

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.

New Series.

CHARLOTTETOWN, OCTOBER 19, 1850.

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Terry Driscoll's Letters.

[The following amusing Letter is one of a series which are now in course of publication in the Dublin *Ward*. They invest the occurrences of the day with a peculiar interest; and in spite of all his broad humour, Terry Driscoll is, perhaps, the most profound and instructive philosopher to be found amongst newsmongers. We give this letter as a fair sample of the whole.]

IRELAND AND THE IRISH—A WORD OR TWO ABOUT AUTUMN—THE DRAYMEN VERSUS THE AUSTRIAN—THE LATE JUDGE LOHERTY—TOUGH YARNS IN A TOWN COUNCIL—THE DANGERS OF DEBT—A SCENE AT THE SYNOD, &c.

Slaneybatter, Sept. 12th, 1850.

Isn't it a downright murder, my friend Thady, to reflect that after such weather as we're at present enjoyin', the time for damp noses and sore throats, and colds in the head, will carry the sway? A fine Siptimber resembles the close of a good fellow's life—clear, and hardy, and bracing—lookin' the yellow leaf and the taste o' moss on the bark cheerfully in the face, and meetin' the waither that what winds up all, without shake or shiver. Even the farmers—the chaps that never ceased grumblin' since the flood—didn't shake their heads, or insert their fingers under the edges o' their wigs so often, the rain is so much on its good behaviour. You see a deal fewer old women carryin' big parasols open, when there's no occasion in life for it, as if they wor challengin' a soakin' shower to come down and do its best; and, in short, God is very good to us, Thady, in both field and city, sendin' the smilin' sunshine and the soft breeze to comfort and refresh man and beast, whether on foot or on horseback.

Why, then, what a mighty small feather entirely turns the scale in the balance o' human life—that's so far, dy'e consaive, as prejudices one way or another is concerned. If any one could me a fortnight ago, that a Saxon drayman id occupy an attic story in my good will, I'd be inclined to think he was an economist o' truth to a miserly extent; but now, by dad, my sentiments are turned inside out. And when I dhrow dhriakin' the health, on all reasonable occasions, of Barclay & Perkins's bully-boys, you may expect to hear that Councillor Williams, o' the City of Dublin Company, and Mr. Malcolmson, the opposition Quaker, wor caught dancin' and carousin' in the same tint at Donnybrook, or that the say-sarpint is on a visit at some Kinsale gentleman's, who shot him six times running in the eye, and then harpooned him "very like a whale."

They may say what they will of mobs, Mister O'Donohoe, but in the main they're seldom entirely wrong; and if it be the case that there's sarmons in stones, faix I think myself there's mighty improvin' discourses in the carther's whips that walted ould Haynan, and real eddyfin' lectures in every handful o' grains that showered on him, and every hair that parted company with his countenance.

Oh, blud alive! we can understand well enough shootin' an unreasonable landlord or prevaricatin' agent in this country—thin's murther's o' business that come in the natural course o' things, and can't be helped, as Paddy Gibson said when his wife had twins twice runnin'; but the notion of ordhring women to be sacrificed with the cat-o'-nine-tails, after their husbands bein' butchered, the *Times* itself (with all the gold o' Austria to back it) couldn't soften down that

Lookin' to this side o' the wather, the cleeschins for the wards, and who's to fill poor Judge Doherty's vacancy, is all the principal consideration.

There's more o' it, Thady, as I was obsarvin' to you a short time since, how death takes the fancy to thin the ranks in the high places; and, talkin' o' that, 'pon my word it disgusted myself, so it did, to see some o' the papers makin' light, as it were, of the departed jintleman's quollifications. He wasn't larned—he wasn't witty—he was promoted when he had no right to be—he done this, and he done that. Well, well, people must write, and say a great deal they don't believe, when paythriotism of the mere profit-and-loss school is in question; and while the canopy and the clod lasts, we'll have the livin' ass kickin' at the dead lion.

