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. XII. **Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, September 22, 1862.** **New Series.---No. 37.**

PERRY DAVIS'
VEGETABLE
Pain Killer

We ask the attention of the public to this long tested and unrivalled

Family Medicine.

It has been favorably known for more than twenty years, during which time we have received ***thousands*** *of testimonials, showing this Medicine to be an almost never-failing remedy for diseases caused by or attendant upon---*

Sudden Colds, Coughs, Fever and Ague, Headache, Bilious Fever, Pains in the Side, Back, and Loins, as well as in the Joints and Limbs; ***Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains*** *in any part of the system, Toothache and Pains in the Head and Face.*

As a ***Blood Purifier*** *and* ***Tonic*** *for the* ***Stomach,*** *it seldom fails to cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Kidney Complaints,* ***Sick Headache,*** *Piles, Asthma or Phthisis, Ringworms, Boils, Felons, Whit-lows, Old Sores, Swelled Joints, and* ***General Debility*** *of the* ***System.***

It is also a prompt and sure Remedy for Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Painters' Colic, ***Diarrhoea,*** *Dysentery,* ***Summer Complaint,*** *Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Scalds, Burns, Sprains, Bruises, Frost Bites, Chilblains, as well as the Stings of Insects, Scorpions, Centipedes, and the Bites of Poisonous Insects and Venomous Reptiles.*

See Directions accompanying each bottle.

It has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost ***every nation known*** *to Americans. It is the almost constant companion and inestimable friend of the* ***missionary*** *and the* ***traveller,*** *---on sea and land,---and no one should* ***travel*** *on our lakes or rivers without it.*

Prices, 12½ cts., 25 cts., 50 cts., and $1.00 per Bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON,
MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
Sold by dealers every where.

Agent, T. DESBRISAY,
Apothecaries' Hall, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
January 28, 1861. 18m

Summer Valley FARM
FOR SALE.

A Rare Chance seldom to be met with.

TO be Sold, the Leasehold Interest of the above beautiful FARM, containing about 120 acres of the best land in Prince Edward Island, fronting on the St. Peter's Road, and also on the Hillsborough River, within ten chains of Appletree Wharf, and eight miles from Charlottetown by the road or by the river, subject to the yearly rent of only £5 3s., or about tenpence currency of this Island by the acre, for a term of 999 years; nearly 80 acres thereof is cleared, dyked, fenced and under cultivation, covered with crop consisting of Wheat, Barley, Oats, Potatoes, Turnips, Buckwheat, &c.; the residue is covered with excellent timber (hardwood and soft) of every useful description; there is a comfortable and commodious Dwelling House, 32 × 25 feet, with a frost-proof Cellar underneath, capable of containing nearly 2000 bushels potatoes, with a convenient Draw Well at the door; a large Barn, with Stables, Cowhouses, Granary, gig, cart and harness House, pig and sheep Houses complete, with a walled Cellar underneath the Barn which will hold over 600 bushels turnips; the whole snugly sheltered from the north and west by a beautiful grove of hardwood reserved for that purpose. This Farm possesses many peculiar advantages equalled by none else on the river—commanding a picturesque view of the city and harbor of Charlottetown; there is neither hill nor swamp nor a foot of useless or inferior land on its whole surface. From its contiguity to vast deposits of muscle mud and other manures in the said river, and a reservoir near the shore, in which, with little labour, can be collected and deposited any required quantity of seaweed which floats in abundance into the cove and along the shore of said farm every autumn. The whole of said farm can be manured therefrom. And from its contiguity to the said wharf, a ready market is always open for the disposal of all the products thereof, the undersigned having often shipped 500 bushels therefrom in one day, and frequently £100 worth during the fall shipping. A more profitable, comfortable or commodious location for a gentleman or a good farmer cannot well be found throughout the Island. The terms of sale will be liberal, and made known on application to the Honorable DANIEL BRENAN, Charlottetown, or the owner on the premises, where plans of the same can be seen.

FRANCIS McQUAID.
8th September, 1862. tf

"Warblington" for Sale.

THAT desirable property, belonging to JAMES WILSON, Esq., consisting of 36 acres of LAND, in a high state of cultivation, a very convenient DWELLING HOUSE and offices, a good GARDEN, and an extensive and valuable ORCHARD.

This Property has a water front, and is distant from the City only a few minutes walk. As a gentleman's residence, Warblington is unrivalled by any property in the Island. Apply to WM. DODD, Auctioneer, or to the subscriber,

THOMAS PETHICK.
Charlottetown, April 28, 1862.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.

THAT DESIRABLE WATER LOT, in GEORGETOWN, containing half an acre of LAND, with usual privileges, known as No. 1, or POINT LOT. Terms Cash or short time on security. Apply to the HON. JOSEPH HENSLEY, Charlottetown.

