XAMINER:
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BEER & [torn]
KING SQUARE[torn]

HAVE, by the arrival of the ships *GAZELLE* from LIVERPOOL, *URANUS* from LONDON, and *CABOT* from GLASGOW, nearly completed their

FALL IMPORTATIONS.

The Goods per above vessels, in addition to those previously received, comprise in part:—

Superfine Cloth,	Scarlet, White and Blue Flannels,
Beaver and Whitney Cloth,	White and Printed Shirting,
Black and Fancy Doeskins,	Flannels,
Tweed and Sealskins,	Gents' Flannel Shirts,
Plain, Checked and Striped Winceys,	Mufflers, Scarfs, Ties, Collars, Gloves,
French Merinoes,	Gents' Fur, Cloth and Wool Caps, Silk,
Coburgs,	Cloth and Felt Hats,
Lustres and Fancy Dress Goods,	&c. &c. &c.
Skirtings.	Gloves, &c, in variety.

Fall and Winter Mantles and Mantle Cloths,
Fitch, Oppossum and other FURS,
RIBBONS,
in the New Shades and Styles;
Fall and Winter Shawls,
together with a large variety of useful
DRY GOODS.
Ladies', Misses' and Children's
Boots & Shoes,
a large assortment;
Mens' and Boys' heavy
BOOTS and BROGANS,
Ladies', Gents', Misses', Youths' and Children's
RUBBER BOOTS & SHOES,
of the very best manufacture. Ladies' RUBBER and FELT BOOTS, &c. &c.
Our usual assortment of
HARDWARE,
PAINTS, GLASS, PUTTY, &c.
Paint, Olive, Seal, Cod, and Kerosene
OILS,
GROCERIES,
a complete assortment, and all of first-class quality.
Our TEAS are very superior.

The above Stock of Goods having been carefully selected, are confidently offered to the public at the lowest paying prices.

Charlottetown, Nov. 16, 1863. 6w

Liverpool House!
FALL & WINTER, 1863-64.

WILLIAM FULL

HAVING completed per "THERESA" and "PRIORSS," his Stock of

BRITISH & FOREIGN
MERCHANDIZE,

Now offers the same to the public at the LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.

The GOODS having been purchased on the best Terms, are confidently offered to compare with any in the market. His Stock includes, in

Staple Dry Goods,
Cotton Warp, Grey Cottons, Striped and White Shirtings, Tickings, Denims, Drills, Fleecy Cottons, Printed Cottons, Ginghams, Red, White and Fancy FLANNELS, Towellings, Table Linens, White and Colored Damasks, Blankets, Rugs, &c.

Dress Materials,
Including Winceys, Plain and Plaid; Coburgs, Knickerbocker, Fouland Lustres, Camilets, Alexandra Cloth, Black and Coloured Lustres, &c., &c., with DRESS TRIMMINGS and LININGS in great variety.

Ladies' Mantles,
Black and Coloured Cloth, Tweed, &c.; Mantle Cloths & Cloakings, in Black and Coloured Cloths; Alexandra Cloth, Seal Cloths, in all quantities.

Ladies' Shawls,
Including Cloth, Tweed, Cashmere, Paisley, &c.

Furs,
A select assortment of, in Mountain Martin, at all prices; Sea side boas, Ermine and white. *Ladies' Fashionable* Felt Hats, Plain and Fancy Bonnets, &c. Ladies Garibaldi Jackets, Soutags & Hoods, Winter Vests, Gloves, Collars, Scarfs, Bonnet Ribbons, all colors and widths.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
In ready-made CLOTHING, in great variety; Fancy Flannel SHIRTS, Gloves, Ties, Scarfs, Collars, &c., HATS & CAPS, in Fur, Fur Trimmed, Cloth, Felt, &c.

Boots and Shoes,
In Ladies', Gent's, and Children's, of all kinds.

FAMILY GROCERIES.
A large and varied assortment of, comprising prime Congou TEA, Brown and White Sugars, Coffee, Raisins, Currants, &c. &c. &c.

☞ The above Goods are offered at Whole sale and Retail, at THOMAS'S OLD STAND, GREAT GEORGE STREET.

WILLIAM FULL.
Charlottetown, Nov. 16, 1863.

W. E. DAWSON,

INTIMATES to those of his Country customers who are indebted to him, that he will require payment by, at the latest, the 10th DECEMBER.

November 2, 1863.

MAILS.

THE MAILS for the WESTWARD, viz: to Tignish, Cascumpec, Port Hill, Princetown, &c, will, on and after Monday, the 2nd November, be made up and forwarded from the General Post Office, Charlottetown, at eight o'clock, a. m.

L. C. OWEN, Postmaster General.
General Post Office, Ch'town, Oct. 26, 1863.

WM. R. WATSON

BEGS to intimate that he has received, per "THERESA"—

12 Cases and one Cask APOTHECARIES' WARE, 1 Puncheon English VINEGAR, 1 Cask PAINTS, Boiled and Raw Linseed OIL, 1 Bale CLOVES, 1 Bale Senna, 1 Cask Olive Oil, 2 Bbls. Saltpetre, 6 Barrels Washing Soda, 1 Cask Baking Soda, 1 Cask Sulphur, 2 Bbls. Alum, 1 Bbl. Blue Stone, 1 Cask Copperas, 1 Bbl. Cudbear, 6 Bbls. English Ground Redwood, 3 Cases English Confectionary.

