

"Bedlam, madam!" quoth I, "I bring intelligence from Bedlam, I arrived last week."

The tall awkward young gentleman stared, and the aunt half said, have shrieked, "What in the name of wonder are you?" "Mad, madam! very particularly mad! mad as a hare in March." "Do you mean to insult us?" said the old lady. "Ay! do you mean to insult my aunt?—really!" said the tall awkward young gentleman. "I shall call to my servants," said the old lady. "I am the humblest of them," said I, bowing. "I shall teach you a different tune," said the tall awkward young gentleman. "Very well, my dear sir; here is my instrument," said I, holding out a snuff-box, bearing a pretty close resemblance to a pocket-pistol. The sight was enough. Vanish the tall awkward young gentleman, and vanish the old lady in the twinkling of an eye. I locked the door, and found Margaret in a paroxysm of laughter. "I wish you had shot him," she said, when she recovered, "I wish you had shot him: he is a sad fool."

"Do not talk of him; I am speaking to you, beautiful Margaret, possibly for the last time! Will you ever think of me?—perhaps you will. But let me receive from you some token that I may doat upon in other years; something that may be a hope to me in my happiness, and a consolation in calamity. Something—nay! I never could talk romance; but give me one lock of your hair, and I will leave England with resignation."

"You have earned it like a true knight," said Margaret; and she severed from her head a long glossy ringlet. "Look," she continued, "you must to horse, the country has risen for your apprehension." I turned towards the window. The country had indeed risen. Nothing was to be seen but gossoms in the van, and gossips in the rear, red faces and white jackets, gallants in smockfrocks, and gay damsels in gowns. Bludgeons were waving, and torches were flashing, as far as the gaze could reach. All the chivalry of the place were arming and chafing, and loading for a volley of pebbles and oaths together.

I kneeled down and kissed her hand. It was the happiest moment of my life! "Now," said I, "adieu, my sweet Margaret," and in a moment I was in the lane.

This was my first folly, which is perhaps not unlike the juvenile follies of nine out of every ten persons in this foolish world of ours. Need I say, that I looked at the lock of hair often, but I never saw Margaret again. She has become the wife of a young clergyman, and resides with him on a small living in Staffordshire. I believe she is very happy, and I have forgotten the colour of her eyes.

The Examiner.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1850.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

On Thursday evening the Steamer Rose arrived here with another English Mail, received at Halifax on Wednesday last per Steamship Hibernia. The intelligence furnished is very unimportant, and may be summed up in a short space.

The Ministry, it is said, is daily becoming weaker, and giving symptoms of a speedy dissolution. They were left in a minority of nineteen on a motion made by Sir F. Thesiger relative to attorneys, certificates.—"Another financial fight," says the European Times, "took place on Tuesday evening, which brought out Sir Robert Peel as the defender of the Government, and placed Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Cobden in antagonistic position. The subject was that of public salaries, in which the Conservative leader again appeared to indifferent advantage in his new character as a stickler for economy. Mr. Cobden showed the hallowness of this financial device, and did good service by the common-sense view which he took of the motion and its *soi-disant* supporters."

The general aspect of commercial affairs has not undergone any change of importance since we last addressed our friends; a want of animation continues to be the characteristic of business in 1850, and money is in many instances lying idle both here and elsewhere, waiting for more tempting opportunities of investment than the present moment seems to offer.

The Marquis of Londonderry has avowed his hostility to the Government measure for the abolition of the Viceregal office, and his determination to oppose it vehemently in the House of Lords.

France continues in a very unsettled state. The Socialists have gained a signal triumph in the election of Eugene Sue, the celebrated novelist, in opposition to a Conservative candidate—an event which is regarded with alarm and dismay by the friends of the present Government, as it marks the increasing power of the Socialists. The Five per cents. have fallen to £86 50, but have rallied a little, whilst the men of order seem paralysed, and are quite at a loss how to apply a remedy to the increasing evils of Socialism. It seems to be the universal opinion that some serious steps must be taken to arrest the actual progress of the Democratic party, but the disorganised state of the Monarchists precludes any well concerted plan of operations. We were told before the election that the Socialists were divided amongst themselves, and would infallibly be beaten; but the result proves that their leaders contrive to make the whole body of Parisians vote as one man. * * * Time only will disclose whether the President will have recourse to some effective policy of repression, or whether, finding it impossible to resist the progress of the revolution, he will frankly embrace its principles, call to his councils M. Lamartine, M. Marrast, and a few heroes of the Mountain, and attempt a Government on principles of "progress." In either case the destiny of France must undergo a violent crisis. In the former alternative, the Democrats will take up arms and fight their battle in the streets; in the latter capital will fly from the country, and a system of open or covert pillage will inevitably ensue.

