

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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POVERTY PARTS GOOD COMPANIE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

We love the sayings of olden times,
We quote them in age, we learn them in youth;
They fall on our ears like ding-dong chimes,
That experience rings in the belfry of truth.
But I wonder what people it was in the land,
And I wonder as much where the land might be,
So stupidly wise that the proverb could rise,
Of "Poverty parts Good Companie."

'Twas a woeful thing for man to prove,
And sorrow was in the tale it told,
For it said that goodness, worth, and love,
Weighed little without they were cast in gold.
And now in the world 'tis better to hear,
And sadder yet to feel and see,
That velvet is shy when rags go by,
And that "Poverty parts Good Companie."

There's many a beard where laggards sit
Heavy and dull as a Winter's morn;
Not even red Muscatel brightens their wit,
Yet, how can we nurture what never was born?
Spirit and brain of a diamond light
Might quicken the feasting with eloquent glee;
But talent is often in beggarly plight,
For "Poverty parts Good Companie."

Full many a sinner of poor estate,
With nothing to leave but a felon's name,
Has walked to death through the prison gate—
The example of law and the target of flame.
Not seeing the deeds that rich men do,
He could point to many of high degree,
And think they might share the hangman's care—
But "Poverty parts Good Companie."

We punish the whining rogue, who seems
To be what he is not in the open streets;
And the Judge in his sapient wisdom deems
The villain in pence is the greatest of cheats.
But hypocrites live in grander guise,
Wily and cunning as rogue can be;
They might rank with the beggar for meanness and lies,
But "Poverty parts Good Companie."

Full many a heart hath made its home
With hope and honesty close by its side;
Temptation may whisper and lure it to roam,
Yet safely it goes with these to guide,
But the Beldame Queen of Want comes in,
And hope and honesty quickly flee.
While the lone heart groans in its reckless sin,
"Oh! Poverty parts Good Companie"

From the Guernsey Star of July 25th.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR.

"I am prepared to die; for I have tried
To do my duty"—Was it Nelson's twin,
Who spake so like a hero, with forgiven sin?
Yes—it is one, Columbia's honest pride
(And mother England's joy—we claim him
too.)
Who now is gone for other spoils to win
Than late of Palo-Alto—higher need,
Trophies of nobler fame and praise more
true,
Than those a faithful country well decreed
To her best son; her best and bravest son,
Sough for the fight, but ready heart and hand,
To make it up with victory won,
In war—and peace—the Glory of his Land!
Guernsey MARTIN F. TOPPER

THE DOOMED COUNTRY.

Who can deny that England, since the date of the Act of Navigation, has acquired the dominion of the seas, and that her naval power, warlike or merchant, is now the first in the world?

Who can deny that England in a commercial point of view, has become under its former policy, the first in the world, and the chief moving power, the universal agent, the sovereign people of credit, circulation and commerce?

Who can deny that British agriculture, on an equal extent and quality of soil, gives a greater return for the labour of the husbandman, than lands the most furrowed by the plough or favoured by the sun?

Who can deny that the British Isles—two miserable little spots, when looked at on a map of the world—have for centuries taken their place among the greatest empires, and obtained an illustrious place in the history of the powers of the earth?

You might as well deny the existence of the sun as deny any of these things. To over whelm any audacious comparisons, England has only to exhibit its fleets, its harbours, its domains, its banks, its manufactories, its iron founderies, its markets, its docks, its arsenals, its girdle of colonies and fortresses encircling the globe, composing an empire larger than ever obeyed the laws of Rome.

To speak only of the metropolis. What marvels those riches accumulated between the two banks of the Thames, peopled by a forest of masts, and which almost superhuman activity incessantly presses and agitates! Here are to be seen deep and spacious docks, the ample bosom of which no breath of wind ever agitates, and in which every vessel of every nation, from the gigantic three-decker to the Chinese junk, finds its allotted place, and where all the flags of the earth lie side by side, as in the common emporium of nations. There the tributes of every nation of the world are arranged in perfect order, in gigantic magazines, constituting of themselves an entire city.

Here are dockyards, dry docks, forge and iron works, where, under the hammer and the flame, steel and iron are twisted into a thousand fantastic forms. Industry labours at every thing; and yet all this, great as it is, is nothing compared with the works of Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Merthyr-Tidvil, and Lanarkshire. In the midst of the din, the clang, the volumes of smoke, the oceans of flame, which mark these astonishing scenes, you would suppose that the fable of the Titans had come to pass and that giants of a rebel race are preparing to scale the heavens.

Farther on the eye is fatigued, the mind turns around at the immensity of the circulation which is perpetually going forward. From one of the bridges over the Thames, you behold from the midst of an atmosphere of smoke hundreds of vessels which pass under your feet, docile and obedient to direction, like so many human beings; at one moment almost rivalling the railway train in speed, at another stopping at the hand of a child; racing with each other, and yet steady to their object; approaching, but never touching; ploughing through the waves with their wings of flame, seeming to caress, where a single touch would be death! In the city itself, thousands of chariots and waggons, of omnibuses drawn by powerful horses, of carriages darting at speed through the throng, all passing and repassing, crossing intermingling, and yet never coming into collision—so experienced and wary

are the hands which guide them. Meanwhile on the foot pavements, a countless multitude of people, intent on business, amusement, or pleasure, incessantly pours along; and this is the same from the West India docks to the West End parks, from Blackwall to the splendid squares of Belgrave and Hyde parks, which form the brilliant girdle of that scene of toil and labour, as the Elysian fields to the realms of Tartarus. Never has a people in the material world developed its industry on such a scale of immeasurable grandeur. The pen cannot describe the animation of its labours, the activity of its commercial and manufacturing cities, the extent of its rural industry. Figures alone can convey an idea of its immensity.

