hills and mountains of every variety of size, shape and form occurs. This grand group recedes in a gentle sweep from the coast far inland, where it terminates in a high conical mountain, overtopping the entire mass of pinnacles which cluster around it. The whole is well clothed with trees of that feathery and graceful foliage peculiar to the spruce and larch, and interspersed with huge round clumps of evergreens, with alternations of long glades and great open patches of lawn covered with rich grass of that bright emerald green peculiar to California. This woodland scene, viewed of an early morning, sparkling with dew-drops under the rising sun, which slowly lifted the veil of mist hanging over it, surpassed in beauty anything I have seen on this continent. Here everything in nature is on a grand scale. All her works are magnificent to a degree unknown in Europe.

THE HARBOURS ALONG THE COAST.

Having for several years entertained a conviction of the vast importance to England of the possession of Vancouver's Island, both politically and commercially, and of the absence of any other point on the coast which can ever rival it north of San Francisco, I watched with much interest the different bays and anchorages as we passed them. There is not a safe harbour, not a spot adapted for a commercial port, between San Francisco and the island. Humboldt Bay is capacious, and vessels can lie with tolerable safety when once in, but it is inaccessable in heavy weather, and is difficult of exit. There are several harbours along the coast which are good enough in summer, during the prevalence of the north-west winds; but in winter the south east winds blow up the coast, and make them all unsafe and difficult of access. The captain's remark was, "There is either a heavy swell or the access is difficult." There are no hidden dangers on the coast. Steamers can keep close in shore, where the sea is smooth and little current, but sailing vessels should keep a good offing, particularly from April to October, when the wind blows from the northward and westward, and causes a strong current.

VANCOUVER AND ITS FOREST OF ETERNAL PINES.

We have now rounded Cape Flattery, and are in the Straits of Fuca, running up between two shores of great beauty. On the left is the long-looked-for island of Vancouver, an irregular aggregation of hills, showing a sharp angular outline as they become visible in the early dawn, covered with the eternal pines, having only occasional sunny patches of open greensward, very pretty and picturesque, but the hills not lofty enough to be very striking. The entire island, properly speaking, is a forest. On the right we have a long massive chain of lofty mountains covered with snow, called the Olympian range—very grand, quite Alpine in aspect. This is the peninsula, composed of a series of mountains running for many miles in one unbroken line, which divides the Straits of Fuca from Puget Sound. It belongs to America, in the territory of Washington, is uninhabited, and, like its opposite neighbour, has a covering of pines far up towards the summit. The tops of these mountains are seldom free from snow. The height is unknown, perhaps 15,000 feet. We ran up through this scenery early in the morning, biting cold, for about forty miles to Esquimalt Harbour —*the* harbour—which confers upon Vancouver's Island its pre-eminence,

THE MYSTERIOUS BAY OF ESQUIMALT.

