

The Examiner.

AND SEMI-WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER.

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

New Series.

CHARLOTTETOWN, AUGUST 17, 1850.

Vol. 1: No. 57

TAMWORTH.

The following portrait of Sir Robert Peel was written by a distinguished poet shortly after the abolition of the Corn-laws:—

With eye awake, with purpose steady—
Watching as tigers watch their prey,
Still for defence or action ready,
Or sage retreat, or onward fray—
And scheming most of all when seeming
To shun the very thought of scheming.

He has the science of avoiding
Whate'er can bind or compromise;
His every attribute employ'd in
The appearing more than being wise
And slippery—yet so glibly tripping,
He slips not when you'd swear he's slipping.

Call him not great when fame rehearse
His triumphs; his true victories,
His noblest deeds are his reverses,
His glory is his sacrifice—
Not at the helm of influence sitting,
No! but that proud position quitting.

His his will be the proud reflection,
That, at stern duty's patriot call,
He made the generous election
To do—to dare—to suffer all:
A convert under truth's coercion,
A martyr suffering from conversion.

Rare—rare the example his, if any
In modern story shines like his:
We have our grievances—and many—
But we can pardon much for this,
That in the trying, tempting hour;
He preferred principle to power.

FOR THE EXAMINER.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

Like the ship that has wafted O'BRIEN
From the shore,
Loses sight of thy hills, and thy famine-scorch'd plains.

When o'er the blue waves thy oppressors came
To insult and to bind thee more tightly in chains:
To exult o'er thy fall, if a fall it can be,
If not too much debas'd and degraded to feel,
The clank of thy chains and thy curs'd slavery,
And to lush up thy long boasted cry of
REPEAL.

Yes the pageant of royalty comes o'er the waves—
To thy plague-stricken shores to insult and despise,
And rejoice o'er thy woes, and you nation of slaves,
You receive them with shouts that resound to the skies—
How well do thy feasts and rejoicings accord
With thy famishing poor in starvation's last gasp,
Or the wealth that has flow'd to thy shores
From abroad,
For to purchase thy freedom from tyranny's grasp.

The shouts of thy chain-kissing slaves have come o'er
"O! this land of the free o'er Atlantic's broad space—
From thy famine-scorch'd hills and thy freedomless shore,
As a garland to crown thy eternal disgrace:
Oh! land of my childhood, I blush for thy shame;
'Tis sickening to hear and degrading to see,
This feasting and merriment—this dance in thy chain,
Who proclaim to the world thy wish to be free.

Is it thus your enslavers you servilely greet,
Who have sucked out the blood from thy desolate heart,
Who despise thee though grovelling debas'd at their feet?
And who made thee the freedomless thing that thou art!
Have the chains, that for ages have bound thee a slave
Beet relax'd at the touch of the tyrant who bound,
Or the star of thy freedom arose from its grave

When this band of sycophants set foot on thy ground
Have the oceans of blood that have flow'd o'er thy plains
Been restor'd, or has slavery but given thee rest,
For pageants, and fetters, and tyrants and chains
And made thee more happy, contented, and blest?
Will thy feasts and thy shouts, and thy plaudits
Restore
Thy million of martyrs by tyranny driven,
Away from their homes from thy freedomless shore,
And whose blood cries aloud for dire vengeance to heaven?

Will this goodly procession of oppressor and slave
Thy shrines and thy altars with LIBERTY deck,
Or recall to thy hills o'er Atlantic's broad wave
Thy sons who lie bleach'd on Grosse Isle at Quebec?
Could the shades of thy GRATTAN or CURRAN arise,
Or look on this scene from their cold English graves
And hear those yells that resound to the skies,
For their tyrants, arise from a nation of slaves!

Or O'CONNELL once more return to thy hills,
O'er ages of woe and oppression to mourn—
To proclaim to the world thy wrongs and thy ills
Good God! how their hearts would indignantly burn!
Oh! how servile, debas'd, degraded, how low!
Art thou frantic with madness and sunk in despair—
Deep!—deep! in the gulf of oppression and woe
That thy freedomless shrieks thus resound through the air!

Years have roll'd on since I roan'd o'er thy plains,
In the days of my childhood, contented and free;
Yet I wept with the world o'er thy fetters and chains,
And this heart though outworn has a throbb still for thee!
But if this you bow down to this idol of brass,
With its mixture of silver polished with clay,
No wonder that FREEBORN disgusted at last
With such servile devotion, turned sickened away!

P. MPHELM, JR.

HOW LETTERS MAY NOW BE SENT ON SUNDAYS.

A correspondent says:—Some portion of the inconvenience felt by the stoppage of Sunday postal labour is likely to be remedied. A great number of letters posted in every office in the kingdom pass through the London General Post-office, and the obstacle to the steady transmission of correspondence not posted in the country on Sunday, is its not reaching London on Monday morning, so as to be delivered in the metropolis, or sent on by the day mails. To remedy this, the following practice is already in operation in some provincial towns, and will be in operation no doubt, shortly in every town in the kingdom connected with a railway, viz: Parties write their letters from London and places beyond on Sunday, and stamp them. They then enclose each, together with a penny or loose postage stamp, in a half sheet of paper, directed to some one in their own town who has a private letter-box attached to his street-door, into which the letters are deposited. The owner of the box empties it before the last train leaves for London on Sundays, opens the outside covers of the letters addressed to him, secures the pence and postage stamps, and puts all the letters addressed to London or elsewhere in a parcel directed to the London terminus. An agent in London is waiting to receive it, and to post its contents at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Thus, for an additional penny, a person can send his letter to London on Sunday, when it arrives in time to be taken charge of and sent on to its destination by the Post-office authorities on Monday morning. A very handsome income must be

realized by those who make a letter parcel up on Sundays. In such towns as Exeter, for instance, not less than 2,000 or 3,000 letters are posted on Sunday, which pass through the London Post-office. Now, a thousand pence is above 4s, and the expence of sending a thousand letters, each weighing half an ounce in one parcel from Exeter to London by rail, is about half-a-crown. Thus a very handsome remuneration is netted for an hour or two's work on Sunday night and Monday morning, by two individuals, one in the country and the other in London." *Daily News.*

