

# 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. VII.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, AUGUST 31, 1857.

No. 8.

**FOR SALE**, the Leasehold Interest in the "WARREN FARM," for eighteen years from 1st May, 1858.

The whole Stock of pure bred Angus Cattle and Leicester Sheep on the Farm.

If the latter be not disposed of by Private Sale before the 22d October next, they will then be sold by Auction, without reserve. Apply to  
JOHN LYALL,  
Warren Farm, 24th August, 1857.

**For Sale**,  
ON Lot 2, Fifty-one acres and a-half of valuable LAND, 25 acres of which are cleared and partly under crop; the remainder covered with hardwood for fuel. There are a HOUSE and BARN, with a never-failing Well, on the premises. This property being in the centre of a flourishing settlement, and adjacent to the largest Brick Manufactory in the Island, renders it a most advantageous situation both for farming and mercantile business. For further particulars apply to the subscriber in Tignish,  
Lot 2, August 24,  
HUBERT GAUDET.

**GOOD BUSINESS STAND.**

THE subscriber, intending to make an alteration in his present business, offers **FOR SALE** the unexpired Leasehold Interest in the HOUSE and PREMISES now occupied by him, situate in Queen-street, at the head of the Queen's Wharf. For a Retail Business Stand it is not to be surpassed by any other in the city. The HOUSE contains a Shop, two Sitting-rooms and a Kitchen on the first floor; five Bed-rooms on the second floor, with a good Cellar underneath, and a Stable attached. The whole having been lately thoroughly repaired, can be strongly recommended as a very desirable situation. If not sold by Private Sale before the 5th of September next, it will be offered by Public Auction, by ALBERT H. YATES, on that day, together with all his balance of STOCK IN TRADE, consisting of Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ale, Porter, with a variety of Groceries and Dry Goods. For further particulars enquire of  
August 17, 1857,  
WILLIAM HICKEY.

**TO LET**, part of a new HOUSE in Kent-street, fronting on Rotherford Square. Inquire of the subscriber,  
August 17, 1857,  
THOMAS DODD.

**To be Sold**,

A **DESIRABLE FARM**, elegantly situated on the South side of the Montague River, Lot 53, distant three miles from Montague Bridge, St. Andrew's Point and Georgetown, by Ferry, comprising a commodious and well finished RESIDENCE, large BARN, with two-horse power Threshing machine, four Grain Barns, Sheep House, Pigsties, Carpenter's and Blacksmith's Shops, Dairy, Pump Well at porch door, large board fenced Garden, well stocked with fruit trees; and one hundred and twenty Acres of LAND, well watered, fifty cleared and in a good state of cultivation, judiciously laid off, and well fenced into three and four Acre fields; the front and rear of Farm being an excellent stone dyke. For particulars, apply to the Subscriber, at his Office, Colonial Building, Charlottetown.  
August 2, 1857,  
JOHN ALDOUS.

**For Sale**,

THE DWELLING HOUSE and LAND, now in the occupation of the subscriber, on Hillsborough-street, near King's Square. The premises may be inspected at any time by persons desirous to purchase, and for terms of sale application to be made to  
THOMAS PARSONS,  
Charlottetown, June 8, 1857.

**An excellent Stand for a Country Store,**

ADVANTAGEOUSLY situated at Vernon River, contiguous to Mr. Adams's "Halfway House," and possessing great facilities for shipping, consisting of **FOUR ACRES** of freehold LAND, with Buildings thereon, comprising a DWELLING HOUSE (newly finished), STORE, with counters and shelves complete, and a commodious GRANARY.

The above mercantile establishment, known as "Mount Vernon," will be sold or leased on the most reasonable terms, with immediate possession. For further particulars apply to the owner,  
ARCHIBALD MACNELL,  
Charlottetown, August 3, 1857.

**Dwelling House and Land near Charlottetown for Sale.**

**FOR SALE**, the newly built and commodious Dwelling House in Charlottetown Royal, late the residence of the Hon. Charles Hensley, together with eighteen acres of land adjoining. The Dwelling House contains—Dining Room, Drawing Room and Study, two Kitchens, with Store-rooms, &c., and Nine Bed-rooms. There is also a Stable, Coach-house, Rock-house, Pump, &c., on the premises. The distance from Charlottetown is rather less than one mile.