The harbour of Esquimalt is a circular bay, or rather a basin, hollowed by nature out of the solid rock. We slid in through the narrow entrance between two low, rocky promontories, and found ourselves suddenly transported from the open sea and its heavy roll and swell into a Highland lake, placid as the face of a mirror, in the recesses of a pine forest. The transition was startling. From the peculiar shape of the bay and the deep indentations its various coves make into the shore, one sees but a small portion of the harbour at a glance from the point we brought up at. We therefore thought it ridiculously small after our expectations had been so highly wrought in San Francisco The whole scenery is of the Highland character. The rocky shores, the pine trees running down to the edge of the lake, their dark foliage trembling over the glittering surface which reflected them, the surrounding hills, and the death-like silence. I was both delighted and disappointed—delighted with the richness of the scenery, but disappointed at the smallness of the harbour. Can this little loch, imprisoned within natural ramparts of rocks, buried in the solitude of a forest, be the place which I hoped would become so famous; the great destiny of which has been prognosticated by statesmen and publicists, and the possession of which is bitterly envied us by neighbouring nations;—this the place where England is to centre a naval force hitherto unknown in the Pacific, whence her fleets are to issue for the protection of her increasing interests in the Western world; this the seaport of the Singapore of the Pacific; the modern Tyre into which the riches of the East are to flow and be distributed to the Western nations; the terminus of railway communication which is to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific? Our steamer swings, and I obtain a new view, which reveals another and larger portion of the Bay of Esquimalt, in which ride at anchor her Majesty's frigate Statellite and the Plumper surveying vessel. How grateful the sight of the old familiar flag, modestly and gently flapping in the slight morning breeze, *in British waters!* I felt more free and more comfortable when the sight of these grateful objects realized the fact that I was once more in my own country. A survey of the bay satisfies one that it is a capacious harbour, capable of containing a large fleet—hundreds of vessels when its capacity is made available by engineering—the building of wharves, throwing out of jetties, scarping the rocky shores, &c. And it has the natural advantages of a good bottom for anchorage, is almost land locked, and by a little building at the entrance, can be made completely so; deep water, five, six, seven, and eight fathoms, easy of access, Victoria-bay, over which vessels pass in entering, being itself a safe anchorage, and of great capacity. The harbour is admirably adapted for fortifications, which could be built at its entrance in such a manner as to make it impregnable. Guns could be so placed on the promontories and on and island just outside, in Victoria-bay, as to completely command the entrance, and under the fire of which no vessel could live; and —what is of infinite importance— here is a portion of the harbour which could not be shelled, and which is well adapted for the building of a dock yard. The ground on two sides of the harbour is eligible for a city, and—what is a curious feature in the landscape, and may become yet of great commercial importance—an arm of the sea, called the Victoria Arm, runs up into the country from Victoria several miles to within 600 yards of Esquimalt harbour. This is navigable for small vessels; and, should Victoria continue to be the capital of the colony and the commercial city, nothing is easier than to carry merchandise in a variety of craft from the harbour to the city by the Victoria Arm (which would be an inland navigation) free from the swell of the open sea between the two places. A short cut or canal would join this arm to the harbour.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE GREAT CHIEF OF THE COWITCHINS.

I had an interview with a chief—a great chief of the Cowitchin tribe—the Catholic Bishop of Victoria being the interpreter. I got waylaid by the great chief and the holy man in the passage of the public offices, to my great surprise one day. The Bishop opened the interview. The chief had heard that I had bought land in his Fief of Cowitchin. I admitted the soft impeachment. The bishop felt a little difficulty. He wanted to keep the chief and the stranger both in good humour. After the chief had gurgled out some sentences, as is the custom of his tribe, and of all other tribes also—an utterance which resembles hiccuping veey much, and pronounced very low, in as low a voice as is ever heard in polite London society—the good bishop brought about a good understanding. The Indian feared that the influx of strangers would bring spirits into his dominions and corrupt his people. Upon this head I set him quite at ease, as far as I was concerned; and I was quite sincere in promising not to carry spirits into his country, and to conform to all his laws. The bishop asked me to accompany him into the Cowitchin country, where he is soon going on a missionary visitation, an invitation I would most gladly have accepted had my engagements allowed. The bishop has great influence over the Indians of the Island, and speaks their language fluently. This chief was a lad about 25 years of age, of middle height, square build, a big flat head, a stupid inexpressive face, a dull inconstant eye, which I could not get him to fix upon me at all. A bad feature was that eye, denoting insincerity and treachery. His appearance was altogether very mean; no native dignity, no *presence*, such as some high born Indians possess. He was dressed in a red flannel shirt, and had some sort of apology for a pair of trousers. This completed his attire. No shoes and no covering for the head. His feet were large and flat, but his hands small and well formed. He emitted such an odour in the hot noon-day sun as made me very thankful when the interview was over.

DESPERATE VOYAGE TO THE FRAZER.

