

Wassard's Gazette.

VOL. 21. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1851. NO. 1125.

BAZAAR, IN AID OF

Furnishing the New Temperance Hall.

(Under the Patronage of Lady Bannerman.)

THE New Temperance Hall in this Town being nearly completed it has become necessary to provide the requisite funds for suitably furnishing the same. A Bazaar will therefore be held, for this purpose, in the said Building, on

Wednesday and Thursday,
The 16th and 17th days of December next.

The projectors of this Bazaar deem it essential to the prosperity of the cause in which they are engaged, to render the Hall as comfortable and attractive as possible—to make it at once a rallying point for the Sons and their friends, and a credit to the community. To accomplish this object, however, from the Funds of the several Town Divisions, was found to be totally impracticable, without causing serious embarrassment thereto. An appeal to the liberality of the public has, therefore, been determined upon; and it is hoped that those friends who feel disposed to further this object, but who have not yet commenced their labors, will do so without delay. Ladies can promote this object, not only by working for it themselves, but also by directing the attention of their friends towards it, and soliciting their aid.

The following is a List of Ladies who have kindly consented to receive contributions:—

Mrs. Fitzgerald,	Mrs. Young,
— Yates,	Miss P. Davies,
— Lydiard,	Mrs. Cundall,
Miss P. DesBrisay,	— W. B. Dawson,
Mrs. Owen,	Miss Chappell,
— Orlebar,	Mrs. Heard,
— H. Haszard,	— G. Haszard,
— I. Smith,	— B. Moore,
— J. J. Pippy,	— W. C. Trowan,
— A. H. Yates,	— M. Butcher.

Articles may also be sent to the Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, Messrs. W. B. Dawson, W. Heard, J. Rider and B. Moore.

N. B.—Every parcel should be labelled, FOR THE TEMPERANCE BAZAAR, with a list of the Articles, the name of the contributor and the price set upon each Article. As a guide to those who may wish to contribute, the following is a List of such Articles as are most likely to be useful:—Ornamental needle-work of all kinds, Millinery, Baby Linen, Toys of all sorts, Dolls dressed in the costume of different nations, as the peasants of France, Italy, Wales, Scotland, &c., Miniature Articles of Furniture, as chairs, tables, beds, &c.—Models of Public Buildings, ships, &c.—Basket work, Turner's goods, Engravings, Drawings of all kinds, Paintings, Curious Mineral specimens, Dried Botanical specimens, as Heaths, Mosses, &c.—Shells, Prepared Insects, Choice Plants, Books, Sweetmeats, Cakes, &c.—Materials for Needlework, and Money to buy Materials.

On the Evening of the 17th,
(Immediately after the Bazaar)

A Vocal and Instrumental Concert

will be given in the Hall by

Several talented Vocalists and Musicians,

who have kindly volunteered their services for the occasion. Tickets to be had at the Bazaar.

By order of the Committee,
W. B. DAWSON, Chairman.

October 6, 1851. (1 ew.)

MAILS.

THE MAILS for the neighbouring Provinces, together with the correspondence for the United States, will be made up at this Office every Tuesday and Friday morning, at 9 o'clock precisely, after the 5th October.

The Mails for Newfoundland will be made up every Friday morning, at 9 o'clock; and the Mails for England, to be forwarded via Halifax, will be made up at 9 o'clock on the mornings of the days following:

Tuesday, October 14.
„ „ 28.
„ „ November 11.
„ „ 25.
„ „ December 9.

THOMAS OWEN,
Postmaster General.

General Post Office,
Charlottetown, Sept. 29, 1851.

THE NEW MAP

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND,

JUST received and now ready for Sale, a MAP of PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, compiled from the latest Surveys by H. J. CUNDALL.

Dedicated by permission to Sir ALEXANDER BANNERMAN, Lieutenant Governor, shewing all the Harbours, Rivers, Settlements, Churches, School houses, Mills, &c.—Size 3 feet 4 inches—Price 6s. 3d. plain.

* * * Some copies will be coloured, mounted on Rollers, and made up in books for the pocket as soon as possible.

This MAP has been engraved by W. H. Lizars, Esq., Edinburgh in the first style.

Sold in Charlottetown by GEORGE T. HAZZARD & HENRY STAMPER; Edinburgh, by Oliver and Boyd; London, S. Bagster & Son; Liverpool, Wilmer & Smith; Halifax, W. Gossip; New York, C. B. Norton; Boston, Phillips, Sanson & Co. Charlottetown, Sept. 30.