Great Britain which is only two hundred leagues long, and the soil of which is far from rivalling in richness the plains of Lombardy or Aragon, yields annually to the labour of the husbandman, a revenue of about £140,000,000 sterling; an income, great as it is, which is almost doubled by the value of similar productions in its dependencies and colonies.

Its industry, commerce, and manufactures yield a revenue superior to that magnificent land estate; thanks to its inexhaustible mines, to its natural riches, to its admirable system of internal communications, conducted by eighty-six canals, and seventy lines of rail-way, in all, the general income of the British Empire exceeds twelve thousand millions francs, or nearly £500,000,000 sterling.

Its power among the nations is rendered manifest by the manner and greatness of its fleets and dominions. In Europe it possesses beside the lesser islands which adjoin Great Britain and Ireland, Heligoland, Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian islands; in Asia, Hindostan, with its tributary State, Ceylon, and its forced allies in Scinde and Punjab—that is almost an entire world; in Africa, Sierra Leone with its dependencies; the Isle of France, Fernando Po, the Cape, and St. Helena; in America, Upper and Lower Canada, the West Indies, Bermuda, Newfoundland, and all the lesser provinces of North America; in Oceania, the whole of New Holland, and New Zealand, Norfolk Island and New Caledonia. Those united territories contain a hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants, including the twenty-eight of the British Isles.

As to its commercial marine, two facts are sufficient to make its immensity known. It has nearly thirty thousand vessels, including those propelled by steam, beside eight thousand in the colonies; and in a single year it exports more than £28,000,000 cotton goods—an amount for a single article, greater than the whole export of the manufactures of France for everything put together.—*Ledru Rollins' "Decadence de l'Angleterre."*

SCHOOL-ROOM EXERCISE.

BY QUIZ.

"John, bound the State of Matrimony."

"The State of Matrimony is bounded on the north by solitude, on the east by double trouble, on the south by sore-shins, on the west by vexations."

"What are its chief products?"

"Peevish babies, scolding wives, hen-pecked husbands, smoked coffee, burnt hams, and sour pie."

"What is said of its climate?"

"It has a more variant temperature than that of any other state in existence. In that portion of it called honey-moon the climate is salubrious and healthy—

the atmosphere laden with the flowers of Hymen. In some parts the inhabitants experience a freezing cold reception, when they expect most warmth, and in some other parts there is all the sensation of the torrid zone. Sometimes a fellow's house in the State of Matrimony gets too hot to hold him, and strange to say he travels well with all speed, not to but from the poles, where cold is supposed to exist."

"Sarah, has John given a correct outline of the State of Matrimony?" "Can't say, sir—never was in that State. Bill Simpkins gave me an invitation the other day to travel in it with him, and when I return I'll answer the question."

"Well, Sarah, as you seem to be ignorant in geography, I will examine you in grammar. Take the sentence 'Marriage is a civil contract.' Parse Marriage."

"Marriage is a noun, because it's a name. And though Shakspeare asks 'What's in a name,' and says that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, yet marriage being a noun, and therefore a name, shows that the rule, established by the Bard of Avon has at least one exception. For marriage certainly is of very great importance, and being a noun, and therefore a name, ergo, there is something in a name."

"Good!—Well, what is the case of marriage?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Decline it and see."

"Don't feel at liberty to decline marriage after having made Bill the promise I have. Had rather conjugate."

"Jane, can you tell Sarah in what case marriage is?"

"Yes, sir, it's a very common case, and I would not care if it was a little commoner. And I s'pose Sarah won't be married a week before it's in the printer's case."

"Can you decline marriage?"

Jane blushed extremely, and answered, "Had rather not, sir."

"Well, Sarah, what person is marriage?"

"Second person, sir, because the person you speak to is one who is going to marry."

"What number is marriage?"

"Plural number now, sir, because Bill and I are two at the present time. When the person ties the knot, marriage will then be singular, because the bible says that 'the twain shall be one flesh.'"

"What gender is marriage?"

"Common gender, because either male or female may get married."

"Does marriage govern anything or does it agree with something?"

"Both, sir. It governs both man-kind and woman-kind, and as to agreeing, it agrees with the world and the rest of mankind."

"My rule is that Bill shan't grumble if I buy two silk dresses a year, and he shan't have but one teaspoonful of sugar to two cups of coffee."

GEMS.

What is joy? The honesty of existence; really beneficial and agreeable when partaken of in moderation, but highly injurious when used to excess.

What is contentment? The philosophy of life and the principal ingredient of the cap of happiness; a commodity that is under valued, in consequence of the very low price it can be obtained for.

What is happiness? A butterfly that roves from flower to flower in the vast garden of existence, and which is eagerly pursued by the multitude, in the vain hope of obtaining the prize, yet it continually eludes their grasp.

What is ambition? A fierce and un-