

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.

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OLD WINTER IS COMING.

Old Winter is coming, old Winter so drear,
His heralds, unwelcome, proclaim, he is near;
There's a wail on the blast, there are voices
that say,
"The spirit of Summer is passing away."

Swart evening, the balm of thy breezes is o'er,
And bleak is the blast on mountain and shore;
There's shadow and gloom in the depths of the dell,
And the trees of the forest are moaning fare-
well.

Old Winter is coming, once more to rejoice
In his robings of snow, and his trappings of
ice—
The rudest of despots, who bends to his sway
Sweet sister of Summer, the beautiful day.

Dear evening, with thee no more on the green,
Is joyance of sport, are the villagers seen;
And the music of childhood, in gambols no
more,
Is borne on the breeze from the cottager's
door.

All silent and chill, not a bird on the bough
Is heard forth to warble his vesper hymn now;
Not a saw from the rook, as he wingeth his
flight
O'er meads where are creeping the shadows of
night.

Old Winter is coming, old Winter so drear,
His heralds, unwelcome, proclaim he is near;
There's a wail on the blast, there are voices
that say
"The spirit of Summer is passing away."

The Lady's Choice.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes."

Merchant of Venice.

"I want to ask you a question, Mildred,
but I am afraid you will deem it an im-
pertinent one."

"Ask me what you please, dear Emily,
and be assured that you shall receive a
frank reply; we have known and loved
each other too long to doubt that affection
and not mere idle curiosity prompts our
mutual inquiries respecting each other's
welfare during our separation."

"When I bade farewell to my native
land, Mildred, I left you surrounded by
a wide circle of admirers; you were
beautiful and rich,—these gifts alone
would have won you many a suitor,—but
you were possessed of the noblest quali-
ties of the heart and mind, and were as
worthy to be loved as to be admired.
How has it happened then that from
among the many who sought your hand,
you selected one so—so—"

"I understand you, Emily, so misshap-
en and ugly, you would say; it is pre-
cisely because I possessed a little more
heart and soul than usually belongs to
fashionable belle."

"What do you mean Mildred? when
I parted from you I thought you were
more than half in love with the handsome
Frank Harcourt."

"And you return to find me married to
his crooked cousin."

"I did not know Mr. Heyward was
related to your quondam admirer."

"Ah, I see I must tell the whole story:
'wooded an' married an' a' is not enough
for you; I must relate all the particulars
which led to such an apparently whimsi-
cal choice."

"You remember me doubtless as the
enfant gatee of society; the spoiled child

of doating parents, and the flattered vo-
tary of fashion. My web of life unbro-
ken by a single sombre thread, seemed
woven only of rose-colour and gold. My
mirror taught me that the world spoke
truth, when it assigned to me the brightest
of all womanly gift; experience showed
me my superiority in mind over the well
dressed dolls of society: and the earnest-
ness of my affection for the friends of my
youth convinced me that many stronger
and deeper emotions still lay latent within
my heart. Yet with all these gifts, Emi-
ly, I narrowly escaped the fate of a fash-
ionable flirt. I could not complain, like
Voltaire, that 'the world was stifling me
with roses,' but I might have truly said,
that the incense offered at the shrine of
my vanity was fast defacing, with its
fragrant smoke, the fine gold that adorn-
ed the idol. Selfishness is a weed which
flourishes far more luxuriantly beneath
the sunshine of prosperity than under the
weeping skies of adversity; for, while
sorrow imparts a fellow-feeling with all
who suffer, happiness too often engenders
habits of indulgence, utterly incompatible
with sympathy and disinterestedness.
Wherever I turned I was met by pleasant
looks and honied words, everybody seem-
ed to consider me with favour, and I was
in great danger of believing that the
world was all sincerity and Miss Mildred
all perfection. The idea that I shone in
the reflected glitter of my father's gold
never occurred to me. Too much ac-
customed to the appliances of wealth to
bestow a thought upon them; entirely
ignorant of the want and consequently
of the value of money, I could not sup-
pose that other people prized what to me
was a matter of such perfect indifference,
or that the weight of my purse gave me
any undue preponderance in the scale
of society. Proud, haughty, and self-
willed as I have been, yet my conscience
acquits me of ever having valued myself
upon the adventitious advantages of
wealth. Had I been born in a hovel I
still should have been proud:—proud of
the capabilities of my own character,—
proud because I understood and appreci-
ated the dignity of human nature,—but I
should have despised myself if, from
the slippery eminence of fortune, I could
have looked with contempt upon my fel-
low beings.

