

ODE TO A GOLD COIN.

THE following ode to an Indian gold coin was written in Ghoreal, Malabar, by Dr. Leyden, a Scotchman, who left his native country to reside in India, with a view to accumulate a fortune. In the last stages of a fatal disease, brought on by the heat of the climate, he penned these lines. "This ode," says Lacombe in my humble opinion, comes as near perfection as the sublunary muse can arrive at, when assisted by a subject that is interesting and an execution that is masterly. It adds a deeper shade to that sympathy which such lines must awaken, to know that the spirit which dictated them is fled." There will probably soon be many an adventurer in California, and many a wife a widow in America who will peruse the ode, with a feeling heightened by their personal interest in its sentiments.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I bear to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The tent-ropes' flapping lone I hear
For twilight's converse, arm in arm;
The jackal shriek bursts on my ear
When mirth and music went to charm.

By Ghoreal's dark, wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Toyot loved while yet a child;
Of castled rocks tremendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendship smiled
Uncursed by thee, vile, yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy played,
Revives no more in aftertime.
Far from my sacred, natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime,
Are sunk in ocean's Southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Glooms baleful as the tomb-fire drear,
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widowed heart to cheer:
Her eyes are dim with many a tear
That once were guiding stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile, yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!
I crossed the tedious ocean wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my heart—the grave,
Dark and untimely, met my view—
And all for thee, vile, yellow slave!

Ha! comest thou now, so late, to mock
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that this frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death o'er borne?
From love, from friendship, country torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave, thy yellow dress I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay.

[The following interesting article, taken from "Chambers's Historical Newspaper," is inserted here—though written in reference to the (English) Reform Agitation—because we conceive the sentiments it embodies may, with great propriety, be applied to politicians in our own Island.]

CANDOUR IN POLITICS.

ALTHOUGH there is nothing in which the greater number of people are more conscientious than in politics, it is a very strange fact, that there is nothing in which they are so little disposed to allow conscientiousness in those of an opposite way of thinking from themselves. Almost every man, of whatever side, feels the most intense conviction that he is honest and sincere in his opinions, and occasionally he proves that he is so, by some doing or suffering which nothing but conscience could have brought him to. At the very same time, however, he sees nothing in his opponents but the basest and most interested motives. Every movement of that party, from the

most important down to the most trifling, he traces to some wicked or shabby end. Even when the individual undergoes some actual distress, perhaps death itself, in vindicating his sentiments, or following out the purposes of his party, the inflexible partisan of the different side will endeavour to find out some unworthy cause for such conduct, or at the very utmost allows that it must have been done through sheer bigotry. A nobleman, perhaps, by an unpopular course of politics, loses almost all his political influence; an unfortunate patriot who agitates at a wrong time, is banished, not for any distinctly made out crime, but that his fate may keep other people quiet; and the opposite party sees nothing in the one case but a desperate effort to retain unjust power, or in the other than a wretched attempt to overthrow our blessed constitution. The martyr of either side would die at the stake, while his political enemies, looking on, would say, by way of a very particular stretch of generosity, "Ah, his firmness would do honour to a better cause."

This want of charity among politicians was very strikingly exemplified in the state of the public mind during the late agitations for reform. In that struggle, we saw on the one side a small party, chiefly composed of the more exalted classes of society, who exerted themselves, by every possible means, to prevent the state-power (we cannot get a better word) from being diffused over a wider circle: on the other, the vast multitudes of the middle and lower classes, whose aim it was, by equally nervous exertions, to obtain that diffusion of power. Now, though nothing is yet proved in government, and the question was exactly one of those abstract ones which may be expected to divide instructive minds, neither of the parties ever would allow that the other was inspired by any thing but a self-seeking motive. The popular party looked upon the Conservative as a mere banditti, who, having wrongfully acquired, were determined forcefully to keep, a troop of vultures living on the vitals of the nation; men, if men they could be called, who were enemies to their kind, and so that they only could a little be permitted to feed on corruption, careless whether the country went to revolution and ruin. The Conservative party, on the other hand, could see nothing in all this agitation but the ambition of a few restless men, who wished to ravish power and place to themselves, and, for that purpose, had roused the worst passions of the populace, so as to get themselves pushed forward on the shoulders of that unsteady and dangerous ally. Now, nothing can be more certain than that the motives mutually ascribed by the two parties, could not be the motives which inspired all or even any considerable portion, of the opposing host. On so speculative a subject, there could not but be great difference of opinion; and we believe we are going no farther than the philosophy of human nature will warrant, when we assert our belief, that a borough proprietor might have sincerely anticipated a national evil from the reform bill, and that a popular leader might exert himself without caring either for the glory of a newspaper notice, or the prospect of a vote. In fact, to ascribe all the sayings and doings of mankind on such a question to one selfish end, is allowing too general an influence to prudence, and, in some measure, flattering human nature. A just observer sees too much done through passion, too much of real interest sacrificed every day to self love, and in general too great a confusion of motives in the proceedings of the most of men, to admit that these uncharitable views could be to any considerable extent correct.

