

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.

CHARLOTTETOWN, AUGUST 3, 1850.

Vol. 1: No. 53

POETRY.

OUR NATIVE SONG.

BY ELIKA COOK.

Our native song! our native song!
Oh! where is he who loves it not?
The spell it holds is deep and strong,
Where'er we go, whate'er our lot.
Let other music greet our ear,
With thrilling fire and dulcet tone;
We speak to praise, we pause to hear,
But yet—oh! yet—'tis not our own.
Then, then, chant the ballad wild,
The notes that we remember long—
The theme we sung with lisping tongue—
'Tis this we love—our native song!

The one who bears the felon's brand,
With mealy brow and darkened name,
Thrust meanly from his father land,
To languish out a life of shame!
Oh! let him hear some simple strain—
Some lay his mother taught her boy—
He'll feel the charm, and dream again
Of home, of innocence, and joy!
The sigh will burst, the drops will start,
And all of virtue, buried long—
The best, the purest in his heart,
Is wakened by his native song.

Self-exiled from our place of birth,
To climes more fragrant, bright, and gay,
The memory of our own fair earth
May chance awhile to fade away:
But should some minstrel echo fall,
Of chords that breathe Old England's fame,

Our souls will burn, our spirits yearn,
True to the land we love and claim.
The high! the low! the weal or woe,
Be sure there's something coldly wrong
About the heart that does not glow
To hear its own, its native song.

BOYHOOD AND MANHOOD.

Oh, for the merry, merry month of June,
When I was a little lad!
When the small birds' throats were all in
tune,

And the very fields were glad,
And the flowers that alas! were to fade
too soon,
In their holiday clothes were clad.

Oh, I remember—remember well,
The scent of the morning grass;
Nor was there a sight, sweet sound, or
sweet smell,
That can e'er from my memory pass:
For the lie on my heart with the power
of a spell,
Like the first love I felt for a lass.

Ay, here is the river in which I swam,
The field where I used to play—
The fosse where I built the bridge and
the dam,
And the oak in whose shade I lay:
But, oh, how changed a thing I am!
And how unchanged are they!

The was—ah! that was the happy time!
When I longed a man to be;
When a shaven chin was a thing sub-
lime—
And a fine thing to be free:
And methought I had nought to do but
climb
To the height of felicity.

But, alas! my beard is waxen grey
Since I mingled among men:
And I'm not much wiser, nor half so gay,
Nor so good as I was then:—
And I'd give much more than I care to
say
To be a boy again.

MISCELLANY.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—It is stated that during the first few days of the reign of Queen Victoria, then a girl between 19 and 20 years of age, some sentences of a court-martial were presented for her signature. One was death for desertion, a soldier was condemned to be shot, and his death-warrant was presented to the Queen for her signature. She read it, paused, and looked up to the officer who had laid it before her, and said, "Have you nothing to say in behalf of this man?" "Nothing; he has deserted three times," said the officer. "Think again, my lord," was her reply. "And," said the gallant veteran, as he related the circumstance to his friends (for it was none other than the Duke of Wellington,) "seeing Her Majesty so earnest about it, I said he is certainly a bad soldier, but there was somebody who spoke to his good character, and he may be a good man for aught I know to the contrary." "Oh, thank you a thousand times," exclaimed the youthful Queen, and, hastily writing *pardon* in large letters on the fatal page, she sent it across the table with a hand trembling with eagerness and beautiful emotion.

A MATCH FOR THE QUEEN.—There is now residing at Hayle, and a native of the place, a man, named Joseph Harris, a journeyman carpenter, who was married the same day as her Majesty Queen Victoria. His wife was delivered of a daughter the day after the Princess Royal was born; of a son the day after the Prince of Wales was born; and as her Majesty was subsequently delivered of a prince or princess, his wife also presented him with a child of the same sex as the royal infant, and the day after each was born; and so she has continued to do up to Thursday, the 2nd ult., when she was delivered of a son; thus making seven children, and an equal number of sons and daughters as her Majesty has princes and princesses. Mrs. Harris only allowing her royal mistress to take the lead of her by one day.

CRITICISM ON SERMONS.—Talking the other day with a son of Gael, who had newly come from "his mountains wild," we inquired what sort of preacher was the minister of the parish in the North, whom we had known in our younger years, "Oh," said Donald with a shrug of the shoulder, "he pleases some folk weel eneuch, and I ken he thinks he does real weel himself; but I ken he doesna please me. He has nae berr about him, sir; it comes awa frae him easily eneuch, and its maybe, too, of gude eneuch stuff; but yet it comes na in the way that maist o'us would like it. We dinna care muckle for a man that throws aff his matter as if t'were silk ribbons he were spinning; we would like it better did it come aff like the rows frae an auld wife's bummung wheel! He doesna gie's a screed like yer auld freend Mr. Latherdesk! Ah, sir, he was the man to ding the stour frae the book-board!" "All true" we said, "but yet we have heard that your present minister is a superior man to our old cronie, Mr. L. We are told he is both a better scholar, a deeper divine, a more ornate preacher—in fact, a person much superior in every respect but one—he does not roar so loudly." "Roar, sir! that's a' the difference in the world, sir. It may do weel eneuch wi' you and ither college-bred folk to hear fine spun sermons, and listened to polished flights of what ye ca' classic eloquence! but this will not do wi' a real Highlander, sir. Na, na, sir; we maun hae something mair than this, sir; we maun hae a man that can speak out, sir—a man that can fecht in the poopit, sir—a man that can flyte, sir—a man that can shiak a niver

at ye, sir—a man, sir that can ca' ye names, sir—in fact, sir, a man that can fricht ye!"

