

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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POETRY.

THE FAMILY GATHERING, 1851.

BY THE AUTHOR OF PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY, &c.

For happiness, unity, plenty, and peace,
And brotherhood over the world,
For loves to increase, and dissensions to cease,
And war's bloody flag to be fur'd,
Come, gather together with hearty good will,
In the warmth of a generous mind,
And bring us the best of your strength
and your skill,
To bless and to better mankind!

Let quickened invention its secret impart,
The body to succour in need,
Let taste and high breeding, and delicate art,
The mind with their melodies feed;
Let just emulation and genius be glad
To join in the liberal strife,
Which seals to the world all the wealth
that it had,
And adds to the pleasure of life!

So gather together! your leader and Prince,
With many a true man beside,
Has set up his standard the world to convince
That commerce and love are allied;
For man, of all nations and kindred, is one,
And heartily well is it worth,
Thus kindly to cause in the sight of the sun,
A family Meeting of Earth.

MISCELLANY.

A SCENE AT THE POST OFFICE.

The following graphic description of the mailing of Newspapers at the London Post Office, is from a late No. of the Quarterly Review.

At three quarters past five a few newspapers, only by twos and by threes at a time, are to be heard falling heavily through the broad slits into the spacious bins for receiving them, and the stranger has accordingly still reason to think that in the newspaper department of this world something somewhere must have gone wrong. In a few minutes, however, a professional, business-like tap is heard at the window, and a lean, tall, sinewy man-in-waiting within, hitherto unobserved, who, with his sleeves tucked up, has been standing like a statue on the interior sill, opening the window, receives a dirty pocket handkerchief full of newspapers which he tumbles into a white wicker basket, two feet three inches cube, standing all ready beneath. He has scarcely, with rather a disdainful jerk of his hand, returned the dirty rag to its still dirtier owner, when there is pushed towards him a large long sack, which in like manner having been emptied into the basket is chucked to its proprietor. Bags, bundles, and sacks of all sizes, shapes, and lengths, now arrive so rapidly, that the man-in-waiting suddenly throws open the whole of the window, and in receiving, emptying, and throwing about bags, he commences a series of gymnastic exercises which are astonishing to witness. On the night on which we beheld the operation it happened that the newspapers for the India Mail were to be added to those of the heaviest night of the week. In consequence of which the number of bags were increased so rapidly, that an assistant porter of the same lean, active make, jumping on the broad sill, opened a second window. At five minutes before

6 these men were at times so nearly overwhelmed with bags of all colours and sizes, that most of those who had brought only large bundles chucked them themselves into the office. As the finger of the clock advanced the arrivals increased. As fast as the two men could possibly empty and eject the sacks, the baskets beneath them (each holding on an average 500 newspapers) were dragged by scarlet postmen into the lifting machine, in which on its platforms they were to be seen through the bars of their respective cages, one set after another, rising towards the upper sorting halls. At a minute before six the two window-men were apparently working for their very lives; parcels of newspapers like barred-shot hurled past them; single newspapers, mostly discharged by boys, like musketry, were flying over their heads. At last the clock mercifully came to their rescue, and though the first five strokes seemed to increase the volley, the last had no sooner struck than, before its melodious note had completely died away, both the wooden windows of the newspaper receiving-room of the inland department, by a desperate effort, were simultaneously closed by the lean janitors, whom, apparently exhausted by their extraordinary exertions, we observed instantly to set down on a bar, behind them, in order, in peaceful quietness, to wipe with their shirt sleeves the perspiration which stood in dew-drops on their pale honest faces.

NATURAL SCIENCE AS A BRANCH OF GENERAL EDUCATION.—But ere the churches can be prepared competently to deal with it, or with the other objections of a similar class which the infidelity of an age so largely engaged as the present in physical pursuits will be from time to time originating, they must greatly extend their educational walks into the field of physical science. The mighty change which has taken place during the present century in the direction in which the minds of the first order are operating, though indicated on the face of the country in characters which cannot be mistaken, seems to have too much escaped the notice of our theologians. Speculative theology and the metaphysics are cognate branches of the same science; and when, as in the last and preceding ages, the higher philosophy of the world was metaphysical, the churches took ready cognisance of the fact, and, in due accordance with the requirements of the time, the battle of the evidence was fought on metaphysical ground. But, judging from the preparations made in their colleges and halls, they do not now seem sufficiently aware,—though the low thunder of every railway, and the snort of every steam-engine, and the whistle of the wind amid the wires of every electric telegraph, serve to publish the fact,—that it is the department of physics, not of metaphysics, that the greater minds of the age are engaged,—that the Lockes, Humes, Kants, Barkleys, Dugald Stuarts and Thomas Browns belong to the past,—and that the philosophers of the present time, tall enough to be seen all the world over, are the Humbolts, the Aragos, the Agassizes, the Liebiges, the Owens, the Herschels, the Bucklands, and the Brewsters. In that educational course through which, in this country, candidates for the ministry pass, in preparation for their office, I find every group of great minds which has in turn influenced and directed the mind of Europe for the last three centuries, represented, more or less adequately, save the last. It is an epitome of all kinds of learning, with the exception of the kind most imperatively required, because most in accordance with the