NOTICE.

OWNERS of Farm-steadings or Proprietors of Land for Sale, and to Let or Lease, in Prince Edward Island, are solicited to communicate with the Subscriber, as to terms and particulars of same, for the information of intending settlers of small capital, and of the Scotch Agricultural class. An early notice, per Post (prepaid), will meet attention.

WILLIAM LA'MONT,
General Com. Agent.

2 Howard Street, Glasgow,
6th September, 1851.

BILLS OF EXCHANGE,

ON Halifax, at Sight, or at 30, 60 or 90 days, can be had of the Subscriber; who will purchase Bills of Exchange on any part of the world.

CHARLES YOUNG,
Charlottetown, September 30, 1851.
(R. Gaz. 4w.)

J. S. DEALEY,

Commission Merchant & Ship Broker,

BEGS to solicit the patronage of his friends and the public in the Island, and particularly calls their attention to the Sale of Produce of every kind, having made himself well acquainted with that market during his residence in New York.

National Loan Fund Life and Equitable Fire Insurance Companies of London.

Incorporated by Acts of Parliament.

BOARD of DIRECTORS of Fire Insurance for P. E. Island.
Hon. E. J. Jarvis, T. H. Haviland, Esq.,
Daniel Hodgson, Esq., F. Longworth, Esq.,
Robert Hutchinson, Esq.

Forms of Application, and all other information, may be obtained from the Subscriber, at his Office, Charlottetown.

L. W. GALL, Agent.

Miscellaneous.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

Obadiah Lawson and Watt Dood were neighbours; that is, they lived within a half mile of each other, and no person lived between their respective farms, which would have joined, had not a little strip of prairie land extended itself sufficiently to keep them separated. Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers; therefore, when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people, had purchased the next farm to his, he declared he would make him glad to move away again. Accordingly, a system of petty annoyance were commenced by him, and every time one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dood's place, he was beset by men and dogs, and most savagely abused. Things progressed thus for nearly a year, and the Quaker, a man of decided peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries he had received at the hands of his spiteful neighbour. But matters were drawing to a crisis; for Dood more enraged than ever at the quiet Obadiah, made oath that he would do something before long to wake up the spark of Lawson. Chance favoured his design. The Quaker had a high-blooded filly, which he had been very careful in raising, and which was just four years old. Lawson took great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for her.

One evening, a little after sundown, as Watt Dood was passing around his corn-field, he discovered the filly feeding in the little strip of prairie land that separated the two farms, and he conceived the design of throwing off two or three rails of his fence, that the horse might get into his corn during the night. He did so, and the next morning, bright and early, he shouldered his rifle and left the house. Not long after his absence, a hired man, whom he had recently employed, heard the echo of his gun, and in a few minutes, Dood considerably excited and out of breath, came hurrying to the house, where he stated, that he had shot and wounded a buck; that the deer attacked him, and he hardly escaped with his life.

This story was credited by all but the newly employed hand, who had taken a dislike to Watt, and from his manner suspected that something was wrong. He, therefore, slipped quietly away from the house, and going through the field in the direction of the shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's filly, stretched upon the earth, with a bullet hole through the head, from which the warm blood was still oozing.

The animal was warm and could not have been killed an hour. He hastened back to the house of Dood, who met him in the yard, and demanded, somewhat roughly, where he had been?

"I've been to see if your bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's filly," was the instant reply.

Watt paled for a moment, but collecting himself, he fiercely shouted—

"Do you dare say I killed her?"

"How do you know she is dead?" replied the man.

Dood bit his lip, hesitated a moment, and then turning, walked into the house.

A couple of days passed by and the morning of the third one had broken, as the hired man met friend Lawson, riding in search of his filly.

A few words of explanation ensued, when with a heavy heart, the Quaker turned his horse and rode home, where he informed the people of the fate of his filly. No threat or recrimination escaped him; he did not even go to law to recover damages, but calmly waited his plan and hour of revenge. It came at last.

Watt Dood had a Durham heifer, for which he had paid a heavy price, and upon which he counted to make great gains. One morning, just as Obadiah was sitting down, his eldest son came in with the information, that neighbour Dood's heifer had broken down the fence, entered the yard, and after eating most of the cabbages, had trampled the well-made beds, and the vegetables they contained, out of all shape—a mischief impossible to repair.

