

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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BABEL.

It rose amidst the spacious plain
In solitary pride;
Beneath it, like a billowy main,
The city's roofs lay wide:
It was a wonder in the earth,
From whence the fabric took its birth.

The gazer's upward glancing eye
O'er ridged galleries went;
Still up and up, till with the sky
Its roofless height seemed blent,
And the thick-columned balustrade
Seem'd dwindled to a bennet's blade.

And he who scal'd that height might hear
The city's distant hum,
Dying upon the atmosphere,
Till all around was dumb—
Then start at his own lonely breath,
So much it seem'd the realm of death.

The rushing eagle deem'd that tower
Only a darker cloud,
And borne on wing of fatal power
Against its summit proud,
With sudden shriek and shock was hurl'd
Down lifeless to the distant world.

And tower on tower and pile on pile
The monstrous building grew,
Still vainly rising towards the smile
Of heav'n's celestial blue—
Or 'midst the tempest and the storm
Rearing unscath'd its giant form.

How swell'd the builders' hearts with pride
To see that tower of might—
"We will not ask for wings," they cried,
"Towards heav'n to take our flight:
Some stories more, a little time,
By our own tower its walls we'll climb."

Vain hope! vain boast! the lightning came,
And wreath the building round—
God sent his messenger of flame
To smite it to the ground:
And a great nation's impious trust
At once was levelled with the dust.

Are not there builders even now
Like those on Shinar's plain;
Do they not heavenward strive to go
By piles as false and vain?
How many in their wayward will
Are building other Babels still!

And biter must the anguish be
When that dread hour shall come:
When each with sudden thrill shall see
How high, how pure the dome
Of heaven is o'er them, whilst the clay
Of their poor works all melts away.

There is a higher, holier path
Unto that blessed realm:
Not moral foe nor fiendish wrath
Its track shall overwhelm:
He who was slain did he not say,
"I am the Life, the Truth, the Way!"

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S LAST SCENE OF ALL.

About noon, on the 25th of August, his physician found that a sharp fever had supervened, and with great tact discovered at once that the fatal hour was at hand. After a short deliberation he resolved to communicate the intelligence to his patient, which he did in presence of the Queen. The King received the announcement with—for a moment—something of incredulous surprise and regret, but quickly recovered his sang-froid, and accepted his destiny with the calmness and resolution which had characterised his whole life. He remained alone with the Queen for some time: no one can tell what passed between the royal couple, than which there, perhaps,

never existed one in any rank of life so long, so uninterruptedly, and so entirely happy in each other—bound together by so many domestic ties—by the participation of such exalted fortunes, and by the dearer trials of such reverses and vicissitudes. When at last one of the King's confidential attendants was permitted to enter the room, he saw the aged couple—the King sitting in his usual chair, and the Queen standing opposite to him—motionless and tearless, with eyes fixed on each other—like statues. Not a word was spoken till the King, with a firm yet interrupted voice, said to him (we give the account in the very words repeated to us.) "Veus avez, sans doute, mon ami, appris ce qui vient de se passer. . . . On m'a donne mon conge. . . . Il faut partir. . . . Il faut se separer. . . . Il parait que le bon Dieu va me rappeler a lui." This he repeated with an increasing tenderness of voice two or three times. He then recollected that about four months before, he had been writing some notes—relative (we believe) to his return to France in 1814—and he said that he had stopped in the middle of an anecdote which he wished to have finished. He asked for the bunch of keys he always wore, and told General Dumas, who was now at his bedside, to go to such a cabinet where he should find the paper. The General seemed not to know which key to use, upon which the King said with a smile, "I could never teach you to distinguish my keys," and, taking the bunch with a trembling hand that did not answer the energy of the mind, he took off the key, and gave the General exact directions as to the shape and place of the paper. When the paper was brought, the King said, "My hand is already too cold to write, but I will dictate to you." The General sat down at the bedside and began to write; and then followed two small incidents which showed the perfect—the minute—possession of his faculties even in this supreme moment. Without looking at the paper, or asking what was the last word he had written, now four months since, he went on with his narrative with the very next word that the sense required; and when he saw the General writing, as he thought, on his own original paper, he said, "You are not writing on my manuscript, I hope?" but the General showed him that it was a loose sheet which he had only placed on the manuscript to enable him to hold it more steadily. We have gathered that the anecdote itself was of no great importance, and was one which he had often told; but in the manuscript it had broken off in the middle of a sentence, and as it completed a chapter of his Memoirs he did not choose to leave it imperfect.—When this affair which occupied but a short time, was over, he dictated to the Queen a kind of codicil to his will, to leave testimony of his affectionate remembrance of the services of some of the oldest and most faithful of his friends, followers and servants. He then announced his desire to receive the sacraments of the Church—caused his chaplain, the Abbe Guelle, to be summoned—and desired all his children and grandchildren then at Claremont, with his and their attendants, and in short the whole household, should be assembled to witness his last acts of devotion; and in their presence he discharged, says the official announcement of the event, "all the duties of religion with the most perfect Christian resignation, a stoical firmness, and a simplicity which is the real evidence of human greatness." The Queen and all their children remained for a long time, kneeling, weeping, and praying around the bed, the King appearing perfectly sensible and tranquil, and recognising with a look of affection every eye

that occasionally was risen to him. The fever increased in the night, but did not in the slightest degree affect his mental composure, better as to give a gleam of hope, which he accepted with alacrity. About four o'clock in the morning of the 26th he called his physician, and said, "En verite, Docteur, je me trouve bien—je crois que vous vous trompez, et que je ne partagerai pas cette fois-ci." The Doctor's answer was only to feel his pulse and to shake his head; but the King replied with some vivacity. "Ah, mon cher Docteur, ceci n'est pas un fair trial (so.) car je viens de tousser, et cela agite le pouls"—so clear was his mind and so tenacious of hope. These were nearly the last words he spoke, but even after he ceased to speak, his eyes distinguished benignantly the persons around. At length he closed his eyes, and after half an hour of slight, but with no apparent pain, he expired (at eight a. m.), still surrounded by his family and friends. "Il est mort," repeated to us an eye-witness of the scene, "comme un Christian doit mourir—comme un sage et un soldat savent mourir."—*Examiner.*

