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. XXII.] CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 9, 1871. [NO. 2.

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TERMS.
Ten Shillings per annum in advance, or Twelve Shillings when not paid in advance.

ALMANAC FOR JANUARY.

MOON'S CHANGES.
Full Moon, 6th day, 5h. 11 m., p. m., W.
Last Quarter, 14th day, 2h. 44m., a. m., S. E.
New Moon, 20th day, 8h. 19m., p. m., N W.
First Quarter, 28th day, 9h 2m., a. m. S W.

D M	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	Sun slow clock	Moon sets.	High Water	day's Length
		h m	h m	m s	h m	h m	h m
1	Sun	7 49	4 18	3 39	1 31	6 29	29
2	Mon	49	19	4 17	3 34	7 28	30
3	Tues	49	20	45	3 36	8 28	31
4	Wed	49	21	5 12	5 37	9 3	32
5	Thur	49	22	39	6 36	9 44	33
6	Frid	48	23	6 6	9 31	10 22	35
7	Sat	48	25	32	8 20	11 2	37
8	Sun	47	26	57	9 4	11 40	38
9	Mon	47	27	7 22	9 40	A. 15	40
10	Tues	47	29	47	10 12	0 55	42
11	Wed	7 46	30	8 11	10 38	1 35	44
12	Thurs	46	31	34	11 2	2 18	45
13	Frid	45	32	57	11 27	3 6	47
14	Sat	45	34	9 19	11 53	4 11	49
15	Sun	44	35	40	A. 21	5 30	51
16	Mon	43	36	10 1	1 51	6 52	53
17	Tues	42	38	21	0 31	8 3	56
18	Wed	42	40	41	2 19	9 2	58
19	Thur	42	41	59	3 17	9 54	59
20	Frid	41	42	11 17	4 23	10 39	9 1
21	Sat	40	44	35	5 35	11 24	4
22	Sun	39	45	51	6 46	morn	6
23	Mon	38	46	12 7	7 49	0 4	8
24	Tues	37	48	22	9 7	0 41	11
25	Wed	36	49	36	10 33	1 18	13
26	Thur	35	50	49	11 9	1 50	15
27	Frid	34	52	13 1	morn.	2 36	18
28	Sat	33	54	12	0 19	3 23	21
29	Sun	32	55	24	1 20	4 20	23
30	Mon	31	57	33	2 23	5 23	26
31	Tues	7 29	4 58	13 42	3 35	6 37	9 29

Business Cards.

HENRY J. GAFFNEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
OFFICE IN
DesBrisay's Block
(next Apothecarie's Hall,)
QUEEN STREET,
RESIDENCE.—North American Hotel.
Charlottetown, Aug 3, 1870.

MR. A. SMYTHE,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,
Has Removed his Academy to Water St.,
(Opposite the late Telegraph Office.)
Pianoforte and Melodeon Tuning punctually attended to.
July 25, 1870. 1y

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant and AUCTIONEER,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

A. McNEILL,
Reading Room Proprietor,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND
AUCTIONEER.
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.
May 31, 1869. tf

SETH D. SHAW,
Attorney-at-Law, &c.
OFFICE—Corner of Great George and Dorchester Streets.
Opposite City Hotel. Formerly occupied as a Law Office by Charles Palmer, Esq., and recently by H. J. Cundall, Esq.
CHARLOTTETOWN.
March 21, 1870. 1 yr

H. HASZARD,
Commission Merchant,
GENERAL AGENT,
AND
AUCTIONEER
Uppe. Queen Street,
Charottetown, - - - P. E. I.
N. B.—Orders from abroad, and the country will receive promptattention.
April 26, 1869

A. HERMANS,
Bell-Hanger, Gun and Tin-Smith,
Dorchester Street,
(Next to "Examiner" Office.)
BEGS to return his thanks to the general public for the liberal patronage extended to him since his commencement in business, and asks for a continuance of the same. He keeps constanty on hand
A neat Assortment of
TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS
&c., &c., &c.
ALL ORDERS in the above BUSINESS will be punctually attended to.
Having lately made large purchases in the Cheapest Markets, intended for House Builders, such as
Gas Fitting, Water Closets,
Bell Fittings, &., &c.,
I am prepared to SELL THEM at RATES AS LOW AS CAN BE HAD IN THE CITY, and will fit them up in a good workmanlike style
To a generous public, I would say, that all orders in THIS BRANCH OF MY BUSINESS will be attended to with Despatch
A Lot of First Class WATER COOLERS on hand.
SAYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE,
Sold Cheaper than ever.
July 12, 1869.

