

MISCELLANY.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

The music ceased, the last quadrille was o'er,
And one by one the waning beauties fled;
The garlands vanished from the frescoed floor,
The nodding fiddler hung his weary head.

And I—a melancholy single man—
Retired to mourn my solitary fate.
I slept awhile; but o'er my slumbers ran
The sylph-like image of my blooming Kate.

I dreamt of mutual love, and Hymen's joys,
Of happy moments and connubial blisses;
And then I thought of little girls and boys,
The mother's glances and the infants' kisses.

I saw them all, in sweet perspective sitting
In winter's eve around a blazing fire,
The children playing, and the mother knitting,
Or fondly gazing on the happy sire.

The scene was changed:—In came the baker's bill;
I stared to see the hideous consummation
Of pies and puddings that it took to fill
The bellies of the rising generation.

There was no end to eating—legs of mutton
Were vanquished daily by this little host;
To see them, you'd have thought each little glutton
Had laid a wager who would eat the most.

The massive pudding smoked upon the platter,
The ponderous sirloin reared its head in vain;
The little urchins kicked up such a clatter,
That scarce a remnant e'er appeared again.

Then came the school bill—board and education
So much per annum; but the extras, mounted
To nearly twice the primal stipulation,
And very little bagatelle was counted!

To mending tuck—a new Homeri Ilias—
A pane of glass—repairing coat and breeches—
A slate and pencil—binding old Virgilius—
Drawing a tooth—an opening draft and leeches.

And now I languished for the single state,
The social glass, the horse and fly on Sunday,
The jaunt to Classon's with my sweetheart Kate,
And cursed again the weekly bills on Monday.

Here Kate began to scold—I stamp and swore,
The kittens squeak, the children loudly scream,
And thus waking with the wild uproar,
I thanked my stars that it was but a dream.

DON'T KNOW WHICH TO CHOOSE.

"I don't know which of them to take!" exclaimed Miss Snarewell to her friend, (of course she spoke in confidence,) as two gentlemen bade her good evening, after having been for hours enchanted by her attractions; "I don't really know which of the two I prefer, one or the other I must have—I see they are such good friends, too; I hate to choose one of them for fear of hurting the feelings of the other!"

"What a pity it is," answered her friend, "that you cannot take both, since you are at a loss which to choose!" The sly satire of her friend's remark did not escape the penetration of Miss Snarewell, but not choosing to notice it, probably suspecting her dear friend of being a little envious, she went on with her discourse as if no interruption had occurred.

"I am trying to make up my mind," she resumed, "before I am called on to decide. Silvertone has such elegant manners, he talks so eloquently, he has decidedly the highest order of talent, and he is so devoted! But then, Broadacre is wealthy, he has houses in town—houses in the country! Really I am at a loss which to choose!"

"Of course," remarked her friend, "you are certain that they both intend to offer?"

"What else can they intend," was almost the indignant answer, or rather question.

"Oh! nothing else, certainly!" replied the friend, "they are both fascinated of course, but I was only thinking—you know my odd way of speculating. I would not advise you to make up your mind in such a case, 'till they make their proposals, and then require a little time, and use it in finding out which of the two candidates you prefer, and give an answer accordingly."

Miss Snarewell came to the conclusion that the advice of her friend was very prudent, so she made up her mind to wait and not give any marked preference to either gentleman, till they made their expected offers. In the meantime, Miss Snarewell continued as fascinating as ever, and the gentlemen in question, as much enchanted with her as formerly, and the offers were hourly expected; instead of which, came a pretty little box, tied with white ribbon, containing cards with "Mr. and Mrs. Silvertone's compliments," and a piece of bride cake!—And on the very next morning, she read in the paper the marriage of Mr. Broadacre to Miss—. She was too indignant to read whom, but the lady was her prudent friend and confidant.

TOO MANY STOCKINGS.—Widow Quiggles looked over her fence into Mrs. Struggle's yard, and discovered five pair of stockings hanging on the line.

"Du tell," said she, "where on airth did that other pair of stockings cum from? and I vow thur just like the rest of 'em. There ain't but four in the family, no heow, and where that ither odd tew come from een' a puzzles me. I didn't see no one go in, as I knew on—heow on airth could they git in 'thout me seein' on 'em? They couldn't have bought it, 'cause the hull lot of 'em is poor as pison. Got 'em 'gin tew 'em, mabbe; but that ain't possible, neither, for they ain't got no rich relations. Well, I du wish one of the gal'd come out, I'd ask her. Ah! there is Sally. Sally, dear, I see you hev been increasin' your wardrobe."

"How so, Mrs. Quiggles?" inquired Sally.
"Why, you hev got an addition of stockings on your line, dear," answered Mrs. Q.
"Oh, yes," said Sally, I have been knitting a pair for the Parson, ma'am.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Q., turning away in high dudgeon; "the pesked, nasty, good-for-nothin' chit thinks tu begin at the parson's feet and knit upwards tu his affections; but I'll spile that—I'll gin him a hull suit of woolen to kiver his reverence. I know'd them stockings had no good purpose—know'd it!"—*Reveille.*

A RECLUSE.—The Brooklyn Advertiser published the following singular story: "There dwells in a secluded part of the city, in a hovel of wretched and obscure exterior, a young female of singular beauty, who for three years past has lived a recluse from all associations with the world, save in the common intercourse forced upon her by the purchase of her household articles. She is reported to be immensely rich, and is known to be in possession of goods of rare value; but whence she came, who she is, or what her object in pursuing a career so strange, no one can divine. Since she has been an occupant of the place, no visitor has been known to enter her abode, and lovely as she is in form and feature, she appears studiously to avoid the ruder sex, and seems to entertain for man an insuperable aversion.—There is a mystery connected with her which the most curious and inquisitive are unable to fathom; and a deep and all absorbing interest in relation to her has been excited among many whom her personal charms have won to admiration."