Also to let from year to year, or for a term of years, as agreed upon, several Pasture Lots in Charlottetown Royal, near the above Dwelling House.

For Terms of Sale and Lease apply to the subscriber at the Attorney General's Office, Colonial Building, Charlottetown.  
July 30,  
JOSEPH HENSLEY.

**For Sale or to Let,**

**DEVENPORT COTTAGE AND GROUNDS.**

THE subscriber being desirous of removing into Town, offers for **SALE** or **TO LET**, the above named property where he now resides. This property is prettily situated, and is only about one mile from the centre of the City. The COTTAGE contains eight well-furnished rooms, and a large pantry, besides a kitchen, laundry, and two rooms for servants. BARN, STABLES, Coach House, and other Out-Buildings are in good repair, and are convenient and commodious. A Well of excellent water is within a few yards of the kitchen door.

The LAND consists of THREE PASTURE LOTS, of which from 6 to 12 Acres will be sold or leased with the House and Buildings.

For Terms, and further particulars, apply to the subscriber,  
July 6, 1857,  
G. W. DELOIS.

**Valuable Farm in the Royalty of Charlottetown.**

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for **SALE**, a FARM of about Forty Acres of very valuable Land, situate in the Royalty of Charlottetown, and is the distance of about two miles from the City. This Property fronts nearly 30 chains on the St. Peter's Road, and about 15 chains on the Union Road, and adjoins the valuable Farm of the Hon. George Coles. The greater portion of the Land has been recently cleared. For particulars, apply to  
June 1,  
W. H. POPE.

**For Sale**,

LOTS suitable for Villa Residences, situate on the western side of "Spring Park" Estate—within a few minutes walk of the Province Building. For further particulars, plan, &c., apply to THEO. DESBRIAY, or to the subscriber,  
May 18, 1857,  
W. H. POPE.

**NEW BOOKS!**

THE subscriber takes this opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to the inhabitants of the Island generally, for the encouraging patronage they have hitherto afforded him; and would inform all that he has received a

**FRESH SUPPLY OF BOOKS,**

of the choicest and most varied description, suitable to the different tastes of the community. He is also prepared to furnish any Book, published in the United States, on the shortest notice.

P. S.—The above Stock will be sold cheap, if not cheaper, than any other Books that can be bought in the market. Quality unexceptionable.  
Prince Street, July 27, 1857.  
G. W. M.

### Literature.

(FOR THE EXAMINER.)

#### THE FAIR ISABEL; OR, THE ROSE OF CUMBERLAND.

'I'll be off to Cumberland to-morrow morning, Joe, and hope to be your successful rival. Isn't that candid, eh?'

'Sounds candid enough,' replied Joe, in a tone expressive of both indifference and dissatisfaction.

'Good night, Josiah,' said the first speaker, as he spurred his impatient horse to a rapid career, in a direction opposite to that pursued by the person addressed. Only a short hour previous he would have taken his leave in a much less merry mood. The star of his attraction in Cumberland, as he thought, had lately emitted but repulsive rays towards him, while in his judgment, who had been longer accustomed to see her twinkling, she was still more inclined to attract than repel the admiration of poor, dejected and love-struck John McVay, who, doubtful as he was, still felt the potency of her attractions on his susceptible heart. The cause of his misgivings was his misconception of the following laconic reply to a long and tender communication of his—

'DEAR FRIEND:—I much regret your having opened a correspondence with me. Had you considered circumstances as much as I, I shall venture to say, you would not have yet written me. But do not infer from this that I treat you with scorn. I can sincerely affirm that there is not another young man in these parts that I would prefer to you; but the present aspect of things renders your project rather desperate. For the present, yours, affectionately,  
ISABEL.'

'There,' said the discouraged lover, 'you see the hopelessness of my suit. She reproves me for having presumed to write her a love letter. She thinks it was an injudicious undertaking. She says that the present aspect of affairs renders my expectations quite hopeless. And what can she mean by that aspect, except the prospect of my being supplanted by another, perhaps by Joe Sheridan?'

'My good friend,' I observed, 'you seem to see through a hazy atmosphere. You have, in the very reply from which you take occasion to despond, all needed assurance that you are acceptable to your charmer. When she distinctly affirms that she would prefer you to all other young men in these parts, where only her acquaintance extends, you have abundant cause to hope, but none to despair. This is quite sufficient to banish all suspicion of her heart being enlisted more in favour of Josiah, or any other, than you. As to the present aspect of affairs rendering your prospect desperate, I presume that it alludes to the hopes and projects of her family regarding her, and their probable opposition to your suit, more than to any declension on her part.'

