

THE EXAMINER:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, living to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides.

Vol. X.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, January 16, 1860.

New Series.—No. 1.

Literature.

A LOST LOVE.

So fair, and yet so desolate;
So wan, and yet so young;
Oh, there is grief too deep for tears,
Too sad for fall-tale tongue!
With a faded flower in her hand,
Poor little hand so white!
And dim blue eye, from her casement high
She looks upon the night.

Only a little rosebud—
Only a simple flower—
But it blooms no more as it seem'd to bloom
Through many a lonely hour.
As they float from her fever'd touch away,
The petals wither'd and brown,
All the hopes she deem'd too bright to be dream'd
Sink trembling and fluttering down.

It needs no lute of the Present
To call back the sweet calm Past;
The lightest summer murmuring
May be heard through the wintry blast,
And the wind is rough with sob and with sigh,
To-night upon gable and tree,
Till the bare eaves wail like spectres pale,
And the pines like a passionate sea.

But she thinks of a dreamy twilight
On the garden walk below,
Of the laurels whispering in their sleep,
And the white rose in full blow.
The early moon had sunk away
Like some pale queen, to die
In the costly shroud of an opal cloud,
To the June air's tremulous sigh.

All, all too freshly real:
The soft subdued eclipse,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
And the thrill of the wedded kiss;
Those tender memories, how they flush
Pale cheek and brow again,
Though heart be changed, and lip estranged,
That swore such loving then!

'Tis but the old, old story,
Sung so often in vain;
For man all the freedom of passion,
For woman the calm and the pain.
Tell it the soul whose grief is woe
In the poor, pale suffering face,
It will still cling on to a love that is gone,
With the warmth of its first embrace.

Oh, 'tis well for the careless spirit
To weave the web of rhyme,
And prison the idle memories
That float on the breath of time;
But better for my aching heart,
If ever it might be so,
To forget, to forget the light that has set,
And the dreams of long ago.

THE LOST REGIMENT.

A LOVE STORY.

(From the Legends of the Black Watch, by James Grant.)

I have been told that a better or a braver fellow than Louis Charters of ours never drew a sword. He was, as the major records show, captain of our 7th company, and in the army when the corps embarked for service in the Illinois in 1763; but prior to that his story was a strange and romantic one. Louis was a cadet of one of the oldest houses in Scotland, the Charters of Amisfield; thus he was a lineal descendant of the famous Red River. Early in life he had been gazetted to an ensigncy in Montgomery's Highlanders, the 67th, when that corps was raised in 1757 by Colonel Archibald Montgomery (afterwards Earl of Eglinton and Governor of Dunbarton), among the Frasers, Macdonalds, Camerons, Macleans, and other Jacobite clans. Charters was a handsome and enthusiastic soldier, full of the old chivalry and romance of the Highlands; but, at the time he joined the Black Watch, with the remnant of Montgomery's regiment, which volunteered into our ranks in 1763, he was a pale, moody, and disappointed man, who had no hope in the service, but that it might procure him an honorable death under the balls of an enemy.

The story of Louis Charters was as follows:
In January 1757, he was recruiting at Perth for the 77th, when it was his good, or perhaps his ill fortune, to become attached to a young lady possessed of great attractions, whom he had met at a ball, and who was the only daughter of the Laird of Tullymore, a gentleman of property in the vicinity of the "Fair City."

Emmy Stuart was four-and-twenty, and Louis was three years her senior. She was tall and beautiful in face and figure; her hair was chestnut, her eyes hazel, and there was a charming droop in her lids which enhanced all her varieties of expression, especially the droil, and lent to them a seductive beauty, most dangerous to the peace of all who engaged in a two-handed flirtation with her; for although that word was unknown to the fair maids of Perth in those days, yet they flirted nevertheless, and none more than the lively Emmy Stuart.

