THE EXAMINER:

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

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Literature.

THE EVERGREEN.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"Love cannot be the aloe-tree,
Whose bloom but once is seen;
Go search the grove—the tree of love
Is sure the evergreen;
For that's the same, in leaf or fame,
'Neath cold or sunny skies;
You take the ground its roots have bound,
Or it, transplanted, dies!

"That love thus shoots, and firmly roots
In woman's heart, we see;
Through smiles and tears in after-years
It grows a fadeless tree.
The tree of love, all trees above,
Forever may be seen,
In Summer's bloom or Winter's gloom,
A hardy evergreen."

A CRUISE IN A TUB.

Amid the varied improvements in naval architecture to which the latter half of the nineteenth century has given birth: at a time when a man-of-war may undergo so many alterations in the course of construction, that before she is launched all traces of the model on which she was designed are lost, there are still extant vessels with the distinguishing initials H. M. S. before their names, to which the profane are apt to apply the significant, if uncomplimentary epithet of "tub." And in so doing, these scoffers may be considered merely to imply that the craft in question does not reach their ideas of perfection.

But in the year 1782 the term "tub" possessed in the British Navy a more special signification. In the vocabulary of those days a tub was a forty-four gun ship. She carried sixteen guns on her main, sixteen on her lower, and the remainder on her quarter-deck and forecastle.

Her build was similar to that which popular prejudice assigns to the aldermen of the City of London; for her claims to symmetry were materially affected by the undue proportion which her circumference bore to her length. Her sailing powers were those of a hay-stack. She went before the wind admirably.

It was not then with feelings of unmixed satisfaction that the Honorable Captain James L——— received the intelligence of his appointment to a ship of this description.

The struggle between England and her American colonies was drawing to a close. France, Spain, and Holland had successively declared against us, and our naval supremacy was by no means undisputed.

Captain James belonged to a gallant family. Two of his brothers had won laurels both afloat and on shore, and he himself, at the age of eight-and-twenty, was already a distinguished officer. This, according to the rules of English naval policy from time immemorial, would fully account for his being selected to command a tub. Such as she was, however, he was fully prepared to make the best of her.

He sailed with orders to intercept, if possible, some of the convoys which were then leaving Brest for America with stores and munitions of war.

It was on a fine Sunday evening that he dropped out of Plymouth harbor, taking advantage of the ebb-tide under his lee, with light airs from the eastward. After making a good offing from the Lizard he shaped his course so as to cross the track of the convoys as soon as possible.

On Monday, the wind got round a little to the southward of east, freshening a little at the same time, and with this leading breeze all he old tub's canvas told.

It was about daylight on Wednesday that the look-out announced that a strange sail was in sight. As the day broke he gave notice of another and another, and by nine o'clock they had sighted five vessels—the largest apparently of heavy metal—and these about six miles distant, broad upon their larboard bow.

The first lieutenant was an old sailor and a Scotchman: and was imbued with the amount of caution which the combination of those two qualifications might naturally be expected to produce. He evidently did not like the aspect of affairs; and when the made out another of the ships to be a large corvette, apparently of French build, his anxiety became manifest.

"One at a time would have suited us better," said the capt. addressing him, and indicating the enemy.

"Weel, yer honor, we can just show them a clean pair o' heels, wi the wind as it is i' the noo."

"It will be time enough to think about that, if the worst comes to the worst," replied the captain; "but I should like to have better look at them first. Edge a little closer, master, and let us see what they are like."

The master smiled, as he gave the necessary orders. He had sailed with Captain James before, and formed his own conclusions with regard to what "a little closer" meant.

The squadron which they proceeded to survey was composed of French and American ships. The largest, which bore the broad pennant of a commodore, was nominally a fifty-gun ship, but, as was usual with French vessels of war at that time, she carried some half-dozen guns more than her rating, and a more numerous crew than would have been found in an English vessel of the same size. The second was a corvette, smaller than the English ship, but a beautiful craft, built on the last new model (without one alteration upon the original plan), and with a crew almost equal in number, though not in any other respect, to that of the "tub."

The third was a sloop of war, and the two remaining vessels were American merchantmen carrying letters of marque.

For some time the French were in doubt with regard to the identity of the strangers under their lee, being half-inclined from pennal appearance to put her down as a merchantman, making a greater show than her resources were likely to support. They were grateful to her also for saving them the trouble of going out of their way to take her, which would have been contrary to their orders. When at last they made her out to be a man-of-war (such as she was), the French commodore signalled to the sloop and merchantmen to go on under easy sail, and that he would overtake them as soon as he had captured the English-man.