The Greek dispute remains unsettled, and it is believed that the danger of a blockade is most imminent. The Palace of Madrid has again exhibited one of those curious scenes peculiar to that Court. The King, taking umbrage at Narvaez, and determined to remove him, threatened to leave Madrid at the approaching accouchement of the Queen of Spain. He also threatened to publish certain facts impeaching the legitimacy of the Queen's issue: and his menaces went to such an extent that Narvaez sent a body of soldiers and made him a prisoner in the Palace, until he could be brought to reason. The King, thus imprisoned, was compelled to capitulate, and at last a reconciliation took place and the whole matter was hushed up.

ROME.—No division of a French army was ever more elevated than Baraguay d'Hilliers'. The feeling of every soldier is, not that the whole military force brought back the Pope, but that he, each in his own person, performed the great fact. "L'etat c'est moi," exclaimed Louis XIV. "La benediction c'est pour moi," is the impression of every private in the ranks. Strange it cannot be considered, but it is a very peculiar instance of the effect produced by authority and moral conviction—before the arrival of his Holiness, the army were very little impressed with the solemnity of the ceremonial in which they were to play so prominent a part; but since they have had an opportunity of observing the respect, amounting to awe, with which the Pontiff was received by the Prelates, the Ministers, and great officers of State, there has been a visible reaction. The men used to pass the carriages of the Cardinals without any sign of respect; now every one salutes as they pass, and pass they do in numbers; the streets are alive with the old-fashioned, massive Gothic structures in which the Princes of the Church take the air. Outside the Porta Pici—the causeway is blocked up with venerable men in red stockings, supported on either side by a secretary and a chaplain, and followed by two servants in time-hallowed liveries and tarnished cocked hats. Certainly the number of arrests is very much to be lamented, but in the face of these facts what is to be done? The people will not be free; that is, they will not permit other people to enjoy a rational amount of freedom. In this way the happiness of the masses is interfered with. It was the knowledge of these conspiracies which prevented the grand illumination of the cupola of St. Peter's, the high mass on Sunday, at which his Holiness was to have assisted, and some people assert, the blessing of the people. All this has been put off *sine die*, and it is evidently the intention of the Government to prevent as much as possible, all public festivities and rejoicings.

We have been highly amused by the perusal of two letters which appeared in yesterday's *Islander*, signed "An Elector." Our amusement is owing to this fact, that the position of the majority of the House of Assembly must be a very strong one indeed, when it can be assailed by no other weapons than those of angry invective—paltry, petty insinuations—deliberate lies, and low, poltroony blackguardism. It gives us infinite pleasure to see our enemies in a passion, and we beg to tender our acknowledgments to "An Elector," as one of those, for having worked himself into such a terrible fury, and thereby giving us an opportunity to indulge in a hearty laugh at his expense. All his scolding—swelling out over two columns of the *Islander*—amounts to just this, "the majority of the House are a selfish and avaricious set of fellows for voting their own pay, and refusing the usual appropriations for Roads and Bridges." Fools if they didn't vote their own pay, say we, thus preventing the Governor from making cats-paws of them whenever he pleased; and it must be highly gratifying to the majority of the Assembly to know that that vote has given so much dissatisfaction to their enemies. We are not, we believe, inherently pugnacious and quarrelsome; but we must confess there is nothing in this world which we dread more, which we would sooner make any sacrifice to avoid, than any thought,

