The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides.

VOL. VI. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1865. NO. 7.

Wholesale Change!

THE SUBSCRIBER, in announcing the COMPLETION OF HIS

[illegible] IMPORTATIONS,

[illegible] tender his grateful acknowledgements to [illegible] ends and public generally who so kindly [illegible] ized him in business during the past thirty- years. And being desirous to change the business, after the 1st of May next,

TO THAT OF

WHOLESALE ONLY,

offers all his present

Well assorted Stock in Trade,

which embraces nearly every variety of goods imported here,

At Reduced Prices,

during the next four months, by

WHOLESALE and RETAIL,

in order to clear off the whole preparatory to the contemplated new arrangement.

His Square Fig Tobacco,

manufactured on the premises, under his own immediate inspection, of the very best materials, can be confidentially recommended.

And as a Wholesale Establishment must necessarily involve a large outlay of capital, he earnestly solicits **an early payment of all his outstanding Debts.**

DANIEL BRENAN.

Ch'town, December 4, 1865. 9m

KEROSENE OIL!

TO ARRIVE—
100 Casks KEROSENE OIL.
For sale by
Dec. 4, 1865. J. S. CARVELL.

SUGAR! SUGAR!

HOURLY EXPECTED—
20 Hhds. Bright Porto Rico SUGAR.
For sale low, to arrive.
J. S. CARVELL.
December 4, 1865.

LEATHER! LEATHER!

TO ARRIVE—
100 Sides No. 1 SOLE LEATHER.
Dec. 4, 1865. J. S. CARVELL.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

DAILY expected to arrive per Steamer *Commerce*, and Schooners *Arctic, Ocean Belle*, and *Lola Montez*—
1890 Barrels FLOUR,
In Store—650 do DO
For sale by
Dec. 4, 1865. J. S. CARVELL.

RAISINS! FIGS!

TO ARRIVE, ex Schr. *Brave*, from HALIFAX, Nova Scotia—
50 Boxes RAISINS,
50 half boxes Do
25 Drums Smyrna FIGS,
50 small boxes Do Do
For sale by
Dec. 4, 1865. J. S. CARVELL.

SHEEPSKIN COATS.

RECEIVED on Consignment—
1 Bale Sheepskin OVERCOATS.
Just the thing for the season.
Dec. 4 1865. J. S. CARVELL.

APPLES! APPLES!

TO ARRIVE, ex Schr. *Spray*, from HALIFAX, Nova Scotia—
50 Bbls. RUSSET APPLES.
For sale low from the Wharf, by
Dec. 4, 1865. J. S. CARVELL.

TOBACCO! TOBACCO!

TO ARRIVE ex Schr. *Lola Montez*, from BOSTON—
20 Boxes TOBACCO.
Dec. 4, 1865. J. S. CARVELL.

WOODEN WARE!

JUST RECEIVED, on Consignment—
20 Doz. BUCKETS,
10 Nests TUBS,
10 Boxes CLOTHES PINS,
10 Doz. WASH BOARDS,
Provincial Manufacture.
For sale low, by
Dec. 4, 1865. J. S. CARVELL.

Water Crackers!

RECEIVED, ex *Princess of Wales*
20 Boxes WATER CRACKERS,
from the well-known Steam Bakery of THOS. RANKIN & SONS, St. John, N. B.
NEIL RANKIN,
Dec. 4, 1865. Queen Street.

Blankets! Blankets!

5 BALES BLANKES, blockade runners.
15 Coils MANILLA ROPE,
☞ Offered at a low figure by the Bail or Coil.
N. RANKIN, Queen Street.
Dec. 4, 1865.

Ex "Commerce."

JUST arrived, per Steamer *Commerce* from HALIFAX—
50 Half Boxes RAISINS,
25 Quar. do Do
50 Drums TURKEY FIGS,
5 half Barrels CURRANTS,
6 Bags FILBERTS.
For sale by
N. RANKIN,
Dec. 4, 1865. Queen Street.

New Grocery Store,
JUST OPENED,
At Smardon's Corner,
by
LEMUEL McKAY.

☞ The best of GROCERIES and LIQUORS at the Cheapest Cash Prices.

FRESH JERSEY PEACHES, IN TINS,

WARRANTED to be a superior article.
For Sale by
WM. R. WATSON.
City Drug Store, Ch'town, Dec. 11, 1865.

Tea! Tea!

JUST RECEIVED, ex *URANIA*, from LONDON—
117 Chests } Very Superior
20 Half Chests } CONGO TEA.
Also, by *Ariadne*, from Leith,
57 Cases Glenury WHISKEY,
30 do GINGERETTE,
300 GRAIN SACKS.
☞ All at the lowest prices.
WILLIAM DODD,
Nov. 6, 1865. isl Queen Square.

[Lloy]d's Register of British and [Fore]ign Shipping.

OCTOBER, 1865.