MARINE INSURANCE.

CANADA INSURANCE UNION,
COMPRISING THE
MONTREAL ASSURANCE COMPANY,
Incorporated 1840.
Capital and Cash Assets, - $1,099,540
AND
BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE CO.,
OF TORONTO.
Established 1833.
Capital and Cash Assets, upwards of - $500,000
Joint Policies, binding both the above Offices, issued on Vessels, Cargoes and Freights, to and from all ports of the commercial world
$10,000 covered on First-class Risks.
RATES MODERATE.
Losses promptly adjusted and Paid in Cash.
FENTON T. NEWBERY, Attorney.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.
Head Office, 1 Old Broad Street, London.
Subscribed and Invested Capital, - £1,965,000 *Sterling.*

HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE CO.
Head Office, 45 Wall Street, New York.

Paid Up Capital, - - - - - -	$400,000 00
Surplus, - - - - - - -	326,399 94
Total Assets, 1st Jan'y, 1870, - - -	$726,399 94

Risks against loss or damage by FIRE accepted on every description of property. Apply to
FENTON T. NEWBERY, General Agent for P. E. Island.
Charlottetown, April 25, 1870.

PRIZE MEDALS,
1869 AND 1851;
F. S. CLEAVER
Begs respectfully to recommend the following articles of
TOILET SOAP AND PERFUMERY
Manufactured and Imported by him.
All of which may be relied on for their genuine quality, as many years' increasing patronage will testify, rendering unnecessary any further comment. In non-angular tablets, White Glycerine Soap, richly perfumed Lettuce Milk Soap, Floral Soaps, Spermaceti Soap, Otto of Rose Cold Cream Soap, Centfleurs Toilet Soap, Prize Medal Honey Soap, Almond, Palm, Glycerine, Sunflower, Mallow and every description of Toilet Soaps, Musk and Treble Scented Brown Windsor, Improved and Extra Scented ditto.
THE LATEST NOVELITIES
F. S. Cleaver's Hyacinth Toilet Soap, F. S. Cleaver's Musk Rose Windsor Soap, Military and Naval Toilet Soap, Plate Rouge Soap. F. S. Cleaver's Honey Pomade for the Hair, F. S. Cleaver's Floral Pomades for the hair, Saponaceous Tooth Powder, Glycerine Shaving Squares, Cosmetiques, &c. The Scent of the Period, also Jockey Club Boquet, Kiss Me Quick, Frangipanni, Ess Boquet, Millefleurs, Mangolia Rondelitia, Ylangilang, May Blossom, New Mown Hay, As You Like It, &c., &c.
For Family Use, the following Soaps in 1 lb. Bars—Family Brown Windsor, Almond Glycerine, Family Honey Soap, Rose, Elder Flower, Dr. Chambers' Castor Oil Pomatum, Marrow Oil, Bears' Grease, Bears' Marrow, Crystallized Cream, Lavendar Water, Eau de Cologne, Viole Powder.
CAUTION.—Owing to the recent introduction of Soap made from Cocoa Nut Oil, F. S. Cleaver feels it incumbent on him to remark that he entirely abstains from the use of that pernicious article in any Soap bearing his name, the only advantage of which is to enable the maker to produce soap at less cost, and with a smooth and ivory-like appearance, which treacherous and superficial qualification is to be avoided; as a soap so made possesses a much more powerful alkali than genuine English-made soap; and like many other things, beautiful to behold, leaves its sting behind, by causing a severe irritation to the skin—particularly if used for shaving. It likewise produces a faint, sickly, and disagreeable smell, as the hands of any person who has used it can testify.
Manufactory, 32 and 33, Red Lion Street, London, W. C. Depot, 243, Rue St. Dennis, Paris. Sold by
W. R. WATSON.
City Drug Store, Victoria Building.
Oct. 28, 1869

SALT. SALT.
FOR SALE, 600 SALT, in bulk. Bushels LIVERPOOL
Also, 2000 SACKS, ex Bark *CLIFTON.*
JAMES C. POPE.
Ch'town, August 1, 1870.