genius of the time. The restorers of classic literature,—the Buchanans and Erasmuses, we see represented in our universities by the Greek and what are termed the humanity courses; the Galileos, Boyles, and Newtons, by the mathematical and natural philosophy courses; and the Locks, Kants, Humes, and Barkleys by the metaphysical course. But the Cuviers, the Huttons, the Cavendishes, and the Watts, with their successors, the practical philosophers of the present age—men whose achievements in physical science we find marked on the surface of the country in characters which might be read from the moon—are not adequately represented;—it would be perhaps more correct to say, that they are not represented at all; and the clergy as a class, suffer themselves to linger far in the rear of an intelligent and accomplished laity, a full age behind the requirements of the time. Let them not shut their eyes to the danger which is obviously coming. The battle of the evidences will have as certainly to be fought on the field of physical science, as it was contested in the last age on that of the metaphysics. And on this new arena the combatants will have to employ new weapons, which it will be the privilege of the challenger to choose. The old, opposed to these, would prove but of little avail. In an age of muskets and artillery, the bows and arrows of an obsolete school of warfare would be found greatly less than sufficient in the field of battle, for purposes either of assault or defence. —Foot-prints of the Creator, by Hugh Miller.

[From the New York Spirit of the Times.]

A "Nolle Prosequi."

Some years since, Lieut. B—, of the Navy, happening to have been engaged in a duel where the other parties were arrested, fortunately made his escape into New York, where he remained concealed by some of his brethren in the service for a few days. B— had been bred on the ocean from his boyhood, where he had learned every jot and tittle of his profession, remaining, however, sadly deficient in shore-going intelligence, particularly in relation to the laws. Commodore C—y was at that time in New York, and those who remember him will recollect him as being one of the Benbow school—a "rusty old Commodore"—a sailor "from truck to kelson"—having little faith in knowledge not learned under "balance-reefed courses," and possessing much less knowledge of, and far greater contempt for, a "land-lubber's" education than his subordinate, B—. Hearing that a "nolle prosequi" had been issued in the case of the parties concerned, including B—, and apprehending that it was some terrible device for entrapping the unsuspecting sailors, hastened with paternal solicitude to B's place of concealment.

"B—, my dear fellow, don't you think they've got out a "nolle prosequi" for you?"

"The h—ll they have!" said B—. "Well, I'd better cut and run, hadn't I?" For B— had no more idea of what a "nol. pros." was than a lawyer had of what "abast the binacle" meant. D—n me! I don't want to be swallowed up by these 'land-sharks.'"

"Certainly not, my boy," said the Commodore. "So 'top your boom' as soon as possible, and here's the means of bearing your expenses," handing him his purse.

The next that was seen of B— was near the Canada line, in Vermont.

"Hallo, B—!" said a friend, who

chanced to see him—"you seem to be travelling in haste—whither away?"

"To Canada, by G—d!" said B—.

"But why so fast?" cried the friend.

"Why, I blundered into a duel, and these d—d lawyers have got a 'nolle prosequi' after me."

"Well, but, my dear fellow, that means that they have stopped the proceedings—that they don't mean to prosecute you—that you won't be indicted."

"The h—ll it does!" said B—, in a quandary—"the old man made a h—ll of of a mistake, then."

After explaining the matter to his friend, he determined to return. Arriving at New York, he hastened to find the Commodore.

"Hallo, B—!" said the Commodore, "where the d—l have you been?"

"Been!" said B—, "why you ought to know—been! why, I've been looking out for Cape-fly-away—I've been cruising after the Flying Dutchman—and it's all your fault, Commodore. I thought you knew more of a lawyer's lingo."

The Commodore, had in the meantime learned his blunder, and quietly made "himself snug" to weather the scrape by "paying out" to B—.

"Why, so I did," said he, "but I only meant it as a good joke upon you; I didn't think you'd be such a d—d swab as to run in earnest."

"Swab—good joke—but let me tell you, Commodore, your good joke may cost me my commission."

"Hey! how! Well, so it might," said the Commodore, in great distress; "but never mind, B—, my dear boy, if the Department makes a fuss about it, why I'll—d—n me, I'll issue a 'Nolle Prosequi.'"

A TRAGEDY WITHIN A TRAGEDY.—In Italy the empressario of a theatre has almost limitless authority over the members of his company. Mad. Malibran was once condemned to pass twenty-four hours in prison, at Naples, for having omitted the rondo of the Sonnambula without the permission of the superintendent. Corelli, one of the greatest baritone of Italy, lost his father just as he was about attending the theatre. He made the most earnest appeals to the directors to let him off for that night, but as the house was full, and they were in need of money, they refused. The artist went on the stage overwhelmed with grief, and was received, as usual, with three rounds of applause. Corelli endeavoured to sing, but his voice and his strength utterly failed him. The public first gave way to astonishment, then to murmurs, then to hisses. Corelli could endure this no longer—he burst into sobs, and coming forward, he said, "Gentlemen, pardon me for having sung false—I have just lost my father." No language can give any idea of the profound impression these few words made upon the audience. Of course, the performance was stopped.—Lucia di Lammermoor was played in the latter part of last April, at the theatre of Trapani. The tenor, a young man of true talent and of great promise, learned that morning that his mother had died. He applied to the management to be allowed to absent himself from the theatre that evening—the application was denied. He begged and prayed without success—he was threatened with imprisonment. Evening came, the unhappy young man sung the role of Edgard with so sombre an energy, with so true a grief, and a sensibility so profound that the wondering auditory warmly applauded him, never dreaming that the artist experienced in his own heart the sentiments he expressed. In the tomb scene he rose to sublimity; but when he came to the last words,