

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.

CHARLOTTETOWN, NOVEMBER 13, 1850.

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POETRY.

END OF AUTUMN.

Autumn departs—but still his mantle's fold
Rests on the groves of noble Somerville,
Beneath a shroud of russet dropped with
gold
Tweed and his tributaries mingle still;
Hearst the wind, and deeper sound the rill,
Yet lingering notes of sylvan music swell,
The deep-toned cushat, and the red-breast
shrill
And yet some tints of summer splendour tell
When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's
western fell.

Autumn departs—from Gala's fields no more
Some rural sounds our kindred banks to
cheer;
Eleat with the stream, and gale that wafts it
o'er,
No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear,
The last blithe shout hath died upon our ear,
And harvest-home hath hushed the clanging
wain,
On the waste hill no forms of life appear,
Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal
train,
Some age-struck wanderer gleams few ears of
scattered grain.

Deem'st thou these saddened scenes have
pleasure still,
Lovest thou through Autumn's fading realms
to stray,
To see the heath-flower withered on the hill,
To listen to the wood's expiring lay,
To note the red leaf shivering on the spray,
To mark the last bright tints the mountain
stain,
On the waste field to trace the gleaner's way
And moralize on mortal joy and pain?
O! if such scenes thou lovest, scorn not the
minstrel strain.

No! do not scorn, although its hoarser note,
Scarce with the cushat's homely song can
vie,
Though faint its beauties as the tints remote
That gleam through mist on Autumn's even-
ing sky,
And few as leaves that tremble, sear and
dry,
When wild November hath his bugle wound;
Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I,
Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest
bound,
Where happier bards of yore have harvest
found.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MISCELLANY.

SINGULAR DEFENCE OF A PLAYER.—
An itinerant player, possessed of more
wit than money, was a few days ago
driven by the hard master, hunger, to
commit the high crime of poaching, in
the neighbourhood of Birmingham, and
being unluckily detected in the act, was
carried forthwith before a bench of mag-
istrates, when the offence was fully
proved. The knight of the buskin, how-
ever, being called upon for his defence,
astonished the learned justices by adapt-
ing "Brutus's speech to the Romans on
the death of Cæsar" to his case, in the
following manner:—"Britons, hungry
men, and epicures! hear me for my cause,
and be silent that you may hear; believe
me for mine honor, and have respect for
mine honor, that you may believe; cen-
sure me in your wisdom, and awake your
senses, that you may the better judge.
If there be any in this Assembly, any
your friend of this hare, to him I say, that

a player's love for hare is no less than
his. If then that friend demand why a
player rose against a hare, this is my
answer:—Not that I loved hare less, but
that I loved eating more. Had you
rather this hare were living and I died
starving, than that this hare were dead,
that I might live a jolly fellow? As
this hare was pretty, I weep for him; as
he was nimble, I rejoice at it; as he was
plump, I honour him; but as he was eat-
able, I slew him." Here the gravity of
the Court was obliged to give way; pros-
ecutors, spectators, and all burst into
laughter at the ready wit displayed by
the "poor actor." The information was
withdrawn, and the knight of the sock and
buskin left the court with pockets much
heavier than when he entered it, with the
intention of appearing on the stage the
same evening in an "entirely new char-
acter."—[This is an old Joe Miller.—
Editor of the *Evening Mail*.]

YANKEE TRADER.—"I kalkilate I
couldn' drive a trade with you to-day?"
said a true specimen of a Yankee pedlar,
as he stood at the door of a merchant of
St. Louis.

"I calculate you calculate about right,
for you cannot," was the sneering reply.
"Wal, I guess you needn't get huffy
about it. Now, here's a dozen genuine
razor strops worth two dollars and a half
—you may have 'em for two dollars."

"I tell you I don't want any of your
trash, so you had better be going."

"Wal, now, I declare! I'll bet you five
dollars if you make me an offer for them
ere strops, we'll have a trade yet."

"Done," replied the merchant, placing
the money in the hands of a bystander.

The Yankee deposited the like sum—
when the merchant offered him a picayune
for the strops.

"They're your'n," said the Yankee, as
he quietly fobbed the stakes. "But," he
added with great apparent honesty, "I
calculate a joke's a joke, and if you don't
want these strops I'll trade back?"

The merchant's countenance bright-
ened.

"You are not a bad chap after all;
here are your strops—give me the mone-
y."

"There it is," said the Yankee, as he
received the strops, and passed over the
picayune. "A trade's a trade—and now
you're wide awake in airnest. I guess
the next time you trade with that ere pic,
you'll do a little better than to buy razor
strops."

Away walked the pedlar with his strops,
and his wager, amid the shouts of the
laughing crowd.

LAW AND ITS WHIMS.—When Judge Par-
sons was a practising lawyer, he was once
employed to plead two cases in court, which
were precisely alike, but in one he was
engaged for the defendant, and in the other
for the plaintiff. It happened that both
cases were tried the same day; he
spoke for half an hour to the first jury,
and the case was given to them and they
had retired. When he appeared before
the second jury he made use of very dif-
ferent arguments from those employed by
him before, of which the court took no-
tice, reminding him that he seemed to
have changed his tune, and repeated to
him what he had said but a few minutes
before. Mr. Parsons fixed his keen eye
upon the judge, and replied: "May it
please your honour, I might have been
wrong half an hour ago, but now I know
I am right." He proceeded; and when
the juries returned, it was found he had
gained a verdict in both cases!

