing and accoutrements, while the men prepare for their march, I doubt not but I could give some of the kitchen wenches you mention, and hour or two's profitable employment in putting together a tolerable corps of steady men for your battlements, fellows who fall, but who will never run away."

"Ha, ha, ha!—ho, ho, ho!" cried Sir Simon—"ha, ha, ha, ha!—Send Lady Brabazon here—send here Miss Lucy Brabazon, and all her maids, with all their needles and thimbles. Lady Brabazon! here is a valiant gentleman who is going to run away with your garrison, but before he leaves you to the tender mercies of Master Teague, who I think is about to pay you a visit, he will teach you the secret of manufacturing as pretty a family of tall fellows for his Majesty's service, as the heart of a loyal lady could desire! ha, ha, ha! Come on, ye hussies; follow him to the storehouse, ye jades, and let me find that you profit by his instructions, while I see to the proper equipment of these poor fellows of my own, for their approaching journey." And he left the stranger surrounded by a group of wondering and tittering females.

The stranger, with a better grace than might have been expected, followed his conductresses to the depository of the military stores, and gravely selected the necessary uniforms, and pointed out the method of stuffing them so as to resemble human figures. The merriment of the assistants very soon subsided, when they became more fully aware of the purpose to which these ludicrous images were to be turned; and when Lady Brabazon entered, and, in an alarmed voice, asked if she and her companions were to be left "to the protection of men of straw," a clamorous burst, not of laughter, but of expostulation, rose from all present.

(To be Continued.)

The man with the wheelbarrow, who is emigrating all alone overland to California, appears to be getting along finely. A letter from Fort Laramie, says:—"The most distinguished character who has yet made his appearance in these parts this Spring is the 'wheelbarrow man,' who dropped in upon us yesterday. He left St. Joseph about twenty-five days ago, carrying his all in a light wheelbarrow, and outstripped almost everything on the road. He appeared in high spirits, and felt confident that he would be the first man in the 'diggings' by this route. He inquired how the grass was ahead, but reckoned his animals would not want much, and then pushed on the tune of Yankee Doodle towards the setting sun. Such a man must succeed."

A Boston barber advertises to shave anything—even the "face of nature."