December 2, 1861. tf

FOR SALE,

VALUABLE FREEHOLD FARM, in Brackley Point, containing about 90 acres of Land, 70 clear and in a high state of cultivation, the remainder covered with a fine growth of longers. There is an abundance of Salt Mud and Sea Manure on the property, with a good Cottage, 30 x 26 feet, and a Kitchen attached, 12 x 10 feet, well finished, and a good chain Pump at the door, and a good Barn 46 feet long, with or without the Crop. For a summer's residence it is second to none in the country.

TERMS—One-half the purchase money down; the remainder in twelve months. Application to be made to the subscriber, on the premises.

JOSEPH MACKINNON.
June 16th, 1862. 5m

Rare Chance to obtain a FARM!

FOR SALE, Brudenell Point FARM, conveniently situated one mile from Georgetown, containing 200 Acres of LAND, 32 of which are in a good state of cultivation, and the remainder well wooded. There is a good Barn and House on the land and a good well of water. Any quantity of muscle mud and other manures can be procured on the premises. The Subscriber will sell his interest in the above farm very low if applied for immediately.

H. J. RHODES.
Georgetown, Sept. 8, 1862. 2m

To Let or Sell at Once.

A VALUABLE BUSINESS LOT and HOUSE, at St. Peter's Bay, adjoining Mr. Sutherland's, on the Fortune Road.

Reference in town—Hon. D. Brenan. On the spot—Dr. McKeon, the proprietor. Deed seen at Registry Office. [July 14, 1861.

ALBERTINE OIL.

THE subscriber has in store 20 Casks ALBERTINE OIL, (made from New Brunswick Coal), which is warranted to burn LONGER and BRIGHTER than any other Oil in the market. For sale very low.

J. S. CARVELL.
August 11, '62. 6i

LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

From the dust and gloom of a basement room,
'Mid rollers, and wheels, and bands,
Where the pressman watches his busy loom,
With inky face and hands;
Where the teeming press with shuddering throe,
To the living page gives birth,
Each shiver and jar felt wide and far
Over the busy earth;
From the dust and gloom of this noisy room
Flashes a spirit bright;
O'er mountain and lea, o'er land and sea,
Winging its arrowy flight.

O'er land and sea, o'er mountain and lea,
A motley burden it bears;
Freedom for slaves, and bonds for the free,
Bright hopes and sickening fears.
Many an eye as it comes looks bright
That will dim when its tale is told;
Hearts beating high, as its wings flash by,
Grow suddenly still and cold;
The blushing cheek fond secrets speak,
As it whispers a loved one's name;
Or the smouldering fire of hate and ire,
Burst forth in consuming flame.

Down the busy street, trod by hurrying feet,
It speeds on lightning wings,
And a few too busy to stop and greet
The tidings that it brings;
At the brokers' board it utters a word
That pales their cheeks with fright;
Whispers freedom nigh, and the exile's eye
With sudden joy is bright.
By the dungeon drear it lingers to hear
The captive patriot's groan,
Then blows a blast that shakes with fear
The despot on his throne.

O'er her baby's soft sleep the young wife keeps
Her watch at evening gray—
In the glowing embers tracing the face
Of the dear one far away,
Where the wild waves dash with thundering crash
Upon the frozen shore,
Where the dying prayer, and the shriek of despair
Are drowned by the tempest's roar;
Sadly and slowly does the Spirit go
The young wife's home to seek,
And the scalding tears from a widow's eyes
Fall on an orphan cheek.

O'er mountain and lea, o'er land and sea,
It spreads with arrowy flight;
And the earth is fanned by its freshening wing,
And glows in its spreading light;
The owls and the bats with startled cry
Whirl off to their caverns drear;
Ignorance flies with averted eyes,
And Tyranny cowers in fear;
The clanking chain is burst in twain,
And myriad voices bless
The generous heart and mighty arm
Of the Spirit of the Press.

MISS FYFE'S ADVENTURE.

It was at a Ramsgate boarding-house, and no longer ago than last summer, that my wife and I first made the acquaintance of Miss Fyfe. She was staying there, with her maid, for the season, and my wife and I soon became quite intimate, so that after a time Miss Fyfe spent most of her evenings in our room. She was a pleasant companion, cheerful and good-natured; she had travelled much, both at home and abroad, and had hived up rich stores of information and experience, which she was always willing to draw upon for the benefit of her friends. In person she was tall and thin, with gray hair, a strong resolute face, and large gray eyes, full of vivacity and humour. We were all seated around the fire in our sitting room, one chill evening in early autumn, when Miss Fyfe related to us the following adventure, which, I may here remark, I have her full premission to set down and make public:

It is now some six or seven years ago, began Miss Fyfe, since my nephew Fred, having just left college, came to reside with me a short time previous to going out to India. I had been living for a year past in London, and had grown heartily tired of it; indeed, the town and I never agree very well together, and by the time I have been in it a month or two, I always find myself possessed with an intense longing to visit either the country or the sea. So, in the present instance, I determined to go down for a while to a little country-house I have in Leicestershire, which happened at that time to be without a tenant, and at which place, it was arranged that Fred should join me. The idea of a few quiet months in the country was as pleasant to him as myself, for he was busy with his Sanscrit and Arabic, and in London he had so many acquaintances that his studies were being constantly interrupted. The beginning of June found us all comfortably established in Ivy Lodge—myself, Fred, and the two women-servants, which were all that our little esablishment needed. There was one fault to find with Ivy Lodge, and that was the reason why I could never keep a tenant in it more than two winters in succession: this fault was its distance from any other habitation, even of the humblest kind; the nearest house being, in fact, two miles away, while it was six miles distant from the nearest county town. But neither Fred nor I cared for this in the least, for he got on famously with his studies within doors, and botanized to his heart's content in the fields; while a visit to Westbury once a week satisfied all my social requirements.

Well, summer and autumn passed quietly and pleasantly away. One morning in the early winter, Fred received a letter inviting him to attend the wedding of an old college friend, who lived about thirty miles away in another county. Fred replied, accepting the invitation, and set off shortly afterwards without fixing the duration of his visit, which would probably extend over three or four days. On the second morning of Fred's absence, Mary, the house-maid, came to me to enquire whether I could contrive to spare her and Bessy for the afternoon and evening to attend the wakes at Westbury. I made no demur at letting them go, for they had been cooped up long enough without a holiday; so in the afternoon they were called for by Mary's father, and duly driven away by him in his light cart. Before going, the old man observed that it would 'most likely be rather late at night before the lasses could get back again, but perhaps I wouldn't mind it for once.'

'If they are likely to be very late,' I said, 'it will, I think, be best for them to stay all night at your house, and get back the first thing in the morning in time for breakfast.'

The manifest delight with which this proposition was received by the two girls only served to confirm it, so it was finally arranged that they should not return till morning. The cart was just turning the corner of the lane when it came into my mind for the first time, that Fred being also away, I should have to spend the night alone in Ivy Lodge; and I remembered further, that I had in the house a considerable sum of money, which I had drawn from the bank on the previous day for a certain purpose, and which was still lying untouched upstairs.

The feeling was not a comfortable one at the moment; but I am not naturally a nervous woman, and I soon banished the subject from my mind as one not worthy of such consideration. Besides Wolf, a large house-dog, would be protection enough for one night; and I determined to release him from his chain at dusk, and let him have the run of the premises. Then, again, who was to know I had been at the bank on the previous day, and still had the money in the house? So I went indoors, feeling as cheerful as usual, and made myself a comfortable tea, after that, sat working for an hour or two; and then feeling the need of a change, put my sewing away, and took up a book which Fred had brought me from Westbury a few days before. It was The Night-side of Nature, a volume with which you are probably acquainted. Situated as I was, having to pass a night by myself in a lonely country-house, it was, with its strange narratives of apparations and ghostly appearances, one of the worst books I could have chosen to read before going to bed. I was not long in perceiving this, but the fascination of the subject was such that I could not quit it; and I read on quickly, leaf after leaf, till I had got half through the book, when looking up I was surprised to find that the fire was nearly out, and the clock on the point of twelve. I shut the book, and rose at once to go to bed. How about Wolf? I said to myself. 'Shall I go and release him, or leave him chained to his kennel?' I would have him indoors for the night, only I knew he would do nothing but scamper up and down stairs till morning, and put sleep entirely out of the question.

I opened the door of the passage leading to the yard door with the intention of releasing the dog, but at the same moment I felt a sudden nervous tremor shoot through me, such as I had never experienced before, and a strange disinclination to move out of the lighted parlour into the darker parts of the house. I sat down again in my chair to argue the point with myself, and prove to myself the absurdity of my fears. This I did quite conclusively and in a very short time, but nevertheless I determined not to go and release Wolf. 'I have had a slight cold for the last two days,' I said to myself, 'and it would not be advisable for me to go out of this warm room into the night-air.' Having found so reasonable an excuse for myself, I determined no longer to delay going to bed; so I put out the lamp, and lighted my bed-room candle without further parley; and carrying in my hand a little tisane, which I had compounded for myself as a sovereign remedy for a cold in the head, I proceeded slowly and cautiously, for the influence of the book I had been reading was still strongly upon me, and I found it requisite to pause for a moment at every second or third step in my upward progress, and glance back fearfully over my shoulder expecting to see I knew not what—nothing, and yet something; perhaps a black, formless, crouching creature, stealing noiselessly after me up stairs, and only waiting an unguarded moment to clutch me by the dress, and pull me backward; perhaps a gigantic phantom hand protruded from each door after I had passed it, menacing me with the anger of some power unknown; perhaps a white corpse-like face glaring over my shoulder, with sightless eyeballs and purple lips. Inwardly annoyed with myself as I was for being so absurd, I could not for the world have gone up stairs that night in my usual careless fashion. But, thank Heaven! here was my bed-room at last. One more fearful glance over my shoulder, and then I hurried in, and closed and bolted the door with a sigh of relief. 'How I shall laugh at myself to-morrow for these idle fears,' I said; 'but, in any case, I won't spend another night alone in Ivy Lodge.'