'Have you ever received so discouraging a reply from a lover?' he inquired. 'You should rather ask had I ever received a more encouraging one to my first address,' replied I. What greater assurance should a young lover require than to be positively told by young lady of well-known veracity that she prefers him to all other young men within the range of her acquaintance? Do you conduct your suit in future by verbal addresses in preference to written ones, and I will guarantee your success.' Just as I had addressed these words of encouragement to McVay, Josiah Sheridan rode up to us, when the brief colloquy with which this sketch is introduced took place. After taking our leave of Sheridan, McVay inquired, 'Have you ever heard my Rose of Cumberland song?' I replied in the negative, observing that I should feel much obliged for its recital and probably much more gratified by hearing it sung after arriving at our lodgings; upon which my love inspired companion, with much pathos, recited the following original eulogy of

#### THE ROSE OF CUMBERLAND.

I dearly love each blooming flower,  
And all that's beautiful and grand;  
But more to bask beneath the bower  
Which screens the Rose of Cumberland.

Oh! would that lovely bower were mine!  
Oh! might I to my native land  
Transplant that peerless Rose divine  
Which now adorns sweet Cumberland!

But there exists some adverse power,  
Which interdicts my fond demand,  
And says that in my foreign bower  
Would fade the Rose of Cumberland.

I own that every flower will fade,  
No matter in what clime or land,  
And so will every blooming maid,  
Not sparing her of Cumberland.

As far as doth my judgment go,  
This Rose in bloom would longer stand  
With me than where it now doth grow,  
Then why remain in Cumberland?

I want her to adorn my home,  
And stay my feet from foreign land.  
Oh! were for beauty should I roam  
Beyond the bounds of Cumberland.

My passion for a simple flower,  
Ye stoics may not understand,  
But ere ye spurn fair beauty's power,  
Go, view the Rose of Cumberland.

It may be folly thus to love,  
It may incur your reprimand,  
But could'st the heart it would not move  
To view the Rose of Cumberland.

'Now, Isabel, my dear, won't you tell me when had you a letter from McVay?'

'What reason have you for suspecting that I have ever had a letter from him? It is quite an unfounded suspicion.'

'Now, I declare! I never expected to find you such an able equivocator. But, come, let me see one of his letters, only as a sample of his composition. I care little about his passion for you, though I confess I should be a little disappointed were you not to aspire after some one more worthy of your charms than John McVay. But as he and I have occasionally discussed woman's rights and wrongs, when he would emit occasional flashes of wit, I am anxious to see whether his compositions sustain his pretensions to wit and humor.'

'If that be your object, Maggie, your best course is to open a correspondence with him, or if you are ashamed to take the initiative, I will undertake to persuade him, with your leave, to write you.'

'But I shall, I can't wait for such a tedious course, when I know that I can get a sample of his writing so near me; besides, you know his lordship and I are not at present on the most familiar terms.'

'I am very sorry, my dear Maggie, that I can't oblige you in this particular instance; but if I can persuade the young gentleman to correspond with you, as I have proposed, it may be the means of resurrecting your former friendship, and eventuate in the closest intimacy between you. Wouldn't that be acting a sister's part for my dear and confidential friend, Margaret?'

The foregoing colloquy took place between two young female teachers, one of whom, Miss Margaret Dickson, was paying a visit to the fair and much admired Isabella Calder.

Her visitor finding it vain to urge Isabel to exhibit any of her love letters, affected the utmost indifference regarding them, and devoted the remainder of the evening to inquiries about Isabella's school and vicinity, and relating what incidents were worth relating and some not worth it, regarding Isabella's friends and her childhood's home, which she had left about four

months previously. But in the silence of midnight, when the fair and unsuspecting Isabel was wrapped in profound sleep, her wily visitor stealthily arose, and ransacked her entertainer's pockets for one of her lover's letters, in search of which she was too successful. Early the next morning the treacherous girl proceeded with her fraudulently gotten document to Isabel's father, who, she was aware, was strongly opposed to his daughter's union with McVay.