Sheridan was never free from pecuni-
ary embarrassments. As he was one day

hacking his face with a dull razor, he
turned to his eldest son (who was a chip
of the old block), and said, "Tom, if
you open any more oysters with my razor,
I'll cut you off with a shilling." "Very
well, father," retorted Tom, "but where
will the shilling come from?"

Some person asked Charles James Fox
what was the meaning of that passage in
the Psalms—"He clothed himself with
cursing, like as with a garment." "The
meaning," said he, "I think is plain
enough—the man had a habit of swearing."

CORRESPONDENCE.

PUBLIC MOURNING.

MR. EDITOR—

I have noticed, in the Royal Gazette,
an order from his Honor the Administra-
tor commanding Her Majesty's lieges in
this Colony to put themselves in "decent
mourning," for the space of six weeks,
in respect to the memory of the late
Lieutenant Governor. Whether or not
the "order" has been generally obeyed,
I neither know nor wish to know. For
my own part, I must confess I have been
"undutiful" enough to disregard it; first
because I am ignorant of any circum-
stance connected with the administration
of Sir Donald Campbell—or any particu-
larly good and virtuous trait in his public
character, which should induce me to
mourn for his loss, and pay more respect
to his memory, than to that of any of the
other thousand children of clay who are
constantly speeding to that "bourne from
whence no traveller returns." Secondly,
because I cannot imitate the lackadaisical
phiz of the hypocrite, and pretend to
lament for an individual, about whose
life or death I never felt the smallest
concern. And thirdly, because I deem
it an unwarrantable presumption on the
part of any person—even were that person
the Queen of England—to command me
to put on mourning, at my own expense,
on the death of a man whom, in life, I
might have abhorred or despised. My
sentiments on this subject are not inade-
quately conveyed in the following pas-
sage from Goldsmith's Chinese Letters.
Every citizen of the world must feel as
Lien Chi Altangi was supposed to feel,
and deprecate a custom so hypocritical
and silly:—

"When the great die here, mandarines
are ready enough to order mourning; but
I do not see they are so ready to pay for
it. If they send me down from court the
gray undress frock, or the black coat
without pocket-holes, I am willing enough
to comply with their commands, and
wear both; but, by the head of Confucius!
to be obliged to wear black, and buy it
into the bargain, is more than my tran-
quillity can bear. What! order me to
wear mourning, before they know whether
I can buy it or no! Fum, thou son of
Fo, what sort of people have I got
amongst? where being out of black is a
certain symptom of poverty; where those
who have miserable faces cannot have
mourning, and those who have mourning
will not wear a miserable face."

COMMON SENSE.

Malpeque, October, 1850.

The Examiner.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1850.

MR. MACLEAN'S PROPOSAL TO BECOME A SNATCHER.

DONKEY MACLEAN, in order to show off
his bit of *larving*, in the dearth of political
capital, publishes a tiresome article in
the last *Islander*, headed "Algebra—
Double Entry"—(most of which he has
cribbed, by the bye, from a late American
publication) and winds it up by saying,
that he has some "thought of applying
for the office of Instructor General to the
Snatchers, on the advent of Responsible
Government." The article would be in-
complete, had this "thought" been left
unexpressed, notwithstanding the air of
levity in which it is given. It was his
object in giving insertion to it, not so
much to inform his readers, as to impress
them with a notion of his own superior
acquirements. We have not the slightest
doubt but Duncan would readily become
the hired servant of the Snatchers if he
got a higher price than the Snarlars now
give him. He very probably sees the
hopelessness of attempting to instruct
his present patrons, in the acquire-
ment of any useful knowledge, and is
therefore ready to transfer his services to
others. But we think he had better not
make the application intimated, for he
would be likely to receive just such
another rebuff as he got when he begged
the Colonial Minister, years ago, to make
him Surveyor General. If, however, he
could teach the Snarlars to be honest in
the discharge of their public duties, which
he has unhappily failed to do in the case
of the late Treasurer, whom he strove to
tutor into the double entry system of
Book-keeping, which, in the opinion of
the self-styled Instructor General, was to
preclude the possibility of error—if he
could accomplish this miracle, we do
think he would merit some consideration
at the hands of the Snatchers "on the ad-
vent of Responsible Government." We
fear, however, he himself is not honestly
enough inclined to make the attempt.

ONE OF THE ISLANDER'S GREAT TRUTHS.

"It is a great truth which the people
of Prince Edward Island must read, mark,
and inwardly digest, that the monarchical
principle represented by a Colonial Gov-
ernor, and the democratical, represented
by an elective Assembly, are essentially
antagonistic, and cannot harmonize."

THE above false and stupid assertion is
taken from a childish and stupid editorial
in the last *Islander*, wherein the editor
labours to shew that Responsible Govern-
ment would produce corruption and dis-
honesty on the part of the public officers
under that system. The passage is too
ludicrous to admit of argumentation.
We shall only ask, how does the monar-