NOCTURNAL VISITORS.—At night, as I lay down, I heard a lion roar in the vicinity of the camp, but soon I was asleep. In a few hours I was awake by an unusual disturbance in the camp, and raising my head, I saw the Bechuance standing close together round the fire with their faces outwards, while they shrieked and talked with unusual volubility. I guessed at once that a lion caused the rumpus; and I was right. The night was pitch dark, so that nothing could be seen: but Molyneux told me that a leopard and lion were near us, endeavouring to obtain the venison of the zebras, which hung in festoons in the trees beside us; and next moment I heard the voices of both, for the lion roared and the leopard shrieked wildly as they sprang after the dogs. At length their boldness increased; the lion chased the dogs with angry growls to within twenty yards of where we stood, and the leopard actually sprang into the centre of my larder beside the fire, and was making off with a large fragment of ribs, when the dogs went gallantly at him. He turned upon them, and so lacerated two that they soon died from their wounds. We now snatched up large flaming brands from the fire; meeting the lion as he advanced we sent them flying in his face, when I fancy he made off. I feared to use my rifle lest I should shoot the dogs. The horses and oxen, although much alarmed did not endeavour to break loose, being still very much fatigued from the hardships they had undergone.—*Cummings' Adventures in S. Africa*

MR. CHARLES KEAN'S REMUNERATIONS.—Shortly after the representation of *Othello*, Knowles's play of *The Wife* was produced, and was received with success almost equal to that of *The Hunchback*. Charles Kean was the original *Leonardo Gonzago*; Miss Ellen Tree, *Mariana*; Knowles himself playing *Julian St. Pierre*. Charles Kean saw that he had as yet made little or no impression, and resolved to act no more in London until he could place himself at the "top of the tree." Although he had encountered rebuffs and disappointments, still the conviction of ultimate success was strong within him, and he felt satisfied that sooner or later he should attain it. One day he met accidentally Mr. Bunn, the treasurer of Drury-lane Theatre, who said that in all probability he could readily obtain an engagement at Drury-lane at £15 a-week. "No," replied he, "I will never again set my foot

on a London stage until I can command my own terms of £50 a-night." "Then, Charles Kean," rejoined Mr Bunn, with a smile, "I fear you may bid a long farewell to London, for the days of such salaries are gone for ever." Time rolled on, and at the expiration of five years only, during which he had received £20,000 by acting in the country, he drove to the stage door of Drury-lane in his own carriage, with a signed engagement of £50 a-night in his pocket, and which engagement, for upwards of 40 nights, was paid to him by the very man who had predicted its impossibility."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

STATISTICS OF AGRICULTURE IN EUROPE.

The London *Circular to Bankers* contains some interesting statistics in regard to the Agricultural products of the country. It estimates the amount of land annually appropriated to the production of wheat at 6,000,000 of acres. If we allow twenty-seven bushels to the acre as an average crop, the annual production will be 20,250,000 qrs. It is, however, estimated that the crop for 1850 will not exceed 17,000,000 qrs, and the question now arises where the deficiency is to come from. It is well known that in Germany and Russia the crops are more nearly exhausted than usual; Russia has never been able to replenish her military stores of corn, so unprecedentedly broken into in 1847, and the rye and potato crops in Germany are decidedly bad. In Prussia, Belgium and Holland, the crops are very inferior to those of 1849. It is anticipated that large supplies will be sent from Spain to the Mediterranean, but nothing equal to the falling off in Germany, Belgium, &c. In France, more land than usual has been devoted to the raising of wheat, the high prices which prevailed in 1847 having greatly stimulated the agricultural industry of the country. France was formerly an importer of wheat, but now she is an exporter, and it is estimated that she will be able to furnish England this year from 500,000 to 750,000 quarters of wheat and flour. Thus far it will be seen that Europe will not be able to furnish the deficiency in England, and it is evident that considerable supplies must be drawn from Canada and the United States. At the rates now current at Liverpool, no larger supplies can be expected from this country. The flour and grain transactions now going forward are quite small, and the most of it sent out on ship's account. The stores of foreign grain now available for the English market are much less in the aggregate than they were at the same date in 1849, but so long as the market there continues in its present depressed state, and so long as the British farmers and holders of foreign wheat continue to force their grain upon the market at present low rates, no very heavy shipments will be made from this country.

PREPARATIONS IN INDIA FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.—Preparations for the Indian contribution to the great Exhibition of Industry of all nations are already begun at Bombay. The most remarkable manufactures in Western India are silks and damasks; black-wood furniture and open carved work; inlaid work of ivory, colored woods and metal; lapidary work, especially in agates, jaspers, and cornelians; silverwork; arms, bows, arrows, swords, shields and matchlocks.—*Oerland Mail.*