

have engaged in trade, and three are still journalists.

There have been reports flying about for some little time past of the approaching resignation of the Prince de Joinville, who retires in disgust from the government of the navy, and means to withdraw with his young wife to Brazil.

In the London Court of Bankruptcy, a milliner attributed her failure to her daughter, who, instead of buying stock, spent £280 in Opera tickets, to enable herself and friends to hear Jenny Lind.

Editorial continued.

THE ALLIANCE FIRE COMPANY have presented to the City of Halifax, through their Agents, the Messrs. Young, a splendid Fire Engine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter of "Spectator" in reference to some remarks in the *Islander* on the appointment of the Hon. Mr. Holl, came too late for insertion this week. If space permit, we will give it in our next.

The poetasters of our Town have positively run mad. We have received half a score of Songs, in common and uncommon metre, all tending to immortalize the result of the late famous Mission. To print one half of them, would be "piling the agony too high;" besides, we must confess, that the love of the quizzical is more conspicuous in many of them, than the love of the chaste or the beautiful. We would recommend the writers whose effusions we feel compelled to reject, to furnish the Committee of Correspondence with copies: they might help to enliven their dullness a little, when called together to compare notes, some fine evening next week, in the upper room of the Prince Edward House.

AN OLD AND A NEW SONG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR;

Being an enthusiastic lover of old Songs, I sometimes coax my wife—who has, not that I should say it, a bewitching voice of her own—"a most excellent thing in woman"—to chant me some of her favorite ditties, whilst I sit down to enjoy my punch and principle after the labours and annoyances of the day. A few evenings ago, being thus employed, she awakened by boyish recollections of the time when she and I "went gipsying" by warbling the good old rhapsody of "Long, long ago." So pleased was I with the Song, I prevailed on her to give me a copy of it, which I now send to you for insertion, among your miscellany of the "grave and gay;" and having a desire to aid you in your contributions to the public amusement, I give you an imitation of the old song, which I sang last night with great applause, to a party of friends, who had called in to condole with me on the failure of the late Delegation to England, knowing as they did, that I was hoaxed to give a filthy ten shillings to the support of that most unfortunate speculation. As it was written to be sung on the arrival of Mr. Pope, I hope some of the "fourteen respectable and influential people" will be able to get it off by heart, so that their melodious voices may have something worth hearing, when the welkin shall be made to ring on the night of our jollification.

Your's, as always,

A LITERARY MAN.

LONG, LONG AGO.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago; long, long ago.
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear
Long, long ago, long ago;
Now you have come, all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have roved,
Let me believe that you love, as you loved,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the path where we met?
Long, long ago, long, long ago.
Oh! yes, you told me you ne'er would forget,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Then to all others my smile you preferred,
Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word,
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Tho' by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,
Long, long ago, long, long ago.
You by more eloquent lips have been praised,
Long, long ago, long ago:
But by long absence your truth has been tried:
Still to your accents I listened with pride,
Blest as I was whilst I sat by your side,
Long, long ago, long, long ago.

Then follows the parody alluded to in the letter of 'a Literary Man.'

A NEW SONG.

Tell us the things we have languished to hear
Since to England—to England you went—
Speak o'er the speeches you spoke in the ear
Of each credulous Downing Street gent.
Now you have come like the monkey of yore
Who had got in his travels such mystical lore;
But only looked wise, while he knew nothing more
Than when on his journey he went.

Do you remember how much we subscribed
Ere to England—to England you went—
You have not forgotten how hard we contrived
To obtain all the money you spent.
Then tell us what wonders you've seen and you've done—

What plans you have laid—if no triumph was won,
Spending our money for nothing's no fun—
Not for that—not for that were you sent.

Though by your pride and your cunning betrayed
Long, long ago; long, long ago,
We did not believe we would ninnies be made,
When you wished on the Mission to go.
But though you are vain as the Devil himself,
You're shallow and weak as a pitiful elf;
And so we must put you at last on the shelf,
Poor would-be redoubtable Joe.

From amongst the many other pasquinades called forth by the ridiculous Mission to England, we select the following verses.

For the Examiner.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

His holiness the mighty Pope
Whilome departed on his way,
To lather with his softest soap
The phiz of my Lord Grey.

A Palmer with him crossed the sea,
To wait upon this holy Pope—
A Potentate of high degree,
And back him up in every trope.

They went with expectation high,
Each deemed himself a Lord Baronial,
They doubted not to blind the eye
Of every Minister Colonial.

Sir Henry's hash they meant to settle—
To cook his goose, and do him brown,
And went to work like men of mettle,
By Compact franked to London town.

Arrived, Lord Grey, (oh, shame of shames!!)
Refused to see sleek Pope, the Speaker,
Or Mister Palmer, (thus he names
This once most honorable squeaker.)

His staff was pawned for staff of life—
The Pilgrim went to buy a sausage—
He bargained long in angry strife,
And thus poor Neddy lost his passage.

Our Pope in penance, self inflicted,
(Tis not our own, but current news),
Has gone to Poland: 'tis predicted,
Expressly to convert the Jews.

'Tis also whispered here in town.
There's many a crawling, sneaking viper,
Finding his party clean done brown,
Refuses now to pay the Piper.*

This Pope and Pilgrim's progress ended,
Just as all honest men desire;
Next spring they, start it is intended,
To set the Royal Thames on fire.