THE TRICKS OF YOUTH.—A FUNNY AFFAIR.

A curious attempt at an elopement occurred a few days since, up town. A Miss M.— who possesses as many admirers as she has charms, was lately importuned by a teacher of one of the public schools, to leave her parental home and fly with him to wedded bliss. The young lady, who has only arrived at the innocent and interesting age of sixteen, informed her mother of the flattering offer she had received, and her maternal guardian advised her to make an appointment with her newly enamoured Luthario.—Accordingly Miss M.—, with some little coquetry, consented, and "true as the dial to the sun," a carriage with the would-be husband of the charming charmer, drove up to the door at the appointed moment, when lo! instead of receiving the "loved one" in his arms, he was most unceremoniously saluted with a blow of the tongs from behind the hall door, by the enraged Mama. The teacher evaporated in a tangent, and as he has not since been heard of, it is quite a "problem" whether he has got over the "asses bridge," or in what other direction he has gone.—*N. Y. Herald.*

SHORT CHAPTERS ON KISSING.

When a Baltimore girl is kissed she says she is taking chloroform, and remains insensible as long as the operation lasts.—[Balt. paper.]

When a Tennessee girl is kissed, she exclaims, Now put that back where you got it from.—[Penn. paper.]

When a Buckeye girl is kissed, she throws up her hands, and ejaculates, Blissful moments, how they fly.—[Cin. paper.]

When a Louisiana girl is kissed, she gets miffed and says, I'd like to see you do that again—I would!—[N. O. Delta.]

When a Toledo girl is kissed, she acts on the principle: If any one smack thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also.—[Toledo Republican.]

When a Chetter girl is kissed, she says, Now, if you do that again, I'll retaliate, I will.—[Village Record.]

We may add to the above, that when a Philadelphia girl is kissed, she says, in the most innocent manner imaginable, Yes, you may go and ask my father.—[Philadelphia Even. Post.]

Since the local effects of kissing have been explained so far, we may as well state that the New York girls are so accustomed to being kissed, they don't know what to say. They take it without note or comment.—[New York Sunday News.]

LOVE.—At three years of age we love our mothers; at six, our fathers; at ten, holidays; at sixteen, dress; at twenty, our sweethearts; at twenty-five, our wives; at forty, our children; at sixty ourselves.

INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.—Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply rewarded in its patron, we care not how humble and un-

pretending the paper which he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet with printed matter without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from him at school, should supply him with a newspaper.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1850.

Another Mail from England.

The Steamer Rose brought the English, Colonial and United States Mails as usual, on Thursday evening last. The English Mail reached Halifax in the steamship Niagara on Wednesday last. The news from the old country continues to be with out interest.

It is just rumoured that Lord Brougham is to be created an earl, with remainder to his brother (Mr. William Brougham, one of the Masters in Chancery), for his great public service in the House of Lords and Privy Council. A large extent in Cist in the Hebrides, 1100 tons are to be made, and hundreds of the people, with their whole families, are now living in temporary huts on the sea-shore and creeks, and busy from morning till night.

In consequence of the death of the President of the United States the President of the French Republic will go into mourning for one month. A grand solemn service will be performed at Notre Dame, and for ten days the national flag will have black crepe attached.

M. Rothschild is gone to Holland to bid for the paintings of Russia, who has forced this sale as the only means of being reimbursed the sums due to him from the late king; but it is understood that he has appointed agents to bid liberally for the *chefs d'oeuvre*.

The late conflagration at Cracow destroyed 300 houses, the Dominican and Franciscan convents, the churches of St. Barbara and St. Joseph, the Episcopa Palace, the Polytechnic School, and several other public buildings. Seven streets have been burned down. The fire was evidently the work of a band of incendiaries.

The rumour that Dr. Wiseman is to be made a Cardinal is confirmed.

Major-General Sir Alexander Campbell, K. G. B., Colonel of the 74th Highlanders, died last week in the Highlands.

The Sisters of Mercy, having penetrated the wilds of Western Australia, have established a convent and a school at Perth.

The number of possible "bands" at which (the *Edinburgh Review* informs us) regard being had to trump, is 1,270,027,119,200.

Nearly every berth has been engaged in "The Jenny Lind boat," so eager is the desire of the Americans, who are returning home, to be her travelling companions.

The Pope has sent to the President of the French Republic, as a token of his gratitude, the Grand Cross of the Order of Pius, in brilliant, and a magnificent breakfast service in mosaic.

The posthumous poem of William Wordsworth is now published. It is entitled "The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind (an Autobiographical Poem)." The Pope has ordered a universal jubilee in commemoration of his restoration