Captain James had continued the process of "edging" for the purpose of "looking at them," till a distance of little more than a mile and a half intervened. Then the French commodore and the corvette hauled to the wind, and hove in stays to await their coming foe.

"We must fight now," said Captain James to the first lieutenant, trying hard to suppress the delight which would show itself in his countenance.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the old Scotchman, getting ready with a will, now that they were in for it.

At this moment they were nearing the enemy rapidly, having the commodore on their weather bow, and the corvette still further to windward.

"Now, master," said Captain James, "haul sharp up to the wind and let us try if we cannot weather them both."

All here the aldermanic build of the old tub stood her in good stead. She could wear and stay a great deal quicker, and on much less room, than the *Great Eastern*, though she could not go ahead quite so fast.

Fortunately, there was not much sea, and the French ships were now lying-to on the starboard tack, so that she passed within four cables' length of the commodore's bows, though not scatheless.

Boom! go all the main-deck guns of the Frenchman that she could bring to bear, and the loss of the foretop-gallant mast and studdingsail boom showed that the French were keeping to their usual practices, notwithstanding their superior force.

Steadily the tub forges ahead, preserving a portentous silence. An old tar in command of a gun on the starboard quarter, who had followed Captain James from his last ship, with the licence allowed to favourites, besought piteously to be allowed to give them "just one" as they passed.

"Keep your physic for the corvette, Jack," replied the Captain.

And the corvette received a full dose; for as the tub ran past her bows at half the distance at which she had passed the commodore, she hulled her with almost every gun, receiving only the contents of her bow-chasers in reply.

"Now, master, bear up and run alongside of the corvette in the twinking of a bedpost."

There was just time to reload the upper deck guns, and to fire in one smashing broadside from both decks, when a crash announced a collision between the two vessels. The helm had been put suddenly up, according to the captain's order, and the tub ran stem on into the corvette's quarter. The bowsprit caught her after-rigging, and in a moment the two vessels were heaving together upon the deep.

The boarders, under the first lieutenant, had been ready and waiting for some time, and the superior height of the tub enabled them to leap down with ease upon the decks of the corvette. As the two ships lay locked in a deadly embrace, Capt. James would have reinforced his officer with his last man, rather than fail in his object. But there was no need. The old Scotchman, with a long two-edged Andrew Ferrara, which had done good service in many a well-fought field, led the way nobly, and more than one guard went down beneath its terrible sweep. The good cutlasses and long pikes which followed him made short work. The tide of battle never rolled backward for an instant. The quarter-deck was first taken. Then, after a desperate struggle, the Frenchmen were driven along the waists, the boarders battening down the hatches as they advanced. There was one gallant rally on the forecastle, till a last charge drove a mass of fighting men over the bows with their arms in their hands. In a quarter of an hour there was not a living Frenchman left upon the deck.

Captain James, who had coolly counted on the capture as a matter of course, had given the strictest orders that they were if possible, to prevent the crew of the corvette from striking her flag, and this they succeeded in doing.

When at last the tub cast the corvette off, the French flag was still flying at her peak, and the commodore imagined that she had succeeded in beating off the attack.

An enquiry might naturally be made, how that respected officer had been employed during the interval. When the English ship luffed and crossed his bows without firing, he had imagined that she wished to decline the combat. He was undeceived when she opened fire upon the corvette, but his comrade soon lay so completely between them as to cover the English ship from his fire. After he had forged some distance ahead, by the time he had again borne up, so as to lay broadside on to the Englishman, the corvette was taken, and in charge of a prize crew.

The ship of the French commodore was a fine vessel, with a well trained crew; and when attacked exactly as she expected, or allowed to fight according to her own ideas of propriety, she acquitted herself very respectably.

When, therefore, she at last succeeded in exchanging broadsides with the Englishman, passing her almost within pistol shot, her superior weight of metal told with deadly effect, and the old tub almost heeled over on her beam-ends as she received the weight of shot, though fortunately none struck her below the water line. The commodore's ship suffered much less in proportion from the English broadside, and the crew gave a cheer as they hastened to reload.

