

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.

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THE WATER-CRESS GIRL.

"Minnie, with thy braided tresses,
Gentle Minnie, tell me, pray,
Why should we sell water-cresses
Through the pleasant month of May?
Minnie, all the birds are singing,
Pleasant sounds around us ringing,
Blossoms are rippling, flowers are springing,
All the world looks bright and gay;
Minnie, with thy braided tresses,
Get away those water-cresses,
Let us also sing and play.

"Minnie, their can't smile as sweetly
As the high-born ladies smile;
Dance as well, and dress as neatly,
Think as kindly all the while.
Gentle Minnie, why should we
Sit beneath this aged tree,
Listening all the live-long day
Only to the wild bird's lay?

"Minnie, thou should'st be a lady,
With thy hand so soft and fair,
Leave the cut so dark and shady,
Leave this life of toil and care.
Get us go where bright forms glitter
Gaily in their silken sheen;
Courtly robes for thee were fitter
Than the russet gown has been.

"Minnie, thou should'st deck thy hair
With the glistening diamond bright,
Hang around thy neck so fair
Pearls that scarce could look more white.

"Every creature seems delighting
Now in spring's fresh opening hours,
Is the world not more inviting,
Minnie, than that home of ours?
To the lark not free to fly
High above the morning cloud?
Minnie, why should you and I
Wait upon the rich and proud?
Minnie, why thy braided tresses,
Gentle Minnie, tell me, pray,
Why should we sell water-cresses
Through the pleasant month of May?"

"Little brother, kind and true,
Still that restless tongue of thine,
See the skies not bright and blue,
Doth the sun not sweetly shine?
O'er the rich man's board be speak
With more real pomp and splendour
Than the grass and flowers so tender,
Underneath thy careless tread?"

"Little brother ask no longer,
Why such fate has fallen to us;
Can there be a reason stronger
Than that Heaven has willed it thus?
How thy head, my lovely flower,
Now the sunshine smiles upon thee;
Darker days may sometime lower,
Days when I may be far from thee.
How thy head, and bend thy will,
Hush thy murmuring and be still;
He who placed us here could see
What was best for thee and me."

IRISH GENIUS AND ITS REWARD.

It has been observed that the advantages of nature or of fortune have contributed very little to the promotion of happiness, and that those whom the splendour of their rank, or the extent of their capacity, have placed upon the summit of human life, have not often given any just occasion to envy, in those who look up to them from a lower station; and although those observations, like all other general truths, are capable of universal application, yet if, in looking round the world, we seek to discover the country to which they apply with the most unerring evidence of truth, Ireland will undoubtedly prove to be that country. Generations of Irishmen have been born, and have passed away, and they have each in their turn presented to the world names long destined to be honored and revered, that have forced themselves into public notice, bright and conspicuous, amidst the dark night of sorrow and degradation in which our country has been plunged. But if we study the history of their elevation, and compare the miseries and difficulties against which they had to contend, with the small amount of fortune and worldly goods that at last fell to their lot, we shall be obliged to confess that, so far as their own personal happiness was concerned, the balance is sadly against them; for we shall seldom find the patronage of the great extended towards them, or the fostering care of the Government exerted in their behalf; but, on the contrary, national prejudice and national jealousy levelled against those whom sorrow and misfortune would appear to have marked for their reward; and many a man, whose virtues were intended to

sweeten the cup of life, and to adorn the social circle, and whose talents were destined to shed a lustre over the page of his country's history, has sunk into the grave, impoverished, broken hearted, unknown, or despised; for the curse of SWIFT was upon him—he was a man of genius, and an Irishman!

If we take the names of those who, within the last few years, have made themselves conspicuous by their talents, we shall find that Irishmen have monopolized far more than their proportion of public fame; but if, again, we take a list of those who have obtained, either at home or abroad, the rewards of merit and talent, we shall find few Irishmen filling places of emolument or honor where the appointment to such was vested in the Government of the day. Accordingly, where a great amount of talent or skill is required, and where no amount of interest can compensate for its absence, Irishmen generally obtain promotion, and possess, probably, more than their proportionate share of the patronage. Thus, among orators, military commanders, poets, painters, sculptors, actors, writers, &c., numbers of Irishmen will be found; but from all other places, to obtain which patronage is required, they are too generally excluded; and the Marquis of Clanricarde is at present the only Irishman who fills any public position of importance.

At a time when party spirit was at its highest in England, and when oratory was a passport to the most elevated positions, the national prejudice against Irishmen was for a season waived. Then Burke, and Canning, and Sheridan, quickly advanced, and took the palm from their English competitors, while Ireland could still boast of the possession of a Curran, a Grattan, a Flood, a Bushe, a Clare, a Yelverton, an O'Grady, a Plunket, and a Shiel, that all followed one another in rapid succession. And so, also, in time of war, when national prejudice is annihilated by a sense of danger, Ireland supplies the highest places, and within the last few years has produced to England two Napiers, a Wellington, a Wellesley, and a Gough.

