

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, NOVEMBER 27, 1850.

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FOR THE EXAMINER.

OLD WINTER IS COMING.

New Version.

Old Winter is coming, old Winter so dear,
The snow flakes, and sleigh-bells, proclaim he
is near;

And these are his Heralds—"his voices" that
say,
"The spirit of Summer is passing away."

Its dews, aye, and cool, balmy breezes are o'er,
And our sweet walks at eve by the silent sea-
shore;

But what of all that? we now ride through
the dell,
Where Echo greets Echo, and bids it farewell.

Old Winter is coming! the frolicsome time,
When robed in our furs and our trappings so
fine,

With our fiery black steed, rearing high we
shall go
For many a drive o'er the ice and the snow.

Why the veriest despot would envy the life
Of the youth with his girl—the man with his
wife,

Who can muster "a turnout," and "a quarter"
to spare,
To see how they bound through—almost thro'
the air.

And to notice the mirth, and the jollity too,
That's told by the eye, and enlivens the brow
Of the party elate with frolic and fun
At the thoughts of a skate on the ice, or a run.

Who'd dare say that "the music of childhood
no more
Is borne on the breeze from the cottager's door,
That in joyance of sport no longer are seen
The light-hearted villagers dance on the green?"

When they'd look at the forest of boys on the
hill,
See them mount their light sleighs and slide
down to the rill—
And that cot, small but full of the bounties of
earth,
And the rosy-check'd children that sit round
the hearth.

Hear the old Bagpipes play as they always have
done,
And the Fiddle still give the old-fashioned
hum;

See the old join the young folks, and all trip
the floor,
To the tune of "Jack Sheppard" or "Rory
O'More."

Surely there's none that should ever complain
Because merry old Winter is coming again,
Or to his hale heralds "unwelcome" e'er say,
Tho' "the spirit of Summer is passing away."

"The snow, like a mantle, is spread o'er the
earth—
The birds do not sing in the land of their
birth—
Nor doth the rook caw as he wingeth his flight
O'er the meads where are creeping the sha-
dows of night."

But e'en be it so—it is all for the best;
From the first there was promised 'a season of
rest—
Of rest to all nature—to man, bird and beast,
And Winter's that season, no doubt in the
least.

Then welcome, Old Winter!—Old Winter so
dear—
The snow and the sleigh-bells proclaim thou
art here:
And welcome the signs and the voices that say
"The spirit of Summer is passing away."

YOUTH.

Charlottetown, November 26, 1850.

The Lady's Choice.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes."

Merchant of Venice.

(Continued from our last.)

The arch look of the speaker interpret-
ed the equivocally worded compliment,
and with a joyous laugh, Miss Heyward
resumed:

"It was about the time of your mar-
riage, and shortly before your departure
for Europe, that I became acquainted
with Frank Harcourt. You must remem-
ber his exceeding beauty. The first
time I beheld him, Byron's exquisite de-
scription of the Apollo Belvidere rose to
my lips:

"In his delicate form—a dream of Love
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose heart
Longed for a deathless lover from above
And maddened in that vision, is express
All that ideal beauty ever blessed
The mind with in its most unearthly mood."

His admirable symmetry of form, and a
face of such perfect contour, such exqui-
site regularity of feature, that its sem-
blance in marble might have been valued
as a relic of Grecian ideal beauty, were
alone sufficient to attract the admiration of
such a lover of the beautiful as I always
have been; but the charm of perfect
colouring, the effect of light and shade
was not wanting in this finished picture.
His full dark eye sparkled beneath a
snow-white forehead,—his cheek was
bronzed by exposure and yet bright with
health,—his lips were crimson and velvet
like as the pomegranate flower,—his teeth
white as the ocean pearl,—his raven
curls fell in those rich slight tendrils so
rarely seen except on the head of infancy.
—while the soft and delicate shadowing
in his lip and chin resembled rather the
silken texture of a lady's eyebrow, than
the wiry and matted masses of hair usual-
ly cherished under the name of whiskers
and moustache."

"You are quite impassioned in your
description, Mildred; what would your
husband say if he were to hear you?"

"He would agree with me in thinking
that Frank Harcourt is the most beautiful
specimen of humanity that ever presented
itself to my admiring eyes."

"He has less jealousy than in his nature
than most of his sex."

"A man has little cause to be jealous
of a rival he has so utterly discomfited."

"Harcourt soon professed himself my
admirer, and need I say that his attentions
were by no means displeasing to me.
The buzz of admiration which met my
ear whenever he appeared,—the delight
with which ladies accepted his slightest
civilities,—the manoeuvres, constantly
practised to secure his society, all tended
to render me vain of his homage. Had
he been merely a beautiful statue,—a
rich but empty casket, I should soon have
become weary of my conquest. But
Harcourt possessed a mind above medi-
ocrity, fine taste, elegant manners, and,
what was especially useful to him, great
skill in decyphering character and con-
summate tact in adapting himself to its
various peculiarities. When those beau-
tiful lips parted only to utter the language
of high-toned sentiment, or to breathe
the impassioned words of Byron and
Moore,—when those bright eyes glistened
with suppressed tears at the voice of mel-
ancholy music, or sparkled with merry
delight at the tones of gaiety; when that
fine person swayed itself with inimitable
grace to the movements of the mazy
dance, or bent its towering altitude with
gentle dignity over the slight form of a
delicate girl, it is not strange, that, even
to my eyes, he should seem all that was

noble and majestic in mind as well as
person. Flattered by his courtly atten-
tions, congratulated by my fashionable
friends, and captivated by his brilliant
qualities, my imagination soon became
excited to a degree which bore a strong
semblance to affection. He offered me
his hand and was accepted. You look
surprised, Emily; I thought you knew
that I was actually engaged to him."