"But I was spoiled, Emily, completely
spoiled. There was so much temptation
around me,—so much opportunity for
exaction and despotism that my moral
strength was not sufficient to resist the
impulses of wrong. With my head full
of romantic whims, and my heart thrill-
ing with vague dreams of devoted love
and life-long constancy; a brain teeming
with images of paladin and troubadour,
and a bosom throbbing with vain long-
ings for the untasted joy of reciprocal
affection,—I yet condescended to play
the part of a consummate coquette. But,
no; if by coquetry be meant a deliberate
system of machinations to entrap hearts
which become worthless as soon as gain-
ed, then I never was a coquette; but I
certainly must plead guilty to the charge
of thoughtless, aimless, mischievous flirt-
tation. If the Court of Love still existed,
—that court, which, as you know, was
instituted in the latter days of chivalry,
and composed of an equal number of
knights and dames, whose duty it was to
try criminals accused of offences against
the laws of Love; if such a tribunal
still existed, I think it might render a
verdict of *wilful murder* against a coquette,
while only *manslaughter* could be laid to
the charge of the *flirt*. The result of both
cases is equally fatal, but the latter crime
is less in degree because it involves no
malice prepense. Do not misunderstand
me, Emily, I do not mean to exculpate

the lesser criminal; for if the one de-
serves capital punishment, the other cer-
tainly merits imprisonment for life, and,
next to the slanderer, I look upon the
coquette and habitual flirt as the most
dangerous characters in society. Yet I
believe that many a woman is impercep-
tibly led to the very verge of flirtation by
a natural and even praiseworthy desire
to please. The fear of giving pain when
we suspect we possess the power, often
gives softness to a woman's voice and
sweetness to her manner, which, to the
heart of a lover, may bear a gentler in-
terpretation. Among the chief of our
minor duties may be ranked that of mak-
ing ourselves agreeable; and who does
not know the difficulty of walking be-
tween two lines without crossing either?
You think I am saying all this in excul-
pation of my past folly, and perhaps you
are right."

"I was just nineteen, and in the full
enjoyment of my triumphs in society,
when I officiated as your bridesmaid. I
must confess, Emily, that the marriage
of such a pretty, delicate creature, as
you then were, with a man full twice
your age, in whose dark whiskers glisten-
ed more than one silver thread, and on
whom time had already bestowed a most
visible crown, seemed to me one of the
marvels of affection for which I could not
then account."

"Now you are taking your revenge,
Mildred, for my saucy question respect-
ing your husband; but if you can give as
good a reason for your choice as I found
for mine, I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"Let me gratify my merry malice, ladye
fair; time has shown some little consid-
eration for you in this matter, for, while
he has left no deeper impress on your
husband's brow, he has expanded the
slender girl into the blooming, matronly-
looking woman. You are now well
matched, Emily, and your husband is
one of the handsomest men of—his age."

(To be continued.)

Poetry in the Bye-Ways.

Every book-hunter, whose connection
with paper and print has more of individ-
uality than of fashion in it—must in his
time have met with scores of small
volumes of rhyme forced out with a care
and pains of which the heart aches to
think, prefaced with the bad taste of im-
moderate deprecation on the part of the
author,—or with the worse appeal of ex-
travagant commendation on the part of
the patron—none of which shall merit a
place on the shelf by the side of Crabbe,
or Wordsworth, or Burns—none of which
can be denied the possession of some
sparks and breathings of true poetry.

