

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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POETRY.

MUSIC.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh! music! gentle music!
There's magic in thy strain;
Come where thou wilt, in lady's bower,
Or on the battle plain.
The wild harp with a witching spell
About its silver strings;
Can aught on earth excel the charm
Its pensive breathing flings?
'Tis music's, gentle music's power,
That steals the listening soul away,
Till man, entranced in rapture's dream,
Forgets he wears a form of clay.

Oh! music! stirring music!
I have seen the war-stead rest,
With dust upon his tired limbs,
And white foam on his chest;
Stretched, quivering with many a wound,
Upon the red sod lying;
His rider leaves him, for he deems
The gallant charger dying;
But hark! he hears the trumpet's blast,
He starts, he shakes his clotted mane;
Music! bold music fires his blood,
And brings him to the ranks again.

Oh! music! mighty music!
Thou art all of bliss on earth;
Thou givest the lover's moonlight tale
And poet's song their birth,
There's not a heart, however rude,
However base it be,
But hath some slender string that yields
An answering note to thee!
With promised music heaven allures,
With golden harps, and cherub's love;
Rejoice, then, that we have below
A foretaste of the bliss above!

ANGELS.

Earth has her angels tho' their forms are
moulded
But of such clay as fashions all below:
Though harps are wanting, and bright
pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on
their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's
pillow,
There was the soft tone and the sound-
less tread,
Where smitten hearts are dropping like
the willow,
They stood "between the living and
the dead."

And if my sight, by earthly dimness hin-
dered,
Behold no hovering cherubim in air,
I doubt not, for their spirits know their
kindred,
They smiled upon the wingless watch-
ers there.

There have been angels in the gloomy
prison.
In crowded halls—by the lone widow's
hearth;
And where they passed, the fallen have
uprisen—
The giddy paused—the mourner's hope
had birth.

I have seen one, whose eloquence com-
manding,
Roused the rich echoes of the human
breast;
The blandishment of ease and wealth
withstanding,
That hope might reach the suffering
and oppressed.

And by his side there mov'd a form of
beauty,
Strewing sweet flowers along the path
of life,

And looking up with meek and love-lent
duty;
I called her angel and he called her
wife.

Oh, many a spirit walks the earth un-
heeded,
That, when its veil of sadness is laid
down,
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a starry crown.

MISCELLANY.

SIR ROBERT PEEL—A SCHOOL BOY.

Charles King, President of the Colum-
bia College, who was contemporary with
Sir Robert Peel at the celebrated School
of Harrow in England, speaking of those
school-boy days, says:

The startling and sudden death of this
eminent foreigner finds us in the midst
of national grief, for a loss at home of our
honoured and lamented President—and it
adds another to those monitions in which
the chapter of man's history so much
abounds—of the uncertainty of human
life, and the vanity of human grandeur.

Sir Robert Peel was, at the moment of
his death, the most prominent political
person in Great Britain, although in a
private station; and possibly his death,
more than any intrinsic strength of their
own, will confirm in their places the
actual Ministry of the Queen, which
seemed on the point of dissolution.

But to the writer of these lines—for
many years the school-fellow of Sir
Robert Peel—the tidings of his death
came fraught, less with sorrow for the
loss of an eminent and honest public man,
than with a sense and reminiscence of
earlier days, when neither the living nor
the dead dreamed of ambition, nor of the
scorpions which the most coveted wreaths
of political success conceal within their
spacious round.

It is a sad pleasure to recall him as he
was nearly half a century ago—the light-
haired, blue-eyed, fair-complexioned,
smiling, good-natured boy—indolent
somewhat as to physical exertion, but
overflowing with mental energy, and
gifted with a most remarkable facility of
acquiring knowledge. What cost to
others hours of severe study, seemed to
be acquired by him without an effort;
and once acquired, was appropriated for
ever. His habits as a school-boy were
less gregarious than those of school-boys
generally. While others, in the hours of
recreation, were engaged in cricket, foot-
ball, hunt the hare, or other violent bodily
exertions, he would be wandering off
alone, strolling through the fields and
along the hedge-rows, communicating
with nature—possibly with himself—but
every now and then knocking down a
bird with a stone, at which he was a great
adept.

Among those of his own age and stand-
ing in the school, Harrow, were Lord
Byron, the present Duke of Devonshire,
then Marquis of Harrington; the present
Duke of Grafton, then Lord Ipswich; and
other men of distinguished rank and
name among whom he, the untitled son
of the cotton spinner—old "Parsley"
Peel, was a peer in every sense, but that
of artificial rank and station.

It is among the merits of an English
public school—that it teaches practically
and indelibly the best lesson—that capa-
city, conduct and diligence, and not rank
or title, give precedence and reputation.
Among three hundred boys—the Peer
was of no more consequence than the
peasant—except as he could stand, or go
alone.

Peel soon asserted and always main-
tained his superiority as a scholar—the
Classics were almost the only study at
that day—but they were studied to some
purpose, and with some results. Peel
mastered their language and their litera-
ture; their poetry, their history, and so
thoroughly familiar was he with them,
that it has happened to the writer more
than once, after a half-holiday, when
each boy of the upper forms was required
to produce a copy of Latin or Greek
verses, to see Peel surrounded, while the
school bell was yet ringing, with boys
who had neglected their exercises, call-
ing upon him to supply them, which he
did; writing now Latin, now Greek, with
as much facility and accuracy, as though
it was his mother's tongue, and upon
every day topics.