For sale at the CITY DRUG STORE.
Charlottetown, June 8th, 1863.

Pensez-a-moi.

WM. R. WATSON has received, per "URANUS," from LONDON, the above new and fashionable SCENT, together with EUGENE RIMMEL'S BOUQUET, West End, Jockey Club, Frangipane, Wood Violet, Love's Myrtle, Hedyosmia, Millefleur, Rondeletia, Geranium, Guards, Bouquet, Ess Bouquet, Rifle Volunteers' Bouquet, Windsor Bouquet, New Mown Hay and Sweet Pea, Sydenham, Eau de Cologne, as sold at the Crystal Palace, Treble Lavender Water, distilled from Mitcham Flowers, Toilet Vinegar to supersede Eau de Cologne for all Toilet and Sanitory purposes, Aromatic Vinegar and Smelling Salts, in Morocco Cases, Pastiles, Sachets, Marking Ink, Combs, Brushes, Sponges, Razors, Glycerine, Honey, Brown Windsor, Rose, Sand and Pomice Stone, Soap Tablets, Naples Soap in Pots, Transparent Soap, in Cakes and Sticks, for shaving, &c. &c. &c.

CITY DRUG STORE, June 8, 1863.

B[torn]

THE SUB[torn] RECEIVED[torn] from LIVERPOOL, [torn] GOW, via Pictou, per [torn] from the States and Ha[torn]

Their usual extensive [torn]
BRITISH & FORE[torn]
MERCHANDIZE,

comprising all the requisite articles in STAPLE & FANCY GOODS, among which will be found the leading styles and novelties of the season:

Plain & Fancy Dress Goods,
Shawls, Mantles, and Furs,
Bonnet Fronts, Hats & Caps,
Black & Colored Silks,
Hosiery & Haberdashery,
Collars, Ties and Scarfs,
Plain and Fancy Flannels,
Shirts, Skirts & Skirting,
Serges, Oil Cloths & Baize,
Boots, Shoes & Rubber Goods,
Clothing, and Gents' general outfits,
Cloths, Doeskins, and Trimmings,
Hardware, Ironmongery & Cutlery,
Nails & Horse Nails, Room Paper,
Blankets, Rugs, and Counterpanes,
Good Indigo and other Dye Stuffs.

GROCERIES,
Consisiting of Choice TEAS and SUGARS, RAISINS, CURRANTS and FIGS, &c. SPICES, &c. &c.

☞ Personally selected with care—purchased on the best terms—and will be found to compare favorably with other Stocks in the market, either for style or value.

W. & A. BROWN.
Queen Square, Nov. 16, 1863.

FALL 1863.
NEW GOODS,

EX PRIORESS, GAZELLE, and THERESA, from Britain, consisting of—

In Dress Stuffs,
Lustres, Alpaccas, Coburgs, Serges, Alexandra Cloth, Italian Cloth, Circassians, French Merinos, Mottle, Wincies, Knickerbocker do. Skirtings, &c. &c. &c.

Cloths,
Diag, Blue Coating, Black Devon Cloth, Blue Wool Cloth, Black Union Cloth, Cashmeres, Doeskins, Sattaras, &c. &c.

Woollens,
Lancashire Flannels, Saxony do, Anti-Rheumatic do, Scarlet Twill do, Blue Twill do, Fancy Wool do, Whitney Blankets, Mackinaw Blankets, Horse Rugs, Drugget, &c.

Furs,
Ermine Fur Boas and Cuffs, Sable do, Fich do, Mink and Stone Martin do.

ALSO,
Shirts, Cottons, Ties, Scarfs, Cloth and Fur Caps, Ladies' Hats, Plumes, Flowers, Veils, Bonnet Fronts, Ladies' Cotton Sleeves, &c. Black Glace and Colored Silks, Chenile and Twist Hair Nets, Black Silk Lace and Edging, Ladies' White Cotton & Woollen Hose, Embroidered Shawls, Cloth Mantles, Knitted Woolen Scarfs, &c.,

Cottons,
White and Colored Warp, Grey and Striped Cotton, Ginghams, Silk Checks, Drillings, Prints, Tickings, Table Covers, Counterpanes, Lambskins, &c., &c.

ALSO,
HARDWARE, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Blacksmiths Tools, Cut and Wrought Nails, Iron, Traces, Spikes, Horse Shoe Nails, Blister Steel, &c., &c., &c.,

All of which will be sold at prices that will *compare favourably with any in the Market.*

JAMES PURDIE.
Charlottetown, Nov. 2, 1863. 3m

McLELLAN'S EXPRESS,
Running on E. & N. A. Railway.

CONNECTING at St. John with TURNER'S AMERICAN EXPRESS (Office 10 & 12 Court Square, Boston) for United States, Canada, Fredericton, Nova Scotia, &c.

At Shediac with Steamers and Stages to Prince Edward Island and the North Shore.