Wool. Wool.
CASH paid for WOOL, on delivery, at the Store of
H. J. CALLBECK.
Ch'town, May 30, 1870.

CAUTION.
DON'T waste your money in buying BOGUS Wool or Mowing Machine Oil, when you can get the pure Olive or Sweet Oil much cheaper at the
'CITY HARDWARE STORE.'
BOURKE, GILLAN & Co.
August 22, 1870.

Per "Lelia Alice."
CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S Pickles, Sauces, Currie Powder, Ground Spices, Flavoring Essences, Prepared Cochineal, Red and Black Currant Jelly, Scotch Marmalade, Galatine Vermacilli, Maccaroni, Tapiaco, Citron, Lemon & Orange Peels, Mustard in Kegs, Bottles & Packages, Split Peas, Sperm Candles, Mock Turtle, Ox-tail & Green Peas, Soup, &c., &c.
WM. R. WATSON.
City Drug Store, Victoria Building, Oct. 31, 1870.

Just Received
400 Yards WATR PROOF CLOTH,
HEARTZ & SON.
Nov. 29, 1869.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.
FOR 1871.
Twenty-sixth Year.
THIS splendid weekly, greatly enlarged and improved, is one of the most useful and interesting journals ever published. Every number is beautifully printed on fine paper, and elegantly illustrated with original engravings, representing New Inventions; Novelties in Mechanics, Manufactures, Chemistry, Photography, Architecture, Agriculture, Engineering, Science and Art. Farmers, Mechanics, Inventors, Engineers Chemists, Manufacturers, and people of all Professions or Trades will find the Scientific American of great value and interest. Its practical suggestions will save hundreds of dollars to every household, workshop and factory in the land besides affording a continual source of valuable Instruction. The editors are assisted by many of the ablest American and European Writers, and having access to all the leading Scientific and Mechanical Journals of the World, the columns of the Scientific American are constantly enriched with the choicest information.
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The Yearly numbers of the Scientific American, make two splendid volumes of nearly One Thousand Pages, equivalent in size to four thousand ordinary book pages. Specimen copies sent free.
Terms—$3 a year; $1.50 half year; Clubs of ten copies for one year, at $2-50 each, $25.00 with a splendid premium to the person who forms the Club, consisting of a copy of the celebrated Steel Plate Engraving, "Men of Progress."
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Address, MUNN & CO.,
Publishers of the Scientific American
37 Park Row, New York.

Notice.
GENERAL POST OFFICE CH'TOWN
December 10, 1870.
IN future, Money Orders will not be issued on Great Britain on the days on which Supplementary English Mails are closed.
JOHN A. McDONALD, P.M.G.

BUFFALO ROBES.
NO. 1 WHOLE SKINS,
For Sale Cheap at
LONDON HOUSE!
G. & S. DAVIES.
Dec. 5, 1870.

Do Not Ruin Your
EYE-SIGHT
By Wearing Common Spectacles;
Nine-tenths of all Eye Disease
IS CAUSED BY
Woaring Improper Glasses.
Lazarus & Morris'
PERFECTED
SPECTACLES
AND EYE-GLASSES.
For which I am the SOLE AGENT, are the most
Perfect and Beautiful Ever Offered.
They will cause a continuous and abiding improvement in the Eyes, and assist your sight most brilliantly.
W. R. WATSON,
Sole Agent for Charlottetown
Ch'town, November 7, 1870.

Laths! Laths!
FOR SALE
300,000 Spruce Laths (4 feet),
Best Quality. Apply to
A. McNEILL, Auctioneer.
Exchange Building, June 6, 1870.

MY WIFE!
HOW I GOT HER.