"Indeed I did not, Mildred, and I re-
gret now to learn that such was the case.
There is something to me very wrong,—
I might almost say disgraceful in the dis-
ruption of such bonds; and the levity
with which young ladies now make and
break engagements, argues as ill for the
morality of society, as does the frequency
of bankruptcies and suspensions."

"I agree with you, Emily, and since
it has become the fashion to consider the
most solemn obligations only as a strait-
laced garment which may be thrown off as
soon as we can shut out society from our
solitude,—since women pledge their
hands without even knowing whether
they have such an article as a heart to
accompany it,—since men with equal
ease repudiate their debts and their wives,
I am afraid the next generation has little
chance of learning morality from their
parents. But sometimes, Emily, the sin
is in making not in breaking the engage-
ment. However, hear my story, and then
judge."

"All the world knew that I was affi-
nanced to the handsome Frank Harcourt,
and I was quite willing to enjoy my tri-
umph as long as possible, before I settled
myself down to the dull routine of domes-
tic life. This disposition to defer my
marriage might have led me to suspect
the nature of my feelings, for no woman
will ever shrink from a union with one
to whom her soul is knit in the close
bonds of affection. My lover was respec-
tably connected, but had been edu-
cated for no profession and was not
possessed of fortune. He had left his
native village to find employment, and,
as he hoped, wealth, in the busy mart of
the Empire state. How he managed to
satisfy my father, who, in the true spirit
of an old Dutch burgomaster, looked
upon every man as a rogue if he did not
possess some visible occupation, I never
could discover. He probably flattered
his self-love by listening to all his schemes
for the reformation of society; and I am
not sure that he did not draw up the con-
stitution and by-laws of a certain associ-
ation which my father wished to establish,
—to be entitled a "Society for the En-
couragement of Integrity among men of
Business," and of which the old gentle-
man meant to constitute himself presi-
dent."

"It was agreed that the marriage
should take place at the expiration of a
year, and my father (who was as fond of
coincidents as a newspaper editor) declar-
ed that on the very day of our nuptials,
the name of Harcourt should be added
to the very respectable firm of March-
mont, Goodfellow & Co. About this
part of the arrangement I cared very little.
I enjoyed the present moment, and lav-
ished my time, my thoughts and my
feelings as foolishly as I did the gold
with which my father supplied me. I
was a mere child in my knowledge of the
duties of life, and perhaps there never
was one of my age to whom the word
'responsibility' was so mystical a sound."

"I soon discovered that I had a serious
rival in the affections of my future hus-
band. Frank Harcourt loved himself far
better than he did his mistress; and
though his tact enabled him to avoid any
offensive expression of this Narcissus-like
preference, it was still very perceptible
to me. Yet how could I blame him when

I looked upon his handsome person? In-
deed I often found myself quoting Pope's
celebrated couplet, but with a differ-
ence,

"If to his share a coxcomb's errors fall,
Look in his face and you forget them all."
The truth was, that my vanity induced
me to excuse his weakness. I was proud
of exhibiting, as my lover, the man whom
all admired; and I felt redoubled satis-
faction in hearing him applauded by the
very people who had already bestowed
on me the meed of praise. I was even
so foolish as to be vain of his costume,
and although I knew that he wasted hours
upon the adornment of his person, I de-
lighted to see him appear attired in that
manner, so peculiarly his own, which
gave a graceful negligence to a toilet the
most soignée, and made a fanciful poet
once style his dress "an elegant impromptu."
Like some other (so-called) im-
promptus, many a weary hour had been
bestowed upon the task of making it seem
extemporaneous.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AND PAINTING.—Music has
been given us, by our bountiful Creator,
to assist in smoothing the path of human
life. The same being who has covered
the surface of nature with bright and
beautiful colours, has filled the air with
sweet and expressive sounds. He has
taught us to listen to the melody of the
birds, the sigh of the passing breeze, and
the accents of the human voice, with
feelings akin to those with which we gaze
on the glorious heavens, the verdure of
the woods, and the meadows enamelled
with a thousand flowers. And He has
taught us, too, to make our sense of the
beauties of nature, derived from the eye
or the ear, the foundation of two exqui-
site arts, by which not only our percep-
tions of these beauties are quickened and
enhanced, but our intellectual and moral
qualities are called into action. Paint-
ing and music perform much higher parts
than that of merely ministering to human
pleasure.

GENIUS.—They say of poets, that they
must be born such; so must mathemati-
cians, so must great generals, and so must
lawyers, and so, indeed, must great men
of all denominations, or it is not possible
that they should excel; but with what-
ever faculties we are born, and to what-
ever studies our genius may direct us,
studies they still must be. Nature gives
a bias to respective pursuits; and this
strong propensity is what we mean by
genius. Milton did not write his "Para-
dise Lost," nor Homer his "Iliad," nor
Newton his "Principia," without immense
labour.

WAR INJURIOUS TO TRADE.—Of all
folly, cruelty, and madness, war is the
most hateful, abominable, and destruc-
tive. It pours out the blood of the
strongest citizens like water, and wastes
the wealth of the nation in smoke; all
this is done to gratify the pride, malice,
or ambition of rulers, who feel pretty
sure that, however thickly the balls may
fly, their own heads will be safe, and at
the same time have a firm persuasion that
their families will be enriched by the
spoils of the battle-field. Hence, in all
contests, the position of the aristocracy
and of the masses is just the reverse.
The former will be safe, the latter will
bleed; the former will be enriched; the
latter impoverished. In wars, the work-
ing-classes have nothing to gain, but
every thing to lose—even victory leaves
them to groan under a burden of taxation
far heavier than any impost that a con-
querer would venture to exact; while, on