"One more like that, and she must strike or sink," said the commodore. But his triumph was doomed to be short-lived. He has signalled to the corvette to stand off and rake the Englishman, but she does not appear to comprehend. Perhaps, in the smoke, she has been unable to interpret his orders. For now she sails under her former comrades' stern. But oh, horror! What is this? Crash go the cabin windows of the commodore. One, two shots strike the mizen mast, and it goes by the board. The corvette pours in the whole of her broadside at biscuit throwing distance, raking with every gun. Quite unsuspicious that she had passed into English hands, no effort had been made to avoid her manœuvre, and the old Scotchman had judged his distance admirably. Half a dozen guns are dismounted by her fire, and the French commodore and the next officer in command are killed by a splinter from one of them. The wreck of the mizen-mast fouls the rudder, and for a short time she becomes unmanageable. As she broaches to, the old tub takes advantage of her disaster, and crossing her stern, rakes her once more. Her decks are piled with killed and wounded. She fights gallantly for some time longer, but she can do little against the two ships, which are both beautifully handled. At last her foremast follows the fate of the mizen, and she is compelled to strike.

When the English captain came on board to receive the sword of the commanding officer, he found a midshipman in charge. Every superior officer was killed or placed *hors de combat*.

There was a great deal to be done in the way of making arrangements for the disposition of the large number of prisoners, and there was a terrible amount of work cut out for the surgeons.

At last Captain James found a few moments to exchange congratulations with his first lieutenant.

"You are not sorry we edged up to look at them?" he said. But there was still a cloud on the brow of the careful Caledonian, which success alone was unable to remove. He would have set little value on a statue of Victory, if it was not very richly gilt.

"I canna help thinking aboot the merchantmen," he replied. "It's just a vara great pity they should get awa'."

For be it known to the uninitiated, that though capturing ships of war might give the greater glory, taking merchantmen brought the larger profit.

Now, Captain James had no objection to prize-money; and for spending the largest amount in the shortest time, he might have been backed freely against any officer in H. M. service. Accordingly, he caught in a moment at the suggestion of the first lieutenant.

"If you think the corvette can catch them, you are quite welcome to try, but I cannot give you more than enough hands to sail her."

"Weel, captain, if we just keep up the French flag till we are pretty close, I've nae doot when we show our own they'll streek without firing a shot."

And the canny Scot's supposition proved perfectly correct. He sighted the chase early the next morning, and they very obligingly hove to for him to overtake them. When they perceived their error, it was too late to retrieve it. The three ships would have been more than a match for the corvette, manned as she was; but the sloop of war showed a clean pair of heels, and left the heavily-laden merchantmen to their fate.

They hauled down their flags, as a matter of course. After they had struck, the wary lieutenant ordered the greater part of their crews on board the corvette, and carefully stowed them away in irons below with the rest of the prisoners.

On the evening of the second day they overtook the tub and her great prize. Captain James had found great difficulty in keeping the latter afloat, and had been compelled to make the prisoners work at the pumps. But now the wind got round to the southward and westward, and enabled them all to reach Plymouth Sound in safety. A revenue cutter, who had spared them a few hands, acted as their herald, and the people flocked down in crowds to give the old tub and her four prizes a hearty welcome.

In the many long years of naval warfare which followed—in a thousand fights where the long odds lay against the British tar, the memory of Captain James and the old tub lit in the road to victory, as the pointers guide the glance towards the polar star.

A THRILLING STORY.

The following incident occurred on board a British frigate, and was communicated to the writer, several years ago, by an old man-of-war's man. A timid boy, about fourteen years of age, hesitated to go aloft, but by the captain's orders was forcibly put into the main rigging, and then a boatswain's mate was commanded to lash him like a dog until he learned to run aloft. The poor fellow's legs and arms trembled, he grasped the shrouds, he cried, he prayed the inhuman hands for God's sake to have mercy upon him, but all in vain. The boatswain's mate was ordered to lay on harder and harder, regardless of the boy's piercing screams which made even veteran seamen turn from the brutal scene with disgust. His clothes were rent from his back, the blood followed the lash, and still the tyrant roared out—"Lay on, boatswain's mate!" With one wild scream he sprang from under the lash, and bounded up the rigging with amazing rapidity. He doubled the futtock rigging like a cat, passed up the topmast and top-gallant rigging with undiminished speed, shinned the unrattled royal rigging, and perched himself like a bird alongside the pennant which streamed from the masthead. Here he paused, looking fearlessly upon the deck below. All hands came to see him—his cries and cruel treatment had already enlisted the sympathy, and, if possible, had increased their hatred of the captain. The monster was smiling complacently at the success of his experiment; he was one of those tyrants who boasted that the *cat*, properly applied, could make men do anything. Still he was apprehensive that the boy might destroy himself, and the circumstance used against him at the Admiralty, where he knew representations of his cruelties had already been made. The men gazed in silence, looking first at the boy and then at the captain, who was seated near the taffrail. They dared not be seen speaking to one another—it was a flogging offence: even at night spies were under their hammocks to ascertain if they whispered. The officers walked the lee side of the quarter deck, occasionally casting their eyes aloft, but were silent as the men. Still the boy clung to the masthead, playing with the pennant, apparently unconscious of the interest he excited below. Tired with gazing aloft, the captain sang out through the speaking trumpet. "Down from aloft, down!" The boy sprung upon the truck at a bound, and raising himself erect, waved his cap around his head—then stretching his arms out gave a wild, laughing scream, and threw himself forward. The captain jumped to his feet expecting to see the boy dashed in pieces on the deck; but when clear of the shade of the sails, he saw him sliding along the main royal stay towards the foretop-gallant masthead, and heard him laugh and chatter like a monkey, as if enjoying the sport. He reached the masthead in safety, and then descended along the top-gallant backstay hand over hand. The captain looked at him, and was about to speak, but could not find words. The boy frothed at his mouth and nose, his eyes seemed starting out of his head; he rolled upon the deck in convulsions; all stained with the blood which trickled from his back. *He was a maniac.* The surgeon's skill in the course of a few weeks restored his bodily health but not his reason.