When I got into bed my ghostly terrors vanished in some measure, but in their stead I became oppressed with a melancholy undefined presentiment of some impending evil near at hand, but whence or how coming I could not tell.

Feeling thirsty after a time, I put out my hand to reach the tisane, which stood on a low chair by the side of the bed, when—horror of horrors — my wrist was suddenly clutched by a death cold hand, which grasped it for a single instant, and then let it go. It is not too much to say that my heart ceased to beat, and all the pulses of life seemed to stand still in awful fear, but only for a moment: the next they burst madly on their courses; a cold sweat wrapped me from head to foot, and I lay with wildly staring eyes, momently expecting the appearance of some dread apparation.

"Yes, there it is—coming—coming!" I whispered to myself, as a figure, black and vague, but still of human shape, rose slowly from the floor, till it reached what seemed to me a more than mortal stature, outlining itself as it rose against the white disc of the window blind. There was not, however, much time for consideration, for the next minute the blinding glare of a dark lantern was thrown full in my dazzled eyes, and a hoarse voice, a voice with a chronic cold in its tones, exclaimed: 'Now, mum, will you oblige me by getting up again? Sorry to disturb a lady, but it can't be helped this time!'

Only a vulgar burglar after all!

The revulsion of feeling, from the ghostly terrors of the minute before, was so great, that all my sang froid came back at once; and a predicament which at another time I should have deemed serious enough, seemed to me at that moment as but a matter of comparatively little consequence. 'How has the fellow got into my room without being seen or heard?' was the first question I asked myself, a question by the way, which at the present moment I am equally unable to solve, for a mystery it remains.

'If you had only written to say you were coming, I would have sat up for you,' I said aloud.

'I wanted to give you a pleasant surprise,' he replied with a grin. 'Are you going to get up.'

'Presently. Just step outside that door for a moment, while I put on a few clothes.'

'None of your tricks, now!' he said roughly, ''cos I won't stand 'em.'

'You are forgetting your manners, sir, to a lady.

'Well, you're a cool hand, anyhow?' So saying, he went outside the door, holding it, however, carefully both with hand and foot, while I hurried on my clothes.

I began by this time to feel rather more alarmed than at first, but still I thought it would never do to show it; to treat such a man with polite audacity, if my nerves would only carry me through the contest, was evidently the best plan I could adopt.

'I am at your service,' I said in a couple of minutes or so.

'Then light your candle, and go down stairs, you in front, me behind. But first hand me over that gimcrack watch of yours: I always had a fancy for a lady's ticker.'

'You must be careful not to turn the key more than six times, when you wind it up, or you may break the spring,' I said, handing him with an inward sigh my watch and chain.

Now that the candle was lighted, I was able to see more clearly what the fellow was like. Both hands and face were thoroughly blackened, and his head was further disguised with a rough flaxen wig and a fur cap. He wore a thick woollen comforter round his neck, and a capacious top-coat concealed the rest of his person. I determined to keep both eyes and ears open, to note any little peculiarity, either of voice or person, which might afterwards aid me in identifying him. It seemed to me unaccountable, that on that night of all others, when for the first time since my arrival at Ivy Lodge I happened to have anything like a large sum of money in the house, I should have to entertain such a visitor. It was almost hoping against hope, but still it was just possible that he might not be aware of my visit to the bank, and might not find the money in his search. But the question was quickly decided for me. When we reached the foot of the stairs, I going first, and the man following closely behind me, he said, 'Stop a moment. Let us pay our visit to that little room on the left, where you keep your books, and where there's a 'an'some rosewood desk, in which, at the present moment, there's two hundred pounds in good money—seventy in sovereigns and the remainder in flimseys--numbers all known, no doubt, but still indisposable in the proper quarter.'

How in the name of goodness—or badness—had he obtained such precise information?

There was nothing for it but to obey, so I conducted him into my study, opened my escritoire, and quietly handed him the money. He counted it over with a complaisant chuckle, and then put it carefully away in his breast-pocket.

'Now, this is what I calls a comfortable way of doing business,' he said; 'no fuss, no bother, no cries nor tears—business-like and proper. I hate folk that snivel and bawl, and always feel inclined to give 'em a quiet tap on the head. If everybody was as sensible as you, mum, our trade would be a pleasanter one than it is. And now I think a few spoons and forks wouldn't come amiss, for I'm expecting company next week, and would like to do the thing in style. Ah! I wonder who was the first chap that found out it was vulgar to eat with a knife!'

Both spoons and forks were soon disposed of, and, sorrow of sorrows, my cherished silver tea-pot, together with sundry articles of plate, placed in a capacious bag which Mr. Black produced from one of his pockets. 'There, mum, I'm pretty well loaded now, thank you,' he said, as he disposed of the last article. 'And it's truly thankful I am that I came here without a pal, or else I should have had to go shares with him. I knew I could crack a little crib like this myself—it's child's play, that's what it is.' He pulled out my watch, and referred to it with an evident air of satisfaction. Why blow me! it wants two hours and a half yet till daylight. Time for a bit of supper, if you've no hobjection—hey, mum?'