"Sic transit Gloria Mundi."

* For Piper, at the end of the 7th verse, read Palmer.

PRINTER'S DEVIL.

The Legion of St. Patrick.—Poor Pat!—Truly, he has need of 'brawny shoulders three feet square,' to bear all the puns and bulls, and sins too that are levied upon them!! Our readers, of course, have heard of that 'Legion of St. Patrick' which bolted, outright, Captain, Sergeant, drummer, boy, and all, to join the Mexicans, and being caught were hanged on a Tree. Well, the 'Legion of St. Patrick,' (who doubts it?) to a man, was Irish, what else?—and, so, of course, hanging was too good for them. And it turns out, that, of the unfortunate wretches executed, the proportions, in a national point of view, were as follows:—Yankees, 64; Irishmen, 34; Scotch, 16; Germans, 4; English, 1; French, 1; Polanders, 1; Novascotians! 1. Our authority is the Boston Bee.—*Volunteer.*

PASSENGERS.

In the Conqueror, on Sunday evening, Messrs. Macdonnell of Halifax, W. Walsh, and David Hockin and 5 in the steerage.

In the Barque Protector, for Cork, on Monday last—Monson Jarvis, Esq.

In the Conqueror, from Pictou, yesterday afternoon—Lieut. Hancock, R. N.; Mr. Edward Lydiard and niece; Messrs. John Coles, Peers, Wade, Mrs. Lannan.

BIRTH.

On Thursday the 28th ultimo, the Lady of Capt Bayfield, R. N., of a Son.

MARRIED.

On the 9th November, by the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, Mr. James Chandler, of Lot 48, to Miss Jane Louisa Vickers, of York River.

On Wednesday the 17th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, D. C. L., Mr. John Henry Gates, to Martha, youngest daughter of Mr. Theophilus Chappell, both of this town.

DIED.

At Halifax, on Wednesday morning, Isabella Walker, relict of the Rev. Thomas M' Culloch, D. D., late President of Dalhousie College, in the 77th year of her age. Her remains were removed at an early hour yesterday morning, to be interred in Pictou.

LAUNCHED.

On Friday the 12th inst., from the Shipyard of Mr. Charles Moore, Lot 49, for Messrs. J. & W. McGill, of this town, a very fine Brigantine, of 184 tons, called the *Isabella*.

SHIP NEWS.

ENTERED.

Nov. 12.—Margaret, Seaman, Bay Verte; Lumber. 13.—Relief, McNeill, Richibucto; do. 15.—Zebulon, McKay, Halifax; Goods. Duke Wellington, Siliker, Pictou; Lumber, Fairy, Curtis, Fish. Rob Roy, Turnbull, Halifax; Goods. Lily, Leslie, Pictou; Coal. Flora Ann, Hubbard, Halifax; Goods. Sea Horse, Pearson, do.; do. Hawk, Squarary, Newfld.; Ballast. 17.—Mary Ann, Campbell, Pictou; Coal. 18.—Mary, Gallant, Pictou; do.

CLEARED.

Nov. 12.—Protector, Williams, Cork; Timber and Deals by J. Peake. Angeline, Le Blanc, Halifax; Produce. 15.—Sealer, Fougere, Arichat; do. Brigand, Mutch, Newfld.; do. 16.—Brothers, Robertson, Pictou; Ballast. Hawk, Squarary, Newfld.; Produce. 17.—Lively, Gillis, Halifax; do. 18.—Partner, McMillan, do.; do. Joseph, Nickerson, Miramichi; do.

MEMORANDA.

The ship *Erin*, L. P. Moore, Commander, which sailed from Three Rivers on 3d inst., having been overtaken by a gale of 6th and 7th, between Cape North and Magdalen Islands, (being under the necessity of carrying a press of sail to keep her off the shore,) carried away most of the sails and sprung a leak, and after the storm abated, while endeavouring to get back to Three Rivers to repair damage, &c., got on shore at Little Pond near Bay Fortune in a thick fog and rain, on the night of the 9th inst., and has since become a total wreck—crew and materials saved.

The Schooner—, Charles Campbell, master, laden with coals from Pictou, was cast away on Sunday night, on Saint Peter's Bar, and went to pieces. The crew saved themselves by going on shore on the peices of the deck.

AUCTION.

For the Benefit of all Concerned.

TO BE SOLD by Auction at GEORGETOWN, on Wednesday next, the Twenty-fourth day of November, instant, at the hour of Ten o'clock, in the forenoon, the

SAILS, RIGGING, ANCHORS, BOATS, SPARS, STANDING AND RUNNING RIGGING, &c. &c., saved from the wreck of the fine new Ship ERIN. Also

The Hull and Cargo

of the said Ship, consisting of Birch and Hemlock Timber, Deals, Railway Sleepers and Lathwood, of the best quality, as now stranded, about a mile to the Eastward of Spray Point, on the East side of Boughton Bay.

Terms and conditions made known at the time and place of Sale.

HUGH MACDONALD, Broker.

Georgetown, 20th November, 1847.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS having claims against the CENTRAL BOARD OF HEALTH are required to furnish the same, duly certified, to the Subscriber, on or before the 27th instant, for examination and adjustment.

By Order,

JAMES N. HARRIS,
Secretary.

Charlottetown, Nov. 20, 1847.

Gaz. li