

The Examiner.

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

"This is true Liberty, when free-born men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—MILTON'S EURIPIDES.

NEW SERIES.]

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LITERATURE.

RESIGNATION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!

There is no fireside, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;

The heart of Rachel for her children crying
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps

What seem to us but dim, funereal tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! what seems so is transition:

This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school,

Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion
By guardian angels led,

Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;

Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,

Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild

To our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;

And beautiful with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,

The swelling heart heaves moaning like the deep sea,
That cannot be at rest;

Why be patient! and assuage the swelling
Which is not wholly stay;

Why sanctify, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

The Misfortunes and Consolations of Peregrine Tweezle.

My friend Tweezle has, through life, been the most unfortunate, and yet the most fortunate, of men. Every species of calamity has befallen him, and yet he has never once been unhappy. Misfortune and he have ever been at war; she darting her missiles at him, and he throwing them back at her, or raising up bastions behind which he has ensconced himself, and laughed the malicious jade to scorn. Lucky has it been for him that he has been made of such "impenetrable stuff;" lucky for him that he had a thick head and a tough hide; and that, like the tortoise, which escaped in its hard shell, when the ponderous waggon-wheel passed over it without finching, he also has been able to let the heavy car of Fate drive right over his back, without having a single bone broken by the pressure. Some men, when under the lash of misfortune, suddenly imagine that they ought to be religious, and take to praying most vehemently while the danger lasts; others again are optimists, and, when the shoe pinches them, console themselves, by quoting the hackneyed line of the poet, 'whatever is, is right;' while others, poor weak-minded creatures, fly to the bottle for solace, and make beasts of themselves, because Fate has proved unkind. Tweezle, however, condemns all these methods, and consoles himself in a manner peculiarly his own. Whenever any scowling, ill-favoured fiend, of the many that follow in the train of misfortune, stares him in the face, my friend Tweezle sits himself calmly down and looks at him. He quietly takes the measure of his deformity, and if the fiend has by chance any good parts about him he treasures them in his remembrance. Then he shuts his eyes, and gives loose rein to his imagination; which, finding itself at liberty to disport, speedily depicts the monster as ten times more hideous than he really is. At this creation of his fancy, Tweezle shudders, his hair stands on end, and he thinks himself indeed an unfortunate man, to be in the presence of a misfortune so great and so menacing. This, however, only lasts for a moment, and Tweezle opens his eyes again. The monster is still there. "Ha ha!" says Tweezle, pretending to be agreeably surprised, "is that you? Lord love you! I thought you were a great deal uglier, really, you are not half so bad as you might have been. Your face is really pleasant, and your behaviour actually courteous, in comparison with the one I took you for. What a lucky fellow I am, that Fate has sent me in your person a misfortune that I can put up with. Ha! my good fellow;—there is comfort in store yet;" and Tweezle, rhapsodizing in this strain, actually rejoices that a little misfortune has come upon him, because a greater might, with as much justice, have befallen him. Tweezle and I were schoolfellows, and one trait of his early character will exemplify his peculiar philosophy. Peregrine, being so easy and good-natured, shared the fate of all easy folks, and was always put upon and became, in fact, the scape-goat of the whole school. If any riotous urchin had committed a fault, broken a window, knocked down a pie-woman, or drawn a caricature of our pedagogues upon the wall, Peregrine was pointed out as the delinquent. Straightway the award

ferule was put in requisition, and Tweezle and its thongs became more intimately acquainted than was at all agreeable to the former. Tweezle was at this time but seven years old, but his ruling maxim had even then penetrated into his brain, and become the guide of his conduct and his consolation in distress. Our pedagogue, Mr. Thump'emwell, had a wife, who had a very inordinate notion of her own excellence, both mental and corporeal, and a very supreme contempt for her husband in both respects.—Thump'emwell, if rumor spoke truly, now and then experienced from this affectionate partner, a few proofs of her superiority, which she manifested by imprinting upon his cheek the marks of her delicate fingers, and by letting fall upon his eyes the full weight of her dainty fist. One unlucky morning, some satirical rogue, ill-natured, as satirists always are,—drew, with chalk, upon the wall, a very tolerable representation of one of the striking scenes above alluded to, which had on the previous evening relieved the dull monotony of the schoolmaster's life. When Thump'emwell came down in the morning, his eyes rested immediately upon this sketch of his connubial felicity. He gazed upon it for a minute in awful silence; and then his eyes sparkled with fury, and his face grew so red, and the veins of his forehead so swollen, that we thought he would have suffocated. Clenching his hand, and striking it against his desk, upsetting at the same time an ink-stand all over his nankeen garments, he, with a still small voice, ordered us all to stand up. The dread summons was obeyed, and we stood in a line across the room. Thump'emwell was always in a tremendous fury whenever he spoke low and blandly, and we accordingly prepared ourselves for an explosion.

"Now, my dear children," said Thump'emwell, "you know I love you sincerely," and the hypocritical wretch seized hold of his ferrule as he spoke, "and I should die with grief, if one of you came to the gallows. Do you hear?"

"Now," continued he, after a pause, "I was telling you that I loved you all dearly; and, as I love you, I must save you from the gallows. Now, the little atrocious vagabond who made that drawing is sure to be hanged; nothing can save him from it, unless I find him out and flog him and confine him for three days upon bread and water. You see, therefore, my dear children," continued he, still in the same bland voice, "that my affection compels me to punish the offender, therefore I ask you who did it?"

No reply.

"Tell me, or I will flog every soul of you, from the biggest to the least. Who is the atrocious little reptile that had the audacity to do it?"

Still there was no reply; and Thump'emwell lifted his rod and brandished it in the air, passing the fingers of his left hand lovingly through the thongs as it descended.