'None whatever,' I replied. 'If you will follow me into the dining-room, I will see what I can find for you.'

'Gosh! but this is prime, and no mistake!' he exclaimed, turning up his coat-cuffs, as I set before him a cold fowl, a roll of bread, and three parts of a bottle of old port. 'Best quarters I've been in for many a day, hang me if it ain't!'

He set to work with savage energy, and sat silently enjoying himself for several minutes; I sat watching him closely, and trying to discover some slight personal traits which might assist me hereafter in recognizing him again.

'Here's your health, mum!' he said after a time, speaking with a full mouth, as he held up a glass of wine before the candle; 'and the best wishes of a fellow whose heart doesn't hold too many good wishes for anybody.' Not a bad tempered man evidently, when he could have his own way; and not without certain rude elements of politeness in his composition. When he had made a hearty meal, and finished the wine, he produced from one of his numerous pockets a little black pipe, and a tin tobacco-box. 'By your leave, mum,' he said, 'I'll just blow a little cloud; though perhaps it's aginst the rule to smoke in the drawing-room; if so, say the word, and we'll adjourn to the kitchen.'

'You are a privileged visitor,' I replied; 'so light your pipe by all means.'

'A brick! I said it before, and I'll maintain it again,' he exclaimed, slapping his leg with his huge hand. 'Ah! a comfortable crib this, and no mistake!' he went on puffing away in a contemplative manner at the little pipe; 'and I wouldn't mind if I was master here. What do you say, mum—is it a bargain?' He leered at me with his blood-shot eyes, and with his head a little on one side, and took the pipe out of his mouth for a moment in his eagerness to hear my reply.

'Thank you, but I'm not in want of a husband at present,' I said; 'and even if I were, I should prefer seeing you with your face washed before deciding to accept you.'

He burst into a great roar of laughter, and slapped his leg again. 'Why, it's my full dress evening suit that I've got on!' he exclaimed; 'and I thought I looked quite fascinating in it. Well, if you wont have me, you won't: there's no forcing an obstinate woman. But let us have a drop more of wine, instead; there's more where this come from, I suppose.'

'Yes, plenty more in the cellar.'

'Then to the cellar we'll adjourn. Gosh! but it's prime stuff to stir a fellow's blood. Take a candle, and lead the way, if you please.'

Taking a candle in one hand, and my bunch of keys in the other, I led the way towards the cellar, my black visaged friend followed closely in my rear. The wine cellar was reached by descending a steep flight of stone stairs, which opened out of a passage leading to the kitchen. At the top of this flight of stairs was a slight door, partly made of glass; and at the foot of the stairs was another and a stronger door, usually kept locked. Having descended the stairs, still holding the lighted candle, I unlocked the lower door, and we both entered the cellar, a small vaulted apartment, just high enough for a man to stand upright in. I pointed to the various ranges of bottles, and said to Mr. Black: 'Pick and choose where you please. That row close to the floor is all port; suit you best.'

'Couldn't improve on that last lot. But I say, mum, it wouldn't be amiss for me to carry away a couple of bottles, if ha, ha!—you wouldn't think it too great a liberty; and I'll crack another up stairs before I go.'

'You have such a polite way of making your wishes known,' I said, 'that I find it impossible to refuse you.'

Chuckling to himself, he bent down to pick out some bottles from the lower tier; while he was thus stooping I gave him a sudden push with all the strength of my two hands, which sent him crashing head first among the bottles; and before he knew what had happened, or could recover himself in the least, I had blown out the candle, and rushing to the staircase, had pulled to and double-locked the door behind me. In doing this, I had acted entirely without forethought, and on the impulse of the moment, without at all calculating the consequences to which it might lead; and I now sank down on the stairs in the dark with a heart that beat as though it must burst its bonds. Mr. Black quickly picked himself up, with many oaths, from among the broken bottles, and tumbled towards the door. 'What fool's trick is this?' he shouted through the keyhole. 'Open the door, you hag, or I'll murder you when I get out!' But I had struggled up the stairs, and was away in the kitchen by this time, where I quickly relighted my candle. Leaving the candle for a moment, I hurried to the back door, and unfastening it, called, at first gently, and then louder, for Wolf; but hearing no growl of recognition, or joyful bark in reply, I hastened as fast as I could across the yard to his kennel; and there, by the faint light of the stars, saw my poor dog lying dead and cold—poisoned, doubtless, by that miscreant in the cellar.