All that's the desatefulness o' the world, appealin' to the sines, as it were, just as ventilators are left order the ground-floor windies o' some taverns, in order that the savoury scint may intice people in, all's one as the Norway whirlpool sucks down misfortunate ships.

Great amalgamation is going on, anyhow. Dublin, Cork, and Limerick is on visitin' terms; though, betune ourselves, conshumin' to the three cities under the aurora-borealis (whin it happens to be in the ascendant) require more lookin' after in regard o' studdy behaviour. Not to mention the tournament that takes place now and again in the Royal Exchange here, and the tatterin' work in the town-council, that ought to be orderly, conveyment to the "Blarney-stone"—isn't it downright demoralisin' to read in the last *Limerick Chronicle* how the guardians passed the lie about so free and easy: instead of distinguishin' one another by the familiar appellashins of "Jack," "Tom," or "Charley," made use of such flatterin' distinguishin' marks as "ruffian," "jobber," "low fellow." If Irishmen get on that way, Thady, the Americans won't have all the bowie-knife bally-raggin' to themselves much longer.

By the by, I see that they made Mister Webster "pull hemp" on that side o' the wather, and indeed not sayin' anything conthrairy o' the man, now that he's dead and gone, he was as well entitled to go out o' the world in the same hurried neck-or-nothing fashion as any play-boy I ever hear tell of. 'Tis bad enough, dear knows, to owe people money, without makin' mince meat of 'em whin they come to ask for it. Dear me, but thin extremely useful artisans, the tailors, would soon be excommunicated, if they wor to be cut up into nine parts and conshumed, whenever they called for the amount o' that "little bill." Aye, faix, and in the course o' time you'd have the ladies thinkin' the fashion mighty conveyment, and takin' a troublesome dress-maker to pieces on the sly, instead of one another's reputations.

Remember the ould sayin', Thady, "out o' debt out o' danger," and if ever you get into the kite-flyin' line don't be invagled into the company of a big knife and yer creditor.

The great committee at Thurles is over, and Docthor Cullen is gone off to lay the proceedin's of the canonical court-martial, that was held on the Queen's Colleges, before the sov'rin pontiff. Afther he signs the paper condemnin' 'em, you'll find the chimnies o' the same buildin' 'll never draw again, if all the smoke-docthors on airth wor to pass thro' 'em, and build curyfixes the height ho' Nelson's pillar on the top o' 'em. Billy Ryan, that keeps the Cat-and-bagpipes Public-house at Thurles, writes me word that only one bishop out o' the whole boilin' had the timmerity to say a sintince in favour o' the same universities; and if

he had, the word wasn't out of his mouth whin both the primate and Docthor Mac-Hale took a studdy survey of the foolish man for just six succonds, and he was never the same since. He talks Latin thro' his sleep, and doesn't shave regular—not to mention that he turned such a variety of colours under the hierarchy's gaze, that not less than ten women fainted, and the mother of a large small family isn't expected to get over the transaction. Erra, man, 'twould be almost safer for you to cross the channel in one o' the competition staymers of a night they'd be racin', than to fly in the face o' the clargy, much less the heads of it.

I wouldn't call the Queen my aunt this minnit, if I only had a rowl o' notes on my groin, and could just tatter off to Belfast, where there's a power of divarshin' goin' on, in order to gratify the Lord Lieutenant; bonfires and dancin', and speechin, and eatin' and dhriakin', of course (that's a fayture people never omit in any sort of a jubilee), and signs on, take my word for it, the "hereditery bondsmen" will catch it from some o' the papers next Saturday, for offerin' to throw up their caubeens, or look Clarendon straight in the face. But that's all moonshine, Thady, for when they tried their hands the other way, what did they get by it?

Speakin' of excitement and divarshin', I declare I wouldn't wonder if the ears of the admiralty and of the English men-o'-war builders wor as hot as the hinge of a lime-kill door, the way some o' the London papers pitches into 'em every opportunity. If a war steamer bursts a boiler, or a petty officer gets dhruken, 'tis all the fault o' the round stars or the square stars, as the case may be, and John Bull is assured that he's plundered beyant conception by such staudpidity.