Still a general silence prevailed: every one looked innocent, and the real culprit certainly the most innocent of all.

Again the question was asked, and all eyes were directed towards poor Tweezle, who though guiltless as the babe unborn, stood trembling at the bottom of the file. His countenance was pale, his eyes were

turned towards him, my poor friend thought that he might as well have been guilty, since he was sure to bear the punishment.

"It was you, was it, you incorrigible rascal?" said Thump'emwell, seizing the unlucky Peregrine by the nape of the neck. "Now go, sir, and rub it off!"

Tweezle done as he was desired.

"Now, my dear little boy," said Thump'emwell, "come here?"

Tweezle knew it would be of no use to resist, so he went.

In a minute afterwards the instrument of torture ascended and descended in rapid succession, and the screams of the unhappy sufferer resounded through the apartment.

"I'll teach you to make sport of your superiors, you imp," said Thump'emwell, after he had flogged him till his arm was tired. "And now," he added, "come with me."

Tweezle still bellowing, as if he had the lungs of ten urchins, was dragged by Thump'emwell to a little dark dusty room, used as the prison for juvenile delinquents, and there locked up. We all of us heard him roaring for about five minutes, when the noise gradually subsided, and in a short time was as quiet as if he had dropped asleep. Feeling acutely for his sufferings, and indignant that he should have undergone such severe punishment for an offence of which he was guiltless, I seized an opportunity to steal away to condole with him upon his wrongs. Tapping gently at the door of his prison I announced myself, and straightway from the outside began to console him under the pressure of his evil fortune.

"Oh, I am quite comfortable!" said Tweezle, stopping me short in the midst of my lamentations.

"What?" said I, surprised, "after such a beating as that infernal Thump'emwell gave you?"

"Yes," said Tweezle.

"And three whole days yet to be locked up here, and condemned to bread and water. Comfortable did you say?"

"Yes quite comfortable," said Tweezle; "one thing only troubles me."

"And what is that?"

"That I was not guilty; however, I intend to become so as soon as I get out, and there's comfort in that!"

"Well done, Tweezle! I admire you for that! But is it not cruel, nevertheless, that you should be confined here for three days? Is it not disgraceful?"

"It is rather," replied Tweezle; "but I don't mind it. Three days will pass sooner than a week. It might have been worse!"

And with this small grain of comfort—that his punishment might have been more severe—Tweezle passed the term of his imprisonment in cheerfulness!—Happy Tweezle!

This was one of the troubles of his early life; and in manhood he has not been more fortunate. Ill-luck has always followed him. He has been in love, and been jilted; and he has played, and been plucked; he has confided, and been deceived; but still the more that Fortune has frowned, the more stubborn has he been in the defiance of her, and the more eager to console himself, even in Fate's darkest day, by reflecting "that it might have been worse."

Another advantage in which he was concerned will show his turn of mind. The Hon. Major Fitzgiggins,

man who rejoiced in a great stock of assurance, a tolerably handsome person, and a very accommodating conscience, took it into his head to pay some very marked attentions to Miss Julietta Blossom, a young lady to whom Tweezle was engaged. These gallantries of the Major towards the fair Julietta were, of course, not very pleasing to my friend Peregrine; and it may be inferred that no great portion of good will subsisted between him and the Major. Peregrine being an easy, good-natured man, would never have insulted Major Fitzgiggins; but the latter being an overbearing puppy, thought fit to apply an epithet towards Mr. Peregrine Tweezle, which, as a gentleman, Mr. Peregrine Tweezle could not do otherwise than resent. I was in consequence commissioned to bear an invitation to the hon. Mr. Major Fitzgiggins to take a walk to Chalk Farm on the following morning, where he would find a certain person who would be most happy to exchange the politeness of a shot with him. Major Fitzgiggins was too much of a gentleman to reject so courteous an offer, and next morning, accordingly, the meeting took place.

"Sad rascal that Fitzgiggins!" said Tweezle to me as we arrived upon the ground.

"And a good shot!" said I, like a Job's comforter as I was.

"I'm glad of it!" said Tweezle.

I was about to ask him why, when the hon. Major Fitzgiggins arrived on the field, accompanied by his second. The customary cold and formal civilities passed between the belligerents; the ground was measured by the seconds, and the principals took their places. There was an awful pause. Each man fired, and each man fell! My friend Tweezle was severely wounded in the right arm. I knelt down, and began to bandage up his wound as well as I was able, when the second of Major Fitzgiggins came up to me. Alarm and anxiety were imprinted on his countenance.

"For God's sake!" said he in a hurried tone, "gentlemen—lose no time—fly, fly—Major Fitzgiggins is, I fear, mortally wounded."

"Good God!" said I, "hope not!"

"I fear so," answered the second, shaking his head dolefully as he turned to that assistance which his friend so imperatively needed. To my unsophisticated mind the aspect of affairs was disagreeable enough. Tweezle saw that I thought so; and, looking earnestly in my face, whispered in a condescending tone, "it might have been worse!"

"How?" replied I mechanically, for I was thinking whether we should proceed till the disagreeable business had blown over.

"I might have missed him!" said Tweezle; and he fainted from loss of blood.

I carried him in my arms on a hackney-coach that was in waiting, and we drove rapidly away. Three weeks afterwards we heard that Major Fitzgiggins was slowly recovering from his wound, and that no further fears were entertained for his safety. Not so, however, of my friend Tweezle. His wound had proved the end of a difficult cure; and atrocious state-month he lay in a very piteous and interesting manner. He added to his vexation, by reflecting and ed us that the heart of the bon had been romantic N. Julietta Blossom the gallant