And at Moncton with King's Stages for Dorchester, Sackville, Amherst, &c.

Goods Bought & Sold, and Notes, Drafts, and Bills collected.

OFFICE IN ST. JOHN—Turner's American Express Office, No. 75, Prince William Street.

M'LELLAN BROS., Proprietors.

AGENTS.
W. SINCLAIR & SON..........Charlottetown.
W. B. DEACON..........Shediac.
H. H. LETSON..........Chatham.
July 27, 1863. 5 mos

EUROPEAN AND NORTH AMERICAN RAILWAY.

1863——Running of Trains——1863

SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.

ON and after MONDAY, the 18th instant, the Trains will run as follows:—
Leave St. John at 8 a.m., and 1 and 5.30 p. m.
Leave Shediac at 9 and 11.50 a.m.;
Leave Sussex for St. John at 6.30 a. m.
The 5.30 Train from St John will go to Sussex only.

The afternoon Trains from St. John, the 11.50 Train from Shediac, and the 6.30 Train from Sussex, will carry Freight, the others, Passengers, Mails and Express only.

The morning Trains on Wednesdays and Saturdays from St. John, will reach Shediac in time to connect with the steamers for P. E. Island.

The stages to and from Buctouche, Richibucto, Miramichi, Bathurst, and the North, connect daily at Shediac with the Morning Trains to and from St. John, as do also the stages at Moncton to and from Dorchester, Sackville, Amherst, Truro and Halifax.

For further information apply to
J. S. CARVELL,
June 15, 1863. Agent for P. E. Island.

International Steamship Company.
TWO TRIPS A WEEK.

THE splendid sea-going Steamers "NEW BRUNSWICK," E. B. WINCHESTER, Master, and "NEW ENGLAND," ENOS FIELD, Master, will leave Reed's Point Wharf every MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at 8 o'clock, until further notice.

FARES:

To Eastport,	$1 50
Portland,	4 00
Boston,	5 00
Boston by Steam and Railway,	6 00

☞ Freight and Fares payable in New Brunswick Currency, at St. John.

Passages and State Rooms secured at the Company's Office, East end Warehouse, Reed's Point Wharf. J. S. CARVELL, Agent.
Charlottetown, June 15, 1863.

HOMŒOPATHIC COCOA.

PREPARED and HOMŒOPATHIC COCOA,
No. 1 Broma and Chocolate,
Filberts and Walnuts,
Prunes and Raisins,
Water Crackers and Pilot Bread,
Mazena and Corn Starch,
Lime Juice and Flavoring Essences,
Salt, in crocks, baskets, boxes & bags.
W. R. WATSON.
City Drug Store, July 20, 1863.

[torn]PS NOS. 51 & 59.

[torn] Sir Graham Montgomery.

[C]OMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC [torn] having, under the authority of the [torn]ep 18, completed the purchase of [torn]ships Nos. 51 and 59, the property of [torn] MONTGOMERY, hereby notifies all [o]ccupiers of land on the above Estate, [torn]rdance with the 10th section of the [torn] Act, he is now prepared to receive [torn] the purchase money, of the several [torn] of all such tenants as are desirous of [torn]emselves of the benefit of the said pur[torn] on producing their titles or agreements [torn]ame.

JOHN ALDOUS, Commissioner.
[torn]and Office, 14th Oct., 1863.

FOR SALE.

A FARM, situate on the New Bedeque Road, 12 miles from Charlottetown, and lately in possession of JAMES MURPHY, consisting of

75 Acres Freehold Land,

Fi[torn] of which are in a good state of cultivation. There is a good new DWELLING HOUSE on the premises.

—ALSO—

FIFTY ACRES LEASEHOLD LAND, situate on the Covehead Road, 10 miles from Charlottetown, adjoining the Mills of MR. SAMUEL GURNEY, and now in possession of David Landrigan, together with the Crop of Potatoes, Grain, &c.

☞ Terms easy. Apply to
D. O'M. & R. REDDIN.
Ch'town, Sept 14, 1863. tf

ROYALTY LOTS.

TO LET, for such term of years as may be agreed on, and either in whole or in part, that BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED FARM, belonging to the Subscriber, fronting on the Mount Edward Road, and lying about a mile from Charlottetown. It contains about 70 acres, 40 of which are improved and in a high state of cultivation. *On the premises are two large barns.*

For terms, &c., apply to
JOHN LONGWORTH.
Charlottetown, Oct. 26, 1863.

Valuable Property For Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the following valuable Real Estate in Charlottetown, and in Charlottetown Royalty, viz;—A plot of Ground, beautifully situated in Grafton Street, directly opposite to the front of the Prince of Wales College, between the residences of J. McNeill, Esq. and Mr. White, Shipbuilder, containing a little more than half a Town Lot.—A Plot of Ground in Hillsborough Street, containing about a Half Town Lot, a little more or less, with a convenient Cottage and Out houses thereon, and a large Garden in the rear. This Property adjoins the Examiner Office Building.

The commodious and beautifully situated Dwelling House on Hillsborough Street, with Stable, Coach House, Wood House, and other Out-offices attached. This Property is on the South East Corner of Hillsborough Square, and possesses many advantages which will be made known in a future advertisement.