The [Comm]ittee have recently had under [cons]ideration the Standing of Spruce in [illegible] ached to the Rules, and have determined [illegible] w the use of this material in Ships of [illegible] grade for all parts, except Stem, Sternsons, Knight-heads, Hawse-timbers, Deadwood.

GEORGE B. SEYFANG,
[illegible] BLOGGET, Secretary.
[illegible] or, Prince Edward Island.

[T]he Nurse and Spy."

[illegible] work elegantly [illegible]

A Quick [illegible]
William Russell, [illegible]
Joseph Morris, has ma[illegible]
record from this Island to Liverpoo[l] [illegible]

The New York *Tribune* says: "The reason why Drake's Plantation Bitters are so universally used and have such an immense sale is, that they are always made up to the original standard, of highly invigorating material and of pure quality, although the prices have so largely advanced," &c.

The *Tribune* just hits the nail on the head. The Plantation Bitters are not only made of pure material, but the people are told what it is. The Recipe is published around each Bottle, and the bottles are not reduced in size. At least twenty imitations and counterfeits have sprung up. They impose upon the people once, and that's the last of them.

The Plantation Bitters are now used in all the Government Hospitals, are recommended by the best physicians, and are warranted to produce an *immediate* beneficial effect. Facts are stubborn things.

"* * * I owe much to you, for I verily believe the Plantation Bitters have saved my life.
"REV. W. H. WAGGONER, Madrid, N.Y"

"* * * Thou wilt send me two bottles more of thy Plantation Bitters. My wife has been greatly benefitted by their use. Thy friend,
"ASA CURRIN, Philadelphia, Pa."

"* * * I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and had to abandon preaching. * * * The Plantation Bitters have cured me.
"REV. J. S. OATHORN, Rochester, N Y."

"* * * Send us twenty-four dozen more of your Plantation Bitters, the popularity of which are daily increasing with the guests of our house.
"SYKES, CHADWICK & CO.,
"Proprietors Willards's Hotel, Washington, D C."

"* * * I have given the Plantation Bitters to hundreds of our disabled soldiers with the most astonishing effect. G. W. D. ANDREWS,
"Superintendent Soldiers' Home, Cincinnati, O."

"* * * The Plantation Bitters have cured me of liver complaint, with which I was laid up prostrate and had to abandon my business.
"H. B. KINGSLEY, Cleveland, O."

"* * * The Plantation Bitters have cured me of a derangement of the kidneys and the urinary organs that has distressed me for years. It acts like a charm. C C. MOORE, 254 Broadway."

"NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Nov. 24, 1863.

"DEAR SIR:—I have been afflicted many years with severe prostrating cramps in my limbs, cold feet and hands, and a general disordered system. Physicians and medicines failed to relieve me. Some friends in New York, who were using Plantation Bitters, prevailed upon me to try them. I commenced with a small wine-glassful after dinner. *Feeling better by degrees, in a few days I was astonished to find the coldness and cramps had entirely left me, and I could sleep the night through, which I had not done for years. I feel like another being. My appetite and strength have also greatly improved by the use of the Plantation Bitters.*
"Respectfully, JUDITH RUSSEL."

If the ladies but knew what thousands of them are constantly relating to us, we candidly believe one half of the weakness, prostration and distress experienced by them would vanish. James Marsh, Esq, of 159 West 15th St., N. Y., says, "he has three children, the first two are weak and puny, his wife having been unable to nurse or attend them, but that she has taken Plantation Bitters for the last two years, and has a child now eighteen months old which she has nursed and reared herself, and both are hearty, saucy and well. The article is invaluable to mothers," &c.

Such evidence might be continued for a volume. The best evidence is to try them. They speak for themselves. Persons of sedentary habits, troubled with weakness, lassitude, palpitation of the heart lack of appetite, distress after eating, torpid liver, constipation, diabetes, &c., will find speedy relief through these bitters.

Every bottle for exportation and sale out of the United States has a metal cap and green label around the neck.

Beware of re-filled bottles. See that the cap has not been mutilated. Any person pretending to sell Plantation Bitters in bulk or by the gallon is an imposter. We sell it only in bottles.

Sold by principal dealers throughout the habitable globe.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
New York.
Dec. 18, 1865. 6m

Hunnewell's Eclectic Pills.

THE TRUE CATHARTIC AND FAMILY PILL.

The importance of this development of the true and *Natural Cathartic* cannot be over estimated. To have a Pill which never requires over *two*, and seldom but *one for a dose*, acting on the Bowels without the *slightest Griping*, or irritation, can be used with the *greatest freedom* by all who have suffered the trouble of long constipated tendency, and to check which has oftentimes ended in the opposite extreme of bowel weakness, will be found the true feature of the Eclectic Pills. Their true character creates the expression of experienced *Apothecaries*, that long experience has never found their equal; from *Physicians* who have used *Thousands* in their practice, that the true idea of a *Perfect Cathartic* has never before been realized, and by thousands who have used them in their families, that they are the only true *Family Pill* they have ever seen.