Though her charming figure was almost hidden by her frightful hoop petticoat, and her beautiful hair by white powder—but that, if possible, increased the brilliancy of her eyes and complexion—none knew better than Emmy the elegant mode of arranging her capuchin, of holding a maigrette under her pretty pink nostrils; and your great grandmother, my good reader, never surpassed her in the secret art of putting those devilish little patches on her soft cheek, or about her bright roguish eyes, in such a manner as to give double point to those glances of drollery or disdain in which all ladies then excelled; or, worse still, an amorous languish, levelled *à la Française*, in such a mode as would have demolished a whole battalion; while the adorable *embouchure* of her figure was somewhat increased by the arrangement of her bust, her jewelled necklace, her embossed gold watch and *étui*, which no lady was ever without, and which Emmy of course carried at her waist.

When she left the assembly, there was always such a crush of gay gallants about the door to see her depart, that Louis seldom got her safely into her sedan or coach without swords being drawn, and some unfortunate being run through the body, or having a few inches of a flaming link thrust down his throat; for the "fine fellows" of those days were not over particular in their mode of resentment when a pretty woman was concerned. The "Blood," or "Buck," or "Macaroni," of the last century was a very different fellow from the peaceful unmitigated "snob" of the present day.

It was no wonder that Louis loved Emmy; the only man who would have been had he proved invulnerable; so he fell before a glance of her bright hazel eyes, as Dunkirk fell before the allied armies. But Emmy was so gay in manner, distinguishing none in particular, that Charters was often in a agony of anxiety to learn whether she would ever love him; and moreover, there was one of ours, a Capt. Douglas, recruiting in Perth, who possessed a most annoyingly handsome person, and who hovered more about the beautiful Emmy than our friend of the 77th could have wished. To take the matter worse, Douglas was an old lover, having Emmy at a ball three years before, and been shot clean through the heart by one of her most seductive glances. He was full of repartee and drollery, that though making the most desperate love to her,

he was compelled to mask his approaches under cover of pretty banter, or mere flirtation; thus leaving him an honorable retreat in case of a sharp repulse; for he could not yet trust himself to opening the trenches in earnest, lest she might laugh at him, as she had done at others; and Louis knew enough of the world to be aware, that a lover once laughed at is lost, and may as well quit the field.

So passed away the summer of—I am sorry to give so antique an epoch—1757. The snow began to powder the bare skulls of the Highland frontier; the woods of Scone and Kinross became stripped and leafless, and their russet spits were whirled along the green inches and the reedy banks of the Tay; then the hoar frost wore its thistle blades on the windows in the morning, and our lovers found that a period was put to their rambles in the evening, when the sun was setting behind the darkening mountains of the west.

Now came the time to ballot for partners for the winter season; and then it was that Louis first learned to his joy that he was not altogether indifferent to the laughing belle. The fashion of balloting for partners was a very curious one, and now it is happily abolished in Scottish society; for only imagine one's sensations, good reader, on being condemned to dance everything with the same girl, and with her only, during a whole winter season! Besides, as the devil would be sure to have it so, one would always have the girl one did not want. The laws respecting partners were strictly enforced, and when once settled or fairly handfast to a dancing girl for the season, a gentleman was on no account permitted to change, even for a single night, on pain of being shot or run through the body by her nearest male relative.

In the beginning of the winter season, the appointment for partners usually took place in each little coterie before the opening of the first ball or assembly. A gentleman's triple-cocked beaver was unflipped, and the fans of all the ladies present were sily put therein; the gentlemen were then blindfolded, and each selected a fan; then she to whom it belonged, however ill they might be paired or assorted, was his partner for the season. Such was the strange law, most rigidly enforced in the days of Miss Nicholas, who was then the mirror of fashion and presiding goddess of the Edinburgh assemblies.

When the time for balloting came, great was the anxiety for poor Louis Charters, lest his beloved Emmymight fall to the lot of that provoking fellow Douglas of ours; but judge of his joy when Emmy told him, with the most arch and beautiful smile that ever lighted up a pair of lovely hazel eyes, how to distinguish her fan from amid the eighteen or twenty that were deposited in the hat.

"Now, my dear Charters," said she in a whisper, "I never pretend to be ferociously honest, and thus my unfortunate little tongue is always getting me into some frightful scrape; but I shall give you a token by which you will know my fan. Does that make you supremely happy?"

"Happy, Emmy? D'ar Emmy, more than ever you will give me credit for!"

"Do not be so sure of a tidieate you."

"But the fan—"

"Has a silver ball in lieu of a tassal. Now go and prosper."