Four Pasture Lots in the Royalty of Charlottetown, on the Road commonly known as the Judge's Road, about two and a half miles from Charlottetown, containing in all about thirty-eight acres, twenty three of which are cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The remainder is covered with a light young growth of Spruce, which can be removed at little cost. There is a Post and Rail Fence round most of the land, and there is a sufficient quantity of Longers on it for *necessary repairs.* One of the Lots has an excellent Spring of Water upon it, and is unsurpassed as a place for pasturing Cattle. A plan of this Property will be prepared, and a further description given in a future advertisement.

If the above Properties are not disposed of at Private Sale before WEDNESDY, the 11th day of *November next,* they will then be offered at PUBLIC AUCTION, and sold without reserve. For further particulars as to title, terms, &c., application to be made to the Hon. JOSEPH HENSLEY, Solicitor, or to the Subscriber.

EDWARD WHELAN.
Charlottetown, Sept. 21, 1863.

☞ The above sale is postponed for a short period, of which due notice will be given.

Freehold Land,
On Lot Forty-four (44), Rollo Bay,
FOR SALE.

TO be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, on the Premies, at Rollo Bay, (unless previously sold by private contract) on TUESDAY, the First day of MARCH NEXT, 1864, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon,

30 ACRES OF LAND,

on Township Fourty-four, in King's County, commencing on the North bank of Rollo Bay, at the southwest angle of Simon Burke's Farm, thence southwest along said bank for the distance of 4 chains and 17 links, thence North 69 degrees, East 6 chains and 60 links, thence North 80 degrees, East 63 chains and 50 links, to the rear of John Rossiter's Farm, thence Northwardly along said rear 4 chains and 30 links, thence South 80 degrees, West 63 chains and 50 links, or until it meets the south line of Fidele Deagle's Farm, and thence South 69 degrees. West, along said Fidele Deagle's south line to the said Bank or place of commencement, having been conveyed by William Deagle, senior, to the subscriber by Deed dated the 22nd January, 1858.

TERMS and other particulars made known on application to the Subscriber or to the Hon. JOSEPH HENSLEY, at his Office in Charlottetown.

J. WIGHTMAN.
Georgetown, 8th Oct., 1863.

Sale of Leasehold Property.

TO be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, on the Premises, on WEDNESDAY, the 24th day of FEBRUARY NEXT, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, dated the 13th day of April, 1863, and made between John Noble, of Township Number Thirty-two, in Queen's County, in Prince Edward Island, Farmer, of the one part; and William Malone, of Charlottetown, in the said Island, Printer, of the other part: All that Tract, Piece or Parcel of Land, Farm and Premises situated on Lot or Township Number Thirty-two, in Queen's County, being the northern moiety or half part of ninety acres leased by the late John Cambridge to the late Donald Malone, and bounded as follows, that is to say: On the east by the old North River Back Road, on the south by the southern moiety of the said ninety acres as now fenced in, on the north by Samuel Howard's land, and on the west by land in the possession of Richard Leonard, and *containing Forty-five acres* (a little more or less.)

For further particulars enquire of HENRY PALMER, of Charlottetown, in the said Island, Esquire, Attorney, or to the subscriber, at the *Examiner* Office.

WILLIAM MALONE.
Charlottetown, 23d November, 1863.

Leasehold Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE the LEASEHOLD INTEREST OF ONE HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND, situate two miles from Southport, in Lot 48, fronting the Sea shore; 60 acres are cleared and in a high state of cultivation, and is well fenced,—the remainder is covered with hard and soft wood. There are six acres limed, and fifty seven barrels in composit ready for the spring, and five or six hundred loads of Manure in the yard.

SEA MANURE can be had within about three quarters of a mile from the farm. There are about eight acres prepared for wheat. On the farm is a DWELLING HOUSE 30 by 26 feet, and a Dairy 14 by 10 feet, stoned to the bottom; also a new BARN, 50 by 27 feet, all double-boarded and a place for Cattle underneath. A Horse SABLE 25 by 20 feet, double-boarded. Also Sheep Houses and Shed, 36 by 20 feet. There are on the premises a never-failing Spring of Water, and a quarry of good land stone. The lease is for 999 years. Rent one shilling per acre.

The above farm is under crop, and will be sold to suit the purchaser with or without the crop.

TERMS—One half of the purchase money to be paid down, and the remainder may remain for several years on good security.

For further particulars apply to the Subscriber.
July 27, 1863. PETER ROBERTSON.

LITERATURE.

ON MY BIRTHDAY.

Yes, loving friend, my youth is o'er;
No longer mine those blessed years;
And I must mourn that now no more
The future smiles beyond my tears.

Ah, who could tear the flowers apart
That Autumn's breath has not yet chilled?
And who could mock the faithful heart
Whose throbbing time has never stilled?

The lamps, whose radiance cheers some tomb
Made holy by this sacred fire;
How chilling grows the appalling gloom
As one by one these lamps expire.

So hopes, which cheered my path with smiles,
So tender joys for which I prayed,
Affection's dreams, ambition's wiles,
With all their glittering promise fade.