'Tobacco is the tomb of love,' writes a modern novelist of high standing, but with every respect for his authority, I beg to say it was quite the contrary in my case.

Twenty-one years ago I was sitting by my fireside, footing up innumerable pages of my bachelor's housekeeping book, taking exercises in Arithmetic in long columns of 'petty cash'—comprising items for parrots and bathbricks, metal tacks and mutton chops—until, tired and wearied, I arrived at the sum total, and jerked the book on the mantlepiece. Near at the same time I placed my hand in the pocket of my dressing-gown, drew out a leather case, and lit a *principie*, I placed my feet on the fender and sighed exhausted by my long job of domestic accounts. I was then in business—'twas a small wholesale business then, 'tis a large one now; totting of carrots and bathbricks, of tacks and mutton-chops, would tire me a thousand times more than twenty-four hours of honest ledger work. I sighed not from love, but from labor; for, to tell you the truth, I had never been in love. Is this to go on forever? thought I, as I took my third whiff, and looked dreamily through the thin smoke as it ascended between me and a large print, the capture of Gibralter, which hung over the chimney-piece. Am I to spend my time in totting up parsnips and computing carrots and comptrolling washing bills? I sighed again, and, in the act, off flew the button of my neckband, as though some superior power had seasonably sent the accident to remind me of my helplessness.

The button settled the business; though as it slipped down inside my shirt, and passed with its mother-o'-pearl coldness over my heart, for a moment it threatened my matrimonial resolution. I pitied my own lonely state, and pity, we know, is akin to love.

But how was the matter to be accomplished? Most men at my age would already have adjusted their inclination to some object; so that, having made up their mind and counted the cost, little more would have remained to be done than to decide upon the day and lay hold upon the license This, however, was not the case with me. I had been too much occupied, too idle or too indolent, to devote the time or make the effort to 'form an attachment.' It was through no disinclination or difficulty to be pleased; for had any young lady of moderately agreeable power taken the trouble, she might have married me long ere then. I should have even have been grateful to her for taking the trouble off my hands: but I was too bashful to adopt the initiative.

I was a bashful man. This weakness came from the same cause as my uncle Toby's—namely, a want of acquaintance with female society, which want arose from another cause in my case—namely, too close an application to business.

Accordingly, I thought of an advertisement; yet with no practical design of doing business, but, as I persuaded myself, for a joke. So I scratched with a pencil on the back of a letter the following:—

"WANTED, A WIFE.—None but the principals need apply. The advertiser does not require cash, but a companion. He is six-and-twenty, and tired of single life As men go, he believes he has a moderate share of temper, and want of time is his only reason for having resource to the newspapers. He has enough means for himself and second party, and is willing to treat at once; He is quite aware that a great many attempts to convert his honest intentions into an extravagant joke will be made, but he warns all rash intruders. If he finds a man hardy enough to make sport of his affections he will thrash him, if a woman, he will forgive her. He has a heart for the sincere, a horsewhip for the impertinent. In either case all advertisements will be promptly attended to if addressed to P. P., to the office of this paper."

I felt proud of my composition, and puffed my *principie* with a vague glee and anticipation of something coming out of it. I had no very great idea that anything but fun would result; and I certainly had not the slightest notion of involving myself in a personal collision with any one. Still the presentment that it was not destined to be all a barren joke pressed upon me. On Saturday the advertisement appeared, and I heard its style canvassed by all my friends, and it was jockingly suggested by more than one that I was the domestically destitute individual who put it forth.

On Monday morning I sent a boy to the newspaper office for P. P.'s letters I expected he might be followed by some curious and inquisitive persons, so I told him on his way back to call at a bachelor neighbor's of mine for a took. The trick took. The lad was followed by some persons who never lost sight of him until he ran him to my friends, and then they went back and announced that he was the advertiser; I thus discharged in full one or two practical jokes which my neighbor had played upon me. The answers were of the usual character, some seeking to elicit name and still more suggesting places of meeting where I was to exhibit myself with a flower in my buttonhole and a white hankerchief in my hand. One only looked like business. It was from a lady, who proposed an interview in a neighboring city, about forty miles north. She said there was something so frank and straightforward in my advertisement, she felt convinced it was real, and she could rely upon my keeping her name secret if, after we met, nothing came of the meeting. She would, therefore, see me at the————, on a certain day, and if mutual approbation did not follow the interview, why, there was no harm done.