Without descending to the clap-trap form of unmeaning puffs, or false testimonials, confidence is asked to test them in *Biliousness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Worms, Loss of Appetite*, as a Spirng Medicine, all derangements of the system caused by a disordered stomach, and a general *Family Pill*.

☞ Price 25 cents per Bottle. For sale by dealers in every City and Town. To be sent by mail, are put in boxes at 25 cents, 50 cents, and one dollar, which will be sent, post paid, on receipt of the amount. Also in packages of 1900 to Physicians.

JOHN L HUNNEWELL, PROPRIETOR,
Practical Chemist, Boston, Mass.

W. R. Watson, T. DesBrisay, and M. W. Skinner, Agents in Charlottetown, P E. I.

He Smelleth the Battle Afar.

All have read the sublime description of the Horse, in the book of Job. Truly there is one thing he smelleth farther, and that is

"Carlton's Condition Powders."

And if he says "Ha, ha," in the smoke of battle, how much more does he cry "Ha, ha," when his merciful master gives him some of these powders, which will regulate his system, sharpen his appetite, and strengthen him for his daily toil.

A merciful man is merciful to his beast.

These Powders are just the thing for all Stock; they loosen the skin, make the hair soft and glossy; in short, as their name imports, bring the Animal into "tip-top" condition and vigorous health. A package will more than pay its cost in the Oats it will save you, for it is not necessary to feed as high when you use these Powders as you do without them. Use CARLTON'S CONDITION POWDERS.

Get "Rescue of Tula Almanac."

Sold by Dealers everywhere.

Health and Beauty.

CHAPMAN'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDE,

A beautiful little work of 50 pages, teaches you how to remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples Blotches, Eruptions, and all impurities of the Skin — how to produce a full growth of Whiskers—how to produce a luxuriant growth of Hair on a Bald Head—cure Catarrh, Purify the Blood, Purify the Breath—to Curl and Beautify the Hair, Remove Superfluous Hair, cure Drunkenness, cure Nervous Debility, &c. &c.—[illegible] to renew your Age, and other useful and [illegible] ation. [illegible] which will be mailed free of [illegible] ation. Address

THOS. F. CHAPMAN,
Chemist and Perfumer,
831 Broadway, N York.

POETRY.

THE WILLOW.

O willow, why forever weep,
As one who mourns in endless wrong?
What hidden woe can lie so deep?
What utter grief can last so long?

The Spring makes haste with step elate,
Your life and beauty to renew;
She even bids the roses wait,
And gives her first sweet care to you.

The welcome red-breast folds his wing,
To pour for you his freshest strain;
To you the earliest blue-birds sing,
Till all your light stems thrill again.

The sparrow trills his wedding song,
And trusts his tender brood to you;
Fair flowering vines, the Summer long,
With clasp and kiss your beauty woo.

The sunshine drapes your limbs with light,
The rain braids diamonds in your hair,
The breeze makes love to you at night—
Yet still you droop, and still despair.

Beneath your boughs, at fall of dew,
By lovers' lips is softly told
The tale that all the ages through
Has kept the world from growing old.

But still, though April's buds unfold,
Or summer sets the earth aleaf,
Or autumn pranks your robes with gold,
You sway and sigh in graceful grief.

Mourn on forever, unconsoled,
And keep your secret, faithful tree!
No heart in all the world can hold
A sweeter grace than constancy.

EDDY.

I had told him, Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings
Stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive listening to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That good Santa Claus, who filled them,
Does not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't we moder!"
And from my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
In his crimson stockings hid,
While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
Brimming high with dainty egg-nogg
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten there before me,
With his white paws nothing loth,
Sat, by way of entertainment,
Slapping off the shining froth;
And in not the gentlest humor
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Eddy's black eyes kindled,
Gathering up the precious store
He had been busily poring
In his tiny pinafore;
With a generous look that shamed me,
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mein indignant,
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney!" called he loudly,
As he held his apron white,
"You shall hab my candy rabbit!"
But the door was fastened tight;
So he stood abashed and silent
In the centre of the floor,
With defeated look alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as from a sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames go higher and higher;
In a brave clear tone he shouted
Like some lordly little elf,
"Santa Claus come down the chimney,
Make my moder 'have herself!"

"I will be a good girl, Eddy,"
Said I, feeling the reproof,
And straightway recalled poor Harney,
Mewing on the gallery roof;
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they played beneath the live oaks
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber
Harney purred beneath my chair,
And my play-wore boy beside me
Knelt to say his evening prayer,
"God bless fader—God bless moder,
God bless sister"—then a pause,
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured—"God bless Santa Claus!"

He is sleeping; brown and silken
Lie the lashes long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows
On his plump and peachy cheek!
And I bend above him weeping
Thankful tears—oh! undefiled;
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN INTERESTING CHAPTER.

REMARKABLE FEMALE CRIMINALS.

(From the Quarterly Review.)