Then chide me not, that still I weep,
Nor smile at unavailing tears,
These shining drops in memory keep
The sacredness of bygone years.

ANNA ANTON'S SLEIGH-RIDE.

The wonted calm of our boarding-school life was broken by the intelligence that for a certainty all our teachers were going to Mrs. K's party that night. Yes, every one of them, even Miss T. the under-teacher, whose salary was so light, and, as is generally the case, whose duties were the most heavy of any one in the establishment. She, poor thing, often staid away from parties because she had no dresses save those which her pupils had pronounced 'shabby' long ago. But on this occasion the wealthy Addie Briggs had insured her going by privately begging her to accept of one of the pretty new dresses her mother had just sent her, and which by trial was found to fit her nicely. Julia Strong had asked the privilege of presenting her with a collar, while I had slipped a pair of gloves into her hand. The gentle teacher was quite overcome by these tokens of 'regard,' and went about her duties with a lighter step than usual, and a warm glow at her heart kindled by the belief that her pupils really loved her—really appreciated her efforts to do them good; but never dreaming, happily for her, no never for an instant suspecting that the seeming kindness sprang from a feverish desire to be rid of all our guardians—our 'spies,' as we in our naughtiness too often termed them—for that one night.

They would be dressed and ready to leave the house by eight o'clock and *expected* to return home at eleven, for they always kept early hours; but Belle K., our staunch friend, was to manage it so that her mother's guests would not be called out to supper till half-past eleven. In that case our teachers could not be at home before half-past twelve, we might count with certainty upon that, and thus four precious hours were secure to us. O joy! joy! joy! We who had been denied the privilege of attending the party with our elders were to have a grand sleighing party with only our beaux.

Word had been brought us to that effect by one of those most curious telegraph wires which have been in use ever since pretty girls were immured in those horrid prisons called 'boarding schools.' It would be strange, indeed, if no such important method of communication had been discovered when so many boys, leaving their problems in Euclid unsolved, have stroked their darling mustaches in pensive mood, and even racked those precious brains of theirs—which they have so carefully guarded against hard study—in trying to devise the ways and means of eluding the vigilance of 'keepers,' and bringing out those innocent girls from their 'prison-houses' to—'to disgrace and ruin,' put in that,' said an old lady who looked over my shoulder. O no, Mrs. A. not intentionally to that; they are not so bad as that; they only wish to bring them out for a little recreation—a little sport, entertaining enough at the time of its perpetration, but too often leaving bitter repentance in place of pleasant memories.

But it was all excitement and exhilaration with us then. The sleighing was fine, and there was sure to be a moon. Fred Lee, Arthur Ford, and a few others of our professed admirers, had engaged such beautiful fast horses and a most commodious sleigh, and had arranged everything for us. As the street-door closed upon our teachers we were to run down through the yard to the back-gate where they would be waiting for us. They were then to drive us out to the 'Eight-Mile House,' where they had ordered hot coffee and oysters to be in readiness. We could make the trip in less than an hour, spend two hours there in feasting and social converse, and still have abundant time to return, place ourselves in bed and feign to be asleep before our teachers' ring should be heard by the sleepy old servant in the basement kitchen. Such an opportunity might never occur again, and such a night when so much pleasure was to be crowded into a few hours, it was worth while to force down some scruples of conscience about rules and ingratitude to teachers in order to enjoy it! So the most eloquent of us pleaded to those who were thought to have scruples upon the subject, and some of the very best girls had consented to the project, while others, less strict, hailed it with joy. But just as we fancied we were sure of all, a most unlooked-for opposer appeared in the person of Mary St. John. She was not one of 'the good ones,' we all knew; she had even less love for her teachers than many others; but she was too proud even to ridicule them, or to speak of them by names which we thought more expressive of character than those which their parents had given them. So long as they were her teachers she would not degrade herself by speaking lightly of them. And now she stood among us, her form drawn up to its fullest height, and with flashing eye and flushed cheek, said, 'I would have a little too much pride to go sneaking out of the back-door and the back-gate, like a thief or a beggar to get into anybody's sleigh. Besides, if we break the rules of the school we disgrace ourselves as well as the institution, and I am too proud to do that willingly. In vain we urged that our rules were arbitrary, our teachers harsh, inconsistent, etc. She only answered, 'All that may be true; I do not dispute it, and that might justify us in leaving the school, but not in violating its rules and deceiving the teachers. So long as my name is enrolled as a member here, my own self-respect shall lead me to conform to its regulations and seek to uphold them to others. When they become so strict that I can no longer comply with them I shall go home; but never will I disgrace myself and my family by setting them at naught,' and she turned toward her own room. The effect was electrical. An angel might have preached to us of the deference, the love, and the gratitude we owed to our instructresses, and some of us would have listened unmoved; but disgrace, dishonour to ourselves and our families, that touched us to the quick, and one and another walked away saying, 'Don't let us go!'

One girl said, 'I remember now mother telling me before I left home that I could not break the rules of the school without disgracing myself and making them all unhappy at home.' And more than she seemed to recollect something 'mother' had told them, and retired from the scene of temptation. Four of us were left, Addie Briggs, Minnie Barns, Julia Strong, and myself. The boys were waiting at the back of the house, and had repeated over and over again the signal agreed upon.