From that time he was fearless. In the darkest night—in the fiercest gale—he would scamper along the deck like a dog, and bound aloft with a speed which no one on board could equal. He would run over the yards without holding, pass from mast to mast on the stays, ascend and descend by the leeches of the sails, and run upon the studding sail booms. He was as nimble as a cat, and had forgotten fear. Some of the light duties aloft he learned to discharge with them—he did so as they did, but could not be trusted to do anything himself. One order he always obeyed without hesitation. At the command, "Away aloft," he was off, and never paused until he reached the masthead. As he was harmless and rarely spoke, the captain kept him on board and sent him aloft for amusement. His strength increased with his years, but his bulk and height remained nearly the same at eighteen as when he became a maniac. His ribs, back and breast seemed one case of bone, and his sinews and muscles made his legs and arms appear like pillared columns. He was fair, with light blue eyes and delicate skin; his face oval and full, but void of expression—neither love, fear, revenge nor pleasure could be traced in his solid outline. He stared at everything without appearing to see, and when he spoke there was rarely any meaning in his words. He followed the men in their various duties like a dog following his master. Whenever he was struck or startled by a boatswain's mate, he ran up the rigging screaming at the top of his lungs, and never paused until he performed the first evolution which had made him a maniac. As the sailor's story runs, the ship arrived at Plymouth to be docked and refitted. The captain, availing himself of the leisure, was going to be married, and the news was communicated by his servant to the cook, who soon circulated it on the berth deck, among the men, who cursed all of his kin. His servant came on board of the hulk where his men were lodged, the evening when the captain was to be married. Crazy Joe (the name the boy was known by) met him at the gangway and asked intelligently if the captain would be married that evening and where? The servant gave him the information he desired, and went about his business. That night, while the captain was undressing, he was seized by the throat, and dragged to the bridal bed. "Look, fair lady, on me," said Crazy Joe, "but do not scream, or I will kill you. Look on me; I hold within my grasp a devil, who delights in cruelty—a merciless fiend who has scourged the backs of hundreds of brave men—a ruffian who has robbed me of my reason; I hold him within the very grasp of death at the very moment his black soul thought itself within the reach of bliss. Monster! look upon your lady—think a moment of the heaven of earthly joy almost within your reach—then think of me, poor Crazy Joe, and of the hell to which I send you! Die wretch, die." When the alarm was given, the strangled body of the captain was found lying alongside the bridal bed, but the maniac who killed him was never recognized afterwards. He belonged to Cornwall, and probably found shelter in the mines until the excitement passed away. The lady stated at the time, and many years afterwards, that the attack of the maniac was so sudden and silent that she knew nothing of it until the curtains were pushed aside, and she felt the pressure of the captain's body bent over the edge of the bed. Joe held his victim around the neck with his right hand, and turned him from side to side as easily as if he had been a child, while the forefinger and thumb of the left hand grasped her own throat, ready to extinguish her life if she tried to raise an alarm. His face was pale and deathlike, his eyes stared, but were motionless, and every word he uttered seemed to issue from the very depths of his soul. The captain's looks were of terrible description—death left the impress of ferocity upon his darkened features. How the maniac entered or left the room she never knew; his departure was as noiseless as his entrance. So paralysed was she with fear, that an hour elapsed before she could muster courage to call for help, but she thanked God, when the captain's cruel character became generally known ashore, that she had been rescued from his alliance.