Until the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes gave false gallantry its death blow in Spain, nothing was more common than the murder of husbands by their wives. But that justly celebrated work opened the eyes of all classes to the injurious tendency of the notions then prevalent as to the manner in which a woman ought to be encouraged, even in her crimes. Ever since, women have been held responsible for their conduct quite as much as men; the former as well as the latter have been inexorably executed when found guilty of murder. We will quote one case as an illustration of that of Donna Maria Modiets, of Madrid, who, toward the close of the last century, excited horror and amazement throughout Spain by the assassination of her husband. It was found, on investigation, that her paramour, Don Santiago San Juan, committed the deed at her instigation while her husband was lying sick and helpless in bed.

She had made such arrangements as enabled the assassin to escape after the commission of the crime, without being discovered by the servants. That she had not committed the murder with her own hand was evident to all, but she was immediately arrested, nevertheless, and safely lodged in prison. It was supposed that Santiago was absent from Madrid at the time of the occurrence. In order that this might be urged in his favor in the event of suspicion falling upon him, he took formal leave of his mistress, in presence of several of the servants, about ten days before the murder, taking care to notify her that she need not expect him back before at least a month. But the police soon found out that he was all the time lurking about in the metropolis, from one hotel to another, under a fictitious name. However, it was found impossible to arrest him, until she herself involuntarily betrayed him by a letter she wrote from the prison, addressed to Don Thaddeo Santia, Madrid. At this period it was the custom in Spain to hang out a list of letters brought by the post, addresses of which were not sufficiently explicit. Santiago threw himself into the coils that were spread for him Soon after the two were brought to trial. She was one of the most beautiful women of Madrid, and belonged to one of its most ancient families; but the judges were inflexible. Both the lady and her paramour were sentenced to death, and they were accordingly executed. Until the last moment they solemnly protested that they were innocent; but, just as the fatal cord was adjusted about their necks, they made a full *confession* of their guilt, and acknowledged the justice of their sentence. Now, need we ask how much better it was for the interest of the sex to see the laws thus vindicated, than it would have been to turn the trial into a farce and allow the guilty to escape?

One of the most remarkable cases in criminal annals is that of Madame Gottfreid. In 1825 a gentleman named Rumpff established himself in a house in Bremen, which belonged to and was also inhabited by a widow lady of the above name, who, by common consent, was a charming woman, and who was as much celebrated for her kindness and gentleness of manner as she was for her beauty. But all regarded her as unfortunate, and they sympathized with her accordingly; they thought it a great pity that such a good woman should have lost two husbands, her father, mother, brother, and several children, all in the course of a few brief years. She used to lament herself, with tears in her eyes, that she had to perform the painful duty of ordering thirteen coffins of the undertaker; but she added that she had the consolation of knowing that she had tenderly nursed all her lost friends, never leaving their bedside until they were beyond the reach of all earthly aid.

Although now forty years of age, she had still claimants for her hand, for the worst thought entertained about her was that she had a poisonous breath, which was fatal to all who inhaled it at certain times or under certain circumstances. Partly for this reason, and partly for ill luck, the friends of Mr. R. tried to dissuade him from establishing himself in the house. In many features of his character this gentleman was like Dr. Burdell, the victim of a woman whose character is still more like Madame Gottfreid. Rumpff had no faith in the reasons assigned by his friends, and he had no idea of resigning a residence that suited, on absurd grounds. Unlike Dr. Burdell, Mr. Rumpff had a wife and family. For some time, however, the latter seemed to have great reason to congratulate himself, and his wife was if possible still better pleased with the change than himself, for Madame Gottfreid seemed to have no other care but to render herself agreeable to both, and to do all in her power for the children.

Such were the relations, for eight weeks, when the general joy was interrupted by the sudden death of Madame Rumpff, who was seized with a violent vomitting two or three days after her confinement. Nothing could exceed the attention of Madame Gottfreid, and so well did she play her part, that the chief consolation of the dying woman in her last moments, while writhing in agony, was, that she left behind her a kind friend to protect her orphans and comfort her bereaved husband; and to all appearances her hopes and wishes were fulfilled to the letter. So friendly and affectionate was she to the children that they called her no other name than Aunt Gottfreid. The infant was doing quite well, but the nurse who had charge of it became so extremely ill that she had to leave, declaring that whatever was the reason, she felt she could never be well as long as she remained in the house.

Nor did Mr. Rumpff's apprentices fare better; they, too, were seized in turn with violent fits of vomitting, and some three months after his wife's death, he became ill himself in a similar manner. Being a strong, robust man, he struggled resolutely to overcome the supposed malady, but in vain; he could keep nothing on the stomach; everything he ate caused him the most excruciating agonies, and his health declined from day to day. In about two weeks he lost the use of his fingers and toes, and became as weak as an infant. In the midst of all his suffering, the idea of poison never occurred to him; but he thought there might be some decaying substance about the house which exhaled it. He made a close search for the supposed substance, causing the boards of the floor to be lifted, the walls to be opened, &c., but with no result. It is not strange that in time his mind began to doubt whether, after all, there might not really be some evil spirits that pursue mankind to their destruction, wasting their bodies and withering their minds.