"And what did thee do with her, Jacob?" quietly asked Obadiah.

"I put her in the farm yard."

"Did thee beat her?"

"I never struck her a blow."

"Right, Jacob—right, sit down to thy breakfast, and when done eating, I will attend to the heifer."

Shortly after he had finished his repast, Lawson mounted a horse and rode over to Dood's who was sitting under the porch in front of his house, and who, as he beheld the Quaker dismount, supposed he was coming to demand pay for his filly, and secretly swore he would have to go to law for it, if he did.

"Good morning, neighbour Dood; how is thy family?" exclaimed Obadiah, as he mounted the steps, and seated himself in a chair.

"All well, I believe," was the crusty reply.

"I have a small affair to settle with you this morning, and I came rather early."

"So I supposed," growled Watt.

"This morning my son found thy Durham heifer in my garden, where she has destroyed a good deal."

"And what did he do with her?" demanded Dood, his brow darkening.

"What would thee have done with her, had she been my heifer in thy garden?" asked Obadiah.

"I'd a short her," retorted Watt, madly, "as I suppose you have done; but we are only even now. Heifer for filly is only tit for tat."

"Neighbour Dood, thou knowest me not, if thou thinkest I would harm a hair of thy heifer's back. She is in my farm-yard, and not even a blow has been struck her, where thee can get her at any time. I know thee shot my filly, but the evil one prompted thee to do it, and I lay no evil in my heart against my neighbours. I came to tell thee where thy heifer is, and now I'll go home."

Obadiah rose from his chair, and was about to descend the steps, when he was stopped by Watt, who hastily asked,—

"What was your filly worth?"

"A hundred dollars was what I asked for her," replied Obadiah.

"Wait a moment," and Dood rushed into the house, from whence he soon returned, holding some gold in his hand. "Here's the price of your filly, and hereafter, let there be a pleasantness between us."

"Willingly, heartily," answered Lawson, grasping the proffered and of the other, let there be peace between us."

Obadiah mounted his horse and rode home with a lighter heart and from that day to this, Dood has been as good a neighbour as one could wish to have, being completely reformed by the returning good for evil.—*Cincinnati Columbian.*

THE LOST HUSBAND.

A ROMANCE OF MANCHESTER.

A writer in Dickens' "Household Words," vouches for the truth of the following:

The owner of the estate, Garratt-hall, some time in the first half of the last century, married young, and his wife had several children, lived together in a quiet state of happiness for many years. At last, business of some kind took the husband up to London; and a week's journey in those days. He wrote and announced his arrival; I do not think he ever wrote again. He seemed to be swallowed up in the abyss of the metropolis, for no friend (and the lady had many and powerful friends), could ever ascertain for her what had become of him; the prevalent idea was, that he had been attacked by some of the street robbers who prowled about in those days, that he had resisted and had been murdered. His wife gradually gave up all hopes of seeing him again, and devoted herself to the care of her children; and so they went on tranquilly enough, until the heir came of age, when certain deeds were necessary before he could legally take possession of the property. These deeds Mr. S—, (the family lawyer), stated had been given up by him into the missing gentleman's keeping just before the last mysterious journey to London, with which I think they were in some way concerned. It was possible that they were still in existence; some one in London might have them in possession, and be still unconscious of their importance. At any rate, Mr. S—'s advice to his client was, that he should put an advertisement in the London papers, worded so skillfully that any who might

hold the important documents should understand to what it referred and no one else. This was accordingly done; and although repeated at intervals for some time, it met with no success. But at last a mysterious answer was sent to the effect, that the deeds were in existence and should be given up, but only to the heir himself.

The young man in consequence went to London, and adjourned, according to direction, to an old house in Barbican, where he was told by a man, apparently waiting him, that he must submit to be blindfolded, and must follow his guidance.

He was taken through several long passages before he left the house; at the termination of one of these, he was put into a chair and carried about for an hour and more; he always reported that there were many turnings, and that he imagined he was set down finally not very far from his starting point. When his eyes were unbandaged, he was in a decent sitting room, with tokens of family occupation lying about. A middle aged gentleman entered, and told him, that until a certain time had elapsed, (which should be indicated to him in a peculiar way, but of which the length was not then named), he must swear to secrecy, as to the means by which he obtained possession of the deeds. This oath was taken; and then the gentleman, not without emotion, acknowledged himself to be the missing father of the heir. It seems that he had fallen in love with a damsel, a friend of the person with whom he lodged.