Thus indicated, she led the fan and drove it forth to the annoyance

This conversation may be taken as a specimen of a hundred that our lovers had on every convenient opportunity, when Louis was all truthful earnestness; devotion and anxiety pervading his voice and manner; while Emmy was all fun, drollery, and coquetry, yet loving him nevertheless.

But a crisis came, when Charters received, by the hand of his chief friend, Lieutenant Alister Mackenzie, of the house of Senforth, a command to rejoin his regiment, then under orders to embark at Greenock, to share in the expedition which Brigadier General Forbes of Pittencrieff was to lead against Fort du Quebec, one of the three great enterprises undertaken in 1758 against the French possessions in North America. How futile were the tears of Emmy now!

"Though dividedly the sea, dear Louis, our hope will be one, like our love," she sobbed in his ear.

"Think, think of us often, very often, as I shall think of you."

"I do not doubt you, Louis. I now judge of your long, faithful, and noble affection by my own. Oh, Louis! I have been foolish and wilful; I have pained you often; but you will forgive your poor Emmy now; she judges of your love by her own."

It was now too late to think of marriage. Emmy, subdued by the prospect of a sudden and long separation from her winning and handsome lover, and by a knowledge of the dangers that lay before him by sea and land, the French bullet, the Indian arrow—all the risks of war and pestilence—was almost broken-hearted on his departure. The usual rings and locks of hair, the customary embraces, were exchanged; the usual adieus and promises, solemn and sobbing promises of mutual fidelity, were given, and so they parted; and with Emmy's kiss yet lingering on his lips, and her undried tears on his cheek, poor Charters found himself marching at the head of his party of fifty recruits, while the drum and fife woke the echoes in the romantic Wicks of Balgair, as he bade a long adieu to beautiful Perth, the home of his Emmy, and joined the headquarters of Montgomery's Highlanders at Greenock.

But amid all the bustle of the embarkation in transports and ships of war, such rough sea-going ships as Smollett has portrayed in his "Roderick Random," Charters saw before him the happy, bright, and beautiful Emmy of the past year of joy; or as he had last seen her, pale, crushed, and drooping in tears upon his breast; her coquetry, her drollery, her laughter, all evaporated, and the true, loving, and trusting woman alone remaining; her eyes full of affection, and her voice tremulous with emotion.

Louis sailed for America with one of the finest regiments ever sent forth by Scotland, which, in the war that preceded the declaration of American independence, gave to the British ranks more than sixty thousand soldiers; few, indeed, of whom ever returned to lay their bones in the land of their fathers.

Montgomery's Highlanders consisted of thirteen companies, making a total of 1400 men, including 65 sergeants, who were armed with Lochaber axes, and 50 pipers armed with target and claymore.

Once more among his comrades, the spirit of Charters rose again; a hundred kindly old regimental sympathies were awakened in his breast, and though the keen regret of his recent parting was fresh in his memory, yet in

merchants that they are "affected with an imaginary disease," and that it has attacked our country with the rapidity of an epidemic. This is a fact. When the impetuosity of our defenses became acknowledged, we set about their rectification with an impulsive fury that disregarded serious calculation, and treated all suggestions of economy with contempt. "Great fear and great confidence," says M. Moquegard, "can only explain the steps of the four *malades imaginaires*." They are frightened at a shadow, and must still have confidence in the Emperor; for even such wise-aces could not have supposed that it had been his Majesty's intention to have come over here with an army in the spring. He would have privately communicated his purpose to four respectable gentlemen at Liverpool, to become a topic of conversation round their Christmas tables.

"Great nations" are made to esteem, and not to fear each other. "It would not only be a supremely wicked, but also a pre-eminently foolish thing, for France to make war upon England, or England to make war upon France. No good could come of it; and although there are frightened subjects in the country as well as bewildered merchants in the other, who cannot understand this; the Governments will always endeavour to adjust whatever differences may arise by diplomatic means. "We have never weighed the chance of a rupture between our neighbors and ourselves," says M. Brinvilliers, *Maitre des Requêtes* in the Council of State, writing in the *Revue Contemporaine*. "For every one knows the bonds of interest which now unite us with England. She holds the first place among the nations of the earth, by the importance of her commerce with us, and which in 1856 amounted to no less than 353,000,000 francs in imports, and 410,000,000 francs in exports. We may, then, form a notion of the effect which a suspension of those commercial relations would produce in the public fortune of our country. Let us observe, moreover, that our relations with other nations would at least be altered, and that our colonial commerce would be completely suspended, England having every facility to blockade our establishments in the Indian Sea and the Antilles." The Emperor, who understands this, need not be asked by four wise men of Liverpool what his intentions are. In acknowledging of whatever they have done, the general public might do themselves much honour by subscribing their mites towards a fund for providing four superb night-caps, with ears, for gentlemen who have made themselves thus remarkable.