The two parties are hardly yet, perhaps, fully roused from the errors in which they respectively lay during the agitation alluded to: but the historian, some years hence, will see through the whole, and, among other things he will have to relate, must be one not very creditable to the national mind in the nineteenth century—that each party afterwards found it had been unjust, ungenerous, and wrong, in the judgment it formed of the designs and motives of the other, and that, in the dust cast up in the struggle, very little

truth or sense was any where to be seen. It is certainly to be wished, that, in debating the great questions which concern the national welfare; men could be a little more candid regarding the motives of their opponents. Some will say, that, where difference of opinion exists, and men consequently arrange themselves into parties, it is not to be hoped that one set will ever allow to another what in effect must increase the weight and respectability of that hostile body. Character, public and private—every thing must be denied to those who so far injure us as to take contrary views from ourselves. In one order of public intelligencers, there must be a departure from truth and fairness on one side; in another, an equal departure on the other. But if all this be necessary, what a mass of error and injustice have we every day coming into existence! Can a philosophical mind bear to think of such a copious and ceaseless flow of calumny and falsehood—such a loose let to all the less worthy passions of our nature? To descend even to the meaner principle of utility, can we with common patience behold so much labour every day misspent, in propagating what is so little in the way of doing good?

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.
SIR;

The "Members for Charlottetown" are "very pretty particular" in attending to any Assessor's meeting which is called, and in seeing that the Assessors are duly appointed; but I never see any account of the monies gathered, with their names attached, as vouchers for the correctness thereof.

The collector of the Pump and Well Tax is very indefatigable in the performance of his part of the play, and has even gone so far of late as to seize the goods and chattels of some unfortunate persons who could not raise the wind for him, yet there has never been published, that I have seen, any correct account of the sums he has obtained, and to whom he has paid them; it is true the Law nor the Board of Assessors may direct that he should do so, but he might very safely do it "on his own hook," and commit no crime either. One benefit to be derived from this, would be a knowledge of how much the *poor man* gets, whose duty it is to see that all the Pumps are in good working order, and the ice is not in such a state about the said Pumps as to endanger the limbs and necks of Her Majesty's loyal subjects of this Town when in the act of getting water at them; and if he does not get enough to pay him to do his duty properly, or see that it is done, then something might be done towards getting him what he should have; but, if on the other hand, he is like all Tories in Office, too well paid for the duty they perform, then it would give a chance to stir him up a little—to look after him, and see that he does *something* for his money. If this matter cannot be got into use till the Liberals get their spurs on, I do hope they will not lose much time in making the "under-strappers" do their duty to every

TAX-PAYER.

Charlottetown, Feb. 28, 1850.

[We hope that, by giving insertion to the following verses, our friends in the Order of the Sons of Temperance will not suppose that we have any intention or desire to impede, to the slightest extent, the progress of that great moral reform of which they are the conspicuous

and energetic advocates. Our columns are open to all orders of men.

COME SIT AROUND THE FESTIVE BOARD.

AIR—*Coms Landlord fill, &c.*

Come sit around the Festive Board,
The wine is old and strong,
And every soul that can must sing
A Bacchanalian Song.

CHORUS.

Then fill your sparkling glass, "old chums,"
The bottle pass along;
For every soul that can must sing
A Bacchanalian Song.

For we're the Sons of Bacchus bold,
A God of great renown,
Who is a Doctor, by the bye,
The best in all the Town.

His Physic is bright Cogniac,
Marseilles and Champagne,
Which makes the blood free circulate
Through every open vein.

Besides 'tis a good anodyne
For pressing care and woe,
And makes a coward feel himself
A match for every foe.

Also a loving lady's eye
Declare her passion strong
For her devoted lover lord,
And him to join our song.

It nerves the soldier's tutor'd arm,
When on the battle field,
To boldly 'neath his banner fight,
Until his foeman yield.

It makes the gallant Tar feel proud
Of both his name and ship,
When o'erth' Atlantic's heaving breast
She doth with prowess skip.

Then let no squeamish-hearted soul
Unto our band belong,
Who cannot join us in our bowl
And Bacchanalian Song.

Then fill your sparkling glass, "old chums,"
The bottle pass along;
Let every soul that can now sing
A Bacchanalian Song.

VASHNI.

The Examiner.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1850.

THE NEW HOUSE.

No. 2.

In our last we observed that amongst the first great political questions to be discussed and determined by the new House, would, in all likelihood, be those which most intimately concern the interests and well-being of the Tenantry; and that, therefore, the first on the list to be disposed of, would, we supposed, be the fixing the rate of the Currency for the payment of rents.

We confess that, well aware of the very great and serious difficulties to be encountered in any legislative attempt to resolve this question, and humbly conscious of our own inability fully to investigate the subject—for, indeed, we neither now make, nor ever have made, any pretensions to the diploma of a Currency Doctor—we at present approach the enquiry with no little degree of diffidence. We have, however, heard much concerning the solution of this abstruse problem; and are, consequently, not without some knowledge of the matter, not perhaps, altogether unlike "dawnings of light and promises of day." But happily for the country, there are, amongst the Liberal members in both Houses, men of the most enquiring minds, and who, it is well known, have made this important question matter of long and searching in-