Most people would have put down this as a trap to give me a journey for nothing. I did not. A presentment impelled me to accept and keep the engagement.

This was in the old coaching days, when a man had time to make an acquaintance of forty miles; not as now, when you are at your journey's end before you have looked around your company in a railway carriage. There were but two inside—myself and a pleasant, talkative honest-faced elderly gentleman. Shy and timid in female society, I was yet esteemed, animated and agreeable enough among my own sex. We had no trouble, therefore, in making ourselves agreeable to one another, so much so, that as the coach approached G., and the old gentleman learned that I meant to stop there that night, he asked me to waive ceremony and have a cup of tea with him after I had dined at my hotel. My 'fair engagement' was not till next day, and as I liked the old gentleman, I accepted his offer.

After my pint of sherry, I brushed my hair and went in search of my companion and my promised cup of tea. I had no difficulty in finding him out, for he was a man of substance and importance in the place. I was shown into the drawing room. My old friend received me heartily, and introduced me to his wife and five daughters. 'All spinsters, sir,' said he; 'young ladies whom an undiscriminating world seems disposed to leave on my hands.'

'If we don't sell, papa,' said the eldest, who with her sisters seemed to reflect her father's fun, 'it is not for the want of puffing, for all your introductions are advertisements.'

At the mention of this last word, I felt discomposed, and almost regretted my engagement for the next day, when that very night perhaps my providential opportunity had arrived.

I need not trouble my readers with all our sayings and doings during tea; suffice it to say that I found them a very pleasant friendly family, and was surprised to find I forgot all my shyness and timidity, encouraged by their good-tempered ease and conversation. They did not enquire whether I was married or single, for where there were five young, unmated daughters the question might seem invidious. I, however, in the freedom of the moment, volunteered the information of my bachelorhood. I thought I had no sooner communicated the fact than the girls passed around a glance of arch intelligence from one to the other. I cannot tell you how odd I felt at the moment. My sensations were between pleasure and confusion, as a suspicion crossed my mind, and helped, I felt to color my cheek. Presently, however, the eldest, with an assumed indifference which cost her an effort, asked were I was staying-

'At the————hotel,' I answered, with some embarrassment.

It was with difficulty they restrained a laugh; they bit their lips, and I had no longer a suspicion—I was certain. So, after some music, when I rose to depart, I mustered courage, as I bid them good bye, to say aside to the eldest—

'Shall P. P. consider this the interview?'

A blush of conscious guilt—I should rather say innocence—told me I had sent my random arrow to the right quarter; so I pressed the matter no further at that moment—but I did her hand.

I remained at my hotel next day until an hour after the appointed time; but no one made their appearance. 'Then,' thought I, brushing my hair and adjusting my cravat, 'since the mountain will not come to Mahommet, Mahommet must go to the mountain, so I walked across to my old friends The young ladies were all in The eldest was engaged with some embroidery at the window I had therefore an opportunity as I leaned over the frame to whisper—

'S. S. is not punctual'

The crimson in her face and neck were now so deep that a skeptic himself would no longer doubt. I need say no more. That evening, in her father's garden, she confessed that she and her sister had conspired to bring me up to G. on a fool's errand never meaning of course to keep the engagement.

'Then,' said I, 'since you designed to take me in, you must consent to make me happy.'

'And what did she say, papa?' asks my second daughter, who is now looking over my shoulder as I write.

'Why, you little goose, she promised to be your mamma. She kept her word.

A STRANGE STORY.

The English papers announce that the Marchioness of Tweedale has died at her residence, Edinburg. If the fact is mentioned now, it is not to have an excuse for speaking of the virtues of the deceased lady, nor for sketching the principal features of her long career, but because her name is connected with a strange event, which is worthy of being narrated.