Sometimes, however, it must be owned,
that the difficulties under which the
rhymester has labored, are the best—nay
the sole—evidences of his genius. In
the verses of Phillis Wheatly, the negro
girl, for instance, there is not a line that
is not the steepest of the steep—not an
image that is not the most second-hand of
the second-hand. Yet, that sixty years
since, a woman of her rank and colour and
oppressed race—in America, too, should
find spirits to sing, and power to attract
an audience,—in that fact was a poem of
no common order.

Years ago, there passed through the
writer's hand a small collection of verse
—if verse it might be called—in quality
the most dreary and antipathetic possible
—sectarian hymns, full of phrases, the
intimate sense of which can never have
pierced to the mind of their maker. This
was a poor creature in a hospital, who
had been found on a harsh January night,

frozen into the kennel where she had
fallen, and who paid for that night's
lodging with a lingering death of cruelly
long duration. Her vital powers gradu-
ally retired one by one. For many years
she was unable to move a limb; latterly
could scarcely speak audibly, or take
barely sufficient food to keep life in the
half-dead body. But these dismal hymns
were her receipt for occupation and
cheerfulness. 'When I cannot sleep,'
she would say, in a dialect of her own
peculiar pattern, 'I *meu*.' There was
poetry in the origin of these '*meuings*,'
though none in the dark and narrow
stanzas themselves.

From the above illustrations it may be
gathered that much of the bye-way poetry
with which we shall deal has never been
promoted to the honors and heartaches of
paper and print, nor even taken the
manuscript forms of 'longs and shorts'
as decidedly as did the imaginative in-
stincts of Black Phillis, or the long-tried
patience of the sufferer in the—Ward.
We may, and shall, have to do with
authorship in humble life, but less, per-
chance, than those will expect, who have
considered our subject merely from the
outside of the bookseller's window, or
from the sum total of a rhymester's sub-
scription list—drawing thence the charm-
ing inference that A. B. or C. is a poet,
because he has found a publisher and
extorted a public! Too seldom has a
Capel Loft, or a Southey, or a More,
while trying to bring forward a Bloom-
field, or a Mary Colling, or an ungrateful
Bristol Milkwoman, whose facility in
versifying has arrested them,—considered
how wide is the distance betwixt what
may be called the unconscious Poetry of
the People—and that meagre and second
hand manufacture, produced with a desire
for fame, or under hopes of gain, which
challenges competition with the efforts
of men more favorably circumstanced,
and which goes forth as virtually as a
solicitation for alms. On the one side
(to take the first instance which occurs)
we shall find something like the Gondo-
lier songs of Venice, patched up—St.
Mark and the Moon know how!—out of
bits of plays and bits of verses and bits
of opera-tunes, by old men and girls and
boys, while a sprightly people ply their
picturesque trade under an Italian sky,
with every image round them to inspire
and encourage a sense of tune,—and
which, after a while, get so rubbed into
shape—so rounded and changed,—so
decked with canal-wit, so filled with
local names and local words,—that a
College of Anatomists should be puzzled
to 'resolve them into their primary ele-
ments.' On the other side, we may cite
as an example any of the myriad verses
anxiously strung together by the hectic
and over-wrought operative, by the light
of his candle, whose very burning would
be reprehensible as an extravagance,
could not the ware fabricated at midnight
find an immediate market. The first is
an utterance—the second a manufacture.
The first speaks with the breath of a
peculiar life, and wears the colour of a
peculiar scenery—the second is an exer-
cise produced under circumstances, which
however stimulating to energy, are but
discouraging to Fancy. We may be told,
it is true, that many of our dearest
'household words' have been wrung
from our greatest men, by the pressure
of the cruellest exigency. One poet to
pay for his mother's funeral, must needs
write a 'Rasselas'—another, under con-
straint less instant, but perhaps not less
harrassing, shall gladden England for
ever, by calling up *Olivia* and *Sophia* in
the hayfield, and *Farmer Flamborough's*
Christmas party, and the Vicar slyly
making an end of 'the wash for the face