A Manchester paper, in explanation of the Liverpool correspondence, says that the letter in question was written by the four gentlemen while enjoying "the pleasures of a full barrel" one evening, and that nothing so serious as an answer from the Emperor was expected. We do not see that the explanation mends the matter. If written in joke, the joke was a sorry one. The *gentlemen* gave their real names, which is not generally the case when a box is intended. Frisky medical students, a few others, when they rally for a hour from "a full barrel," for midnight, to rap at people's doors and ring their bell to alarm them in their beds, and are caught, give two convenient names of Smith, Brown, Jones, or Robinson; but none was so disguise; and from the circumstance of the letter having been considered worthy of an answer, we infer that the fulness of the barrel was not so being described as intelligently written; the offence was

Bombay harbour with the news of the evacuation of the place and the escape of the garrison. The *Gazette* proceeds:—"On the evening of Sunday, the 30th ult., the Wahgahs made a sortie on the sailor's battery, and were repulsed with severe loss. Early on Tuesday morning they evacuated the fort, cutting their way through the pickets of the 25th Regiment, severely wounding one officer and three men of the regiment. They passed close to the 28th camp, but that corps could do nothing towards intercepting them, owing to the darkness. On Wednesday a corps of Europeans proceeded to the fort of Wasser, which had previously been occupied by some of the Wahgahs, but arriving there they found that fort also deserted. The enemy either carried away or buried all their treasure, as no foot of any consequence has been found. It is believed that the 6th Regiment will join Colonel Scobie's force in pursuit of the Wahgahs."

The following is from the *Bombay Times*:—"A campaign is about to open from Neemuch against a body of rebels, said to be 5,000, encamped in a mud fortress upon the banks of the Chumbul. The numbers are doubtless exaggerated, but it will be long ere the ground swell of the mutiny ceases to be felt. In Bandedoul, in the fastness of whose hills and jungles Feroze Shah and a body of rebels are still hiding, the campaign has been already opened. From the south and south-west three columns are marching upon the rebels, commanded separately by O. P. Puroosa, of the 43rd Light Infantry, Col. Oakes, of the 12th Royal Lancers, and Col. Nott, 19th Madras Native Infantry. Col. Ross, with his camel corps, attacks them from the Saugor side, and Col. Turner of the 97th, advances from Bandedoul. Capt. Wright, with 200 of the Sikhs and 40 of the 43rd, is posted at Gere, and the Brigadier has removed to Pooorania, a position between his headquarters column and Alexander's horse, which guards the road from Ghyssad to Huttal. We may reasonably perhaps hope that the restoration of order, by the destruction of these last remnants of the mutiny, is not now far distant."

THE SPANISH WAR WITH MOROCCO.

The *Gibraltar Chronicle* says:—"Private letters from the Spanish camp in Africa represent the action of the 25th as more serious, and the loss of the Spanish army as much more considerable than the public account admits. The loss felt chiefly, it is said, on the three battalions ordered by Gen. Echegaray to rally from the entrenched position and charge the Moors. These battalions were fearfully cut up in the hand to hand fight with the Moors. It is also stated on good authority that the Spanish army has lost upwards of 600 killed and wounded since the commencement of operations. The fighting on Sierra Ballones is still going on, and evidence of the combat, in the shape of the puffs of smoke from the discharges of musketry and cannon, could be seen during the greater part of the 28th ult. from the Rock, by the aid of telescopes. Accounts received from Algiers state that a steam transport has arrived there conveying 161 wounded troops from Ceuta. They were landed and forwarded to the hospital of that city."