The Duke of Gordon was a dissipated man. In a few years he ran through the immense fortune he had inherited from his ancestors.—Ashamed of his excesses, or perhaps annoyed that he was no longer able to occupy in the world the high position to which his rank entitled him, he withdrew to a solitary mansion, situated close to the sea, in Lincolnshire.—There he shut himself up like a hermit for several years, living somewhat like a wild man holding no communication mith men, and passing his time in roaming about, except in the hunting season, when he would occasionally ride with the foxhounds.

One evening he was startled by piercing shrieks. He rushed to the window and looked out toward to the sea, but all was dark. A horrible tempest was raging; the waves dashed furiously against the walls of the mansion. The violence of the storm terrified the Duke. Suddenly a tremendous flash of lightning rent the clouds, and by its light he perceived a dismantled-ship almost a wreck, being driven toward the shore. He could see persons running about, as if demented, on the deck; then all was dark again. Suddenly he heard a fearful crash; the ship had been dashed upon the rocks. In the midst of the howling of the tempest, the Duke fancied he heard the piercing cry of a woman. He ran out upon the beach and listened, while he held his breath. The same cries continued to be heard, and he thought that notwithstanding the darkness he could distinguish something moving.

The sea appeared to redouble its fury. A monstrous wave rose and broke upon the beach with such rapidity that the Duke had scarcely time to run a few paces back. It enveloped him up to his waist, threw him far on to the ground and retreated. He was stunned for a moment; but, recovering himself, he perceived at a little distance from him the fragment of a boat which the wave had cast up on to the shore, and to which an almost insensible woman was convulsively clinging. Another wave, not less monstrous than the preceeding, thundered on the beach. The Duke seized the woman hastily, lifted her on to his shou'der and bore her to the mansion. A good fire was burning on the hearth, and it was not long before the unknown regained her senses.

The Duke gazed upon her, dazzled, fascinated! The lady was marvellously beautiful—so beautiful, indeed, that the young nobleman held his breath for fear of causing this exquisite apparition to vanish. The unknown opened her eyes, looked around her with astonishment, stared at the Duke and uttered some words.—Her dress her manners, her features, all indicated a foreign origin, and the words she uttered were in a language—which he did not understand. Who was she? Whence came she? Where was she going?

The unknown remained several months in the mansion. The Duke had resumed his former gallantry and became her devoted cavalier. He taught her in a short time sufficient English to enable her to hold a conversation with him; and partly by words partly by pantomime, they got a'ong exceedingly well. The Duke became desperately enamored of his companion. He implored her to unite her lot with him; but the young lady smiled sadly, and replied, 'No, I will never be your wife.' The Duke became more and more pressing, but the lady did not cease repeating that she would never become his wife.

One day she declared to him in the most positive manner that he must renounce all here, and that it was perfectly useless to try to make her change her determination; but, seeing his deep despair, she added:

'I am your friend. Will you follow my advice?'

'Say on, madam.'

'Well, then, marry the daughter of Lord Howth, who lives near your estate; she will make you happy.'

'Never,' replied the Duke, 'I will have no other wife than you.'

He resisted long, but at last he yielded to the entreaties of the lady, and went to visit Lord Howth, promising to himself that it should be the first and only time. But he reckoned without his host, for Lord Howth succeeded in gradually overcoming his repugnance to stay. His lordship's daughter however, was by no means to be despised, and the Duke began to entertain the idea of making her his wife. In short, one day he demanded her in marriage, and obtained her hand. He returned to give an account of his visit to the foreign lady He was sad and cast down.

'You will soon love her,' said the unknown with a strange smile. 'Here is my wedding present to you.'

She drew out of her hair a blue ribbon, which she fastened around the Duke's wrist, and said:

'Will you swear to me that you will never separate yourself from this ribbon?'

'I swear.'

'So long as you have it on your arm happiness will smile on you, but beware of separating yourself from it.'

She then took the Duke's hand tenderly pressed it and withdrew, saying, 'Adieu!'

'You mean until I see you again,' said he, his heart bursting as he followed her to the door of her chamber.