This cruel deed seemed to set my blood all aflame with hatred of the man; the loss of my poor favourite touched my feelings far more closely than the loss of my money and plate had done; and with the dread of the wretch swallowed up in a great measure in my desire for vengeance, I hastened back to the house, contrary to my first impulse, which had been to rush away and hide myself in the darkness. But what had I to fear now? Was he not trapped—shut up securely in the cellar, there to await his doom? Suddenly I remembered that there was generally a brace of pistols hanging over the fireplace in Fred's little room; should the man succeed in bursting loose—though I had little fear of it, for the door was very strong—they might prove useful; but on coming to examine them, I found that they were not loaded. All this time Mr. Black was exerting his utmost strength to break open the door, but it was stoutly built, and so far defied all his efforts. I placed the candlestick on a bracket at the top of the stairs, and stood close by with my brace of pistols, dreading every moment that the door would give way, and the miscreant rush upon me, and yet with a stubborn drop of blood in my heart, which bade me not to flee so long as there remained a chance, however remote, of capturing him. He ceased his efforts after a time, and I could hear him moving about in the dark. What was he about to do? Not long was I left in doubt, for I had hardly asked myself the question, when the noise of a pistol-shot resounded through the house, responded to by a scream from me; the door at the bottom of the stairs fell back on its binges; he had shot away the bolt. 'Now, mum, I'll pay you off for your trick!' I heard him say. The next instant, I saw him, with a bottle in each hand, and a large open knife between his teeth, emerge out of the gloom into the dull twilight made by the light of my candle at the entrance to the cellar.

'Come one step nearer, and you are a dead man!' I exclaimed, standing at the top of the stairs, and pointing both pistols full at him.

He turned yellow with fear, even through the lampblack with which his face was smeared, as he glanced up and saw me standing there; and dropping the bottles, he shrunk back into the darkest corner of the cellar.

'Ha, ha! what a jolly lark!' he exclaimed with a wretched attempt at a laugh. 'I said all along that you was a brick. But I say, mum, just turn them barkers away for a moment, will you, while I come upstairs. Let bygones be bygones, and we'll bid each other a friendly farewell.'

'Come a step nearer at your peril!' I said. 'You have poisoned my dog, and robbed me of my money; you are a coward and a thief; and here you shall remain, unless you prefer being shot through the head, until I give you into the custody of the Police.'

A long and terrific volley of curses was his only reply, but he still kept carefully out of sight, for much as he feared the Police, he feared a bullet infinitely more. 'If he only knew that the pistols are not loaded!' I kept repeating to myself.

After this, the silence remained unbroken for nearly five minutes; he was probably brooding over what course he could next adopt. At length, he spoke again: 'Let you and me be reasonable, now,' he said; 'let us come to terms. I'll give you back the spoons, and the plate, and——'

'Not if you were to give back what you have stolen to the uttermost farthing, would I let you go! Here you are, and here you shall remain till I see those wrists of yours decorated with a pair of handcuffs.'

Another terrible volley of oaths was again his reply; then I heard him knock off the neck of a bottle, and drink at the contents. What I dreaded more than anything was that he would drink till he lost the sense of fear, and then make a sudden rush up the staircase towards me; but whatever my fears might be, I still stood resolutely on the topmost stair, peering down into the darkness with eyes that never turned away, and holding a pistol firmly in either hand. Apparently, the first result of Mr. Black's extra bottle was to cause him to take out my watch, fling it on the floor, and crunch it into minute particles beneath his heel. 'Curse her! I'll have my revenge somehow!' I heard him mutter; and then he fell to drinking more wine.

How beautiful to me that morning looked the first cold streak of daylight which stole in after a time, and seemed to whisper that deliverance was at hand.

Two or three times more did Mr. Black appeal, now to my fear, now to my compassion; but my only reply was a warning to him not to put his foot on the stairs, a warning which he conscientiously obeyed. Then I heard more bottles broken, and I knew that he was drinking himself either into a state of frenzy or a state of helplessness. How slowly the morning advanced! it seemed as though it would never be 7 o'clock. Every bone in my body got to ache terribly long before my weary watch was over; at intervels there danced before my eyes a strange phantasmagoria of figures — red, blue, and flame-coloured; then my prisoner below would growl and whine like a wild beast in its lair, and recall my flagging attention to the duty before me.

When seven o'clock struck, I was weary almost to fainting; but help was near; for a few minutes later, Bessy and Mary drove up in a cart, escorted by a stalwart cousin of the latter. I rushed to the door, and opened it as quickly as my trembling fingers would let me, and in a few words everything was told. The stalwart cousin was not to be alarmed by a dozen Mr. Blacks, but walked unconcernedly down stairs to see him, and there found him so helplessly drunk that no precaution was needed to keep him in safety till a constable arrived, who took him into custody and conveyed him to the nearest jail.

A PATENT SERMON — "THE HEN SCRATCHES WHERE SHE EXPECTS TO FIND A BUG."