O'CONNELL AND THE REPORTERS.—Anxious as he was to be reported in England, there were occasions when O'Connell preferred that what he said should not be printed in this country. Of this an amusing anecdote has been given.

O'Connell was on a visit to Ireland, and indulging in long speeches of a most "combustible character," when the government thought fit to send over some short-hand writers to take down the harangues. "The first appearance of the Government reporters was at a meeting at Kanturk. The gentlemen were Englishmen," says the story, "and belonging to Mr. Gurney's reporting staff. They came on the platform, and introduced themselves to Mr. O'Connell. He shook them by the hands, and said to those around him, 'Nothing can be done here until these gentlemen are afforded every requisite accommodation.' This was at once provided, and having assured Mr. O'Connell that they were 'perfectly ready,' and well provided for, he came forward to address the people, and commenced his speech, to the great dismay of the Englishmen, in the Irish language. Having explained to the assembly who they were, and how he humbugged them, he continued in the same language to address to the meeting every thing he wished to convey to them: the people laughing all the while at the English reporters, while they joined very good humoredly in the laugh raised against themselves."

THE CRACK BOAT.—Speaking of jokes, reminds us of a scene we witnessed a few days since at the Old Country Railroad depot. A farmer, with his wife, entered at one of the doors, and looked round on the wonders he beheld, evidently stupified. Behind the couple was the porter, bearing two chests, the baggage of the people.

"Where are you going to?" inquired the conductor.

"To New York, sir."

"Well, push along—push along on that way!"

"But is the boat a good one that goes to-night?" inquired the farmer.

"She's a crack boat, sir," was the reply.

"Crack'd?" reiterated the lady, with her eyes at an angle of 45°—"crack'd boat! do you hear that, hus?"

"I do, my dear, and if I risk my bones aboard of her, I hope I shall find it out."

There is a story extant of a young wag who was once invited to dine with a gentleman of rather sudden temper. The dining room was on the second floor, and the principal dish was a fine roast ham. When the old gentleman undertook to carve it he found the knife rather dull, and, in a sudden passion, flung it down stairs after the servant, who had just brought it. Whereupon the young man seized the ham, and with admirable dexterity hurried it after the knife.

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed the old gentleman, as soon as he could speak.

"I beg your pardon!" was the cool reply. "I thought you were going to dine down stairs."

"LLOYD'S"—A word often met with in English newspaper—is a great company of underwriters, whose agents are located all over the commercial world. It is expected of the agents of Lloyd's that they ascertain the workmanship of all vessels when upon the stocks—the injuries they receive in the course of their voyages—the nature of the repairs put upon them—their

sailing properties, &c. &c., and transmit all the particulars to the company in England.

The accuracy and vigilance of these agents has been matter of surprise to the American and other shipmasters; for it is said the condition and properties of United States ships are as accurately understood in London, as in Boston or New York. A Yankee ship-master, making application at Lloyds' for insurance upon his vessel, observed that the officer referred to at once to what proved to be a great alphabetical register, in which were recorded the names and other memoranda regarding thousands and thousands of vessels, arranged under all the classes peculiar to that establishment, from "A 1, red letter," the lowest insurable class. In due time the Yankee was informed that his insurance would be so and so, (naming the terms;) that although once worthy to stand as "A 1," his vessel had worked into lower classes; that when she ran aground at such a place, she received greater damage than the owners were perhaps aware; and that the repairs put upon her when she got off were not adequate to the injury she received, &c. &c. The surprise of the Yankee captain, in the language of romance writers, was easier imagined than described. He found they knew more about his vessel than he did himself.

News by the last English Mail.

ENGLAND.

COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS.—Very little change has taken place in commercial or monetary affairs during the week. Business generally has been tranquil, and the transactions in our produce markets to a moderate extent only. Nevertheless, holders being firm, prices have undergone no change.

The very seasonable weather which we have recently experienced has had the usual depressing effect upon the Corn trade; buyers have operated with caution, and all articles show a decline on the week. At this day's market there was fair retail business done in Wheat and Flour, and a disposition was shown to purchase Indian Corn to a moderate extent, on speculation, at the reduced quotation. The value of Western Canal Flour is 23s 6d to 24s; Philadelphia and Baltimore, 24s to 24s 6d; New Orleans and Ohio, 24s to 24s 6d; and Canadian, 23s to 23s 6d. Indian Corn Meal sells at 14s to 14s 6d. per barrel.

On Sunday no fewer than seven persons met their deaths by crowning in the Thames, between Battersea and London bridges.

LONDON THIEVES.—It is supposed that the number of persons who make a trade of thieving in London is not more than 6000; of these, nearly 200 are first-class thieves or swell mobsmen; 600 "mace-men," and trade swindlers, bill swindlers, dog-stealers, &c.; about 40 burglars, "dancers," "garreteers," and other adepts with the skeleton-keys. The rest are pickpockets, "gonopas," mostly young thieves who sneak into areas and rob tills, and other pilferers.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

Her Majesty, with a keen appreciation of the noble expression of regret for his loss, has addressed one of the kindest of autograph letters to Lady Peel.

NEW LINE OF SCREW STEAM SHIPS BETWEEN LIVERPOOL AND NEW YORK.—We are authorized to state that it is the intention of the owners of the British and North American Royal Mail Steamships to commence a line of screw steam-