A Clergyman's Apology for the Stage.—There is something in the word playhouse which seems so closely connected in the minds of some people with Sin and Satan, that it stands in their vocabulary for every species of abomination. And yet, why? Where is ever feeling more aroused in favor of virtue than at a good play? Where is goodness so feelingly, so enthusiastically learnt? What so solemn as to see the excellent passions of the human heart called forth by a great actor, animated by a great poet? To hear Siddons repeat what Shakspeare wrote! To behold the child, and his mother—the noble, and the poor artisan—the monarch, and his subjects—all ages and all ranks convulsed with one common passion, wrung with one common anguish, and, with loud sobs and cries, doing involuntary homage to the God that made their hearts! What wretched infatuation to interdict such amusements as these! What a blessing that mankind can be allured from sensual gratifications, and find relaxation and pleasure in such pursuits! But those who dub themselves "evangelicals" are uniformly paltry and narrow—always trembling at the idea of being entertained, and thinking no Christian safe who is not dull. As to the spectacles of impropriety which are sometimes witnessed in parts of a theatre, such reasons apply in a much stronger degree to not driving along the Strand, or any of the great public streets of London, after dark; and if the virtue of well educated young people is made of such very frail materials, their best resource is to a nunnery at once. It is a very bad rule, however, never to quit the house for fear of catching cold.—*Sydney Smith.*

A Cool Woman.—An afternoon or two since, a conductor on one of the Cambridge horse cars, while on West Boston Bridge on his way to Boston, observed just this side of the draw a well-dressed lady jump over the bridge. He immediately stopped his car, and, looking over, saw the lady floating down the stream with the current. He called to some sailors on board a sloop that was lying near by, pointing out the whereabouts of the lady, who immediately lowered a boat and proceeded to the rescue. When they reached her she was floating, aided by her crinoline, apparently at her ease, and without much concern to her position. Instead of taking the lady in, they towed her to a wharf where, by the assistance of others, she was safely landed, and left without even saying "Thankee"—or giving the least information where she belonged, or her name.—*Boston Bee.*

A Bit of Paris Gossip.—The following gossip is told by a jeweller of Paris. The reader will please remember that the term "my aunt," is the slang phrase for the pawnbroker. The writer thus relates his experience:

We (the jewellers) are the victims of people in good positions—married, title, possessing everything to avert suspicion; and of ladies in the highest circles. These swindlers or aristocratic circles find it convenient to take from jewellers what money bankers and usurers refuse to give them. They boldly enter our shops, purchase and make us deliver to them many bracelets and many diamonds, which they will return in a few days (so they say,) if they find nothing to suit with them. You can guess what takes place. The objects we confide to them go from our shop to the pawnbrokers. Time passes away; at first the jeweller hesitates to produce scandal, he accepts notes for the goods which have been taken almost by force against his consent from the shop. At last the notes fall due; they are protested. What is the next step of our "patrons!" They offer to return the goods! And this is at the end of ten or twelve months, without interest or damages! So that we jewellers become the bankers of fashionable ladies and gentlemen pressed for money. I can instance facts and names for you: M. de—— took $60,000 worth of jewellery from seven or eight jeweller shops in Paris. A twelve month passed away, and nothing was paid; all had been sent to the pawnbrokers. A month ago M. de—— offered to return us the jewels, and hooted at the idea of paying us a sou for them. We threatened to bring him before the police court; he laughed at us. We abandoned all thought of it, fearing the loss of time and money we would be at. Then there is M'me de——, who took from us an immense quantity of jewels to show to her mother, as she said; but really to carry to her "aunt," and we could not get them back except by aid of the police. Really, we do not know how to protect ourselves against these filibusters of aristocratic circles, who are incomparably more dangerous than common robbers.

Gleanings from late Papers.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT.

HIS PROGRESS THROUGH CANADA.

We give below the most interesting features of the Prince's progress through Canada, which we have selected from Canadian papers.

On the morning of Aug. 21st, the Prince took up his residence in the Parliament buildings which had been fitted up most handsomely for him. After a short delay several presentations was made; the first being those of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, next the judges of the Superior Court of Lower Canada; then the House of Assembly and Council.

After the presentation of addresses from both Houses the interesting ceremony of conferring knighthood on both Speakers was performed.

CONFERRING THE ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD.

Now followed a ceremony which it had been rumoured would take place, but of which nobody was certain. The Duke of Newcastle, by command of H. R. H., advanced to the Speaker and intimated to him that the honor of knighthood would be conferred upon him, so Mr. Belleau, soon to be Mr. no longer, advanced reverently and knelt on both knees, while the Prince, taking the Duke's sword, laid first on his left, and then on his right shoulder, saying at the same time, "Rise, Sir Narcisse Belleau." Sir Narcisse accordingly rose, and rose a Knight.