These doubts he first expressed to Aunt Gottfreid, but she told him to trust in God, that she would watch over him like a mother, and when he described to her his sleepless nights of anguish, she earnestly wished him such sweet rest as blessed her own pillow. This state of things went on for a year, the patient growing weaker and weaker from day to day, until finally all regarded him as near his end. As usual with him in the spring, he ordered a pig to be killed for his family, and his butcher sent him a small choice bit of the animal to taste. Finding that it agreed with his stomach, unlike anything he had recently taken, he deposited the remains in a closet for his next day's luncheon; but when he came to take it at the proper time, he found it was not as he had left it; and looking more closely, he was startled by perceiving some grains of white powder sprinkled over it.

This attracted his attention all the more readily because he remembered to have remarked the same appearance on some salad broth, and other articles which he had received from the hands of Aunt Gottfried. The suspicion of poison now occurred to him for the first time; he said nothing, however, but privately sent for his physician. A chemical examination soon revealed the mystery; the white powder proved to be arsenic.

The discovery was made on the 5th of March, and the day following she was arrested. The police found her in bed. She protested that she was unable to leave, no matter what was their business with her, for this she pretended to have no suspicion of. It will be remembered that Mrs. Cunningham affected to be very ill also, and that it was deemed very improper to shock her feelings in such state. It was otherwise, however, in the case of Madame Gottfried, for she was forcibly taken from her bed and carried off to prison. The news of so unexpected a catastrophe spread dismay all over the city.

First scarcely any one believed that she could be guilty. The general impression was that there must be some mistake. Who could believe, they said, that one so amiable, so friendly and so pious—one so much esteemed and respected by all who knew her—would be guilty of poisoning her own friends? A lady, too, continued another, who could see no one in pain or misery without shedding tears? Nor was this any misrepresentation, for she wept while her victims writhed in the agonies of death, and called on God to pity them and release them from their sufferings. The fact shows, however, that she could shed tears when she wished, and assume any character which she thought was most suitable to her present circumstances. So numerous were her crimes and so long did it require, in consequence, to collect evidence against her, that three years had elapsed from the time of her arrest till she was brought to the scaffold. It was clearly established on her trial that she had murdered fifteen persons, and that she had destroyed the health of an incredible number.

Until she saw that the evidence against her was *too conclusive to be set aside*, she persistently insisted that she was an innocent women whom unprincipled enemies had conspired with each other to ruin; then, however, she confessed all, and wrote a history of her life, the details of which are still more revolting than those given by Nannette. The account she gives of the poisoning of her own mother would show by itself that she was a woman in nothing save the term, but the worst of fiends. Had her trial been one of those farces that have disgraced the criminal jurisprudence of this country during the past ten years, the world would never have known how one may seem kind, pious, charitable, in short, in every respect exemplary, and still be at heart a blood-thirsty demon, capable of murdering her own innocent children. It is only when criminals are brought to condign punishment that they reveal these facts which prove the most valuable lessons to the private citizen as well as to the legislator, the christian minister, and the moralist.

THE FENIAN GOVERNMENT.

(From the Toronto Leader, Dec. 5.)

Such is the name which the New York *Herald* gives to men who, in the Moffat Mansion, Union Square, New York, are exchanging their worthless bonds for United States greenbacks at the rate of $20,000 a week. If this were kept up it would place about $1,040,000 a year at the disposal of King O'Mahoney and his associates. But out of it, the expenses of the "Government," which are apparently not on a very frugal scale, the rent paid for their headquarters being $12,000 a year, has to be paid. As the Fenian Government is fashioned after that of the United States, President O'Mahoney ought to get as large a salary as President Johnson. This is the more reasonable since he is described as an "incessant worker," "constantly on duty," pale of face as it bore down by the weight of his official duties. But this we are assured is an error; for, according to the *Herald*, "his head and brain are fresh and clear; and withal he is such a master of the Fenian situation that he does his work with comparative ease." We surely do not over-estimate the value of the services of such a man in putting it down at $25,000 a year. The President is surrounded by a crowd of private secretaries, "assiduously employed during many hours of the day;" a confidential sort of labour must be highly paid, or the secrets of the brotherhood would be in danger of being sold. There is, besides, a host of other officials on the civil list of Mr. O'Mahoney, and they must, of course, be paid according to the importance of the situations they hold and the quality of the men themselves. The Treasury Department employs a Treasurer; and as this is an office of peculiar trust, $10,000 a year would hardly be too much for Mr. K[illegible] for that is the name of this functionary. Then there are his "chief clerk, subordinate clerks, &c., the same as one would find in any well regulated establishment anywhere." All these functionaries must get the average pay of their class, in Europe or America. The "Fenian Movernment," which begins by selecting a sumptuous residence, cannot be niggardly in the salaries it pays its functionaries. That would be a piece of shabbyness of which it would never be guilty. President O'Mahoney's government must be princely in the salaries paid as well as in the taste it displays in the selection of a Governmental building. The War Department is one of the most important under the Fenian Government; for without loud threats and apparently great preparations for war, the bonds could not be expected to go off, at anything like a satisfactory rate, and without funds this "magnificent and political movement," would necessarily collapse.

