

The Examiner.

"THIS IS TRUE LIBERTY WHEN FREE-BORN MEN—HAVING TO ADVISE THE PUBLIC—MAY SPEAK FREE."—MILTON'S EURIPIDES.

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POETRY.

FOR THE EXAMINER.

Consolation;

A POEM—

Feelingly and Respectfully Addressed to
Desponding Maidens—

FAITHFULLY INSCRIBED TO "E. H. H."

Dear E. H. H., your sex's woes,
Portray'd in your lament for beaux,
The Islander put out last week,
Is witty, truthful and unique:
A gentle sighing, soft petition
To men to alter your condition.
And so they should; I always said,
None of the fair should die unwed,
Whom wisdom plann'd to pass their lives
First children, girls, and lastly wives;
But if cold men refuse to wed
And lead them to the nuptial bed,
And all their hopes seem born to fall,
Like whitewash from a ruin'd wall—
Their tempers getting short and shorter,
As tainted fish and dried up mortar,
And all their lives a burden are,
As bees and flies enrobed in tar,
It were humane to interfere
In favor of each hapless dear,
Take philanthropic occupation,
The views to forward of creation—
Cheer the desponding maidens up
With lover ties and marriage cup—
Get each a husband, if one can,
To please her and to better man.
And with this moral, friendly view,
I'll do the best that I may do;
The girls are willing—so am I;
They shall be married by and bye;
The gentle, forward, tender, tough,
Shall husbands have, and love enough.

'Tis hard in these enlightened times
Young Ladies must appear in rhymes,
And sore lament the lack of Beaux—
The sterling ones that would propose,
And make each one for mortal life
A tender mother and a wife.

'Tis strange, now spring or summer here,
That Boys with Girls refuse to pair;
The very birds, with love elate,
Have taken each a willing mate;
Aye, every Frog in every pond
Croaks love-lays to his listening blond;
The saps are mantling in the tree;
The flowers are courting on the lea.
All nature charm'd, is won and wed,
From valley to the mountain head.
Though fields, and flowers, and birds pro-
claim

Progression enters not the brain
Of any sparks about our town,
To don the matrimonial crown,
I hope there is no reason why
Our C. T. Girls are aught but shy,
And they, as E. H. really knows,
Are languishing for marrying Beaux;
And all the lads are full of life—
Each seems in tune to take a wife.
The Girls are ready, but the Beaux—
Confound the fellows!—don't propose.
It is their fault, a sin and shame,
The girls must keep their maiden name,
Come rouse you, each un-thoughtful lad,
And wed those, running husband mad;
Take pity, too, on Widows here,
On eager hunt to catch a dear.
'Twill be your credit so to do,
By serving G— and nature too.

Why C. T. girls are barren so,
Of what they call a proper beau,
One's at a loss, and scarce can tell;
But I may guess a little. Well!
You'll recollect no point I press;
I only make a random guess.
May be some are extremely pert,
And others only fit to flirt.

That some too anxious for a prize,
A manly bosom will despise.
That some so vain, have noxious grown,
And some with years are overblown.
That some's pretensions scar so high,
They in the notion maids will die.
Some adepts are in little tattle—
That some wag foul detraction's rattle—
That some will smile when eye to eye,
But absent, sadly vilify,—
That some are prattling silly girls,
Whose minds embrace but dress and curls.
That some, rude language smartly pit
Gainst sense and worth, and deem it wit.
That some are slovens on the street,
Their homes just like them, never neat—
That some like toys which please the eye,
We see, and pass the trifle by:
Scarce playthings for a gallant spark
An hour to toy with for a lark—
That some mayhap do lack the brain
A reasoning soul could entertain—
That some, so frequent on the street,
Are empty thought and indiscreet—
That some, extravagantly gay,
Would ruin one with bills to pay—
That one and all of whom I've sung,
The old, the middle, and the young,
Are blemish'd so, that, on my life,
Not one would make a so-so wife.
These are conjectures all, I know,
And do not say the fact is so.

Beside, we've many gentle dames
To sense and worth with ample claims,
Whose graces, virtues, both impart
A glowing pleasure in the heart;
And friendship's faith, with hearts as true
A lily hand they proffer you—
A majesty of soul and mind,
Worthy the best of human kind.
These gems no cause have of lament;
Their virtues yield them sweet content,
And lovers come and gather here
The fairest flowers among the fair.
These human bouquets fragrant tell,
And in the market quickly sell;
And these my Muse imports she knows
Are ready all supplied with Beaux.

For those now going to the wall,
Who cannot boast a Beau at all,
I have a scheme—just hit upon—
Will marry all and every one.
Compassion bade me do the deed,
And be the ladies' friend in need.
While virtue still with pleasure vies,
The single ladies I advise,
Each for a husband on the go,
To call in Matrimonial Row,
At number One—the house is blue—
Indicative of being true;
My sign is Cupid's glittering wings,
Inlaid with roses without stings,
And here the sovereign god is too,
With glowing bow and arrow true.
Reclining here, a lady lies,
With rosy lips, and love-lit eyes;
Her tresses float on neck of snow,
And dangle on her bosom's flow.
These fire the god, and in her heart
Essays to plant his wizard dart.
Such is my sign. And on the door,
A knocker gilt or gilded o'er,
A Bell, so you can ring or rap—
I'll hear the slightest ting or tap.
From nine at morn till drowsy night
All husband-seekers I invite
In person, or as each may see
Befitting best her modesty.
I'm sure to get you married all.
Pray don't be timid, Ladies! Call.
My terms are these: Each pretty Miss
Is only asked a gentle kiss.
Old Maids, and such too late for tea,
In common graceful charity,
Advice shall have, and go scot-free.
Come, Ladies, come! I'll fit you all—
From eighteen up to fifty. Call
At number One, in Cupid's nook,
And rap or ring, and ask for

SNOOK.