'A see, a see,' soliloquized old Mr. Calder; 'there's nae mair doot about yon thochtless hizzie having gane daft for yon homeless jockey. A never could have believed the story till noo; but here, (facing his wife and elevating his voice,) is one o' his ain letters, speiring o' her gin she be ready next Monday, sae they'll meet at his father's hoose, wha being a Methodist Kanter, will join my undoutfu' and erring bairn wi' his faithless Arminian son. Wae me! Was it for this that I instillit the sound doctrine of John Calvin, containit i' the perfic' Westminster Catechis, into her giddy craig?' 'Guid Lord preserve us a' in the faith! What a corrupt and unbelieving age this ane is ganging to be!'

'It maun nae be, maun nae be!' said Mrs. Calder, 'that my ain muckle cherisht dochter, o' whom I was aye sae proud, is to gae wrang wi' yon faithless, homeless, vagabone horse-jockey, abinns to kick her out o' his way, when'er he fancies she dinna do richt.' 'Jock,' addressing her lord, 'ye maun gang e'en the nicht, and tak' her out o' the power o' yon unbelieving vagabone. My ain bonnie bairn, whom I expectit to be the wife o' the Squire McAdams. Oh! I couldna survive sic a disappointment as yon!'

'Woman, a' kep a better time than to-night,' replied Jock. 'I sail gang to Cumberland the morn which these young fools hae fixt for their marriage. I sail feign to be muckle pleasit wi' the match; and invite them a' hame to our hoose, and get married here, and hae a grand wedding, where they ought to hae it, at her ain father and mither's hoose. But ye maun ken when we hae thum once here that they maun be persuaded to bide a wee till we make preparations, and invite a' oor friends to their wedding. But once we hae yon thochtless bairn in oor power, she winna fin' it sae easy to gang astray agen.'

The scene changes. Next Monday morning find the gayest portion of the McVays and their relatives assembled at the residence of the Rev. Thomas McVay, eagerly waiting to see their young cavalier friend obtain a legal life-lease of the hand of the fair Isabel. Before the hour appointed for the celebration of the hymeneal rites arrived, to the surprise and consternation of all present, Mr. Calder, the father of the intended bride, was announced. He was attended by some half dozen friends and partizans. But the assembly soon became recoiled to the presence of their untimely visitors, when they had heard the bride's father tell her 'that he was vera happy to fin' she was ganging to hae sic a clever laddie for a husband, though, he said, he was fain that they would both come hame wi' him and be married at his ain hoose, and partake o' his hospitality in a guid merry wedding, wi' her youthful friends and cronies, and not disappoint her family, as weel as a' the lads and lasses wi' whame she had been reared, wha confidently calculated on some having an opportunity of pronouncing their benedictions on her and the young laddie she had chosen, at their nuptials.'

This seemed a reasonable and just request to all, except the bride, who had been too familiar with her father's will and his opposition to her choice; so she expressed her preference of being married where she then was, and partaking of her father's hospitality afterwards.

'O' course ye can do as ye please,' said the father, 'but I think ye show vera little respect for your parents, and place sma' confidence in my word, gin ye canna believe that I mean to do what I say.'

'Your mind must have undergone a very sudden change,' replied the daughter; 'for it is not a week since you manifested the deepest concern lest the purpose for which we are assembled should be consummated. But, granting that you are ever so willing to allow us to get married after we go home with you, yet you know, as well as I, that more than you are to be consulted here. Nothing should withhold her consent, which I'm sure she will, nothing can be accomplished.'

'I am makin' this proposal wi' your mither's perfect knowledge and consent,' replied the father.

'Yes; I believe that you are both perfectly agreed that I should be decyded into your meshes, and be defeated of the dearest object I have in this life.'

'Ah, weel, ye can please yoursel; but I appeal to ilka one in this hoose if aye they kenned John Calder to fail in any o' his engagements afore noo.'

'Never, since I first heard mention of your name,' said the groom. 'On the contrary, I found you strictly upright in all your dealings, and I hear every one else who has had any dealing with you give you the same character. So just pledge your word on the honor of a gentleman, that you will keep your daughter unmarried till I arrive a week hence, and I will myself drive her home and leave her at your fireside.'

'Ye hae a vera fast team o' your ain, young mon. Can I trust ye when ye reach the Town Road ye winna rin in wi' her there, and be married afore we can reach hame wi' oor sair team?'

'Yes; you may trust us; we'll be waiting for you at your own fireside.'