There is one arrangement of this Government which, we think, might be made the subject of grievance; and the director of the War Department would probably rebel, if the treasury were not master of the situation, as being of more real importance than the War Office. We allude to the circumstance of the Treasury Department being on the first floor, and that of the War Office aloft to the third floor. The head of this department is no novice; but on the contrary, if we accept the authority of the *Herald*, one of the most distinguished military heroes that this or any other age has produced. He is described as "one of the most gallant and distinguished officers of the late war. His reputation as a heroic soldier began in the Mexican war—he having lost his right arm at the battle of Cherubusco—and has been enhanced by his services in Missouri, under the lamented Lyons, and other bloody battle-fields of the rebellion. He holds a commission as colonel in the regular United States service." Why this veteran asked the reporter to suppress his name we cannot say; but this must be the case as it is not given. Of his Adjutant we are permitted to know the name. "He is General C. Carroll Tevis, also distinguished for several gallant exploits during the rebellion, and for a short period commander of the post at Baltimore, of which city he is a native. He is a young and accomplished military officer, thoroughly conversant with his duties as Adjutant-General— a knowledge of which, as well as of other military matters, he obtained from French instructions of the Napoleonic school, during a residence for some time in Paris." Such distinguished services as these ought to command their price, and, no doubt, they will do so. Then there are, as of necessity, attached to the War Department, "Bureaus of Ordnance and corps of Engineers, with clerks and draughtsmen busily engaged. The head of the Ordnance Bureau is a thoroughly military officer, who served under Sherman as Chief of Ordnance, and won considerable distinction in that capacity. "Proposals for ordnance projectiles of the most approved and effective kind are submitted and approved of; in short, the usual business of the war arm of an established Government is transacted with fidelity and decision." Altogether the Fenian war department is a miracle of exactness and regularity. The ordnance never fails to have at the right place the supplies that are necessary; and not a single battle has been lost on account of any fault of theirs. The Naval Department is not fully organized; and our reticent informant does not think it proper, at this time, to state what is being done with regard to it. The *Herald* advises the Federal Government to sell the Fenians the Shenandoah. If the United States Government wish to seize the arms, and thus prevent a threatened breach of neutrality, they will find them on the fourth storey.

It is useless to go into any nice calculations of the expense of keeping up so magnificent and efficient an establishment as this. But we think the public as well in Ireland as the States will agree with us that President O'Mahoney does well to keep a Government of the first class as this is on the petty sum of $1,040,000 a year. But it is quite probable that they are doing it on less—and that would make the miracle of economy all the more startling—for it must be remembered that we have only the authority of the *Herald* for putting the weekly receipts at $20,000. And then, such is the degeneracy of human nature, it is possible that the patriotism even of Fenian nature may not continue this rate of contribution for a round year. The trusting serving maids and confiding emigrant Irish labourers to the States, who have assisted the Treasury, may begin to desire to see some result of their contributions before that time. This would no doubt be very unreasonable. The task they have undertaken—the freeing of the Emerald Isle from the hated yoke of the Saxon stranger—is not a light matter and will take time to accomplish. The constituents of Feniandom should therefore be patient, trustful, unsuspicious, and pay their present taxes of $20,000 a week with the cheerful alacrity of unconquerable patriots.

The *Herald* acts as showman for any one who desires to know about Fenianism as much as it is "proper" to disclose. We have by its aid already had a look at the labor-worn face of President O'Mahoney.

Let us now see how he and his advisers conduct the administration. A Cabinet Council, we are given to understand, is held every day. "At appointed hours the President has interviews with the heads of departments, or cabinet sessions, at which a body of executive councillors, representing the Fenian Senate, are sometimes present, giving advice and counsel on matters affecting the interest of the Fenian Government." That is the way to conquer Canada and liberate Ireland; at least it is the Fenian way of doing them.

A word about the alleged doings of the Order near home. The New York *Herald's* correspondent, in this city, insists on the *bona fide* statement of the strength of the Order in Canada, so far as he is concerned. He attempts to get over the difficulty which we pointed out in the figures by saying that a great many others than Irish Catholics sympathize with or are members of the order. This makes the matter worse than before. Nobody has ever seen one of those strange Fenians or Fenian sympathizers; and if they had existed in the numbers stated, some of them would have revealed themselves long ago.