To this young woman he had represented himself as unmarried; she listened willingly to his wooing, and her father, who was a shopkeeper in the city, was not averse to the match, as the Lancashire Squire had a goodly presence, and many similar qualities, which the shopkeeper thought might be acceptable to his customers. The bargain was struck; the descendant of a knightly race married the only daughter of the shopkeeper, and became a junior partner in the business. He told his son that he had never repented the step he had taken; that his lovely-born wife was sweet, docile and affectionate; that his family by her was large, and he and they were thriving and happy. He inquired after his first (or rather, I should say, his true) wife, with friendly affection; approved of what she had done with regard to his estate, and the education of his children; but said he considered he was dead to her, as she was to him. When he really died, he promised that a particular message, the nature of which he specified, should be sent to his son at Garratt; until then, they would not hear more of each other; for it was no use attempting to trace him under his incognito, even if the oath did not render such an attempt forbidden.

I dare say, the youth had no great desire to trace out his father, who had been one in name only. He returned to Lancashire, took possession of the property at Manchester, and many years elapsed before he received the mysterious intimation of his father's real death. After that he named the particulars connected with the recovery of the title deed to Mr. S—, and one or two intimate friends. When the family became extinct, or removed from Garratt, it became no longer any very closely kept secret, and I was told the tale of the disappearance by Miss S—, the aged daughter of the family agent.

THE FORBIDDEN PARADISE.

When the islands of the Pacific Ocean were first discovered by Europeans, some of the natives were found very timid and friendly, while others were fierce, treacherous and warlike. For many years after their discovery, these islands were visited only by those who were on voyages of discovery, or who were in the pursuit of gain. The natives were treated with great inhumanity; and drunken seamen, rioting their villages, and trampling upon all the laws of right-doing, soon introduced all the vices of civilized life to be added to those of the savage state. The natives generally became exasperated, and were ever watching for opportunities to cut off the ships and massacre the seamen. A Nantucket whale-ship was at one time wrecked upon one of the Fee-je Islands. The crew escaped in their boats to the shore, and after a long and bloody battle, all the sailors were slain except two little boys, whose lives were spared. One after the lapse of many years escaped on board a whale-ship which stopped at the Island. The other has never been heard from. Such was the condition of these islands when the English missionaries, taking their lives in their hands, went among them to Christianize the inhabitants. The missionaries were ridiculed, opposed, and traduced by thousands at home, and they endured every species of privation and hardships from the habitations of cruelty, in the midst of which they took up their abode. God smiled, however, upon their exertions, and soon these wild men and women turned from their idols and their sins, and cultivated the arts of peace. A few years after the missionaries had commenced their labours an American whale-ship came in sight of an unknown island in the Pacific Ocean. They had been for six months cruising in search of their gigantic game without having seen any land. Scurvy, that terrible scourge of seamen, had seized one after another of the crew, till there were not enough left in health to navigate the vessel safely. Scurvy is a disease caused by living a long time upon salted provisions, without any vegetables; and the sufferers are almost immediately restored to health when they can breathe the fresh air of the land and eat freely of fruits and herbs. Here was this ship, several thousand miles from the South American coast. The crew were emaciated and dying. Before them rose, in all the beauty of tropical luxuriance, those islands of the ocean, which appeared to the mariner, weary with gazing for months upon the wide waste of waters, like the Garden of Eden. But they dared not approach these shores. A fog, more treacherous and dreadful than disease, they apprehended there. The club of the savage, and the demoralized revels of the cannibals dancing and shouting around their roasting victims, were more to be dreaded than death by slow and lingering approaches in the ship. They dared not draw near the shore, for they were too feeble to prevent the natives, should they come out in large numbers in their canoes, from climbing up the sides and taking possession of the ship. But with their glass they could distinctly see the clear streams of water foaming down their channels in the mountains. Meadows faded away in the distance, enchanting the eye with their shady groves and their rich verdure. The cocoa-nut tree reared its graceful head upon the beach, laden with its precious and its life giving treasures; and forests rich with tropical fruits, juicy and luscious, were every where spread around. These emaciated and dying men crawled from their berths, and gazed with wistful eyes upon this tantalizing scene. Slowly they were borne along by a gentle breeze, and forest crowned headlands, and luxuriant valleys and groves, bending beneath the burden of fruit, glided by, like the changes of a kaleidoscope, and still no canoe pushed out from the shore, and the huts of the natives were to be seen. They began to cherish the hope that the island might be uninhabited, and cautiously approached it. But ere long they saw canoes upon the beach, and smoke here and there ascending from the cocoa-nut groves; and still to their astonishment, no natives made their appearance, and no sound of human voices reached them from the shore. As they rounded a promontory, which opened before them a quiet and lovely bay, a thickly clustered village of the natives burst upon their view, and in the centre of it was reared a Christian church. A simultaneous shout of joy rang through the ship, as the cry passed from stem to stern, "The missionaries are here!" It was the Sabbath, and the natives had learned the Divine command, "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." And the temptation of a ship entering the bay did not lure a single canoe to leave the shore. The crew were almost crazed with joy at the sudden change in their prospects. They speedily cast anchor, furled their sails, and entering the ship's boats, went on shore. As soon as the natives were informed of their sick and suffering condition, they received them with the utmost hospitality, and supplied them with all the fresh fruits and vegetables they could need. The next day the natives aided the emaciated crew in taking a sail from the ship and spreading a large tent upon the green grass on the bank of a mountain stream. And here the crew reposed in inexpressible luxury. They bathed their limbs in the pure water, and quaffed it in its coolness and its freshness, like Elysian nectar. They rolled with childish glee upon the green grass. Cocoa-nuts, and bananas, and lemons and oranges, and other luscious fruits of the tropics were brought to them in great abundance by the friendly natives. In a few days, the disease that had brought so many of them to the verge of the grave, began to disappear. The missionaries, from their little stock of medicines, administered to their wants, and treated them with fraternal kindness. In the course of two or three weeks, all were restored to health and vigour. They filled their casks with fresh water; laid in stores of vegetables; supplied themselves with pigs and poultry, and then, with invigorated bodies and rejoicing spirits, they raised their anchors, and

