

# 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.

#### WHERE SHALL THE POOR MAN LIVE?

BY THOMAS RUSSELL.

Ye call his homesteads "haunts of crime,"  
A name too often true;  
Yet therein passed his baby-time,  
'Twas there his manhood grew—  
A stunted manhood, like a tree  
From sun and south-wind kept—  
There died his sires, and there, too, he  
His first of sorrows wept.  
And if ye sweep them all away—  
So many a busy hive!—  
Because Improvement's march they stay,  
Where shall the poor man live?

His heart is seared by want and care,  
By penury and toil;  
Yet still one feeling latent there  
Ye should not ruthless soil;  
He loves the home however mean,  
That toil kept o'er his head,  
He loves the blank walls that had seen  
His fight for daily bread:  
And if ye raze them ev'ry one,  
And gayer buildings thrive  
Upon their sites, when ye have done  
Where shall the poor man live?

Ye tell him—but the tale to him  
May well seem mockery—  
Of silver cots, where squalor dim  
Nor dire decease shall be:  
The busy town his labour claims  
From dawn to day's decline:  
Bud, blossom, fragrance, are but names  
Round which vain longings twine:  
Not that a smoke-un-cumbered sky  
To him no joy would give,  
But since the loom and forge must ply,  
Where shall the poor man live?

Ye use his hands to raise those piles  
That, Babel-like, uptower  
In cities dense, where Commerce smiles,  
And monarchs own her power:  
His labors swarm on ev'ry hand—  
The sources of your wealth—  
Freight stately ships, traverse the land;  
His time, his sweat, his health  
Are bartered and the fruits of all  
To you rich dwellings give;  
Think, ere you say that his must fall,  
Where shall the poor man live?

### SELECT TALE.

From Blackwood's Magazine for February, 1850.

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

(Continued.)

"Madam," said the stranger, "if you will do me the honour of affording me a private interview of a few minutes, I will do my best to account for the necessity I am so reluctantly under." Lady Brabazon motioned him to follow her to an inner apartment; they entered, and the stranger, having closed the door, plucked away a false beard which had hitherto concealed the lower part of his face, and exposed the smooth features of a young man of about four-and-twenty—"Dear Lady Brabazon, do you not know me?" he exclaimed, in a clear joyous voice, very different from the hoarse tones he had hitherto employed, and, removing his slouched hat, permitted a profusion of light brown hair to fall about his shoulders, and complete the bust of a remarkably handsome cavalier.

"Theobald Verdon himself, as I live?" cried the good lady, warmly proffering her hand.  
"But where is my dearest Lucy?" asked the knight: "we have not a moment to lose; and heaven knows when I may have a chance of such happiness again!"  
At the moment Miss Brabazon entered the apartment; her mother placed her finger on her lips, and slipped past her to close the door. When she turned, the astonished Lucy was folded in the arms of the knight, who was just adding to his silent embrace the privileged kiss of a full accepted lover.

"I vow, Sir Theobald," said Lady Brabazon, "you and Miss Lucy do just as you please! You have procured Sir Simon's consent, I take it for granted, as a reward for your ingenuity in manning his walls! If you have, I can tell you, your men of straw have had more influence with him than my best endeavours daily for the last month."

"Oh, you rash Theobald! how could you venture?" exclaimed the younger lady.

"Why, Lucy, as the governor never saw me but once, I had little difficulty in keeping up my disguise—besides, my dear girl, I kept at his safe side all the time."

"But what mean these extraordinary preparations? You surely do not expect that we will have occasion to make serious use of the absurd figures outside?" asked Miss Brabazon.

"Spare me, dear Lady Brabazon! Lucy, forgive me! It was the only device I could imagine to gain an interview; and I think, Lucy, I may say without boasting, that in this my men of straw have done me at least one good piece of service."

"But tell us now, in heaven's name, what you have been doing?" cried Lady Brabazon, "and where on earth have you been hiding, when all the world are asking what has become of you? We were told, first, that you had joined the northern puritans; and next, that you were with Ormond the King; and now these low fellows of the Council insinuate that you have taken arms with the rebel lords of the Pale, and would have Sir Simon to garrison your castle on their behalf; but," she added with a smile, "if you run away with all our soldiers, as you threaten, Sir Simon, however secure in the strength of his letters-patent, will find some difficulty in marching his new levies to take possession."

"When I return, Lady Brabazon, I will be at liberty to tell all: and, Lucy, when I next come to Dunbeg, I will not need a disguise; but I am pledged to secrecy at present. I am engaged on a service of the utmost importance; and although I have heard enough to make me most uneasy about the state of affairs at Dunmore, I dare not delay even to visit my own people. This much, however, I may say," he added with mournful earnestness, "that, whether I ever return to explain myself more fully or not, the few dear friends who value my memory—"

Just then the voice of Sir Simon was heard in the courtyard, "So ho, ye sluts! how goes on the manufacture? How many recruits have ye turned out of hands, Lady Brabazon? See that they be tall fellows, ye baggages—such as will do your handy work some credit—able bodied knaves, ye jades—strapping fellows, every mother's son of them—ha, ha, ha!" At the first sound of the governor's voice, Lady Brabazon opened a side door, and pressing Sir Theobald's hand, while Lucy gave him a silent adieu with her eyes, pushed him gently into the courtyard, and turned to meet her husband. There was more bitterness than hilarity in poor Sir Simon's laugh, though the ludicrous appearance of the place might have raised a smile on the gravest countenance. Here lay the half-stuffed bodies which were to be joined to legs still, literally speaking, in the straw. On the latter circumstance Sir Simon did not fail to rally his female Prometheus unmercifully, although unavailingly; "But after all," he cried, "never be so downcast; this honest fellow, though he does run away with the better part of my garrison, has still left me a dozen arms of flesh that I put more trust in than in a haggard of these precious gentlemen. So come, Lady Brabazon; I hear them marching off; let's go shut our gates, and prepare to put on as bold a face as folks in our predicament may."

