

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE EXAMINER.

VAIN ARE THE JOYS OF LIFE.

Ye sons of earth, whom proud Ambition taught,
That wealth and honour are with blessings fraught;
That those, her votaries, their orisons she hears;
And on the wings of Fame triumphant bears
The long'd for joys replete:
List yet to me the while.

How oft unto the battle-field the warrior goes,
With heart elate, to combat with his foes;
HOPE leads him onward; PROMOTION veils his dread;
When, ah! some pointed bullet, lays him with the dead!
Then by relentless feet,
He's trampled o'er and o'er!

How oft have Ocean's hardy tars and brave
Bid cool defiance to each mountain wave,
Whose courage raised, to reach the wish'd for shore,
And social gangs would think of storms no more.
Delusive hope! some fatal rock unseen,
Where all is lost! here ends the sailor's fancied dream,
In dark unfathom'd deeps,
Where sunbeams never come.

How oft to distant lands, far from his friends and home,
Man, aspiring soul! for riches still would roam;
Should Fortune grant? it ne'er would ease the mind;
Death calls us hence; but leaves our wealth behind
For others to enjoy,
As they shall think it fit.

How vain then are the keen pursuits of Fortune's plume,
How vain the glittering honours earth bestows!
Unless they to the owner's breast become,
The true perennial source of sweet and calm repose,
Through life's all changing scenes;
But most at dissolution's hour.

But, ah! those fading honours rarely can impart
Such heavenly comforts to the sorrow-laden breast;
Nor can they whisper true contentment to the heart,
Or hush discordant passions peacefully to rest;
For they, like clouds, but quickly rise,
And just as quickly pass away.

'Tis like rude Boreas' chilling breath upon the sea,
The gales of Wealth and Fame, to dreadful storms oft
rise;
I mean, when blown by Avarice and puff'd up vanity,
'Twill soon the sacred mansion of the soul disguise;
And leave an ostentatious wreck,
Which sensibility cannot endure.

Then let this solemn truth invade your ear,
Ye gaudy tribes, that ever grasp at power and fame,
That strive with cunning skill, to hasten to the rear,
With those who toil to gain a mighty name,
Whose midnight hours pass off in dream,
Filling stations of important trust.

That trifles born of earth, can never bless the mind;
Like airy shadows—swift on the wing—soon pass.
By such the soul is hurt; alas! too oft we find,
As breathing dims the clear transparent glass.
Then that which once refulgent was,
Grows mistified by sordid cares.

Ah! what now; say what is all the power and wealth
This world can give? how bubble-like and empty is the
whole!

E'en joined to illustrious parentage, and vig'rous health,
When laid in serious balance with th' immortal soul?
We know when life's short measured date comes
round,
These all shall go; and never will return.

Yes; they shall moulder, perish, and decay;
Stern ruin o'er Creation's face shall surely come:
But mark, when the sun and moon and stars shall fade
away,
The soul shall triumph in its uncorrupted bloom.
Away then, wordly honours! far away!
Ye have no place 'mid spheres of heavenly
bliss.

How empty then, are all our hopes and fears,
Yes; fears for fancied ills which seldom do molest!
Why do we long for transport in this "Vale of tears,"
Or let its absence discompose the breast?
Heaven's Lord won't sell the poor of earth,
That he despises them for poverty.

What tho' the blust'ring storms of life arise,
And grief usurp fair joy's alluring place;
A scene more beautiful waits us in the skies,
Where SIX dares never show its odious face!
Mark well the page; no wolves shall enter there;
TRUTH stands the Porter: let false deceit beware!

The soul that keeps this glorious prize in view,
Shall mount in spite of *treacherie's* dark aim;
If he, the Hydra forms of Vice strives to subdue,
He'll move toward that heaven from whence he came;
Tho' "narrow is the path that leads to life,"
The heaven-bound soul shall never go astray.

This is the mark supreme: my soul attend;
Know thy own dignity, nor ever scorn thy worth;
Behold! the heavenly host assistance all shall lend,
To lift thee far above the grov'ling scenes of earth.
Majestic truth! this should inspire to good;
'Twill lead to life and immortality.

For, ah! life's joys, fly like the day's illusive schemes,
When once our youthful days of life are o'er;
When sacred Reason gilds with clearest beams,
And fading shadows fail to please us more.
Farewell, we know when age comes creeping on,
"That life grows weariness and woe."

Hail, Night! thou gentle emblematic shade
Of that tremendous period fixed by God,
When drear forgetfulness shall veil the mighty dead,
And Fame forgotten lie beneath the green grass sod.
Yes, all our titles, deeds, and wealth combined,
Shall with ourselves, mix into silent dust.

Thus ends the race of feeble man below,
No Power, nor Honour, Fame or youthful Bloom,
Can palliate with Death to ward the dreadful blow,—
For Virtue only, *then*, will triumph o'er the tomb!

J. M. K.

St. Peter's Bay, Nov. 16th, 1847.

MUSICAL CATECHISM.

