

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 9, 1850.

Vol. 1: No. 72

POETRY.

FAREWELL TO A FRIEND.

To souls less formed than thine to feel,
Less idle were the tale,
How feebly words the heart reveal!
Expression's power how frail!
But thee the voiceless pangs that rend
Thine own warm bosom tell
How vain, how poor, the aid these lend
To speak the heart's farewell.

The clouds that on the future rest,
And ardent hope restrain;
The thoughts that memory will suggest,
And parting turns to pain;
The fear that doubts all other love,
Save that we've proved so well:
Oh! these expression's power above,
Embitter a farewell!

A long farewell!—The feeling mind
Will own a tinge of sorrow,
Though sure the friend it has resigned
'Twill meet in smiles to-morrow.
Then what the pang when years must
roll,
And life's stream cease to swell,
Nor bring the dear one of our soul,
To whom we bid farewell!

Farewell!—whatever may remain
Of fitful change for me,
Be not the oft-breathed prayer in vain
For weal to thine and thee.
Too late we meet, too soon we part,
And friendship's dreams dispel;
Doom'd just to know another's heart,
And say—a long farewell!

SELECT TALE.

The Traitor Lover.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

During the siege of Damascus, Derar was appointed a patrol round the city and the camp with two thousand horses. As a party of these were one night going their rounds near the walls, they heard the distant neighing of a horse, and looking narrowly around, descried a horseman going stealthily from the gate Keisan. Halting in a shadowy place, they waited until he came close to them, when, rushing forth, they made him prisoner. He was a youthful Syrian, richly and gallantly arrayed, and apparently a person of distinction. Scarcely had they seized him when they beheld another horseman issuing from the same gate, who in a soft voice called upon their captive, by the name of Jonas. They commanded the latter to invite his companion to advance. He seemed to reply and called out something in Greek; upon hearing which, the other turned bridle and galloped back into the city. The Arabs, ignorant of Greek, and suspecting the words to be a warning, would have slain their prisoner on the spot, but upon second thoughts, conducted him to Khaled.

The youth avowed himself a nobleman of Damascus, and betrothed to a beautiful maiden named Eudocia; but her parents, from some capricious reason, had withdrawn their consent to his nuptials; whereupon the lovers had secretly agreed to fly from Damascus. A sum of gold had bribed the sentinels who kept watch that night at the gate. The damsel disguised in male attire, and accompanied by two domestics, was following her lover at a distance, as he sallied in advance. His reply in Greek, when she called upon him was, "that the bird is caught," a warning, at the hearing of which she fled back to the city.

Khaled was not a man to be moved by a love tale; but he gave the prisoner his

alternative, "Embrace the faith of Islam," said he "and when Damascus falls into our power you shall have your betrothed; refuse, and your head is the forfeit."

The youth paused not between a scimitar and a bribe. He made immediate profession of faith between the hands of Khaled, and thenceforth fought zealously for the capture of the city, since its downfall was to crown his hopes.

When Damascus yielded to its foes, he sought the dwelling of Eudocia, and learnt a new proof of her affection. Supposing on his capture by the Arabs, that he had fallen a martyr to his faith, she had renounced the world, and shut herself up in a convent. With a throbbing heart he hastened to the convent, but when the lofty-minded maiden beheld him a renegade, she turned from him with scorn, retired to her cell, and refused to see him more. She was among the noble ladies who followed Thomas and Herbis into exile. Her lover, frantic at the thoughts of losing her, reminded Khaled of his promise to restore her to him, and entreated that she might be detained; but Khaled pleaded the covenant of Aba Obediah, according to which he had free leave to depart.

When Jonas afterwards discovered that Khaled meditated a pursuit of the exiles, but was discouraged by the lapse of time, he offered to conduct him by short and secret passes through the mountains, which would insure his overtaking them. His offer was accepted. On the fourth day after the departure of the exiles, Khaled set out in pursuit, with four thousand chosen horsemen, who, by the advice of Jonas was disguised as Christian Arabs. For sometime they traced the exiles along the plains, by the numerous foot-prints of mules and camels, and by the articles thrown away to enable them to travel more expeditiously. At length the foot-prints turned towards the mountains of Lebanon, and were lost in their arid and rocky defiles. The Moslems began to falter. "Courage!" cried Jonas, "they will be entangled among the mountains; they cannot now escape."

In the midst of the carnage and confusion, Jonas hastened in search of his betrothed. If she had treated him with disdain as a renegade, she now regarded him with horror, as the traitor who had brought this destruction upon his unhappy countrymen. All his entreaties for her to forgive and be reconciled to him were of no avail. She solemnly vowed to repair to Constantinople and end her days in a convent. Finding supplication fruitless, he seized her and after a violent struggle, threw her on the ground and made her prisoner. She made no further resistance but, submitting to captivity, seated herself quietly on the grass. The lover flattered himself that she relented, but, watching her opportunity, she suddenly drew forth a poniard, plunged it in her breast, and fell dead at his feet.

MISCELLANY.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS.—The old custom of writing physicians' prescriptions in Latin, should be done away with, in safety to the living. As often as every three months, journalists have to record a death caused by apothecaries putting up wrong medicines, and it is high time that the mystery which physicians have thrown around their profession be known among the things that were; not so much to gratify the curiosity of those unacquainted with their art, as to ensure the safety of those under medical treatment.