unfurled their sails, and departed on their adventurous way.—*The Whaler's Adventures in the Southern Ocean.*

MORAL CONDITION OF CALIFORNIA.—An American gentleman who has resided in California for several years, and has had ample opportunities for making correct observations, as to the condition and prospects of that country, thus pictures the degraded state of its society, and the insecurity of life. Under head, Santa Barbara, July 24th, he says:—

"This country is in a dreadful state, given up completely to rapine and plunder. You hear every day of murder, robberies, arson, and a host of other crimes, perpetrated in the midst of crowded cities as well as in the open plain, in broad day-light and at the dead of night. Nor do the wretches care for secrecy, but in the eyes of the world, with impunity, and with no terrors of punishment to thwart them, commit such crimes as they themselves would shudder at, if committed by others. Who is safe in such a society? To go un armed in the streets, or in your own house, would be the height of folly. As for myself, I never retire at night without having my arms loaded ready at a moment's warning. Yet we are a long distance from the main swarm of locusts that infest this land; but from one end of it to the other, you will find the human species ready to pounce upon the weak and defenceless.

"Our mail rider from above was made away with some three weeks since, about twenty-five miles from this place. It is supposed he was murdered; at all events nothing has been heard of him, or the mails, or even the animal he was riding."

The fine large bridge of the New Jersey Railroad over the Hackensack River was almost entirely consumed this noon by fire, which is supposed to have been communicated by a spark from the engine of the train which left this city at 11 o'clock.

TIGHT LACING.

There is no more real beauty in a small waist, than there is in a Chinese woman's foot. The idea on which the practice, in either case, proceeds, is the product of a most perverted imagination. Let the human body, which has grown naturally to its maturity, be considered, and it will appear the very opposite of that wasp-like state to which fashion has reduced so many of its votaries, and which is imitated by many of human grade. It would seem, in some instances, as if a little further tightening of the cords would render the separation of the two parts of the frame complete. An Italian woman would as soon think of applying these cords to her neck as to her waist. And why? Because the sculptures with which she is familiar give to the female figure its natural beauty. Its violation leads to nature taking its revenge, and that decisively and summarily, in distortion of the ribs, distortion of the bones of the shoulders and chest, distortion of the hip-bones, and distortion of the spine! Tight lacing is the fruitful cause of disease. Of this there is a sufficient intimation when at night the cruel pressure is removed, for the blood rushing downwards from the diminished resistance to its motion, empties the vessels of the head, and thus occasions fainting. Hence stimulants are resorted to, and in not a few instances habits of intemperance have been originated by this monstrous practice. But even these are far from constituting the catalogue of evils that arise; it is thus given by Mr. Coulson, who has written with great ability and intelligence, on "Deformities of the Spine:—