KILL OR CURE.—"Tom, a word with you."
"Be quick, then, for I'm in a hurry."
"What did you give your sick horse t'other day?"
"A pint o' turpentine."
John hurries home and administers the same dose to a favourite hunter, which, strange to say, drops off defunct in half an hour. His opinion of his friend Tom's veterinary ability is somewhat staggered. He meets him the next day—
"Well, Tom?"
"Well, John, what is it?"
"I gave my horse a pint o' turpentine, and it killed him as dead as Julius Cæsar."
"So 't did mine."

STATUES.—"Every block of wood or stone," says Bocolini, "contains a fine statue: the only difficulty is to extract it." Would it not be more correct to say, that the mind of every competent sculptor contains a beautiful statue, and that nothing is wanting to its completion but materials and time? A good artist must brood upon his own conception, and hatch it into imaginary life, before he attempts to materialise it; and the higher his mental scope, the lower, generally, will be his opinion of his own handiwork. "I shall never have another great idea," said Thorwaldsen, despondingly, as he contemplated his statue of Christ in the Garden. "It is the first of my works with which I have ever been satisfied. Alas! it is not that I have brought my execution up to my idea, but that I have brought my idea down to my execution." When the *beau-ideal*, whether material or moral, no longer exists for a man, he has lost the sweetest and most elevating charm of his life.

AN HONOUR TO HIS MOTHER.—"John," inquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nailer?" "A man who makes nails," said John.—"Very good. What is a tailor?"—"One who makes tails." "O, you stupid fellow, said the dominie, biting his lips, "a man who makes tails!"—"Yes, master," returned John, "if the tailor did not put tails to the coats he made, they would be all jackets!" "Sit down, John, you're an honour to your maternal parent."

A PERSONAL REBUKE.—The late Rev. Dr.—, of a certain town in Maine, an eccentric but honest minister, was preaching on the practical virtues; and having, a short time previously, bought a load of wood of one of the officers of the church, and finding it fall short in measure, took this occasion to speak thus plain on the subject: "Any man that will sell seven feet of wood for a cord, is no christian, whether he sits in the gallery, below, or even in the deacon's seat!"

"Bill," said Bob, "why is that tree called a weeping willow?"—"Cause one of the sneaking dratted things grew near our school-house, and supplied the master with the sticks that did all the boys' licking—darn its ugly picture."

A CAPITAL JOKE.

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, having made an appointment to visit the Dublin Insane Asylum, repaired thither in the absence of the chief manager, and was admitted by one of the keepers, who was waiting to receive a patient answering the appearance of Sir Edward. He appeared to be very talkative, but the attendants humoured him and answered all his questions.—He asked if the Surgeon General had arrived, and the keeper answered him that he had not yet come, but that he would be there immediately. "Well," said he, "I will inspect some of the rooms till he arrives." "Oh, no," said the keeper, "we could not permit that at all." "Then I will walk for a while in the garden," said his lordship, "while I am waiting for him." "We cannot let you go there either, sir," said the keeper. "What!" said he, "don't you know that I am the Lord Chancellor?" "Sir," said the keeper, "we have four more Lord Chancellors here already." He got in a great fury, and they were beginning to think of the strait waistcoat for him, when fortunately the Surgeon General arrived. "Has the Chancellor arrived yet?" asked he. The man burst out laughing at him, and said, "Yes, sir, we have him safe; but he is far the most dangerous patient we have." Mr. O'Connell told this anecdote in Dublin, at a public meeting.

LIKINGS.—"Jane, what letter of the alphabet do you like best?" "Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Snobbs."—"Pooh, nonsense, tell right out, Jane, which do you like best?" "Well," dropping her eyes, "I like U the best."

Mrs. Partington says she has always noticed that, whether flour was dear or cheap, she had invariably to pay the same money for half a dollar's worth.—*Boston Post.*

Mrs. Printz avers, most positively, that she has no opinion of a man who is 'loose in his habits,' and thinks less of one who will get 'tight.'

A rugged countenance often conceals the warm heart; as the richest pearl sleeps in the roughest shell.

Notice to the Tenants on Township No. 8.

THE Subscriber having been duly empowered by UTEN THOMAS TODD and RICHARD JAMES SURRY TODD, Esquires, to take the management of that part of the above Township, belonging to them, and to act generally as their Agent, hereby requests all persons indebted to them for arrears of Rent, or otherwise, to make immediate payment.

August 7.

NOTICE

TO THE TENANTS ON TOWNSHIPS NOS. 34, 51, AND 59.
THE Subscriber having been duly empowered by SIR GRAHAM MONTGOMERY, BART., ROBERT MONTGOMERY and JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQUIRES, to take the management of their property in this Island, and to act generally as their Agent, hereby requests all persons indebted to them for arrears of Rent, or otherwise, to make immediate payment.

August 7.

NOTICE.

ALL Debts due to Mr. P. G. Clark, up to the 2d of June last, having been by Bill of Sale transferred to the Subscriber—Notice is hereby given that unless immediate payment of said Debts be made to the said P. G. Clark, or to Mr. Nanian Patterson, legal measures will be made use of for their recovery.

August 7.

JOHN F. CLARK.

IMPROVED PATENT PLAT-FORM SCALES, manufactured and for sale, at the PHENIX FOUNDRY, P. E. Island.
Aug. 7.

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