

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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VILLAGE COURTSHIP.

Tapping at the window,
Peeping o'er the blind;—
'Tis really most surprising,
He never learns to mind!
'Twas only yester evening,
As in the dark we sat,
My mother ask'd me sharply,
"Pray, Mary, who is that?"
Who's that, indeed,—you're certain
How much she made me start;
Men seem to lose their wisdom
Whene'er they lose their heart!

Yes—there he is—I see him;
The lamp his shadow throws
Across the curtain'd window;
He's stepping on his toes!
He'll never think of tapping,
Or making any din;—
A knock, though e'en the slightest,
Is worse than looking in!
Tap! tap!—would any think it?
He never learns to mind;
'Tis surely most surprising—
He thinks my mother blind!

'Tis plain I must go to him;
It's no use now to cough;—
I'll open the door, just softly,
If but to send him off!
'Tis well if from the door-step
He be not shortly hurled—
Oh, men, there ne'er was trouble
'Till ye came in the world!
Tapping at the window,
And peeping o'er the blind;
Oh, man, but you're a trouble,
And that we maidens find!

CHARLES SWAIN.

BIDE YOUR TIME.

Bide your time!—the morn is breaking,
Bright with Freedom's blessed ray;
Millions, from their trance awaking,
Soon shall stand in firm array.
Man shall fetter man no longer—
Liberty shall march sublime;
Every moment makes you stronger;
Firm, unshrinking, bide your time.

Bide your time!—one false step taken,
Perils all you yet have done,
Undismayed—erect—unshaken,
Watch and wait, and all is won.
'Tis not by one rash endeavor
Men or states to greatness climb,
Would you win your rights for ever,
Calm and thoughtful bide your time!

Bide your time!—your worst transgression
Were to strike, and strike in vain,
He whose arm would smite Oppression,
Must not need to smite again!
Danger makes the brave man steady—
Rashness is the coward's crime:
Be for Freedom's battle ready,
When it comes—but bide your time.

HORACE MANN ON LABOR.

We give below an extract from a speech of Mr. Mann in the House of Representatives, on the 30th June, 1848, in which the speaker pays a splendid tribute to inventive genius:

"It was not the design of Providence that the work of the world should be performed by muscular strength. God has filled the earth and imbued the elements with energies of greater power than that of all the inhabitants of a thousand planets like ours. Whence comes our necessities and our luxuries? those comforts and appliances that make the difference between a houseless wandering tribe of Indians in the Far West, and a New England village. They do not come

wholly or principally from the original, unassisted strength of the human arm, but from the employment through intelligence and skill, of those great natural forces with which the bountiful Creator has filled every part of the universe. Caloric, gravitation, expansibility, comprehensibility, electricity, chemical affinities and repulsions, spontaneous velocities—these are the mighty agents which the intellect of man harnesses to the car of improvement. The application of water and wind, and steam, to the propulsion of machinery, and to the transportation of men and merchandise from place to place, has added ten thousand fold to the actual products of human industry. How small the wheel which the stoutest labourer can turn, and how soon will he be weary. Compare this with a wheel driving a thousand spindles and looms, which a stream of water can turn and never tire. A locomotive will take five hundred men, and bear them on their journey hundreds of miles a day. Look at these same five hundred men, starting from the same point and attempting the same distance with all the pedestrian's or the equestrian's toil and tardiness. The cotton mills of Massachusetts will turn out more cloth in one day than could have been manufactured by all the inhabitants of the Eastern Continent during the tenth century. On an element which in ancient time was supposed to be exclusively within the control of the gods, and where it was deemed impious for human power to intrude, even there the gigantic forces of nature, which human science and skill have enlisted in their service, confront and overcome the raging of the elements—breasting tempest and tides, escaping reef and lee-shores, and careering triumphant around the globe. The velocity of winds, the weight of waters, and rage of stream, are powers, each one of which is infinitely stronger than all the strength of all the nations and races of mankind, were it all gathered into a single arm. And all these energies are given to us on one condition—the condition of intelligence—that is, of education.

"Had God intended that the work of the world should be done by human bome and sinews, he would have given us an arm as solid and strong as the shaft of a steam engine; and enabled us to stand day and night, and turn the crank of a steamship while sailing to Liverpool or Calcutta. Had God designed the human muscle to do the work of the world, then, instead of the ingredients of gunpowder or gun-cotton, and the expansive force of heat, he would have given us hands which could take a granite quarry and break its solid acres into symmetrical blocks, as easily as we now open an orange. Had he intended us for bearing burdens, he would have given us Atlantean shoulders, by which we could carry the vast freights of railroad cars and steamships, as a porter carries his pack. He would have given us lungs by which we could blow fleets before us, and wings to sweep over the ocean wastes. But, instead of iron arms and Atlantean shoulders, and the lungs of Boreas, he has given us a mind, a soul, a capacity for acquiring knowledge, and thus of appropriating all these energies of nature to our own use. Instead of telescopic or microscopic eyes, he has given us power to invent the telescope and microscope. Instead of ten thousand fingers, he has given genius inventive of the power-loom and printing press. Without a cultivated intellect, man is among the weakest of all the dynamical forces of nature; with a cultivated intellect, he commands them all."