word, or deed, at all likely to please our adversaries. We are delighted to see them in hot water, as their splashing is surer to raise blisters on their own skins than to hurt us. Respecting the non-appropriation of money for Roads and Bridges, we need only say, that when the time shall come for the repairs to be done on Roads and Bridges, which is usually in July, it will be soon enough to make an outcry on that subject. If no such appropriation be then, or previously made, who is to blame? Not the House of Assembly. The members of that Body were anxious to vote the supplies for that purpose, and for every other, if the Governor would reconstruct his Council, which he could and ought to have done, having the resignations of the members of the Council in his pocket. But the Governor has thought fit to disregard the feelings and opinions of the people, to gratify his own love of arbitrary power, and to perpetuate an oligarchy that has been borne too patiently and too long; and if there be no appropriation of money for Roads and Bridges, Sir Donald Campbell, and not the House of Assembly, is to blame.

LECTURES.

TEMPERANCE.—Dr. Dow, lately arrived from Boston, delivered a highly entertaining and instructive Lecture on Temperance, at the Baptist Chapel, on Friday evening the 10th instant.

ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY.—We listened with great pleasure last evening to the first of a series of Lectures to be delivered in this town, by Dr. Dow, on the above Science. His delivery was pleasing, his matter eloquent, and his knowledge of the subject he discussed, extensive and profound.

MUSIC.—Mr. Kiely's Band gave a Concert, according to announcement, on Thursday evening last. The audience, though small, owing to the arrival of an English Mail that evening, and to the very unpleasant state of the weather, included many persons of exquisite taste and discernment in the art, who expressed themselves, we are informed, highly pleased with the performance, and considered it the best which has yet been given by the Band. We learn, with pleasure, that Mr. Kiely will again shortly appear before the public.

We are obliged to defer the publication of several editorial articles until Wednesday: one in reply to the *Gazette* on the subject of the Signal Telegraph—an article under the title of "Christian Politics," called forth by the sermon in the last *Gazette*; and some observations in reference to Duncan Maclean's praises of himself in last night's *Islander*.

MARRIED.

By the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, on the 17th inst., Mr. Ronald McDonald, of East Point, to Ellen Pendergrast of Charlottetown.

At Cape Tormentine, N. B., on Thursday the 2d May, by the Rev. Mr. Smithson, Mr. Horatio M. Wright, of Bedeque, to Margaret Rebecca, second daughter of Mr. William Wells.

At Charlottetown on Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, Mr. George T. Haszard, Bookseller and Stationer, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Thomas Owen, Esq., Deputy Postmaster General of this Island.

DIED.

On board the *Schr. Peri*, of this port, on his passage from New Orleans to St. Thomas, on the 11th March last, after a few days illness, Mr. Robert Gray Nelson, youngest son of Samuel Nelson, Esq., of this town, in the 20th year of his age.

At Cherry Valley, on the 6th instant, after four days' illness, of Paralysis, Mr. Thomas Irviag, aged 46 years, leaving a family of eleven children to mourn his loss.

PASSENGERS.

In the Steamer Rose from Pictou, on Thursday last, Messrs. Bland, John Fraser, Thos. M'Keen, Archibald, Stewart, Evans, John Lyall and Lady. 11 steerage passengers.

In the Prince Edward, from London, Mr. and Miss Haviland, Messrs. Robert Hensley, Hales, Broad, Johnston, L. Agazis, and two sons; Captains Nowlar, Hogan, M'Kay, Lickis and wife. 10 steerage passengers.

In the Brig. Hornet, from Liverpool, Hon. Charles Warrell, Capt. Michael Walsh, Lieut. Lane, Capt. Jones, Messrs. David Mutch, Chas. M'Donald, Baxter. One in the steerage.

SHIP NEWS.

ENTERED, May 15.—*Schr. Isabella*, Pictou, molasses; *Schr. Pink*, Cunningham, Liverpool, G. B., goods. 16th.—*Olive Branch*, Goodin, Tatamagouche, lumber; *Mayflower*, Weatherbe, Tatamagouche, lumber. 17th.—*Barque Civility*, Ball, Bideford, G. B., 23 days, goods; *Prince Edward*, London, goods. 18th.—*Brigantine Hornet*, 31 days, from Liverpool, Capt. Rutter, goods.