Fellow sisters, brethren, men, women and children; generally and particularly speaking. You needn't hustle any pages for the text, for it ain't there. It is a special dispensation to your appointed pastor; and he hurls it at you for what it is worth. Where the hen scratches there she expects to find a bug. Did you come from the race track of the world to parade your 'trotting harness' before the meek and lowly? Have you dropped the dazzling rattles of business and pleasure, to while an idle hour away listening to the mournful melody that is rung by angel hands from the sacred harps that hang forgotten upon the drooping willows of mortality? Or are you to tussle with the arch enemy for the almighty dollar? Verily I say unto you, where the hen scratches, there she expects to find a bug.

My drowsy hearers, we are all of us a lot of damaged goods, trying to palm ourselves off upon each other for more than our market value; and the old firm of Time, Death & Co., is doing a heavy commission business upon our stock in trade. I hear the mallet of death, with its mechanical tap, tap, and stolid monotone of 'going, going,' and the next minute down it will come upon some of our unconscious heads, and we shall be folded up like the tents of the Arabs, and as silently borne away to the other side of Jordon, where the dry-goods man refrains from troubling, and the grocer has nothing to say, and the weary hen ceases from scratching, and the precious bug is found. In the midst of life we are in debt, says a notable prophet, who was near akin to your beloved pastor. If any of you are tempted to tarry in the tavern of life, and fail to settle your account with the landlord, may the text rise up before you like a fabulous Arabian here only to wrest from the rough and tumble giant, and deter you from that sink of utter depravity where bummers lead trustful hens to scratch up the bugs they devour.

Your undivided attention is furthermore solicited to the signification of the text, metaphorically and collectively, in small passages, to suit every capacity, from the boy shucking peanuts peacefully in the corner, to the hardened sinner woo stalks so proudly into your pastor's presence. And woe unto you, young woman, see-sawing up the broad aisle with your new coal-scuttle bonnet and streamers a flyin', for you are vanity of vanities. And you, young men in your fancy neck-cloths, go on until you slip up over a bale of cotton and are left to drift away over the broad brimstone sea of national disgrace, a byword and a jest unto the world that you love not wisely but too well. My beloved, I warn you now, if you manifest symptoms of such cowardice as has been handed down to you from high places, the biggest pair of stoggy boots in this congregation will rise up in judgment against you, and kick you out into the broad road that leads to everlasting ruin.