'What shall we do?' I said. 'The boys will be so vexed if we do'nt go.'

'Yes,' said Julia, 'and it would be a shame to break our engagement after they had taken so much trouble.'

'I think it would be quite as mean as to break the rules,' said Addie.

'Well, let us go and tell them, at any rate, and not keep them waiting all night in the cold;' and we went out, I, for one, sincerely anxious to be released from the engagement. But they made light of our scruples, and laughed so heartily at the idea of its being a disgrace to evade the rules of strict teachers, that it did not look to us so very bad after all. Then they spoke of their own disappointment, and implored us not to break their hearts by refusing to go with them. How attractive they made the ride appear to us! Addie and Julia, who had their cloaks on, sprang into the sleigh, saying, 'Well, we will take a little ride, at all events, and no one can be very angry with us for that; do run, girls, and get your wrappings, but mind you are back in a twinkling!'

'You will return, Anna?' said Arthur Ford in a low tone to me, taking my hand in his earnestness. 'Promise me that you will go with me; and you can not know how wretched you will make me if you refuse,' and then he bent still closer and whispered something else which set my heart to beating wildly. I promised, silly girl that I was, and followed Minnie to the house. We secured our wrappings and were slipping out again when Mary St. John encountered me. 'Do not go,' she said, taking the hand Arthur had just held. The thought shot through my mind that a good and a bad angel were invisibly contending for me, but I recollected Arthur's peculiar tenderness of manner and those whispered words, and I broke from her saying, 'I must for I have promised.' But I was not happy, for I knew that I was doing wrong. I don't believe the other girls were one whit happier than myself; but for all that we laughed, and talked and sung, and any one who passed us as we glided along over the smooth snow would have said we were a 'merry party.' The 'Eight-mile House' was reached before we dreamed of being half-way there, and as we entered we were surprised to see quite a company assembled and only waiting our coming in order to commence dancing. That large fire-place filled with logs of wood, which crackled and sent their pleasant light and warmth into every corner of the old-fashioned parlor, the blind-fiddler with his mug of beer beside him, the group of merry girls and most attentive young gentlemen, formed a charming tableau, while the supper-table in an adjoining room gave tokens of good cheer, which every boarding-school girl is able to appreciate.

Our feet were soon tripping to the merry music, but not till we had exhorted our beaux to be sure and remember that we had only two hours to stay. But, O, how swiftly those two hours sped away! The enjoyment was just at its height and we found it impossible to induce the boys to leave. The clock struck twelve, and there was no longer any pleasure for me in that gay company. One o'clock came and my anxiety rose to agony. The other girls urged as eloquently as myself, but spoke to deaf ears. We did not know then that wine had been circulating freely among them, though we thought they acted strangely. The plump, rosy, landlady came in and asked the cause of our troubled fears. We told her how we had trusted to their promise to take us home in two hours, and that now we should be in disgrace and trouble.

'Poor children!' she said kindly, 'I pity you; but if you had lived as long as I have done, you would know that you could not trust yourselves with those who wished you to deceive your teachers and break the rules of the school, and that no one who loved you would try to lead you into disobedience.'

The veil had fallen from my eyes then. I felt the truth of what the good woman said, and wondered at my own folly and blindness in having thus suffered myself to be led astray.

As I stood there in my cloak and hood trembling and weeping, how many good resolutions I made for the future! Meanwhile our hostess went to the boys and gave them 'a good plain talking to,' and then almost commanded them to take us home at once. Glad enough were we to start, but it was then nearly two o'clock. Our teachers must have been at home more than an hour; without doubt they had missed us from our beds, and what excuse could we offer for such strange absence? 'We shall be sent home in disgrace,' sobbed Julia. One thought weighed me down with unutterable anguish; it was, 'What will mother say?'

The boys laughed at our troubles in a way that we thought most heartless. I felt that all Arthur's tender, earnest manner had been only assumed; but I did not blame him half as much as I did myself for having been flattered into becoming his dupe.

One of the boys said, 'That old woman ordered us to take you home as quickly as possible, and you shall see how well we will obey her!' seizing the reins as he spoke and putting the horses to their utmost speed. What a mad, dashing ride was that! At first I enjoyed the excitement of it as a relief from torturing thoughts, but we soon became conscious that we were in danger. Our escorts had given their senses in exchange for wine; but it was in vain to remonstrate—on we dashed. We were coming to a dangerous place in the road, where many fearful accidents had occurred. We knew that if the horses swerved ever so little from the road our sleigh would be dashed over the side of a precipice. Calling to mind again Arthur's seeming tenderness for me when we started, I entreated him now to use his influence in checking the speed of the horses, but he only laughed at our fears, and called to the driver to 'put them through,' and I could only bewail in silence and bitterness my own folly in having flattered myself he loved me, because in the excitement of the moment he uttered a few foolish words. That landlady was right, I said, in telling us that we could not trust those who would lead us into acts of disobedience, and again I thought of mother. We had often called our school 'a prison,' but to have been safe under its protecting roof then would have seemed paradise. A moment more and I experienced a violent blow on the head. When I could open my eyes I found that the worst had happened; our drunken escort had driven us over the precipice! He was sober then, and so were the others; but that fit of intoxication had cost the life of one of my schoolmates. We were all crying over our bruises except Julia Strong, who was silenced forever. Her beautiful head had struck against a sharp stone, and thus her bright but brief career was ended.