The rest of the proceedings of the Legislative Council were, after this, comparatively tame. The members all filed past from left to right, and were presented individually. Col. Irvine and Lord St Germains announced the names. The clerks and attaches of the House received a similar honor. Then, with due dignity and deliberation, they retired.

In a few minutes the crimson doors were flung open, and the Commons of Canada appeared upon the scene. First the sergeant, Mr. McDonald, with his silver chain, handsome gold mace, knee breeches, silk stockings, &c., bowing in due and ancient form. Next Mr. Speaker, in all the amplitude of his enormous robe, and the rest of the Commons in plain dress, tail coats, white cravats, gloves, &c. The Ministers of course wore their uniforms. The ceremony gone through with this body just the same as the Council. The Speaker, with a sonorous voice, rolled out the Address, first in English and then in French, and in reply the quiet tones of the Prince's youthful voice were listened to in the deepest silence. Was Mr. Henry Smith to receive the honor of knighthood? was then the anxious thought of every one. The suspense did not last long, for on invitation of his Grace, the Speaker knelt, and rose a Knight. Then the members filed before the Prince, passing the reverse way from that of the Council, and were presented by name, the whole of them (except Mr. Mowat, who was detained by illness,) being present. The attaches of the House were the last of the procession, and then the Commons were bowed out. They generally had the bearing of gentlemen. Some were, however, rather singular, to say the least, and at these the Prince could not repress an involuntary smile.

FURTHER INCIDENTS.

A dozen or more so of the officers of the garrison were next presented; after which a different body came in, namely, the Synod of the Anglican Church of the Diocese of Quebec.

After this came the levee, at which about a thousand gentlemen were present, and a number of addresses from national societies and other confederated bodies were read, though no replies were given. After a dejeuner the Prince and his suite drove in carriages to the Montmorenci Falls. There were at least a dozen arches built on the road thither. The houses were dressed with flags, and Dorchester Bridge was most handsomely ornamented. There were crowds of people on the way out shouting and cheering lustily. The Falls were very fine, and the volume of water many times as great as usual, owing to the late excessive rains.

The Ball in Music Hall on Tuesday evening, Aug. 21st, was a magnificent affair the Music Hall, the handsomest public room in Canada, had been thoroughly cleansed and repainted, so that it needed no additional decorations save the tasteful wreaths of white and red roses and vine leaves; the figure of Cupid hovering over each garland suspended from the gaselers, and beautiful bouquets of flowers were profusely placed wherever there was room, to make the *locale* of the Mayor and Citizens' Ball the most attractive the Prince has yet visited. The decorations of the Halifax ball room were superb, but they fell far short of Quebec.

The Prince danced every dance with various ladies of the city, and only left at half-past 4 in the morning.

At noon of Wednesday Aug. 22nd, the Prince visited Laval University, where he received and replied to an address from the authorities. After this he went to the Ursuline Convent, which was prettily decorated. An address was here presented to the Prince by one of the young lady pupils of the Nunnery, tastefully dressed. To this address, with which the Prince seemed particularly pleased, he returned a gracious reply.

Returning to his palace, His Royal Highness entertained at lunch the remainder of the Legislative Assembly and Council.

The Prince, after lunch, went to visit the citadel, and walked round it, enjoying the beautiful views.

A frightful accident occurred in the evening, from the falling of a platform. Many ladies and gentlemen were severely injured, though no lives fortunately were lost.

DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES FROM QUEBEC.

The Prince's departure from Quebec on Thursday morning, Aug. 23, was very pretty arranged. He left the Parliament House at half-past ten o'clock, with his suite, in carriages. On the Champlain Market wharf was a Guard of Honor, forming a hollow square, in which were the Corporation of the city in full dress, and several members of the Government. Preceded by the national societies with banners, he entered the square at a quarter to eleven, and immediately went on board the *Kingston*. This steamer had been especially fitted out for his accommodation. The berths had been taken out of the State-rooms, and a comfortable bed placed in each. She had been thoroughly overhauled, and in addition to other ornaments, a beautiful Prince of Wales had been painted on each paddle-box; fresh carpets and furniture of all kinds had been supplied. The sailors were all dressed in uniform similar to that of the Royal navy. As soon as the Prince went on board his standard was hoisted at the fore, and saluted by all the men-of-war in port, as well as by the Citadel. The yards of the ships were manned, and their crews, as also the soldiery and the crowd assembled, cheered lustily.