'Gin ye will, I pledge ye ma word an' honor that gin ye can' for her this day week ye sail fin' her waitin' for ye whar ye promise to leave her the nicht.'

McVay left the fair Isabel under the paternal roof. He passed quite a social evening with her family. All affected to be very cheerful, except Isabel, who felt sad from some forebodings, which she could not utterly banish from her mind. Next morning McVay returned alone. He whistled of the tedious incident to the ensuing six days in furnishing the apartment intended for the reception of his adored Isabel. At the expiration of that period he returned to claim his affianced; but, gallant reader, fancy, if you can, his disappointment and mortification, on finding that no further admittance would be allowed him, or any of his friends, at Calder Cottage. Her father, who met him outside, told him that to look after his Isabel noo would be a wild-goose-chase—that he would tak' vera guid tant that nae McVay wud aye see her; sae they might gang hame as fast as they likit, as they wud gain nochtin' by biding there.'

So poor McVay had to return a second time from Calder's without the fair Isabel; but, oh! with what different feelings from what he had on his former return! On that occasion he was elate with the fondest anticipation; on this he was depressed with the agony of perfect and inconsolable despair.

'I an' ower glad,' said old Calder, 'that yon Arminian dog is awa. Isabel, my dear, ye ought to be vera thankfu' to hae escapit frae the snare o' sic a heretic and worthless callant as yon.'

'Dear father, retorted the pined and disappointed Isabel, 'you might with equal effect vent your abuse against the bare walls as on my ears. It is utterly vain to expect to depreciate the young man in my estimation. I know him far better than you do. Your unmerited persecution of him only serves to deepen my sympathy for him.'

'Let us drap this unpleasant subject noo,' said the father, somewhat mollified by the evident distress of his daughter. 'Let us hae a crack about ither matters, and allow time and absence to cool this unworthy loe o' yours.'

'Time is utterly impotent,' replied Isabel, 'to effect the change which you anticipate. That you will be sure to ascertain if you live to test it. And hereat at present lies my only hope, that after having found the utter utility of your restraint on my affections, you will relent and allow them to cling to the only object that has ever been capable of attracting them.'

'My dear bairn,' said her mother, 'we should be muckle sorry to restrain your affections frae clinging to any object worthy o' them, gin ye gang wi' your father till Lancaster the morn,

I'll warrant ye sail meet wi' an objec' fitter to attrac' your affections than yon uncomly strolling jockey, and muckle mair worthy o' your loe and respect.'

'I am quite incredulous of that,' replied Isabel. 'Besides I should be allowed to be the only judge of what is attractive of my admiration. Now, mother, as you have often inculcated on me the obligation of doing to others as we would have them do to us, I hope, to show your consistency, and enforce your precept by your example, that you will practise what you have so often preached. Would you wish, when in the stage of life to which I now belong, to be debarred from the society of the only person among your acquaintance whom you could love, and to be urged to love one whose presence was utterly intolerable to you?'

'I micht nae wish it then, because I had nae better judgment, but ye maun allow, my dear, that I ken better noo than I did when I was a thochtless bairn, sic as ye.'

Isabel did not think it profitable to discuss the matter any further that evening, so she allowed the distressing subject to be dropped then. Next morning, finding her father busily preparing for the proposed excursion to Lancaster, she resolved to accompany him, at the same time firmly resolving to retain her affections for McVay undivided till her return. This excursion occupied about three weeks, during which she mingled in some gay parties, and converted with several fascinating beaux, one of whom was particularly smitten by her graceful and dignified appearance, and her pensive, thoughtful cast of countenance. This was the gay and witty young merchant, Mr. Wigginton, whose fancy forms an additional one of the numerous instances in which contrasts prove objects of attraction. His genuine wit, various information, and easy, graceful, and insinuating mode of expression, greatly diverted and entertained the sorrowing mind of Isabel, yet utterly failed to enlist her affections in his behalf—another exception to the doctrine that attractions are always mutual. But we must not forget that Isabel's affections had been engaged before she met him.