1. What is a slur?
Almost any remark one singer makes about another.
2. What notes require more time than others?
Notes of hand signed by bankrupt creditors.
3. What is beating time?
Singing so fast that time cannot keep up with you.
4. What is a rest?
Going out of the choir to get some refreshment during sermon time.
5. What is singing with the understanding?
Marking time on the floor with your foot.
6. What is a staccato movement?
Leaving the choir in a huff, because one is dissatisfied with the leader's requirements.
7. What is figured base?
The scribbling usually found on the blank pages of singing books, supposed to be executed usually during sermon time.
8. What is a swell?
A professor of music who pretends to know every thing about the science, while he cannot conceal his own ignorance.
9. With what propriety may a clarinet be used to accompany church music?
With about the same as a tin kettle, beat with a pair of tongs, may be used to accompany an Æolian harp.
10. What is a legato movement?
The escape of Santa Anna at Gerro Cordo.—*Boston Courier.*

COMFORT FOR HOMELY WOMEN.—Beauty, says Lord Kaimes, 'is a dangerous property, tending to corrupt the mind of a wife, though it soon loses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging which inspires affection without the ebriety of love, is a much safer choice. The graces lose not their influence like beauty. At the end of thirty years a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband perhaps more than at first. The comparison of love to fires holds good in one respect, that the fiercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished.'

LOVE AND DEBT.—There is very little difference between the man in love and the man in debt. Both the debtor and the lover commence operations by promissory notes; the former giving bills to his creditor, and the latter sending *billet doux* to his fair one. The lover, by promising to cherish, is honoured with a place in the lady's good books; and the debtor, by promising to pay, winneth admission into the creditor's ledger. Love keepeth its captive awake all night; so doth debt. Love is uncalculating, and debt holdeth no reckoning. The man who oweth money is in need of brass, and so is the swain who poppeth the question.—*Exchange.*

SECURITY OF FRANCE.—Old Marshal Soult, in his retirement from the Ministry, has written Louis Philippe a somewhat waggish letter. The Duke has made his exit with a laugh. He says to the King—"I will enjoy that repose amidst the *general security* which the exalted wisdom of your Majesty has procured for France." Such repose reminds us of the Dutchman, who smoked his pipe over a barrel of gunpowder, innocently believing it to be so much onion seed.

THOSE BRUTES—THE MEN.—A husband has lately been charged with attempting to poison his wife with snuff and beer. We have heard many wives complain of attempts on the part of their husbands to poison them with cigars and gin-and-water.

A POOR POET'S WISH.—"Oh! that a sovereign, like a piece of scandal, would grow bigger every time it circulated!"

Valuable Leasehold Farm for sale.

THE Subscriber is desirous of selling the Leasehold Interest of that valuable Farm at present occupied by him, situate on the St. Peter's Road, eleven miles from Charlottetown. It comprises One Hundred acres of Land, twenty acres of which are cleared, and fit for the Plough; and an abundance of soft and hard wood is to be found on the remainder. There is a Dwelling House, a good Stable and out-houses on the Premises. The term of lease is 999 years, and liable to an annual Rent of One Shilling per acre. For terms and other particulars, apply to the Subscriber, on the Premises.

WILLIAM CONNELLY.

St. Peter's Road, Sept. 18, 1847.

To Tailors.

HENRY FOUND, TEACHER OF CUTTING, Is desirous of forming a Class for the purpose of teaching Young Men who may be anxious to learn, the Art of Cutting, in all its various departments. Persons doing business in his line, as Masters, will have an opportunity afforded them, of learning Mr. Found's System of cutting Garments with precision and taste. They will do well by making early application, as Mr. F. intends to commence in the month of October next, and as the number of pupils will be limited to twelve.

Masters from the country can take lessons in three hours, which will be of great benefit to them as a guide or method Patterns of Garments sent to any part of the country at 1s. 6d by forwarding the cash, and paying postage.

Terms made known on application at his Residence, Upper Queen Street, opposite Apothecaries' Hall.

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August 14, 1847.

Bell-Hanging, Lock and White Smith Work.

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D. O'NEILL having studied his business attentively, and adopted the most approved and modern style of workmanship, trusts that he will be favoured with the patronage of the public, and will endeavour to merit it by diligence and punctuality in the discharge of his orders.
August 7.

A CARD.

AS the Subscriber has decided upon remaining in the Island he will resume his practice in the various departments of his profession; and will again appear as Counsel in the Courts of Law and Equity.

CHARLES YOUNG.

Terrace, Charlottetown, Aug. 7.

HEAD STONES.

PERSONS wishing to obtain HEAD STONES, can be supplied by applying to the Subscriber, at Mr. A. McKinnon's, opposite the Gazette Office, or at Mr. Peake's Yard, at the Head of the Queen's Wharf.

TOMB STONES and MONUMENTS made to order.
JOHN CARMICHAEL.
August 6th, 1847.

WANTED.

TWELVE JOURNEYMEN TAILORS, who will get constant employment, *the best of Workman highest Wages in Town.* Apply to

HENRY FOUND.

Upper Queen Street, Nov. 13th, 1847. 4w

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