

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.

THE CONSOLER.

In Winter, when the trees are bare,
And nights are moonless;
When in the damp and chilling air
The birds are tuneless;
When keen winds rattle on the road
And nip our fingers,
There is a comforter abroad,
Who never lingers,
Ever he sings in silent ways—
"The winter closes:
'Tis I who bring the sunny days,
And strew the roses."

When Summer heats our veins oppress,
And the woods swelter;
When, faint with noon-tide sultriness,
We pine for shelter;
When weary of the daily walk
O'er moor and meadow,
We long for change—for fire-side talk,
And the lamp's shadow;
Still sings the soother of our woes—
"To sigh is folly:
The same kind hand that brought the rose,
Shall bring the holly."

True friend!—too often call'd a foe—
He prompts all gladness;
He whispers warmth when cold winds
blow,
And joy in sadness;
He lights the darkness of to-day
With promised morrows,
And has some kindly word to say
In all our sorrows,
For every grief he bears a spell—
Care's best controller;
And loves all those who use him well—
TIME, the Consoler!

CHARLES MACKAY.

ON A LATE PORTRAIT OF JENNY LIND.

BY ANNA L. SNELLING.

'Tis true to life! in every line we trace
The quick emotions of her radiant face,
The mild, firm lips, the genius lighted
eye,
The brow of lofty thought, serene and
high!
In gazing thus we almost dream the while
Those lips are parting with their wonted
smile,
That heavenly voice in fancy we can hear
Breathing the welcome to her friends so
dear.
Not more than this, O matchless child of
song!
Once more the raptured soul is borne
along
On the full tide of melody to rise,
As if on seraph pinions to the skies!
The chiselled features of the loveliest
face—
The form of symmetry and matchless
grace—
What are they to the bright, o'ermaster-
ing soul,
Subjecting all things to its sweet control!
'Tis thus with thee—thy features in re-
pose,
Might lack the brilliant colouring of the
rose.
But genius lends them that celestial ray
Nor time nor change can ever take away.

SELECT TALE.

Mary of Mantua.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

(Concluded.)

So well and wisely had her unknown
counsellor hitherto advised her, that Mary
followed his directions in this also to the
letter. She showed no repugnance, but
bending down her head with the ingenu-
ous blush of modesty upon her cheek, she
replied as had been dictated. The duke
seemed pleased; perhaps it was more
than he expected, and he replied with
sanguine expectation that his divorce
would not now be long delayed, after
which a dispensation would be easily ob-
tained. There was but one thing which
Mary besought him earnestly to grant,
which was, that she might return on the
morrow to the convent where she had
passed her early days.

The Duke consented; but while he
spoke, the old attendant, who had ever
remained attached to her, was admitted by
a page, and bending low, he related to
the Duke the adventure which had be-
fallen them on the way, and commented
bitterly on the treachery of the driver.
The Duke sent for his secretary and whis-
pered a word in his ear; and as he was
leading Mary to the hall where supper
awaited them, there came through the
windows the sound of a loud volley and
one shrill piercing cry. The Duke moved
gracefully on by her side without a
change of countenance; but Mary turned
deadly pale, and on the following morn-
ing another servant drove the vehicle that
contained her back to the convent.

It was about noon when she arrived,
and the busy nuns surrounded her like a
swarm of bees. They were all eager to
hear tidings from without, but they were
soon satisfied; and at the same evening
hour at which on the day before she had
watched the fair prospect of the Mantua
plains, she again stood by the table of
stone in the convent garden, and the
stranger was by her side. She thanked
him eagerly and often, and gazed upon
the bright and glowing countenance that
gazed with tender admiration upon her
again.

"Have I not won my reward?" he
said.

Mary replied not, but cast down her
eyes with a warm blush. The stranger
bent over her, and with the tenderness of
love chastened by respect, he pressed
his lips upon hers.

"Mary," he said, "Mary, I will win thee
or die. Three more evenings will I stand
by yon old shrine in the dear hope of
seeing you again; and then my footsteps
must wander from thee far. But I leave
thee not unwatched, unguarded. My
spirit shall hover round thee though my
body be absent; and I promise, I swear,
in three months more, even to a day, to stand
again in your presence and win you for
my bride or die."

There might have been many in Mary's
state and station who would have thought
the stranger bold to believe she might be
so won by an unknown and inferior per-
son, and to talk as if he were born to con-
tend for her hand with princes. But
Mary thought not so; feelings which she
had never known before were busily pos-
sessing themselves of her heart, though
to feel them made her thrill with some-
thing like apprehension, yet they were so
sweet she would do nothing to banish
them. She lingered with him long and
he with her, and for three nights more
they met and passed a happy hour, gilded
with the dawning brightness of young
love.

He left her on the third with a painful
and anxious farewell; and Mary now felt
how lonely was her state of being.

The hours flew heavily, the days rolled
on in care and anxiety—but she forgot
not the absent; and every rumour that
she heard of movements at the Court of
Rome regarding her uncle's divorce made
her heart sick. But Vincenzo, himself
seemed to press matters but feebly, and
when at length the appalling news reach-
ed her that he was free, he showed no in-
clination to profit by that freedom.