And finally, when you cut the crust from your brown broad loaf, and scrape the hard beans from the top of your noon-tide pot, if you cut a little into the soft and scrape a little below the crisp for the beggar's and outcast's portion, your conscience and digestion will trouble you less; and as you steal out, as some of you will to-night, where the silver moon of memory hangs low over the haunted hills of the past, to bow at some hallowed finger-post that points the way a beloved one went over your broken heart to heaven, may the eternal verdure of the evergreen hope spring up in the barren spots trod hard by the busy feet of the absorbing Now, and bring you to the sweatness of that peace and the tenderness of that love that overflows continually in deeds and words, for the elevation of the ragamuffins who march in the rear ranks of the great army of humanity; for the barbarians are not all in the ragged file, but 'many a gem of purest ray serene' wants but a lifting from the filth to shine. So mote it be. Brother Slowfast circulate the platter for the root of evil, until it is rooted out of this place. For verily I say unto you, the hen that scratches here expects to find a bug. Shell out!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—We extract from a Glasgow MS. Magazine the following curious statistics relating to the different names of the inhabitants, as furnished by the Post-Office Directory for the year 1858:—The city of Glasgow, though containing nearly 400,000 inhabitants, has only 2 Wards and 1 Court; it has, however, 12 *Bailies*, 8 Sheriffs, and 2 Wardens; but, at the same time, it is sad to think that only 6 remain of the good old race of Glasgow Burgesses. Turning from civil to ecclesiastical matters, it would seem that Episcopacy is gaining ground, for while there are only 6 Kirks and 2 Chapels, there is an equal number of Churches, and they can also boast of 2 Bishops, as well as Deans and Chaplins. The peculiarities of the seasons are remarkable, there being neither spring, autumn, nor winter, to make up for which, however, we have 4 Summers and 3 Mays; and although Gales are prevalent, there are numbers of Roses, Primroses, Lilies, and Cherries. Fern, Heath, Moss, and Reids are also to be met with, whilst the "Murphy," that *sine qua non* of the Irishman, is not uncommon. The scenery is very much diversified, there being 31 Hills, 9 Dales, 1 Plain, 18 Glens, 3 Lynns, as well as Farms, Fields, Parks, Woods, Moores, and Forests, with Gardiners, Foresters, and Farmers to boot. In warlike matters we are far behind the age, for though we have 3 Walls and 5 Towers, yet there are only 11 Gunns, Shields, Bowes, Spears, Clubs and Swords being more abundant. The stranger in Glasgow will be surprised to find, perfectly at large, no fewer than 16 Lyons, 16 Swans, 2 Peacocks, 15 Harts, 2 Foxes, and Hawks *innumerable*. Two Diamonds, each the form and size of a man, are found, as also gold; whilst Flint, Hay, Glass, Hydes, Steel, &c., represent the principal articles of commerce. The stranger, who has been accustomed to "the sound of the church-going bell" in some rural seclusion, need not be astonished at the horrid din which meets his ears in Glasgow on Sabbath, when he considers that there are 81 large Bells scattered here and there over the city. Those, too, who smile at the odd and mysterious "nursery tales" of their childhood, will be astonished to hear that 2 real Fairies may be seen at all hours of the day. The rate of mortality for Glasgow must have decreased lately very rapidly, if we may judge of the fact that there is now only 1 Doctor to be found in it. While, however, we rejoice at the above, we must regret, on the other hand, the low state of education (unless, indeed, the Utopian age of "every man his own preceptor" has at length arrived), for although we have two Colledges, there appears to be but 1 Teacher. In the musical line, we have Fyfes and Hornes, as well as 6 Harpers; and though, Bairds being numerous, we have only 1 Barber, the scarcity of that important member of society is amply made up by every other variety of vocation—Bankers, Mercers, Turners, Sadlers, Smiths, Wrights, Colliers, Singers, Masons, Falconers, Dyers, Coopers, Shearers, Potters, Cooks, Fowlers, Skinners, Millers, Slaters, Porters, &c.; while all the qualities of mind and matter are found blended together in the most incongruous manner possible — Auld, Bald, Cross, Good, Green, Gray, Stout, Strong, Little, Long, Meek, Wyld, Young, Merry, Swift, Speddy, Stark, Wylie, Tough, Sweet, Black, White. We have Mr. Martin, a bird-stuffer; Mr. Leech, a physician; Mr. Walls, a builder; Mr. Brown, a colour manufacturer; Mr. Miller, a flour merchant; Mr. Book, a teacher; Mr. Sheriffs, a sheriff officer; Mr. Black, a soot merchant; Mr. Webster, a silk mercer; Mr. Robb, a policeman; Mr. Riddell, a wire-worker; Mr. Cook, a confectioner; Mr. Black, a painter; Mr. Smith, a smith; Mr. White, a miller, Mr. Taylor, a clothier; Mr. Steel, an edge-tool maker; and Mr. Sawers, a joiner. We have some striking instances, too, of the mutability of human affairs, for we find Thomas Chalmers, (*minus* the honours of D.D., LL. D., S.T.P., &c.,) keeping a spirit-shop in Ingram Street; Johnine Dick, also wanting his degree, labouring among *soles*, not in North Albion, but in Govan Street; David Hume, a church-officer in London Street; Robert Burns, a tallow-chandler in Clyde Street; John Knox, a contractor in Cochran Street; whilst Rob Roy is *now earning his* livelihood by acting as a beadle in Duke Street. And is it not a *lasting* shame that poor Johnine Russell should be making, not Reform Bills, but boots and shoes, in Nelson Street? The "good James Douglas" is now an iron-rust dealer in the High Street; and to *crown* all, is it not a disgrace to "Scots wham Bruce has often led," that, divested of all regal insignia, Robert Bruce should now be a builder up, not of kingdoms, but of houses, and not even in Thistle, but in Rose street. However, notwithstanding all the facts which we have stated above, in regard to the worth and greatness of our noble city, it is very melancholy indeed to reflect that there are only 5 Wise-men among the whole population.—*Glasgow Courier.*

Some officious police officer in Philadelphia, not long ago, arrested a man named Poole—Mr. Marcus Poole. The officer found Mr. Poole, who is described as a man six feet high and broad in proportion, sitting on a door-step endeavouring to mend his tattered corduroys with a needle and piece of twine. His head and feet were bare, and the only article of clothing about him, except his pants, was a dirty shirt. He protested before the magistrate that he was in comfortable circumstances—that he wanted neither work, food nor clothing. When allusion was made to his scanty stock of the latter, he replied:—

"Upon my word and honor, couldn't bear another rag on me. Habit's everything. Look at Adam and t'other apostles, how d'ye suppose they stood it? The thinner you learn to dress yourself, the nigher you come back to a state of innocence."

CURIOUS THEATRICAL ADVERTISEMENT.—A curious theatrical advertisement has lately appeared at Naples, announcing that, after being closed for the long period of 1800 years, the Pompeii Theatre, rebuilt on the ruins of the ancient establishment, will be opened with "La Figlia del Regimento." The speculative manager adds in his quaint bill that he trusts that the favor and patronage which were liberally accorded to his predecessor, Marius Quintus Marius, will be continued to him, and that he proposes doing all in his power to equal, and, if possible, surpass the abilities displayed by Signor Marius during his management.

LOOKING IN THE WRONG BOX.—A Mr. Thomas Ogden, having arrived in New York from England, went several successive mornings to the Post Office to ask for letters. Inquiring always for letters addressed to Thomas Hogden, the postmaster invariably replied that there was none for him. But becoming at length quite impatient at these frequent disappointments, he thrust his head thro' the delivery window, and soon discovered the cause.

"You are looking among the *Haitches*, sir," he said to the officer within; "you should look among the *Hoes!*"