In the same manner, among eminent literary characters, Ireland can boast of Usher, Berkeley, Adam Clarke, Boyle, Jebb, Browne, Sir Hans Sloane, Lady Morgan, Mr. S. C. Hall, Miss Edgeworth, Samuel Lover, Lever (Harry Lorrequer), &c.; and among men of science, poets, painters, sculptors, actors, &c., can proudly point to the Earl of Rosse, Boyle, Swift, Goldsmith, Kirwan, Macartney, Maione, Sir P. Francis, Parnell the poet, Thomas Moore, Professor M'Cullagh, Brinkley the astronomer, Sir W. Hamilton, Lord Mornington, Rollo Gillespie, Hawkins, Abernethy, Humphrey Lloyd, Wolfe, Banim, Maxwell, Carleton, Miss O'Neill, Miss Farren, Mossop, Macklin, Petrie, Hogan, Miss C. Hayes, MacIse, Charles Kean, Balfe, Macready, &c. Thus, it will be seen that, in all the higher branches of the arts, and learned professions, Irishmen are conspicuous for their number and genius. Now, let us examine if they hold the same proportion in the offices, the appointment to which is vested in the Government.

The Archbishop of Dublin is an Englishman, the Paymaster of the Irish Civil Service is a Scotchman, the Chief Commissioner of Irish Public Works is an Englishman. The Teller of the Irish Exchequer is an Englishman. The Lord Lieutenant is an Englishman. The Registrar of the Irish Court of Chancery is an Englishman. The Chief officer of the Irish Constabulary is a Scotchman. The chief officer of the Irish Post-office is an Englishman. The Collector of Excise is a Scotchman. The head of the Revenue Police is an Englishman. The second in command is a Scotchman. The persons employed in the collection of Excise are—English and Scotch, to Irishmen, in the portion of 35 to one!

Now, let us turn to England. The following was a calculation carefully made three years ago, and the proportion is pretty nearly the same at present:—There were then, Cabinet Ministers, Englishmen, 10; Scotch, 3; Irishmen, 0. There is one Irish Minister, the Chief Secretary, Lord CLANRICARDE. Lords of the Treasury—English 4; Scotch 1; Irish, 1. Clerks of the Treasury—English and Scotch, 112; Irish, 1. Members of the Lord Steward's and Lord Chamberlain's Departments of the Royal Household—English and Scotch, 25; Irish, 4. The chances of preferments calculated as above, would amount to 6 to 1 in favour of an Englishman or Scotchman, in Ireland; while the probability of an Irishman obtaining a place in England, was 491 to 10, or 50 to one against him!

The whole of this page would not contain the names of those, each of whom has felt that the curse of SWIFT was upon him, for he was a man of genius, and an Irishman.—Advocate.

SIGNOR BLITZ AND THE EDITOR.—Blitz, the Venetian, was performing one evening during the past summer, in an inland city in the Province of New Brunswick, upon which occasion he perpetrated the following:

He requested some one from the audience to assist him. A Mr. Hogg (somewhat celebrated for his efforts at appearing conspicuous, and as every one thought, a stranger to the Signor) immediately strutted out upon the platform, and with all the importance of an Edible, took his place beside the magician. Having assisted in the performance of several little tricks, Blitz informed the audience that he would show them what a pretty noise a hog makes. He then proceeded in his own inimitable style, to produce all the peculiar intonations of a full grown porker, during which Mr. Hogg still retained his position beside the Signor, while the audience was convulsed with laughter. "Now" said Blitz, "I will stir up the little pigs—listen. This gentleman," placing one hand on the back and the other on the breast of Mr. Hogg, "has got a nest of little pigs about him." (Roars of laughter.) He then began pressing his hands together, and at every squeeze the juvenile grunts were heard proceeding apparently from the stomach of the discomfited Hogg, and as squeal after squeal echoed through the room, the laughter of the audience increased until the whole room became a scene of perfect tumult. Then again, as the music would subside, the little porkers, pausing as it were for breath, would utter three or four grunts, and again break forth into a full chorus of squeals. The whole scene was ludicrous in the extreme, and will not soon be forgotten by those present. Mr. Hogg finally took his seat, "looking unutterable things."—N. Y. Jour. of Com.

HOW THE CALF GOT THROUGH THE AUGUR HOLE.—The N. C. Argus puts the story we give below into the mouth of a Virginia stump speaker, who desired to expose the blunder made by the President in granting Santa Anna permission to pass our blockage and get into Mexico:

The proprietor of a tan-yard adjacent to a certain town in Virginia, concluded to build a stand, or sort of store, on one of the main streets, for the purpose of vending his leather, buying raw hides and the like. After completing his building, he began to consider what sort of a sign it would be best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention to his new establishment; and for days and weeks he was sorely puzzled on this subject. Several devices were adopted, and on further consideration rejected. At last a happy idea struck him. He bored an augur hole through the door-post and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while he noticed a grave looking personage standing near the door, with his spectacles on, gazing intently on the sign. And there he continued to stand, gazing and gazing until the curiosity of the tanner was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out and addressed the individual:

"Good morning," said he.
"Morning," said the other without moving his eyes from the sign.
"You want to buy leather?" said the store-keeper.
"No."
"Do you wish to sell hides?"
"No."
"Are you a farmer?"
"No."
"Are you a merchant?"
"No."
"Are you a lawyer?"
"No."
"Are you a doctor?"
"No."
"What the d—l are you then?"
"I am a philosopher. I have been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain how a calf got through the augur hole, and I can't make it out—save my life."

AMUSEMENTS OF THE ESQUIMAUX.—Should the summer and fall hunt prove successful, the Esquimaux is one of the happiest animals in the creation. He passes his dreary winter without one careful thought; he eats his fill, and lies down to sleep, and then rises to eat again. In this manner they pass the greater part of their time; night and day are the same; eating and drinking are their chief enjoyments. When, however, they do raise their dormant faculties to exertion, they seem to engage with great good will in the few amusements they have, the principal of which is playing ball, men and women joining in the game. Two parties are