Now that the Frinch fleet is showin' off, the ullagone is fifty times greater, and the dockyard people are catchin' it because the Frinch president fancies a cruise. But, I think myself, grumblin' and growlin' is constitutional, and that the Londoners could no more get through the peice without such a resource than they could without beefstaks and bottled stout three times a day.—Yours,

TERRY DRISCOLL.
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The Examiner.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1850.

Two weeks later News from Europe.

The Royal Mail Steamship America arrived at Halifax on Tuesday last, by which we have received intelligence from Europe a fortnight later than our last advices.

It is stated that the America, shortly after leaving Liverpool, ran into a brig and cut her in two—the crew of which was saved with much difficulty.

The Royal family were still at Balmoral; it was announced that they would return to the Metropolis on the 10th inst.

TRACES OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—The North Star, which vessel went out in May 1849, with provisions for Sir John Franklin and the Arctic expedition, has arrived at Spithead. She brought no tidings of Sir John. Her hands suffered much from the extreme cold, four having perished.

The Prince Albert arrived subsequently at Aberdeen, from the Arctic regions, and brought some important particulars, (the

details of which we are unable to give this morning,)—suffice it that traces of encampments, five or six tents, which from certain peculiarities were known to be those of a vessel in Her Majesty's service, were discovered on Cape Rielly and Beachy Island, by Capt. Oamany of Her Majesty's Ships Assistance and Intrepid. Captain O. had proceeded to Capes Hotham and Walker in search of further traces of Sir John Franklin.

STEAM COMMUNICATION WITH AMERICA.—By the tenor of the recent advices from America, the means of steam communication between the old and new worlds appear likely to meet with a very considerable and speedy extension. The enterprize of the Cunard company, which has at present in hand the construction of several large vessels propelled by the screw, to be placed on the line between New York and Liverpool, in addition to the splendid steamers already engaged on that service, has, as we expected would be the case, stimulated the Americans to a similar competition. It is stated as a fact, that the immediate construction of two large steam propellers, to run between New York and Liverpool, is contemplated, by a party in the former city, who have long been engaged in the carrying trade on this line. In addition to the two steamers of the construction above noticed, there is also another vessel far advanced at New York, and it was expected the *impetus* given to the construction of this class of steamers in that city will result in the building of many more of them. At Philadelphia the subject has been taken up in a very energetic manner, and Messrs. Richardson, Watson, and Co. are preparing two propellers, each of a 1000 tons burden, to form a monthly steam line between that city and Liverpool. It is estimated that the cost for building will amount to £320,000, will be contributed by the above firm. Thus New York and Philadelphia will, in all probability, have their respective lines of steam propellers running to Europe within a few months; and it is believed that Boston, the second commercial city in the Union, cannot for any length of time do without similar vessels. From New Orleans, we learn that the importance of steam communication between that city and Europe is attracting much attention, and has resulted in the formation of a plan for the establishment of a line of steamers running to Havre. It is proposed to commence the line, in the first instance, with only one ship of 2000 tons, and to add others as the business may require, which there can be little doubt will soon be the case, considering the extent of commerce between the two ports. The facilities which such a line would afford to the French Correspondence with New Orleans will be great, and our New Orleans advices represent that it would, in addition, monopolize all the European passengers going to or from Mexico, particularly when the line of steamers is established between New Orleans and Vera Cruz, as is expected to be the case in the course of next year. Parties are actively engaged in pushing forward the scheme, 70,000 dollars had already been subscribed towards it.

EXECUTION OF PIRATES AT BREST.—The three negro sailors, Domingo da Salva, Jose da Costa, and Falle-Poul, convicted of having assassinated the capt. of the brig Adele, during the shipwreck of that vessel on the African coast, July 28, 1849, underwent their sentence on Friday last. Two of them were executed, and one sent to the hulks.

GIFT OF A PRINCESS.—We lately noticed the fact that an African Princess had been given to Lieutenant Forbes