'O boys, this is terrible; may God forgive us for what we have done to-night!' groaned Arthur, when all our efforts to restore her proved vain.

For a while we sat upon the ground weeping in utter despair, and then we roused ourselves and began to make arrangements for getting home. Our sleigh was too much injured to be used again, but from a farmer who lived near we borrowed another and went on. O, the anguish that was crowded into those moments! How strangely we remembered how we had said that we meant to realize half a lifetime of enjoyment in that one night!

We reached the school. All was darkness there. We had not been missed; but O, how impossible now to conceal what we had done, when our disobedience had brought such a fearful result!

'Let us in with the remains of Julia Strong; we have killed her by our mad folly!' was the bitter cry in answer to the question of, 'What's wanted there?' Then lights were struck in the various rooms, and a group of trembling teachers soon appeared at the hall-door. Arthur stepped forward to meet them; in a few words told what we had done and what had happened, and, as we afterward heard, generously throwing all the blame of our going upon himself, pleading that he had overpersuaded us against our better impulses.

I cannot describe the distress of our teachers, nor the frantic grief of Mrs. Strong when she was summoned to look upon what had so lately been her child. And may none of my young readers ever know the tortures of conscience which we, the participators in that act of deception, had to endure. That season would be altogether too fearful to recall without endangering my reason, were it not that God, in his infinite mercy, brought to us a blessing even out of the depths of that misery. The Holy Spirit came to convince us that if Memory possessed such terribly-torturing power in his life, we could not endure her reproaches in that eternal world, where she is compared to that worm which gnaws unceasingly, and that fire which is never quenched. Then amid the unspeakable anguish and burden of our sins we heard our precious Saviour's voice saying, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' And O, how glad we were to lay our bleeding hearts at his feet, and to trust ourselves in his loving hands!

Is any school-girl who reads this tempted, by one who she fancies has a peculiar regard for her, to set at naught the rules of her teacher and to elude their vigilance, let her reflect upon my fearful sufferings; and let her recall, too, the words of that honest-hearted landlady, never to trust ourselves with those who wish us to deceive our teachers, and that no one who truly loved us would try to lead us into acts of disobedience.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

THE RUSSIANS IN NEW YORK.

The New York *Herald*, when the Russian fleet first reached New York, made a great fuss over the officers and men. It chronicled all their doings and sayings, and foresaw immense advantages to the Union and the world in the cordiality existing between the two people. It has now changed its tone, for what reason is not known. It finds, perhaps, that the New York people do not approve of this hobnobbing with Russians—or, it may be, that the Russian Admiral did not dance with Mrs. James Gordon Bennett at the ball. It says:—

CLOSE OF THE RUSSIAN FETES, OR RATHER FARCES.—At last we can announce the close of the Russian *fetes*, or farces. Glad as we are that all the fuss and parade is over, we cannot allow the occasion to pass without a few sensible words in regard to those who have made themselves so entirely ridiculous during these farcial performances. The great Napoleon, when confined upon the Island of St. Helena, uttered the memorable proverb, that if you scratch a Russian you will find a Tartar beneath. Napoleon never said anything more true, and we have found it so during our recent experience in entertaining the officers of the Russian fleet now in our harbor.

We are a young nation, and we display a great deal more youthful enthusiasm than manly common sense in our hospitality towards foreigners. Trollope, Dickens, Capt. Marryatt, Bull Run Russell and a half a hundred other European scribblers have been received here with the utmost possible kindness, which they have returned by slandering, caricaturing and abusing us as soon as they again set foot upon their native soil.—Mortified as we have been by the conduct of these ingrates, we have not yet had sense enough to avoid giving opportunities for similar sneers. We entertained the Japanese princes, or bootblacks—we are not certain which they were—in a truly royal style, and they have retaliated by murdering all Americans on sight. When the Prince of Wales landed here, we astonished that young man and his noble attendants by a welcome which extended from one end of the country to the other, and in which all classes and conditions of our people heartily joined. The English have rather astonished us with the manner in which they have reciprocated our attention by supplying the rebels with a navy; offering us cannon balls for our *soirees dansantese*, and burning our merchant vessels as a response to our torchlight procession and illuminations. But why go over the old, familiar story? Suffice it to say that we have now capped the climax of absurdity by *feting* a lot of Russians, who neither care for nor appreciate our hospitality, and who laugh in their sleeves at our juvenile and gushing simplicity.