She shut the door, repeating the word 'Adieu!' In the evening she disappeared

Years rolled on, and the Duke of Gordon had, for a long time, ceased thinking of the unknown. He had married the daughter of Lord Howth, and was living very pleasantly in his mansion in Devonshire, where he had numerous visitors, for his wife had inherited her father's fortune. The Duchess of Gordon would have been the happiest woman in the world but for that mysterious blue ribbon. That ribbon troubled her night and day. One evening when her husband was asleep, she gently detached the armlet from his wrist, and approached the fire to decipher, by its light, the inscription which was marked on it in letters of goldal most at the same instant her husband made a movement. The duchess, alarmed, let fall the ribbon into the fire, and it was soon devoured by the flames. Three days afterwards there was a grand banquet at the mansion. In the middle of the repast loud barks were heard; they became at last so noisy that the Duke sent a servant to inquire into the cause of the tumult.

'A rat, my lord, it's a rat, cried the man, returning. 'All the pack are after it. It has already ran through all the rooms in the house, pursued by the dogs, and it is now coming toward this one.'

Almost at the same instant a rat entered the room, followed by the pack. The rat sprang on to the table, and stopping before the Duke, fixed his piercing eyes upon him All the guests arose.

'Stop the dogs!' cried the Duke, troubled. The life of the rat was spared. It became the inseparable companion of the Duke of Gordon, and followed him like a dog. Nevertheless, its presence soon became intolerable to him. At first he had been amused with it, but after a time it annoyed him.

'Why don't you kill it?' people asked him.

'What would you have? I am superstitious,' replied the Duke, 'and I never shall dare to get rid of him by violence.'

His brother had advised him to travel.

The Duke decided upon going to Malta. He left his mansion, crossed the channel, and in a few days found himself at Marseilles. He had just arrived in that city and met his brother in the saloon of an hotel, when they heard a dog bark behind the door. Soon afterward a singular noise was heard on the staircase. The Duke opened the door, and to his great amazement saw the rat enter, drenched to the bones and walked up to the fire.

'Is it the devil?' cried the Duke, bewildered.

His brother, in a fury, seized the poker and struck the animal a blow with it, stretching it upon the floor. The Duke uttered a terrible cry, and staggering forward, fell, saying:

'Wretched man, you have killed me!' And he expired.

A Neat Rebuke—Sir Fredrick Adam spoke with a strong Scotch accent. One day when inspecting a regiment he noticed that the tuft of a soldier's shako was missing. The man was an Irishman and a bit of a humourist. "Where's your feyther (father), my mon?" asked Sir Fredrick. "He's in Ireland, your honour," was the promt reply.

MISCELLANY.

Barbarous Musicians—Vocalists, when they *execute* "Annie Laurie."

The heaviest notes of a bass singer are those that go lowest down the scale.

The popular colored ink for writing love letters now is violet, because it fades so soon.

Why are the breech-loaders supplied with needles?—to keep there breeches in repair, of course.

An editor out West has been elected town constable, and now is able to arrest the attention of his readers.

A SCRAPE.—A man who meets one's remarks with a "fiddlesticks!" clearly wishes to do violins to one's feelings.—Fun.

John Paul says that nothing is raised in the vicinity of Long Branch but the visitor's indignation at finding himself there.

Since Queen Victoria took her place on the English throne, every other throne in Europe, from the least to the greatest, has changed occupants.

Why cannot the Germans obtain anything more from France?—Because the French have sent out of the country the very last Napoleon they had.

At a festival in Chicago to the St. Andrew's Society, when the toast "The Bench and Bar," was announced the band struck up "The Rogue's March."

Cause and effect—A correspondent says that he was lately presented with a sample of tea from Fiji. He thinks it made him Fiji-tea.

A New Orleans paper says that a young widow in that city, who writes well, is training herself for an editor. We hope we are not the editor she is training for.

"Father," said a sporting youth to his parent, "they say trout will bite now." "Well well," was the consoling reply, "mind your work and then you'll be sure they won't bite you."

The Unco Guid.—Scrupulous Waiter, to Tourists, "A whae? A sangwitch! Na, Na! I'll gie ye bread and cheese, an' as much whiskey as ye can drink; but, to mak' sangwidges on the Sabbith day!"