The loss of the Moors in the attack of the 30th Nov. 500 killed and 1,500 wounded, but no prisoners. Still commencing operations against the Moors the Spaniards had 88 killed, 644 wounded, and 73 hurt. General Ze... a recon... against the Moorish ca...

the fair owner; and a hazel eye sparkled with joy as Charters kissed her hand with a matchless air of ardor and respect. Honest Charters felt quite tipsy with joy. Emmy had now shown that he was not without interest to her; and was not this a charming admission from a young beauty, who could command any number of wedding rings at an hour's notice? Thus, according to the wit, Sir Alexander Bawell, who (for one of his squibs) was not one morning by Stuart of Dunearn.

"Each lady's fan a chosen Damon bore,
With care selected many a day before."

With the dancing of a whole season before them, the reader may easily imagine the result. All the tables, positions, and coteries of the fair city had long since assumed their own to each other; and though the mere magic of linking two names constantly together has done much to enjole boys and girls into a love for each other, no such magic was required here, for Emmy, I have said, was four-and-twenty, and Louis was three years her senior.

Ending himself completely outwitted, and that the fan of a demoielle of some what mature age and rather unattractive appearance had fallen to his lot, Willy Douglas "evacuated Flanders," i. e., brook the ballroom, and bent all his energies to recruiting for the second battalion of the Black Watch, leaving the fair field completely to his more successful rival.

But though assigned to Charters in the fashion of the times, and by her own pretty manoeuvre, as a partner for the season, our gay coquette would not yet acknowledge herself conquered; and Charters felt with some anxiety that she was amusing herself with him, and that the time was drawing near when he would have to rejoin his regiment, which was then expecting the route for America, over the fortunes of which the clouds of war were gathering. Besides, Emmy had a thousand little whims and teasing ways about her, all of which it was his daily pleasure, and sometimes his task to gratify and to soothe; and often they had a quarrel—a real quarrel—for two whole days. These were two countries to Louis; but then it was of course made up again; and Emmy, like an Empress, gave him her dimpled hand to kiss, reminding him, with a coy smile, that

"A lover's quarrel was but love renewed."

"True, Emmy; but I would infinitely prefer a love that required no renewal," said Charters with a sigh.

"How tiresome you become! You often make me think of Willy Douglas. Well, and where shall we find this remarkable love you speak of?"

"Ah, Emmy, you read it in every eye that turns to yours; it fills the very air you breathe, and sheds a purity and a beauty over everything."

"Then you always see beauty here?"

"Oh, Emmy, I always see you, and you only; but you are still bawdier."

"Do you know, Captain Charters, that I do not think it polite to tell a woman that she is beautiful?" said Emmy, pretending to pout, while her eyelids drooped, and she played with her fan.

"To tell any ordinary woman that she was beautiful, might offend her, if she was sensible; but to tell you so, though you have the sense of a thousand, must be pleasing, because you are conscious of your great beauty, Emmy, and know its fatal power—but alas! too well."

"What!" exclaimed Fanny, her eyes flashing with triumph and fun, "I am beautiful, then?"

"Too much so for my peace. Beautiful! Oh, Emmy, Emmy, you are dangerously so. But you trifle with me cruelly, Emmy. Think how time is gliding away—and a day must come when I shall be no longer here."

Her charming eyelids drooped again.

"A time—well, but remember there is an Italian poet who says,

"All time is lost that is not spent in love."

Charters gazed at her anxiously, and after a momentary pause, with all his soul in his eyes and on his tongue, he said:

"Listen to me, dearest Emmy. Of all things necessary to conduce to man's happiness, love is the principal. It purifies and sheds a glory, a halo over everything, but chiefly around the beloved object herself. It awakens and matures every slumbering virtue in the heart, and causes us to become as pure and noble as a man may be, to make him more worthy of the woman we love. Such, dear Emmy, is my love for you."

This time Emmy heard him in silence, with downcast eyes, a blush playing upon her beautiful cheek, a smile hovering about her alluring little mouth, with her breast heaving and her pretty fingers playing nervously with her fan and the fills of her busk.

did not prevent the sending of the letter; and the ridicule would have brought upon them their own misdeeds, and others from doing anything so silly again. If hostile intentions exist anywhere abroad, it is not likely that they will be disclosed upon the invitation of any number of gentlemen in England. Our course, which is a clear and simple one, is merely to respect great nations and the Government of their choice, and at the same time ensure the respect of foreigners for ourselves by exhibiting neither weakness nor fear.