MUTINY ON BOARD A BRITISH BRIG.—*Fortress Munroe, Nov. 26, 1865.*—The United States revenue cutter Kankakee, Capt. Slicer, brought in tow to-day the English barque Copsie, the second mate and crew of which had mutinied. The Copsie was on her way from Liverpool to Baltimore. Between Wolftrap and the Capes the mutiny first developed itself, and it is not unlikely that a fearful and bloody tragedy would have been enacted had not the Kankakee, while on a cruising tour, happened in the vicinity. The captain and his mate were the only ones to oppose the mutineers. Seeing the signal of distress the Kankakee went to the aid of the barque, and on learning the state of facts at once placed Lieutenant smith and [illegible] men in charge of the mutineers, all of whom were promptly ironed. The Kankakee accompanied the barque to the Capes, to let her proceed to sea without further trouble, and was about to part company with her when the mutineers broke their irons, threatened anew the life of the captain, and declared they would not go to sea by compulsion or otherwise. Seeing this spirit of determined mutiny on the part of the crew, at the request of the captain of the barque the Kankakee took the latter in tow and brought her into Hampton roads, as stated, where she now lies anchored, under custody of the Kankakee. The crew was shipped in Baltimore, and are altogether a dangerous and desperate set of men. There was no legitimate cause for the revolt, as the barque is staunch and sea-worthy, and the men had received the usual advance, and had no reason to complain of the treatment of the captain. The Copsie is loaded with corn.

THE FISHERIES OF THE GULF.—Commodore Fortin has made his annual report of the fisheries in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which has been printed for distribution. From its pages we cull the following statistics of the catch of 1864:—

Codfish, quintals,	156,227
Haddock, "	1,180
Hake, "	367
Salmon, barrels	1,592¾
Trout, "	52½
Herring, "	27,157
Mackerel, "	3,198½
Halibut, "	441
Flounders, "	2,100
Sardines, "	224
Herrings, smoked, boxes,	2,400
Cod liver oil, gallons	221 445
Whale oil, "	25,374
Cod sounds and tongues, bbls	343
Seals killed, (value $38,094) No.	7,221

The fisheries employed 5,181 boats and 10,367 fishermen, seamen and graviers. The seal fishery besides had 43 schooners of a tonnage of 1,673, and 430 men. The total value of produce is set down at $830,366 25, but the catch, except of seals, is smaller than that of either of the three previous years.

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.—Seven of the men who abandoned and quitted the settlement which the Adelaide government are attempting to form at Adam Bay, North Australia—a project which seems to have been mismanaged—left in an open cargo boat which they purchased, and in that frail craft ventured upon the long voyage round the continent to Swan River. The boat, which was named the *Forlorn Hope*, is 23½ ft. in length, and 6ft. across the beam, with two masts, spritsails, and jib. The party left Adam Bay on the 7th of May, and reached Geraldton, West Australia, on the 8th of July. The distance sailed was altogether about 2,500 miles; and thus was accomplished, says the *Perth Enquirer*, "as perilous a voyage as, with the exception of Bligh's in the *Bounty's* boat, we have ever heard or read of; for they twice grounded on coral reefs in an unknown sea, and for three days were in a violent gale of wind, expecting every moment to be destroyed. Such an incident was hardly to be expected at this period of the world's age."

THE PRICE OF FURNISHED HOUSES.—The following is a list of houses advertised in New York:—

Twenty-eigth street near 5th avenue	$650	per month.
Eleventh street, nicely furnished,	550	"
Forty-fourth street, 20×40 feet,	600	"
Forty-seventh street, 20×40 feet,	300	"
Fifth avenue, large and elegant houses	1,200	"
Union square, house and stable,	1,100	"

Grain that has been injured and become musty, unless its gluten is destroyed, may be restored to nearly its original sweetness by pouring boiling water over it, and permitting it to stand till cool.

GREAT DAIRY FARM.—Three Vermonters—two named Shafter, and one named Howard—are, undoubtedly, the largest dairy farmers in the world. They have a farm in Marion County, California, known as the Point Reyes Ranch, on the coast about 25 miles north of San Francisco, of over seventy-one thousand acres of land, forty thousand of which is very choice dairy land, and being bounded on three sides by salt water, it receives the benefit of the fogs and moisture from the Pacific ocean, which keeps the feed good for dairy purposes fully eight months in the year. The other thirty-one thousand acres is a wild, and, in many parts, a heavily timbered country, but some ten thousand acres of it is well adapted for sheep grazing. They have nearly nine thousand running thereon at present, that thrive on the land the year round without care, except herding at night.

These farmers expect, within three years, to be milking upwards of four thousand cows "twice a day." Mr. Howard, who has been east this summer to visit friends in his native State for the first time since he went to California, has recently been inspecting the cheese manufactories in New York, Massachusetts, and our own State, with a view of building one on their own farm. He had adopted plans for erecting one of one thousand cows' capacity, to be put in operation next spring, they being the pioneers there in that business.