Prussia has greatly improved in agriculture in the last fifty years. The land now supports twice as many inhabitants as it did in 1820, though a greater space is devoted to feeding cattle, and to the raising of plants for manufacturing purposes.

Lunar Beaux—said an astronomer to a bright-eyed girl while talking of Rainbows, "Did you ever see a lunar bow?"—"I have seen beaux by moonlight, it that's what you mean," was the sly rejoinder.

Suited—Lawyer: "The coat's too long, the waistcoat's too long; in fact, the entire suit's too long."—Tailor; Dear me, sir, I'm very sorry; but the fact is, I—I thought that gentlemen of your profession preferred long suits."

Wearing The Wrong Card.—A young woman was recently seen sitting beneath the shade of a large maple tree on Broad Street, philadelphia, soliciting alms, with the following placard fastened round her neck:—"Blind for fifty years and the father of eight small children."

A servant girl in the town of A——, whose beauty formed matter of general admiration and discussion, in passing a group of officers heard one of them exclaim to his fellows, "By heaven, she's painted." Turning round she very quietly replied, "Yes sir; and by heaven only!" The officer acknowledged the force of the rebuke, and apologised.

At the trial in an Alabama town, not long since, one of the witnesses, an old lady of some eighty years, was closely questioned by an opposing counsel relative to the clearness of her eyesight. "How well can you see me?" persisted the lawyer. "Well enough," responded the lady, "to see that you are neither a negro an Indian nor a gentleman." The answer brought down the house, and silenced the counsel.

A SHARP ACTRESS.—A merchant in Berlin having failed to obtain the hand of an opera singer, purchased two dresses and sent them to her to make her choice, saying he would call to know her decision. Shortly, however, before the hour when he had intended to set out on his errand, the merchant received from his beloved a billet-doux to the following effect:—"Of the dresses you have sent, I like one quite as well as the other. I will, in fact, keep both, so that you have no need to call!"

'BO" TO A GOOSE. Ben Jonson having heard that Lord Craven was very anxious to see him went to his Lordship's house. Being in a somewhat tattered condition, the porter refused to admit him, and addressed him in impertinent language, which Ben did not fail to return. While they were wrangling Lord Craven happened to come out, and desired to know the cause of the quarrel. Jonson immediately said "I understood your lordship wishes to see me."—"You, friend," replied the lord, "who are you?"—"Ben Jonson," replied the other. "No; you cannot be Ben Jonson, who wrote the *Silent woman*; you look as if you could not say bo to a goose!"—"Bo!" cried Ben. "Very well," said his lordship, who was better pleased at the joke than offended at the affront. "I am now convinced of your identity."

THE COLORED MAN IN CONGRESS.

A Washington correspondent, writing on the 12th, says:

"For the first time in the history of the Government a negro was sworn in to-day as a member of the House of Representatives. The fortunate individual is J. W. Rainey, and succeeds B. F. Whittemore, of cadetship selling notoriety, from South Carolina. Rainey was elected to serve out the balance of Whittemore's term in the present Congress. On the opening day of the sesson, about a week ago, there were numerous inquiries for the "negro member," and to-day, when he put in an appearance for the first time, he was the centre of attraction on the floor as well as in the galleries. A light mulatto, with long, dark, straight, glossy hair, bushy side whiskers, and decidedly Caucasian features, he looks more like a Cuban than a negro. In this respect he is quite unlike the negro Senator from Mississippi, Revels, who has the African features as well as the woolly hair. Rainey came forward at the request of the Speaker, after his credentials had been presented, and amid perfect silence took the iron-clad oath. He did not meet with as warm a reception on the part of the members as Revels did in the Senate when he took his seat in that body, As he passed towards his seat in the rear of the Hall—the southeast corner—the only member who thought it worth while to shake hands with him was Horace Maynard of Tennessee. When he had reached his place two or three of the South Carolina members came over to congratulate him. He evidently felt a good deal out of place, and no little disappointment at the freezing reception he received from his brethern of the white persuasion. The negro member's first vote was given in favor of General Banks' St. Domingo resolution. He was born in Georgetown, District of Columbia, where his father and mother were both slaves, and is about thirty-nine years of age."