THE BOMBAY MAIL.

DEFEAT AND EXPULSION OF THE WAHGHAH FROM DWARKA.

By extraordinary express, in anticipation of the overland, we are in possession of correspondence and papers from Bombay to the 11th Nov. With the exception of the defeat and expulsion of the Wahgahs from Dwarka, the news is not so important. We take from the columns of the *Bombay Gazette* the following account of the operations before the fort of Dwarka:—"All the transports were off Dwarka the afternoon of the 18th ultimo, so in order to make Col. Scobie's force, which was supposed to be about five miles inland, aware of our presence, the *Feroze* steamed in abreast of the town and fired eight shells into it, this being the pre-arranged signal, and then anchored to the north-west, nearly opposite to Rossambudur, which is about two miles to the northward of Dwarka. There is rather an imposing-looking fort there, and we noticed horsemen riding between it and the town, evidently making preparations to defend it; so the first cutter, in charge of Lieut. Wilson, anchored off it, and commenced firing, which was kept up for some time, when the Wahgahs' crews landed, rushed up to the fort, and took it, much to the surprise of everybody, as it was expected to have been held by the British. A field force stated that he was commanding it, less than 100 men; so this was a feather in Jack's cap. On the afternoon of the next day, the 20th ult., the troops disembarked, and in conjunction with Col. Scobie's force, formed a cordon round the land side of the town. As soon as the Jacks had taken the fort, Lieut. Nix, commanding the Clyde, landed, and a 24-pounder howitzer, which afterwards harassed the enemy a good deal, disabling a gun which they brought to the front, killing two and wounding a good many. The first thing to be done was to disable the guns of which they appear to have a good many, and a 10-inch mortar. The artillery have gradually got their batteries to work, and for the last three days the *Feroze* and *Zenobia* have been shelling the town. Her Majesty's sloop *Clyde* arrived on the 25th, when a naval brigade was formed, consisting of three lieutenants—Sedley, commanding; Crocker, from the *Feroze*; Hall, from the *Zenobia*; nine midshipmen, and 120 blue jackets. These landed on the 26th, and the next morning at once took up a position by the fort, about 150 yards from the outer fort and temple, taking possession of a square look-out tower. They were not long left in peace here, for the enemy commenced a heavy fire of musketry, and after a short time brought a gun to bear on them. Before dark they had two officers, Lieut. Hall and Mr. Mispishan Pulman, and four men wounded. They had brought a 12-pounder field piece with them, but it had become disabled after a few rounds; so they had no means of silencing the enemy's gun, and there was no cover for them beyond that afforded at the back of the square tower, the single walls of which were too thin to resist round shot, and there was barely room for 150 men. However, Lieut. Selley was determined to hold the position at all hazards, as it was an important one, and that the Wahgahs made a sortie in two parties, one in front and one came round by the beach under the high ground on which the tower stands. They rushed on, yelling like fiends, but were repulsed with great loss; killed one of our men and wounded five others. The man who was killed was almost cut in two, and otherwise frightfully mangled. The number of the enemy killed is not known, but they were three hours carrying away their wounded. There must already have been a great number killed, as every night large fires are seen burning their dead. Yesterday two more were added to the Naval Brigade casualties in trying to take possession of an advanced fort. When I say trying, it was taken, and before you could make that popular exclamation "Jack Robinson," a midshipman was climbing up to the top of the temple, and in five minutes more the Union Jack was flying where the Wahgah flag had been. The breast-works the Wahgahs had built up were knocked down; the party then retired to a place was too large and in a crumbling state to be held, and there was a heavy fire of musketry on the part of the British. On the afternoon of the 27th, the Wahgahs were repulsed with great loss; killed one of our men and wounded five others. The man who was killed was almost cut in two, and otherwise frightfully mangled. The number of the enemy killed is not known, but they were three hours carrying away their wounded. There must already have been a great number killed, as every night large fires are seen burning their dead. 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