She then heard that he was sick—sick
even to the gates of death, and there were
rumours of arming in Gustalla, and of
Austrian forces moving to take possession
of Mantua on the Duke's decease, or of
France sending armies to secure it for
the house of Nevers. Then came tidings
of messengers hurrying to and fro be-
tween Paris and Mantua, and between
Mantua and Rome, and so went by the
time till the three months had passed
over, and then, though the air was wintry,
Mary eagerly hurried forth and stood by
the table of stone as the sun was sinking
to repose. She gazed over the Mantua
plain; but no one was seen: she listened;
but heard not the voice whose memory
had cheered her solitude. The sun sunk,
and all was darkness.

With a heart sad and depressed, she
was taking her way back to the convent,
when the bell at the gate rang, and an
immediate summons was given her to
proceed to Mantua in one of the Duke's
carriages with all speed, to hear the last
injunctions of her dying uncle. State
now surrounded her, guards were on each
side of the vehicle, and in the convent
parlour waited a high dame of the court
to accompany her on the way.

The scene she had to go through, Mary
felt would be painful; but there was a
greater depression at her heart than even
the anticipation of standing by the death-
bed of her uncle could account for.
Gloomy then desponding, disappointed and
anxious, Mary entered the carriage, ask-
ing herself what was to be her fate when
her uncle would be no more. That night
was dark and stormy; the dull winds
blew and whistled along the road, and
for about half a mile not a word was spo-
ken by either Mary or her companion.

At length, however, the lady said, "I
have been commanded to inform your
Highness as soon as we were actually on
the way, that it will be necessary for you
to prepare your mind for a great change
of condition. The Duke is as you know
at the point of death. The Duke of Ne-
vers is next heir to the coronet of Man-
tua, and as it is absolutely necessary that
all claims to this duchy and Monferrat
should centre in one race, it has been de-
termined that your Highness should give
your hand to the young Duke of Rhetel,
son of the Duke of Nevers. The Prince,
destined to be your husband, has already
arrived in Mantua; and as there is the
most urgent necessity that your marriage
should take place before the death of
Duke Vincenzo, he has generously deter-
mined, that even in his mortal illness he
will see the alliance completed this very
night, the proper dispensations having
already arrived from Rome."

It was with difficulty that Mary of
Mantua prevented herself from sinking
from the seat in terror and agony. The
horror, the awful horror, of being called
upon to wed one whom she had not before
beheld, while her heart was but too surely
given to another, overpowered her for a
few minutes; but when she recollected
all the resolutions and courage of her
race; she protested against the cruelty
and injustice of the act which her uncle
proposed to commit, and solemnly de-
clared that nothing should induce her to

yield her hand in such indecent haste to
an utter stranger. The lady who accom-
panied her heard all with that chilling
coldness which is far more dispiriting
than actual opposition, and merely said,
"that she feared her Highness would find
herself forced to obey."

Mary had recourse to silence; and
though her heart was sad and heavy, it
remained firm, and she said to herself,
"They can but kill me—that they will
not do—and if they do, better so to die."

Once more, then, she passed the mani-
fold gates and draw-bridges, and entered,
what she felt to be, for her, one vast dark
prison; but she thought of him she loved
and though she called him cruel in her
own heart, for not having come to advise
or deliver her—still she felt that she
loved, and that she could not, dare not,
wed another.

The gates of the palace were at length
reached; the courts were filled with sol-
diers; cannon guarded the entrance;
everything told that vast preparations had
been to secure tranquility among the peo-
ple on the death of the reigning duke.
She saw light streaming from the hall
above, and led forward by her companion,
she advanced up the wide staircase and
into the antechamber. There, however,
an officer addressed her, saying, "All is
ready, Madam, the Duke waits your
Highness. There is not a moment to
spare!"

"Go forward, Madam!" said Mary to
the lady who accompanied her, "go for-
ward and tell my uncle my unaltered re-
solve, as I announced it to you."

The lady paused and looked back, but
she saw that Mary could not escape, and
advancing, she entered the hall beyond,
leaving the door ajar behind her. Mary
could only see the faded form of her un-
cle lying on a splendid couch, and look-
ing as if death had already achieved the
victory. But she heard first his voice say
sharply, "If not by good will, by force!"
and then another, but a sweeter voice,
add in the French tongue, "Let me
speak with her for a moment, my gra-
cious lord."

An instant after the door opened, and,
clothed with princely apparel, a young
man appeared. But Mary's heart beat
fast—her knees trembled—the color
came and went in her cheeks—she
stretched forth her arms towards him—
she fell almost fainting on his bosom.

"Oh! why came you not? why came
you not?" she cried.

"Hark, Mary!" he answered, as the
palace clock struck loud and clear;
"hark, beloved, it is the hour of meeting;
and I am here. Thine own, dear cousin,
Charles of Gonzaga—will you refuse the
Duke of Rhetel still?"

The warm, warm blood, was all over
that bright face, but the smile—the timid
yet confiding smile, spoke more than
words could have done, and in a moment
more the Duke of Rhetel, led on to the
altar, raised in the hall beyond, a trem-
bling, a blushing but not an unhappy
bride.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ISLANDER FALSEHOODS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR—The *Islander* defies me to prove
that any falsehoods have been inserted
therein. In that paper of 9th August,
1850, is the following paragraph:—

"The Land Question had previously
been a standing dish with the liberals
every session, but since their union with
the corruptionists, the subject has never