His superiority as a scholar was
tempered by the easiest good nature and
the readiest smile. He was not, how-
ever, an impulsive boy; nor ever in
excess of any sort. He was physically
indolent and therefore rarely in mischief,
or exposed to the censure of the master,
standing in marked contrast in that re-
spect with Lord Byron, who was perpet-
ually getting into mischief.

A HINT TO DISCONSOLATE LOVERS.—
What sort of a carriage best becomes a
rejected suitor? A bashful man would
say a 'carriage' that takes him as fast as
possible out of the country. But there is
room for an honest difference of opinion.
We only beg leave to advise against any-
thing desperate. Hanging is vulgar, and
as to drowning, drown cats and blind
puppies. Don't ever drown yourself—
in tears. It's a waste of water. The
following instructions of the unhappy
swains, the victims of misplaced affection,
strikes us favourably. Try 'em—When
a girl refuses you, assume a philosophical
air, and tell her you are glad of it; you
only made the proposal to win two bottles
of champagne and an oyster supper you
had bet with a friend who thought you
had not spunk enough to talk of matri-
mony to a termagant.

A medical man was employed by a
labourer to attend his wife during her
illness. The doctor hinted, (according to
the custom of such good folks) his fear
of not being ultimately remunerated for
his trouble. "I've £5," said the poor
fellow, "and if you kill or cure, you shall
have 'em." The poor woman died under
the doctor's hands, (it may be charitable
to add that she would have done so with-
out his help) and after a seasonable time
had elapsed, Bolus called for his £5.
The man put the following question to
him—"Did you kill my wife?" "No!"
was the reply. "Did you cure her?"
"No!" again. "Then," said the disconsolate,
"you have no legal demand."

A Parson preaching a discourse in
behalf of a blind asylum, began by grave-
ly remarking—"If all the world were
blind, what a melancholy sight it would
be."

GUTTA PERCHA.—Gutta Percha is now
used in articles of comfort and decoration
with the greatest success, and is gradually
displacing other raw materials. Some
kinds of ornamental wood have been su-
perceded by it in the construction of
knick-knacks and picture frames. Hats
and umbrellas are made of it; and even
gold has been dug out of decayed teeth,
to be replaced by gutta percha.

The population of France, according
to an authoritative estimate, is nearly
thirty-six millions, and has not quite dou-
bled in a hundred and fifty years.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 24.

Another Mail from England.

The Royal Mail Steamer *Europa*
arrived at Halifax on Monday evening
last, in 9 1-2 days from Liverpool. The
mails arrived here early on Thursday in
the *Rose*. We give below a summary of
the latest news.

ENGLAND.

Notwithstanding the opposition of
Lord Stanley in the Lords, the Common's
amendment, to the Irish Franchise Bill,
passed the house. Lord Stanley stood by
his £15 qualification, and moved that
their lordships should disagree with the
£12 proposed by the Prime Minister.
This was opposed by the Marquis of
Clanricarde, and the £12 franchise for
Ireland is now the elective law of the
country, by a majority of 126 to 114.

**HOUSE OF COMMONS.—ROMAN CATHO-
LIC PRELATES IN THE COLONIES.**—Sir
R. Ingles said that a certain foreign
potentate having appointed to certain
persons in her Majesty's dominions
abroad a circular had been issued from
the Colonial Office, which it appeared
would have the effect of giving those
persons precedence over other persons
appointed to offices by her Majesty. He
wished to know whether it was intended
to keep this circular in force?

Mr. Hawes said that directions had
been issued to the colonial authorities
that the Roman Catholic prelates in those
colonies should have their titles recog-
nised; but those directions included no
precedence to be given to the parties.

COMMERCIAL.—We still continue to
have a good business going forward in
every department of trade. The value of
all descriptions of imported produce is
steady, and transactions to a fair extent
have been effected. The prospect of an
abundant harvest is good, and this, with
our present cheapness of money, will no
doubt exercise a favourable influence on
our markets generally.

IRELAND.

THE TENANT CONFERENCE.—The
Tenant conference has met, has discuss-
ed, and has pronounced. Nearly two
hundred gentlemen from all parts of
Ireland, from Enniskillen to Bantry, from
Drogheda to Westport, and from every
intermediate point, assembled in Dublin
on Tuesday morning to ratify the union
between the north and south, to bury
past feuds, create new brotherhood of
Irishmen, and to right the wrongs of the
tenant farmers of Ireland. The men who
assembled on this occasion carried with
them the City Assembly House, where
they took counsel, the confidence of the
several districts whence they came, and
the decision of the imposing body which
they formed will from the hour of its
promulgation become law to the Irish
people.

We will here barely enumerate the
leading principles agreed upon, and
these were UNANIMOUSLY agreed
upon:—

That the tenant shall have his land at
a just rent; to be determined by valua-
tion.

That no tenant shall be disturbed in
the possession of his holding, save for
non-payment of rent.

That a Tenant League be formed to
secure these objects.—*Dublin Freeman.*