Upon the arrival of the Russian fleet in our harbor, we were seized with a Russian mania. Our citizen soldiers paraded the streets, muddied their trowsers, to show themselves to the Russians, and were quietly ignored at the Russian dinner. The dinner was gotten up lavishly—although lard, and tallow, and train oil would have done as well as game, and pastry, and champagne—but the speeches were exceedingly farcial, especially in those portions which essayed to draw a comparison between the Emperor Alexander and President Lincoln. Then came the ball, which was, as we predicted, a farce and a failure. So ends the history of the Russian festivities; and what have we gained by them? Is it the sympathy of the Russian Czar? We had that before, in a diplomatic way, and it really amounts to nothing. Russia sends her navy here to keep it safe in the event of a war with France; but we doubt if she would send it here if we needed it to aid us in fighting England. Her navy, in fact, is not worth the sending. One of our Ironsides could blow it out of the water, with all the barbarians on board, in a couple of hours. How else can Russian sympathy avail us? What assistance is her barbarian legation or her barbarian diplomacy to a people able to take care of themselves? If she has any sympathy to spare, let her expend it upon the Poles, who have groaned for half a century under her iron yoke, and have been deprived of all their natural and national rights, except the right of being sent to Siberia. For free America to become cheek by jowl with such a despotism is contrary to all the traditions, all the sentiments, and all the principles of this republic. We may have forgotten this during our recent excitement. Let us remember it now.

Neither does it at all alter the case that we are contending with a rebellion, and that Russia is in the same predicament. The saying that misery loves company, is not applicable to our situation. Our rebellion is the attempt of a few ambitious politicians to destroy the government in order to retain power. The Polish rebellion is the struggle of a brave people for that right of self-government of which they have been robbed. There is no coincidence, no similarity, between the two governments against which the rebellious are contending. If Clay, Webster and Calhoun had delivered the speeches at the Russian dinner, instead of the petty spouters who made themselves silly upon that occasion, we might have been forcibly reminded of these and kindred truths before; but our orators lack brains as well as eloquence. We want no sympathy from Russia, no sympathy from France, no sympathy from England, no sympathy from any European government. We shall settle our difficulties for ourselves, and in our own time; and our tremendous display of military and naval strength, and our unparalleled resources, and our unanimity of national feeling, will compel the respect and fear of the world. The genius of Liberty and of America is supremely ridiculous when she appears at a ball, and trips about on her toes like a ballet girl, in order to obtain a little worthless applause from foreigners, who are far more likely to laugh and jeer than to fall in love with her. Let her preserve her dignity, and rely upon her iron-clads and her armies, and both Russian barbarians and European neutrals will be happy to esteem and admire her.

ONE OF THE ENGLISH ROYAL FAMILY IN DISTRESS.—We (*Court Chronicle*) desire to direct special attention to a letter in another column bearing the above heading, addressed to us by W. Conningham, Esq., the esteemed member for Brighton, relative to the claims of the unfortunate Mrs. Ryves. Justice has been too long deferred towards this claimant for royal honours and emoluments, and, as we have carefully and minutely investigated all the circumstances of this remarkable case, we cannot but express our surprise that this lady should have been allowed to spend her declining years in poverty and neglect. Mrs. Olive Serres was the daughter of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, the brother of George III., and Mrs. Ryves is the daugter of Olive Serres; consequently, the right to the possession of the title and honors she seeks to recover ought never to have been withheld. We are aware of the difficulty that has been brought to bear upon this case, but we believe that the next step to be taken will be to secure a declaration of the legitimacy of Mrs. Olive Serres, which step will be taken as soon as funds can be provided for the necessary legal expenses. Sir Fitzroy Kelly and Dr. Phillimore have, we believe, undertaken to conduct the appeal. To give an insight into the nature of Mrs. Ryves' claims, we will mention a singular circumstance which obtained extensive publicity some time since. It is recorded that her Royal Highness the late Duchess of Kent was brought with great difficulty from the Continent to this country just prior to the birth of Victoria, our most gracious and beloved Queen. The Duke of Kent was in great pecuniary difficulties at the time; and it is nearly certain that the Sovereign of these realms would not have been British born had it not been for Olive Serres, who at the last moment and great personal sacrifice, advanced £400 to his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent to enable him to defray the expenses incurred by the Duchess in the passage to England. Olive Serres is dead; the Duchess of Kent is also dead. The daughter of the former is now an impoverished claimant of royal honors; the daughter of the other occupies the grandest and mightiest throne in all the world! It has recently been made known that this unfortunate lady (far advanced in years) has been for a long time, and is now, in actual want of the common necessaries of life. Should she die in this state there is but little doubt that then a great outcry would be made, but then it would be too late.

LORD PALMERSTON.—Lord Palmerston has entered on his 80th year, having been born on the 20th Oct., 1784.—He is a wonderful specimen of longevity combined with great intellectual power and physical activity. The vast majority of men at so extreme an age are the wrecks of humanity; but the Premier is an exception to the general rule, and the liveliness and buoyancy of his speeches in Parliament show that the mere animal spirits as well as the brain-power are as juvenile as ever. It is one of the characteristics of advanced life that death comes tenderly, gently, and often without premonitory symptoms, to such persons. Lord Campbell, two or three years back, having just then attained Lord Palmerston's age, died while dressing himself after rising from his bed, and numerous similar instances might be mentioned; so that, in all human probability, any further greatly extended lease of existence while Lord Palmerston continues to discharge his present onerous duties cannot be looked for. Last year the noble lord experienced two or three attacks of gout,