While new associations served to divert and entertain the love-sick and oppressed maiden, yet they utterly failed to divert her faithful heart from her absent lover. After her return from Lancaster, she resided some time with an aunt in whose family she had been educated, and who watched her as faithfully from McVay and his partizans as did her parents, though not so exclusively for they freely permitted her to attend as many parties for merry-making as she chose, even one at which her favorite was present, yet closely attended and narrowly watched by some of her duenna relatives. Her friends, finding her mental depression increasing, and refusing to let her return to her school, as they considered it too contiguous to McVay's, removed her, with a younger sister to another aunt's in the city, with a view of attending a boarding school, where they might acquire a more refined education, and thus keep the distracted attention of Isabel more constantly occupied, by having resorts of instruction and entertainment almost continually forced upon her.

One day, about six months after the course of this true love had ceased to run smooth, our hero was languidly pacing down one of the streets of the city where his charmer was pining away her tedious and lonely hours, while surrounded by crowds of merry associates, when he was surprised, in the midst of a more than half depending reverie, by the hail-well met of a true and gallant friend of his and Isabel's, and who was heartily anxious for a successful termination of their amour.

'John,' inquired his friend of McVay, 'have you not yet secured the missing bird?'

'Not yet,' replied John, 'I believe they are as faithful watchmen here as at old Calder's Cottage.'

'Never fear them,' replied his friend. 'Just go and procure a license; and I'll engage soon to restore the stray bird to your own cage.'

'If that be all that's wanted,' said John, 'it has been already provided, at the same time taking the document referred to out of his breast-pocket.'

'All right,' said McDowall, which was the name of McVay's friend. 'I am now going to the schoolhouse. It is drawing near four o'clock. When school comes out I'll propose to drive Isabel home. You know they never mistrust me, but being a quondam beau of hers, they rather regard me as a rival. And when I'll have her once in my sleigh, it will be easy to drive her to which home I choose. It is easy to lead a willing team. But for dear love and life, do you keep out of sight.'

'Where shall I find you?'

'At Campbell's Hotel,' replied McVay.

'All right, all right,' said McDowall. 'Within three quarters of an hour I'll call on you and let you know of my success.'

'Be off, then, and may heaven prosper your adventure,' said our hero.

McDowall arrived at the school just in time to meet Isabel and her duenna sister, before they left the play-ground for Mrs. Jamieson's, their aunt. As he invited Isabel to take a ride, her sister jumped in after her, uninvited. When they had arrived at the crossing of two streets, 'Jenny,' said Isabel to her sister, 'here, take this yorke to Mr. Forgan's and fetch its value of confectionaries for aunt's little girls, as we promised them.'

As soon as McDowall saw the young duenna facing the fascinating young shop-keeper, whose sweet attractions she had previously experienced, he drove like Jehu into a street which met at right angles that which led to Mr. Jamieson's, and in another instant turned into another street which intersected that, so, in nearly as little time as it takes us to relate it, they arrived safely at Campbell's Hotel, where Isabel was securely enclosed with her long parted dear, while McDowall sallied out in quest of an accommodating parson to unite them for life in the bonds of matrimony.

When the young duenna arrived at Mr. Jamieson's, the reader may easily imagine

How they mounted, those Calder of Isabel's Clan, Calder, Jamiesons, Forgans, they rode and they ran. There was racing and chasing on Ottawa Lea, But the last Rose of Cumberland we'er could they see.

When McDowall had ascertained that the 'racing and chasing' had been abandoned in despair, he drove for Parson Wedman, who soon put the exulting McVay in legal possession of his much-contested and long-missing goal, the Rose of Cumberland.

#### PATERFAMILIAS AT THE SEA-SIDE.

Old Paterfamilias is at the sea-side,  
Because he believes change of air should be tried,  
And there too his wife and his children abide  
With Paterfamilias by the sea-side.

He watches the ebb and the flow of the tide,  
And the sea-gulls that o'er the waves hover and glide,  
And the steamboats' arrivals are curiously eyed  
By Paterfamilias by the sea-side.

He marks the young ladies and children, who ride  
O'er the shingle strewn beach of the ocean so wide,  
Upon Donkeys—a feat one would like to see tried  
By Paterfamilias by the sea-side.

He has read, during breakfast, his paper—well dried,  
And he sits on the shore and peruses his Guide,  
Whilst apples and pebbles are now and then shielded  
At Paterfamilias by the sea-side.

Or the sea-weeds and shells his attention divide,  
With starfish, to plant that seem closely allied,  
And ships in the offing are through a glass spied  
By Paterfamilias by the sea-side.

—Punch's Pocket Book.