ROBERT FULTON.—A correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer,

speaking of the ocean steamers, relates an incident in the history of steam, which possesses no little interest. He thus tells it:

"A gentleman, now an honored representative in one of the Congressional districts of New Jersey, visited Robert Fulton when he was in Paris. The man whose genius has made a new era in civilization, occupied a small and obscure room. The embodiment of the expansive power of steam was confined within very narrow limits. Like Diogenes in his tub Fulton was almost lodged in the circumference of a cylinder. On the wall of his habitation was sketched coarsely, but distinctly, the plan of a steamboat. 'There,' said Fulton, as he pointed out to his visitor, 'there is the image of what will yet traverse the river and ocean.'

"And wherever he went, this image of the future he carried with him. If he did not sketch it on the wall, it was written in his mind. He saw it as he walked along; he thought of it; he dreamt of it; and, at last, he acted on it." The taper of his lone room illumined the world.

"I recollect the distinct emphasis which Mr. Clay gave to the words, when conversing respecting the many memorable and wonderful men who were given to the world in the year 1769—Napoleon, Wellington, Clinton, Fulton.—'And the greatest of these was Fulton,' said he. It was truly said, and the world almost, even now, acknowledge it.

AN ACTION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—I have said a great deal about prospect and landscape. I will mention an action or two, which appear to me to convey as distinct a feeling of the beautiful as any landscape whatever. A London merchant who I believe is alive, while he was staying in the country with a friend, happened to mention that he intended, the next year, to buy a ticket in the lottery; his friend desired he would buy one for him at the same time, which of course was very willingly agreed to. The conversation dropped, the ticket never arrived, and the whole affair entirely forgotten when the country gentleman received information that the ticket purchased for him by his friend had come up a prize of £20,000. Upon his arrival in London he inquired of his friend where he had put the ticket, and why he had not informed him that it was purchased. "I bought them both the same day, mine and your ticket, and I flung them both into a drawer of my bureau, and never thought of them afterwards." "But how do you distinguish one ticket from the other? and why am I the holder of the fortunate ticket, more than you?" "Why, at the time I put them into the drawer, I put a little mark in ink upon the ticket which I resolved should be yours; and upon reopening the drawer, I found that the one so marked was the fortunate ticket." Now this action appears to me perfectly beautiful; it is *le beau idéal* in morals, and gives that calm yet deep emotion of pleasure which every one so easily receives from the beauty of the exterior world.—*Sydney Smith.*

MR. SLIVERS ON LONDON MILK.—"You see," pursued Mr. Tim Slivers, "you see it can't be pure milk as we all drink, and I'll show you how it can't be. Say there's two millions and more of us here in London; and suppose each person on the average takes half a pint of milk a day—" "But they don't do it," interposed Mr. Yawl, the milkman; "that's much too high a estimate. Half a pint! I wish they did." "And so they do," proceeded the unconquerable Slivers; "there's tea and coffee in the morning—good; there's

tea and coffee in the evening—good. But besides this—mind, I say, one with another—there's bread and milk for breakfast, and paps, and bottles of milk for infants, and there's pies and puddings, and cakes, blue-monge and custards, and soups, and sarces, and diet for the sick, and curds and whey, and milk punch, and rum and milk—nice thing, you know—and sometimes a bath of milk, for those as can't swallow:—nourishment gets through the pores, my boy!"—and smack closed the jaws of the scissors with the last word, and down fell a great tuft of Mr. Yawl's hair upon the upper leather of his left boot. Mr. Yawl looked down at the tuft of hair, but said nothing. "Pray how many milch cows are there among all the cowkeepers that supply milk for all London?" next demanded Mr. Slivers. "A great many," replied Yawl, brightening up. "I dare say a matter of twenty thousand." "Now," proceeded Slivers, again gathering up a still larger tuft of hair to his comb, and expanding the blades of the scissors to their utmost gape, "now, half a pint a day for two millions of people amounts to five hundred thousand quarts; to obtain which we must have fifty thousand cows, each producing, on an average ten quarts a day. So you see, according to Corker, we're thirty thousand cows short of our compliment—and the milk of all these has to be supplied by the Cow with the Iron-Tail, my boy!"—and off went the second great tuft of hair, and fell close beside his shorn companion on the boot.—*Dicken's Household Words.*

A CANDID APPEAL.—A wife, whose husband is now undergoing a sentence of transportation for a term of years, in one of the hulks at Woolwich, has sent him the following consoling letter:—"Dear husband,—I take this opportunity of addressing these few lines to you, hoping to find you in good health, as it leaves me at present, thank God for it. Dear husband, I am going to change my line of life, and I hope it will be for the better. I must tell you that I am going to be married, and hope you will have no objection, for you know you have not behaved to me as a husband ought to have done; both you and your family have used me very ill, but everybody knows that I never gave you any reason to ill treat me. I have been to the overseers to ask their advice, and they told me I had better get another husband, as I did not expect you would ever come home again. You need not fret about it, nor make yourself in the least alarmed at what I say, for I can assure you it is true. The overseers of the parish are going to give the man £10 to take me out of the parish. I have invited your brother Robert to the wedding, and I wish you was at home to make one amongst us. I shall tell you the man's name is William—. You need not forget me for all that; and if you should ever come where I am, I hope you will call and see me. So I conclude, and still remain your affectionate wife—CATHERINE. To William—, Ganymede Hulk, Woolwich."—*Manchester Spectator.*

During the performances of an overture recently, one of the musicians having a trumpet part to perform, played too low, which the leader observing, cried out, "Louder, louder!" No attention being paid, he repeated his command so often that at length the indignant German, in an agony of passion and exhaustion, threw down his trumpet, and turning towards the audience, violently exclaimed, "It is very easy to cry 'louder! louder! louder!' but vere is de vind?"