THE PRINCE'S ARRIVAL AT THREE RIVERS.

The Prince and suite reached Three Rivers at 6.30 p.m. on Aug. 23, in the *Kingston*. On landing at the wharf His Royal Highness was saluted by a corps of the Royal Artillery and a company of the Montreal Light Infantry, commanded by Captain Hunt. He was then received on a raised platform by His Worship the Mayor, Jos. E. Turcotte, the Corporation, Clergy, Public Officers and Citizens, who presented him with an address, to which he made a short and suitable reply. After which three hearty cheers were given for the Prince, when he withdrew to the steamer. The crowd, numbering about 25,000, then dispersed. The wharf was beautifully decorated with evergreens, &c., in the centre was a large arch covered with paintings, suitable devices, flags, &c. The Boulevard Turcotte was also beautifully decorated. The streets of the city had also been ornamented with trees and arches. There was a grand illumination in the evening.

ARRIVAL IN MONTREAL.

The Prince did not land at Montreal until half-past nine last Saturday morning, Aug. 25th. The landing was witnessed by upwards of 40,000 people. The demonstration was very grand and imposing. The Building for the Industrial Exhibition was to be inaugurated by the Prince at 11, and at 1, p. m. he was to perform the same ceremony for the Victoria Bridge. All classes vied with each other to pay him homage.

The Montreal papers contain most elaborate accounts of the innumerable magnificent decorations visible in every quarter of the city.

At the Ball at the Music Hall, Quebec, the Prince appeared to enjoy himself greatly; he danced every dance with various ladies of the city, and only left at half-past four in the morning. A slight accident occurred during one of the polkas. A little middy, who whirled his partner into too close proximity to the Prince, tripped His Royal Highness up, who fell on one knee—his partner nearly falling.

The Prince visited the Laval University, Quebec, which was gorgeously fitted up for his visit. The hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church and the members of the University presented him with Addresses. He then proceeded to the Ursuline Convent, where he received an address in French from the nuns in that establishment,—and a "Song of Welcome" was sung by a number of pupils before His Royal Highness, one young lady accompanying them on the harp. The words are as follow:

Hark! Hark! a merry, merry peal
Rings out o'er all the land;
Its echoes through the cloister steal.—
It fires our youthful band.
Bring harp and song! let melody,
Let joy gush forth in numbers free,
The welcome, 'tis that merry peal
Of joy o'er all the land!

Solo.

'Tis gladness all, thy welcoming,
From Albion's Isle afar;
And loyal hearts their homage bring,
To hail thy rising star;
And joyous youth its promise tell,
While tuneful notes of triumph swell;
Lo! Britain's Heir deigns here to rest;
Oh! haste to greet our Royal Guest!

2nd Chorus.

Wake! Wake! another merry peal,
And let it echo long,
While wishes for the Prince's weal
Are mingled with our song.
May every blessing on thee rest;
Thus rings the merry peal;
And thus we hail thee, Royal Guest,
Thus pray we for thy weal,
While still that merry peal
Rings loud, and echoes long!

At the display of Fire Works at Quebec, the platform intended for spectators, gave way, and caused serious injury to a large number of persons.

In speaking of the domonstrations in Quebec, for the reception of the Prince, the Quebec *Chronicle* says:—

"There may have been more elaborate displays in the Lower Provinces than we could boast of in Quebec. There may have been attractions in many respects more brilliant; but it is not possible that a more sincere illustration of the loyalty of these Provinces can have been given than that during the last five days in Quebec.

To measure the full extent of the display in this city, we have to take into account that unlike the people of the maritime Provinces—we are, here, two distinct races. With little, if any, of the United Empire Loyalist blood, which our New Brunswick and Nova Scotian neighbors can boast of—with many sympathies or origin which might be supposed to divide us, we find a common meeting ground in paying honor to the Prince, and every difficulty of race, religion and political feeling, is merged in the common desire to do hon our to the occasion, and illustrate the loyalty of the people."

The American ship "Alfred Storer" lying at Quebec when the Prince arrived, was admirably decorated with evergreens, and beautifully illuminated at night.

Present from the Prince to the Cathedral.—Yesterday morning, Major General Bruce transmitted to the Lord Bishop of Quebec a token from His Royal Highness in the shape of a Bible, bearing upon the fly-leaf the following inscription:

"To the Cathedral of Quebec, in memory of Sunday, August 19th, 1860.

Albert Edward."