But the making of butter is the principal business on this farm, the establishing of a cheese diary of one thousand cows being an experiment, the result of which will influence future operations in that line. With such an example before them as a butter dairy of three thousand cows, we should suppose that the people of the young and growing State of California would not long import one-half the butter they consume, as at present, but would soon supply their own market, for Mr. Howard informs us that they make as good there as is made in the best diaries in Caledonia county.—*Vermont Paper.*

THE CIVIL GOVERNMENT OF NEW YORK.—It is stated in the papers that the time for the election of a Mayor of the city of New York is now near at hand, and in alluding to the fact the *Herald* says that the municipal government has been brought to such a condition that it makes but little difference who is chief magistrate, and adds:—"However honest a man may be put in the position, whatever good intentions the Mayor may have, he will be utterly helpless. He cannot arrest, in even the slightest degree, the business of plundering that is carried on against the city in the innumerable municipal bureaus and departments. This is a truth that must be self-evident to all who know the history of the office. This condition has been brought about by the necessity of legislating to protect the city from men who secured the position of Mayor only to further their schemes of plunder. The state, observing our condition in this respect, came to the rescue, and so tied the hands of the Mayor that many plundering plans were no doubt thwarted. But in thus rendering it difficult for dishonest Mayors to rob the city the legislature has at the same time rendered it impossible for an honest Mayor to protect the city from the robbery of others. This is but one of the points in which the whole machinery of our city government is so thoroughly bad. Therefore to elect an honest Mayor is only a half measure toward reforming our city government. We will be in no better condition unless the Legislature also goes straight through our whole municipal system and remodels it. It must abolish the whole of the *present machinery*, and give us an entirely fresh start. It will not do to tinker at the present system—to let loose for an honest Mayor where it is tied up against a dishonest one. It must wipe out entirely all our dens of political corruption—all the offices that are bought and sold for our ruin. It will not do to preach how much better it is to improve a system already in existence than to make a new one. That is not true in our case. The material is rotten through and through, and we must have new material. That is the only remedy, and the Legislature must come square up to the business."

SPEEDY AND EFFECTUAL.—Be warned in season—prevention is better, perhaps easier, than cure. Most of our young men and women, from the ages of 25 to 45, begin to part with their hair. Little by little it begins to drop out. Without delay procure MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S World's Hair Restorer and Zylobalsamum, or Hair Dressing; they act directly on the roots of the hair, invigorating them, rendering the hair soft, silky and glossy. Every Druggist sells them.—W. R. Watson, is the agent for P. E. Island.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION OF A GASMETER.—Nine Elms was, on the 1st ult., the scene of an explosion far more terrible in effect, if not in character, than that which took place a short time ago at Erith. A gasometer on the works of the London Gaslight Company blew up from some unexplained cause; but it is known to have originated in the meter-house, and therefore it is inferred that some accident must have occurred with the retorts. Men and buildings were hurled about together, and the loss of life and suffering which ensued was appalling. Nine were killed and twenty seriously injured. One of the sufferers died in hospital on Thursday. The directors of the company have undertaken to repair the damaged houses, and the neighbors, under the presidency of the incumbent of the district, are exerting themselves for the relief of the sufferers. The inquest on the dead was opened yesterday.

THIS IS THE SEASON OF THE YEAR when children teething are almost sure to have dysentery and diarrhœa. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is a never-failing remedy. It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly cure griping in the bowels and wind colic. Mothers, don't fail to procure it.

STRANGE CURE FOR THE CHOLERA.—A story is published in Paris confirming the fact of the immense influence of the nerves in cholera, as illustrated in the year 1832 by Professor Recamier. He was summoned to a bedside, where he found a dying man, the features *cyanose*, cramps all over the body, the voice changed—in fact, all the most fatal symptoms strongly characterized. After an attentive diagnosis, the sagacious doctor suddenly snatched off the bed-clothes, and commenced flogging the patient with all the strength he possessed. The spectators, for an instant electrified, were naturally enraged. The dying man, by one expiring effort, started from his bed, threw himself on the doctor, who ran off hotly pursued along passages and corridors by the cholera patient, till both reached the top of the hospital stairs, when the breathless professor stopped, and, looking at the ghastly pursuer, coolly asked, "And how do you feel?" "Feel!" said the astonished patient—"feel, indeed! why"—(after a pause)—"I have no more cramps!" "I believe you; but after this fine race you require rest. Some cups of *tisane* and *vogue la galere*." The pseudo moribund was saved.

COUGHS, HOARSENESS, and the various Throat affections to which Public Speakers, Military Officers, and Singers are liable, are relieved by "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Having a direct influence to the affected parts, they allay Pulmonary Irritation.

EXECUTION OF A HARDENED WRETCH.—A hardened wretch named Michael Kierchner was executed at Buffalo on Friday, for the murder of a soldier in September last, under circumstances of great brutality. On the gallows he made a long, rambling speech, full of coarse and profane language; and in the middle of it he sat down on a chair, with the rope around his neck, and called for "a chew of tobacco," on receiving which he proceeded. He claimed to be a "gentleman" and innocent of the crime of which he had been convicted, although the evidence against him was most conclusive. The bolt was drawn when he was in the middle of the sentence, "I would not exchange conditions with Bishop * * * *