

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.

LIFE IN CLOUDLAND.

A Poet built an air chateau
High in the summer heaven,
All tinted with the rainbow's glow,
And bright with gold of even.

I burned with emulation proud,
As mortals often do,
And thought that on the tinted cloud
I'd build my castle too.

Then straight a fairy structure rose,
Turret, and tower, and dome,
The court its gorgeous aisles disclose
Might be a Peri's home.

The stars upon its azure walls
For evening lamps were given,
A wind-harp filled its "airy halls"
With music meet for heaven.

The spirits of the light went by
In every glancing ray,
And to my golden portals high
Came many a gentle fay.

But place was none in fairy hall
Where human love might twine,
And not a sprite was 'mong them all
Who bore a heart like mine.

The wind swept o'er my high-strung harp,
But sadness filled its tone;
My soul amid the stars grew dark,
For I was there alone.

One evening when the moonbeam kissed
Each cloud-wrought colonnade,
And silver-touched my towers of mist,
While all below was shade.

I leaned from that lone parapet;
The breeze that swept my hair,
As if to soothe all fond regret,
Thrilled with a tender air.

A chime of mingled voices sweet
Rose from the darkened earth,—
I knew its tones, with love replete,
Rose from a happy hearth:

I left my harp of magic rare
For that sweet human sound,
And changed my castle in the air
For a cottage off the ground.

SELECT TALE.

Mary of Mantua.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

"The noble house of Gonzaga," says an Italian writer, in the year 1627, "had declined from its former splendor, and, forgetful of its ancient valour and wisdom, had given itself up to luxury and intemperance." Three brothers had successively filled the ducal chair, Francesco, Ferdinando, and Vincenzo, and each had distinguished himself not by restoring any vigor to a decaying line, but by introducing new modes and forms of vice. The first of these brothers, Francesco, had left one child by a neglected and injured wife; but that child was a daughter, and in her mere infancy when her father died; and while the undoubted law bestowed the duchy of Mantua on the brother of the deceased prince, the arm of power gave him also the duchy of Montferrat, which the lawyers of Italy held to belong of her own right to Mary of Mantua. Under the guardianship of her uncle Ferdinando she rose toward womanhood, acquiring new graces and accomplishments every hour, but rarely suffered to

appear at his court, and kept carefully from the eyes and tongues of all who might be captivated by her beauty, or inform her of her rights.

At length, however, in the year 1626, the consequences of vices and follies carried Ferdinando childless to the grave, and the last male of the race, Vincenzo, bound his brow with the ducal wreath of Mantua. Scarcely had he taken possession of the dukedom, when Mary received a summons to appear in his presence, and hastened to obey.

She was at that time in the convent of —, a few miles from the city of Mantua, in which she had been educated, and usually resided. No state—no display marked out the Princess from among the nuns; and it was only a greater degree of liberty, a different dress, and the practice of the different accomplishments which formed the relief of her solitary life, that distinguished the fair young Duchess of Montferrat from her cloistered companions. Two servants, indeed, were allowed to her; the maid who had attended upon her from her youth, and the good man who had been ordinary *ecuyer* to her mother. She had mules, too, to take the fresh air, beyond the limits of the convent gardens, so that her life was easy if not happy; and feeling no passions, knowing no joys beyond the simple ones of her condition, she sought not to change a fate so calm, for that sea of troubles the distant roaring of whose waves she heard even in her tranquil solitude.

It was evening when she received the summons to attend upon the new Duke, and her heart beat somewhat quickly, for many a dark tale had been told within the convent walls, of the crimes and faults of Vincenzo of Gonzaga, the faithless priest, the married cardinal. It was evening, and in the autumn, but yet warm and bright, with glowing skies and rich verdure, and grapes swinging from tree to tree, ready for the basket of the husbandman; and as Mary stood in the convent garden, waiting for the carriage which was to convey her to Mantua, as fair and beautiful a scene was spread before her eyes as the pencil ever borrowed from that land of sunshine. Wide extended beneath her view lay the fair Mantua plains toward Verona—plains and scenes which never quitted the memory of the great Roman poet, though he abandoned his birth-place for more southern lands—and there, bathed in purple light, with every blue shadow, mingled with liquid gold, appeared the gentle sweeps and soft lines of trees and manifold streams, with here and there the feudal castle crowning an eminence, or the tower of some village church rising up out of the dell. The songs of the vinegatherers, for they had already begun, made the air tuneful; and the sight of manifold living objects in the distance, trains of gay peasantry, the loaded cart, the quick-driven car, and the silver-gray cattle swimming in the Mincio, rendered the landscape gay as beautiful.