"Pains in the eyes, ear-ache, bleeding at the nose, apoplexy, cancer in the breast, adhesion of the lungs to the diaphragm, asthma, spitting of blood, palpitation of the heart, water on the chest, abscesses in the lungs, rupture, fistula, jaundice, calcoli, disease of the kidneys, and consumption." Mothers, he also shows, entail incalculable evils on their offspring; and hospitals might be filled with patients, the sufferers from tight lacing. Instances of insanity are also attributable to the same cause.

THE COST AND PROCESS OF BEING GREAT, NOW-A-DAYS.

"In philosophy and to prevent false starts, we propose to put intending 'Coming Men' through a little bit of catechism, by which they will see what they have to look for in their career. 'Can you submit to be called a fool, an idiot, a designing demagogue?'—'No.' Then you are not the 'Coming man.' 'Can you go without your dinner, and sit on a bench half the night listening to nonsense?'—'No.' 'Can you bear to be hissed, laughed at, mimicked, caricatured, to be ever misconstructed; your deeds of benevolence ascribed to systematic bribery and corruption?' Certainly not. 'It is absurd, then, for you to think of the 'Coming Man.' 'Have you the constitution of a rhinoceros, the suavity of a courtier, the coolness and imperturbability of an iceberg?'—'Not altogether.' I am afraid you are not fit for being the 'Coming Man.' 'Are you able and willing to curry favour with people whom you despise, to associate for a time with ignorance and low-mindedness?'—'That I could do least of all.' 'Well, you are incapable of being the 'Coming man.' 'Do you intend to think for yourself, or to adopt the opinions of others?' 'I shall certainly take the great characters of the past age as my models—Chatham, Bourke, Erskine, Fox, Horner.' The confession dues credit to your candour, but it is fatal to your hopes. The men you talk of were all very well in their day, and they have their use, in furnishing materials for school collections; but the living world stands not in need of fossil orators. To let you into a secret—we are getting past the middle of the nineteenth century, and want workers, not talkers. A accordingly, you are not the 'Coming Man.' Last and above all, 'Do you possess any sort of crocheted—for example, do you believe that a time will come when people will very much prefer paying tenpence instead of sixpence for a quarter loaf?' 'I candidly admit holding that opinion, or, as you call it crocheted, and am prepared to prove, that we should all be actually richer and more comfortable were we to buy loaves at tenpence, instead of sixpence!' Enough said, my dear fellow, I see you had better abandon every idea of rising or cherishing the wish to shine. I recommend you to confine your ambition to the grand-mastership of a Mason lodge, or the secretaryship of a Sunday-evening school. I am sorry to say, you are not the 'Coming Man!'"

DEATH BY THE GARROTE.—We publish the following paragraphs from a correspondent who has taken some pains to inform himself concerning the subject on which he writes:

"There was an inaccuracy in the article which appeared in your paper of Friday concerning the news from Cuba of the execution of Lopez, which I think should be corrected. I have nothing to say in favor of the Spanish government of the island, which is bad enough, but in regard to the infliction of capital punishment by the garrote I would have you do it justice. The victim is not choked by the garrote, but his neck is broken, the spine is crushed in a moment, and the death is instantaneous. I have seen the punishment inflicted in Cuba, and know that it is the work of a moment. The condemned man is seated in a chair, with his back to a post, on which an iron collar is fitted to his neck. Connected with the collar is an iron screw turned by a handle like that of a large auger. One or two turns of the screw crush the spine, and the man is dead.

"That you may perceive that I am under no mistake in this matter, I quote an account of the punishment from the 'Notes on Cuba,' published several years since; and the work of an intelligent physician from South Carolina:—

"Near the spot where the soldier had been shot was the spot to which the garrote is fixed when required for use. This instrument consists an iron semi-circle to fit the front of the neck, which is placed in it, while behind, a screw, on the principle of those used in copying letters, presses against the first vertebra, near its junction with the skull. By a sudden turn the iron crushes the bone and spinal cord, near the part where the latter joins the brain, the medulla oblongata. Death produced in this manner, and that