The anxieties of the garrison of Dunbeg decreased as they advanced. Their neighbours seemed disposed quietly to remain within their walls. Lady Brabazon and her daughter, resting on the assurances of Sir Theobald, treated the fears of the governor with indifference, although they dare not dispel them by telling him on whose authority they grounded their consciousness of security. The distribution and arrangement of the stuffed figures also revived the merriment of the domestics; and when evening at length fell on the castle of Dunbeg, the little garrison were so reassured by the tranquillity in which the first day of their desertion had passed by, that scarce a thought of danger was entertained by any person within the walls, except Sir Simon alone. But the governor was still uneasy; he paced the rampart that fronted Dunmore from sunset to near midnight; every light that fitted from window to window of the opposite fortress filled him with apprehension; and it was with difficulty that his good lady, by repeated denunciations of rheumatisms and coughs, at length persuaded him to retire to rest. But Sir Simon

could not rest; the suspicions excited by the Lords Justices' letter kept him in a wakeful fret till break of day. Scarcely had the first dawn shed its faintest rays over the landscape, when he was up, and gazing from the window of the gallery adjoining his bedchamber at the outline of Dunmore, which rose between him and the day break. He looked and rubbed his eyes and looked again; then roused his worthy lady for at least the twentieth time. "Lady Brabazon! Lady Brabazon, I say! get up and look here: your eyes are better than mine; but if my sight does not deceive me, the guns have been taken down from the ramparts of Dunmore. I pray God, Teague may not be preparing to lay siege to us!"

"I vow, Sir Simon, you have not given me an hour's rest since midnight," cried Lady Brabazon, in a somewhat pettish tone, through the open door: "what need we care what they do with their guns? they cannot bring them through the bog of Tullymore, and that you know as well as I do."

"But, by Saint George! Lady Brabazon, they have brought them through the bog of Tullymore! and if you doubt what I say, you may rise and look at them coming up the Craggan meadows!" (the Craggan meadows lay at a distance of about half-a-mile from the castle, on the western or near the bank of the morass;) "rank and file, by heaven! Twenty men abreast, and four heavy battering cannon, drawn by six horses a-piece, in front! Hilloa, Watkins, call out the guard!"

"You're jesting, Sir Simon," cried Lady Brabazon, but in a voice a little shaken; "they are the cows coming to be milked that you mistake for horses drawing great guns."

"Lady Brabazon, I tell you, though I have but one eye, and you have two,"—but by this time the lady had risen, and approached the window; she no sooner looked out than she exclaimed in excessive consternation—"Heaven have mercy on us! they are troops and cannon, indeed, that I see, and they are coming up from the side of the bog! How on earth could they ever have got over; or what is to become of us, if they lay siege to the castle and we without a garrison?"

"I'll tell you, madam, what ought to become of you: if they lay siege to the castle, you ought to be hung out over every parapet, madam. You and your precious daughter should be hung in chairs, and let their shot come at my rampart through your bodies—as you offered, madam, if ever Dunbeg should be summoned by the traitor Verdon at the head of a rebel army; for as sure as there is an eye, though it be but a single one, in my head, that is his Teague of a warden, and there are his raparees of a garrison, that are coming up the Craggan meadows to rob and murder us all!"

"It is not possible, Sir Simon; it cannot be—I pledge you my life it is quite impossible."

"But it is the fact, madam, as you may see, if you choose to look at these ensigns."

"I tell you, Sir Simon, it cannot be the fact. Theobald Verdon told me with his own lips that there was no danger to be apprehended from Dunmore."

"Theobald Verdon told you with his own lips! And so you have been talking lately with Theobald Verdon, madam?" exclaimed the governor, turning imperiously on Lady Brabazon, just as their daughter entered the apartment in a state of excessive alarm. "Oh, sir!" exclaimed Lucy, thunderstruck at the conversation, which she but partly overheard, "it was my fault alone; but he is gone now, and what is to become of us?"

"Why, what d'ye mean? what's all this work about?" demanded the governor.

"Oh, sir, do you know there is an army marching towards the castle with cannon, as if they meant to besiege it?"

"To be sure I do! don't I see them as well as one eye will let me? What of that?"

"Why, what is to become of us, now that Sir Theobald is gone off with all our men?"

"He, what! *whew!* Oh, hell and the devil! I see it all now!" shouted Sir Simon, tearing off his wig and dashing it on the floor: "I see it all!" he repeated, slapping his thighs with both his hands, and dancing on his peruke. "It was the villain Verdon who was here in disguise! He has stolen away my men upon a forged letter!—stolen and entrapped my brave fellows into an ambuscade, as sure as God's in heaven!—and now that he has got their throats cut in the woods, he is coming down on my defenceless castle with his blood thirsty barbarians to ravish, rob, and murder!"

"I see it all," he repeated, pulling out the suspected letter: "that is no more James Butler's handwriting than it is my own! Oh, what an old fool I was to be duped by such a clumsy artifice!—Ay, ay,—we are sold