Latest Intelligence.

IRELAND.

[From the Dublin Correspondent of the Halifax Sun.]

The efforts of the Irish members in opposition to the Bill of Penalties—otherwise, the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, is above all praise, and the general theme of universal encomium in the mouth of every man who harbours in his bosom one particle of the genuine spirit of a FREE MAN.

The Association, in course of organization, for 'the protection and increase of Catholic Freedom,' is making progress; and, when completed, will present a formidable front to its foes. Its cause is strictly and fairly viewed; the cause of religious liberty involving the right and privileges not of the Catholic body only, but of the dissentients, generally, throughout the Empire to State Protestantism. By the way, and before adverting to, perhaps less interesting, and certainly, less important topics, I may notice that the amendment by Lord Arundel was pre-eminently of this character. He proposed, in effect, that the penal bill should not be construed to interfere with the jurisdiction, authority, pre-eminence, or titles, essential to the due discharge of the spiritual duties of the prelate—that, in fact, the bill should contain within itself a distinct declaration that it was not intended to interfere with the spiritual action of the Catholic bishops, but only with the temporal dignities connected with the episcopal titles. This, as I said before, constituted a test for the animus of the government and of the house. Had the design not been a design against Catholicity itself, and aimed at the very extirpation of the Catholic faith, the government would have gladly availed itself of the opportunity thus afforded of removing any misconception that might have existed on the subject: but their design is against the spiritualities and not against the temporalities of the Catholic church,—and Lord Arundel's amendment was defeated by a majority of 416 to 61.

Lord Stanley has declared that the Whig penal law is not sufficiently anti-Catholic, and not sufficiently stringent in its provisions for the prevention of "Papal aggression." Nevertheless, the very prevailing opinion is that we shall have a Stanley ministry, lifted into power on the shoulders of the Catholic members of the House of Commons. This may be explained as follows:

An occasion once again offers itself to the Irish members. The Conservative section of the House of Commons, for their own party purposes, are making energetic arrangements to procure a majority against ministers on the Ceylon question. The effect of their procuring a majority would be the resignation of the Whig ministers, and probably the immediate formation of a Stanley ministry. The leading members of his party object to the present bill as unequal to the occasion, and declare that all synodical action should be prohibited—that the common informer should be let loose upon the Catholic prelate, and that the transport ship should be called in to the aid of the "law," should any of the bishops prove refractory.

It is not altogether clear that, in this view, the gain to the cause, for which we are struggling so energetically, would be great,—it might be that matters would be by no means bettered by the change; but still, so strong is the indignant feeling prevalent against the persecuting Whigs, that my own opinion is, that a majority of Irish members will vote to turn them out.

I do not pretend to a very intimate acquaintance with the affairs of Ceylon. It appears, however, that the constitution there, has been most violently set aside, and a horrid system of terrorism, under the cover of British bayonets, substituted for the regular procedure of the courts of law. Lord Torrington had set aside the civil power, on the pretence of insurrection, and let loose all the horrors of martial law on the poor creatures, a priest amongst the number, who were either shot or transported. The humane Chief Justice, Sir Anthony Oliphant, declared such proceedings altogether illegal: and when he remonstrated against the punishment of death in some cases, and life-transportation in others, as severe beyond all measure—when he 'presumed' to interfere with the caprices of Lord Torrington, and suggested milder courses, he was answered with the execution of all the sentences unaltered and unmitigated.

We have it stated on the authority of one of the interested parties, that Sir Walter Scott, anxious to procure the brilliant pen of Washington Irving, offered him the editorship of a new Edinburgh newspaper, at a salary of £500 a year. The offer was declined, but the reason for declining was peculiar. Mr. Irving said he could not write *impromptu*. He had his moments of inspiration, and he was obliged to wait for them. But this habit of readiness, without which a newspaper writer is worthless, is often a fatal gift. The number of men that it annually "uses up" in the metropolis would amaze the world, if their lives could be written. In the first bloom of their powers they are handsomely paid, work hard, speedily break down, and are swept aside like leaves from an orchard. The diurnal and hebdomadal literature absorbs all the ready men, and talents, that if concentrated on a work, would immortalise the writer, are dissipated, so to speak, on the production of ephemeral articles.

Lieut. Green—charged with and tried for causing the death of one McQuaid, Private Soldier, deserted from the detachment of the 38th Regiment stationed at Sydney, C. B., has been acquitted; and, as we gather from the evidence, in so far we have it before us, most properly so.

"Testimony was adduced, on behalf of the prisoner, to prove that McQuade, previously to deserting, had said that he never would be brought back alive; to prove the Articles of War; to show that Mr. Green was considered by his commanding officer (Major Sparks, who was witness to this point), lenient in the discharge of his duty,—that his temper was good,—and this witness further proved that under the circumstance, if in the position of the prisoner, he should have felt it his imperative duty to have ascended to apprehend the deserter, and further to show that the deceased was determined when sober—outrageous when drunk.

We understand that the organization of the pensioners for the military defence of Canada, is rapidly proceeding. In the first instance, they will replace the garrisons of Sandwich and Penetanguishene.

John Hinds and Alexander Evans, the parties found guilty of robbing the Roman Catholic Church at Toronto, a short time ago, were sentenced on the 28th instant to the Provincial Penitentiary, the former for nine years, and the latter for six years.—*Quebec Gazette*.