No reason can be given why prescriptions should be written in Latin, save the one that physicians do not wish the patients to know what they prescribe for "the

ills that flesh is heir to," lest patients should become their own physicians. With a majority of the M. D's, all the Latin they know, and, in fact, all they are obliged to learn, is a smattering sufficient to write a prescription. It looks all very well to see written "*Sal Glauberi*" for Glauber Salts, and perhaps no harm would occur from this: but the prescription for calomel so closely resemble the one for corrosive sublimate, that we do not wonder death often follows by the latter being put up for the former. For ten grains of colomel, the prescription is—*sub muriate hydrar*, 10—for corrosive sublimate—*muriate hydrar fust*.

It is, of course, well known that apothecaries' apprentices, generally speaking, like all other apprentices, cannot have the benefit of a classical education, and consequently they are liable to make mistakes of this kind. The many deaths that have occurred should suggest some remedy, for the safety of the living. It is too late to mourn for the untimely deaths, but we suggest that in their graves should also be placed the dead prescriptions in a dead language.

EPITAPH ON A KITTEN.

"Requies CAT in pace."

Here lies, by death smitten,
A hapless young kitten,
To moulder away in the dust;
Oh, had it lived longer,
It might have been stronger,
And died somewhat older we trust.
Had it grown up to cat-hood,
Then many a rat would
Have mourned in the deepest woe;
Let the curtain be drawn to,
We hope it has gone to
That land to which other cats go.

On the fashionable mode of ladies wearing watches in their bosoms:

Among the fashionable belles,
No wonder now that time should linger;
Allowed to place his rude two hands
Where no one else dare place a finger.

FIRST GUN.—A boy got his grandfather's gun and loaded it, but was afraid to fire; he however liked the fun of loading, and so put in another charge, but still was afraid to fire. He kept on charging, but without firing, until he had got six charges in the old piece. His grandmother learning his temerity, smartly reproved him, and grasping the old continental, discharged it. The recoil was tremendous, throwing the old lady on her back; she promptly struggled to regain her feet, but the boy cried out:—"Lay still, granny, there are five more charges to go off yet."

A young lady of respectable standing and family, was taken sick with the dysentery on Tuesday last, in Westfield, New York, and to all appearance she died on Saturday afternoon, and her parents and friends prepared her remains for burial. On Sunday evening, while watchers were in attendance upon the body, she came to life, and was able to speak. There is now hope of her recovery. This curious fact has produced quite an excitement in the town.—*Albany Atlas*.

News by the last English Mail.

WILFUL BURNING OF AN INDIAMAN: Loss of £40,000.—Accounts have been received of the destruction by fire, in Cum-Dingmoon Bay, in China, on the night of the 14th of June, of the *Eliza-*

beth, Indiaman. The ship had arrived a few days before, from Calcutta, with a valuable cargo of opium, cotton, rice and a thousand bags of saltpetre, and had commenced unloading on 13th of June. The crew sleeping in the fore-castle were awakened by suffocating smoke, and instantly ran on deck. They gave an alarm by ringing the ship's bell, and boats put off to her assistance from the shore and the ships in the harbour. Every effort was made to extinguish the fire without effect, and the mooring chains were slipped to let the ship drift in shore. An explosion of spirits in the steward's room gave warning to those on board, and they took to the boats. Ten minutes afterwards the ship blew up with a dreadful explosion, and in the next minute disappeared under water. An investigation next day led to the conclusion that the fire had been wilfully caused by one of the labourers employed in unloading the vessel, but the guilty person had not been detected at the date of our advices. The ship and cargo were valued at £40,000.—*Observer*.

THE HARVEST IN IRELAND.—The bulk of the harvest in this country (says the *Western Star*), has now been secured, and we have no little gratification in being enabled to state that all our accounts are most assuring as regards the produce of the crops generally. Wheat may be said to be rather a short crop, but then there never has been a year in which so little has been sown. Oats never yielded so abundant a return, and that, too, of the best quality; Barley is a fair average crop; green crops magnificent in every direction; and, though last, not least, the potatoe has escaped far better than the most sanguine were led to expect two months ago. Rejoice we, therefore, accordingly.

THE FEELING IN IRELAND.—The *Dublin Nation*, received by last English Mail, in speaking of the great Eastern Rail Road says:—

"There's good news across the Atlantic, a bright 'speck in the Western sky,' this week. We give elsewhere a report from the *Saint John Freeman*, of a most important and enthusiastic meeting held at St. John, whose main object was to make New Brunswick and Ireland the great starting points of Transatlantic trade. They understand how to work a movement of this kind in America. The Courts adjourned for the occasion in every town and village of the Province, executive authorities have summoned meetings in support of the project. And the committee decisively say, that their part of it (the rail road,) 'can be made, will pay when made, and therefore must be made.' This is the way to do business. They call upon us, too, to be stirring, and have sent statements of their proceedings to the authorities of our principal ports. We hope the call will be actively and immediately responded to. A month's such work on this side of the ocean, as they are doing in New Brunswick at present, and Cunard and Collins would be taking their anchorages in Galway Bay before Christmas."

COMPLETION OF THE BRITANNIA BRIDGE.—*Menz Straits*, Friday, Sept. 13.—The engineers safely lowered the "last" of the Britannia tubes to its permanent resting place to-day. The Carnarvonshire end of the tube was lowered three feet, the opposite end being joined on to the Anglesey large tube in the interior of the lower on the Britannia Rock, and, obedient to the law of the novel operation, the centres of both tubes, as before, were raised up several inches.