The inscription is in the handwriting of His Royal Highness. The book is magnificently bound, and bears the arms and crest of the giver upon the cover. We feel certain that this interesting memorial of the Royal visit will be appreciated by its present possessors.—*Quebec Chronicle, Aug. 24th.*

Experience of an Arsenic Eater.—The director of the arsenic works near Salzburg, in Germany, says he began the habit of arsenic eating at the age of seventeen, while engaged in assaying, by the advice of his teacher, a professor in chemistry and mineralogy. His teacher told him that if he desired to continue the study of assaying, and to become in the future a superintendent of a factory, especially of an arsenic factory, and to preserve himself from the ill effects of the fumes, so that he might enjoy health and long life, it was absolutely necessary, besides strictly abstaining from spirituous liquors, that he should learn to take arsenic; but when fifty years of age he should gradually reduce the dose to as little as he began with, or even less. This advice he has followed till now, the forty-fifth year of his age. He began with three grains, and at present takes twenty-three grains of pure white arsenic in coarse powder. The dose is taken once a day, early, in any warm liquid such as coffee, but not in spirituous liquors. About an hour after taking the first dose, (which quantity he took daily for three months) there followed slight perspiration, with griping pains in the bowels, and, after three or four hours, a loose excavation; this was followed by a keen appetite and a feeling of excitement. With the exception of the pain, the same symptoms followed every increase of the dose. Evil consequences ensue only from long continued interruption. On two occasions he attempted to leave off the arsenic, at the solicitation of friends, but the effects upon his health were so serious that he resumed the practice. He was induced to try it a second time from a belief that his first illness might have arisen from some other cause. The effect is thus stated.

On the third day of the second week after leaving off the dose, I was attacked with faintness, depresion of spirits, mental weakness, and a total loss of the little appetite I still had: sleep also entirely deserted me. On the fourth day I had violent palpitation of the heart, accompanied by profuse perspiration, inflammation of lungs followed, and I was laid up for nine weeks, the same as on the first occasion of leaving off the arsenic. Had I not been bled, I should, most likely, have died of apoplexy. As a restorative, I resumed the arsenic eating in smaller doses, and with a firm determination never to be seduced by my preceptor. The results on both occasions were precisely the same, and death would certainly have ensued had I not resumed arsenic eating.

We have heard of the exploits of many lady canvassers for their husbands and relatives, but Mrs. Macnamara Calcutt beats both her cotemporaries and predecessors by large odds. The following is an anecdote of the late election for Clare: "The contest turned wholly upon personal popularity, and Calcutt, who is a farmer-like, jolly Irish gentleman, was better calculated to win upon the people than the fashionable young captain of a crack corps. His wife, too, would make the fortune of any candidate. A fine dashing woman, she rode about the country in the carriage with her husband in his canvassing expeditions, and when he was one day in a public house, seeing a parish committee, and she was outside in the open barouche awaiting his return, the frieze coats gathered around the vehicle, and giving three cheers "for her honor," called upon her to make a speech. Prompt as lightning she replied, "I won't trouble you, my friends, with my oratory, but I'll sing you a song, which an Irishman, with music in his soul, would any day prefer to a speech," and with that, in a clear and pleasant voice, she struck up, "Let Erin Remember," and followed the ditty with several other well-known melodies of Tommy Moore. A person who witnessed the scene assured me there was nothing incongruous about it: the lady sang her best, and entered into the spirit of her song, and the frieze-coats listened entranced. From that moment forth during the canvass, she never appeared in public without having to sing a song.

The Italian journal states that a wealthy person of Florence, just deceased, has left a singular will. It declares that a greater part of his fortune shall go to the man with the largest hump on his back in Tuscany, and that the persons entrusted with the duty of selecting him shall be themselves twenty humpbacks! To recompence the latter for their trouble he directs that, in addition to travel ing expenses, each shall be presented with a gold medal bearing the effigy of Æsop, their prototype.

In one of the trains which arrived in Paris the other day from Marseilles, was a young Chinese in full national costume—red trowsers, blue robe and long tail. He was accompanied by a priest, and having been converted to Christianity, has been brought to Paris to complete his religious education. The language in which he conversed with his companion was Latin.

A pretty and elegant present has been forwarded to Miss Nightingale by a grateful officer who recovered under her kind treatment whilst in the Crimea. It consists of a small repeating watch in a ring, the cylinder of which is made of an Oriental ruby. Its diameter is the fifty-fourth part of an inch, its length the forty-seventh, and its weight the two hundredth part of a grain.

An interesting discovery, namely, the existence of native diamond, has been made in Australia. The stone was discovered in the black sand of the Ovens district by an Irish miner. Rubies and other gems of very small size had previously been found in the same deposit.