Nor was Mary herself (could any eye have seen her there) an object worthy of but slight remark. Exquisitely lovely, with an air and expression not exactly melancholy, but of that calm pensiveness which her life and situation were so calculated to give, she stood by the wall of the convent garden, partly leaning upon a worn stone table which had much the character of an ancient tomb, partly resting against a high Gothic cross which rose from the lower wall of the garden, and marked out—to the eye of those who travelled along the road that ran at the bottom of the deep bank below—the abode of those who, dedicating themselves to a life of religious solitude, found peace or discontent according to the feelings of

their own hearts. Her whole person was full of loveliness, her whole attitude replete with grace. Her hands rested crossed on a book, which she had taken to while away the time, her head was slightly bent forward, and her eyes gazed upon the distant prospect, while the white drapery in which she was clothed, and the warm loveliness of her complexion, contrasted beautifully with the cold gray stone and yellow lichens of the ancient cross.

As she thus stood and gazed, she heard a voice not far distant say, "Lady!" in a low and gentle tone. Those were days, however, in which danger was frequently close to the domestic hearth, that preparation was ever the part of manly courage, apprehension a natural part of womanly weakness.

Mary of Mantua started suddenly back, and looked around with fear, but the same voice repeated:

"Lady, be not alarmed. It is a friend who would warn you of matters touching your safety."

At the same time, from behind the ruined column of what had once been a small chapel, attached to the walls, came forth a stranger with a slow step, as if afraid, by any sudden movement, of scaring the fair girl away. The wall was still between them, it is true; but the stranger held his giddy footing easily on the top of the high bank, and the wall was there not breast-high.

(To be continued in our next.)

The Examiner.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1850.

MR. LAWSON'S LETTER.

WHEN we published some remarks in a late number of this paper, touching the inconsistency which has marked the career of Mr. Lawson since he ceased to be the editor of the *Review* and become connected with the *Gazette*, we did not anticipate that that gentleman himself would come forward voluntarily to corroborate our principal statements. He has published a letter in the last *Gazette*, addressed "to the editor of the Examiner," which establishes conclusively the fact of his having changed his opinions regarding the conduct and proceedings of the majority of the House of Assembly. We were desirous of putting this fact clearly before the public, and drawing the following conclusion from it: that a public writer so liable to change can never be depended on, as a guide and instructor through the press. Mr. Lawson has kindly testified to the truth of the fact.

We regret that we have wounded the sensitive feelings of our worthy confrere, by making him the subject of a newspaper article, and putting him on his "trial for political apostacy at the bar of the public." But Mr. Lawson should remember that the paper over which he now exercises control, has seldom or never spared the feelings of those who differ from it in opinion whenever an opportunity offered for applying the lash; and we confess we are at a loss to understand why our conduct should be styled "disgracefully atrocious" when we happen to put in force the *lex*

talionis against one of our defamers. When we asserted that he held a retainer from the Government, to defend it in the columns of the *Gazette*, we did not suppose that any person would give our words a literal interpretation. Since Mr. Lawson appears, however, to be so thick-skulled and thin-skinned, we shall briefly explain what we meant by the "retainer." The *Gazette* is directly under the control of the Government, and is paid by the Government for its publications. When a gentleman is employed to write for that paper, and receives compensation for his writings, is it unreasonable to regard him as the retained advocate of the Administration. His pay, to be sure, may not come directly from the Treasury to his pocket; but the "cherished fee" comes through Mr. Haszard's hands, who receives it from the Treasury. If Mr. Lawson can satisfy the public that his editorials for the *Gazette* are gratuitous contributions; and that he is at liberty to write against the Government, as well as for it, in the columns of that paper, if he should feel inclined so to do,—then we shall withdraw the assertion at which the pride of the learned advocate seems to have taken offence. What, in short, we meant to convey is simply this: that Mr. Lawson, as editor of the *Gazette*, is not, and cannot be, his own master. We will persist in this belief in spite of all our brother's sophistry.

Mr. Lawson may be a good pleader and practitioner in the Courts of law, but he is evidently ignorant of the responsibilities of the editorial office, when he puts on unseemly airs in the exercise of its duties, and arrogates to himself privileges which would not even be allowed in the other profession. "Whatever may be the nature," he observes, "of the connexion between the proprietor of the *Gazette* and myself, or the extent of my communications to that Periodical, they concern neither you nor the public." Again, he says: "Of what consequence is it whether such puerile effusions are the composition of John Lawson, John Dickson, or John Thompson?" This is a most extraordinary doctrine to be held by the conductor of a Periodical! That his communications, written for the instruction of the public, do not concern the public! Pray, who do they concern? And is Mr. Lawson, then, content to be regarded as a mere machine for supplying Mr. Haszard with ideas, of which Mr. H. is to have the honours of the midwifery? We are sorry to think that any editor should have so mean an opinion of his vocation. But Mr. Lawson—much as he may be desirous of doing so—cannot shirk the responsibility of his writings. True, the "puerile compositions of John Lawson, John Dickson, or John Thompson," would be of no consequence to any one, if they came to the public authenticated by the name of the writer; but the public would, nevertheless, have a right