Victoria is distant from Esquimalt, by land, about three miles; round by sea double the distance. The intervening ground is an irregular promontory, having the waters of the Straits of Fuca on the south, the Bay of Victoria on the east, and the Victoria Arm encircling it on the north. The promontory contains three farms, reclaimed from the forest of pines, oaks, alders, willows, and evergreens. The soil is good, and produces fair crops of the ordinary cereals, oats, barley, and wheat; and good grass, turnips, and potatoes. The Bay of Victoria runs in a zigzag shape—two long sharp promontories on the southward hiding the town from view until we get quite close up to it. Along low sand-pit juts out into it, which makes the entrance hazardous for large vessels at some little distance below the town, and higher up the anchorage is shallow. Twice at low tides I saw two or three ugly islands revealed where ships would have to anchor. In short, Victoria is not a good harbour for a fleet. For small vessels and traders on the coast it will answer well enough. As we are rowing up the bay, all impatience to catch a sight of the future capital of another English colony, of which our heads are full, we meet four stout hairy miners paddling a canoe—an ugly cradle of a thing built impromptu by some Yankee carpenter, or perhaps by the miners themselves—but how inferior in shape and construction to the native vessel! "Hurrah for the Frazer!" yelled the miners as they passed, with a will that made the mountains echo. "Poor fellows!" remarked the captain of the steamer, "you little know the voyage of 70 miles you have before you cross the Gulf of Georgia; if a storm arises you will have a sneezer." The love of gold and of adventure will make men dare anything. A thousand such canoes similarly freighted with provisions have been paddled out of Victoria—perhaps a great many more, for it is calculated that there were a thousand of them on the river last week, all built within the last two months at Victoria. Some are supposed to have been lost on the passage.

(To be concluded.)

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—

A poet has said—

"'Tis something sure to see one's name in print,
A book's a book although there's nothing in't."

And, Sir, as the same couplet most happily applies to a "Farmer's" letter in the *Islander* of the 27th August, I shall, with pleasure, hand it over to himself, reserving to myself the privilege of referring to it while analyzing a "Farmer's" frothy epistle. And really, Mr. Editor, on my first glance at this ridiculous letter, I was almost inclined to conclude from its hypocritical, whining cant, that it was the production of some unfortunate man, styled "Rev." or, if you please, "a Graduate" of *some* University, but who did not tarry at Jerusalem to await his endowment and receive his commission.

But, Sir, on further consideration, I came to the conclusion that no person who had the least degree of civil or religious culture would disgrace himself by imposing such untruthful trash upon any respectable journal. It brought to my recollection the old story of the mountain in labour which resulted in the production of a mouse. And, Mr. Editor, (with the exception of some false statements to which, in their turn, I shall pay due attention,) the writer under notice has published nothing worthy of consideration.

While I am endeavoring to defend myself against the treacherous thrusts of this hidden assailant, who is not disposed to face me under his true colors, I may unintentionally inflict a slight on an innocent person. Who my assailant is, or what he is, is of little consequence; but from his empty bravado respecting heroism, Scotch blood, &c., I am inclined to conclude that he is the warlike champion who hid himself behind an old house during the memorable battle of the Eighteen Mile Brook, and who, on finding that his more heroic companions had driven away the Monaghan boys of Baldwin's Road, this Don Quixote made his appearance, making Her Majesty's highway ring with his cudgel, exclaiming about what he would not do to defend Her Majesty's liege subjects. Should my friend, "a Farmer," not be this identical hero, he has himself to blame for not giving me a chance to address him in a manner more appropriate to his dignity. May I presume that he is the *learned* correspondent of some of the religious periodicals who have desecrated their pages by giving publicity to so many falsehoods and misrepresentations respecting the aforesaid memorable battle?

To proceed, Mr. Editor, I promised to repel certain false statements made by "a Farmer." In the first place, he directs his malicious attacks against the party whom I supported at the late election; but I hesitate not to say that those gentlemen on whose behalf I interested myself are entitled to as much, if not more, respect than himself or any of his fraternity.

Secondly, he charges the Liberal party with excluding the *Bible* from *all* the private (district, I suppose, he means,) schools. Mr. Editor, I would not wish to impute a wilful lie to any person; but the above sweeping charge is rather suspicious for a truthful man to make. Let him point out such school to me in P. E. Island. As I before stated, a child might confute him. It is a bad course that requires such falsehoods to support it.

"A Farmer" seems chagrined at the manner in which I replied to the charge of keeping bad company. I admit that in doing so I touched a tender chord; but I did not mean to offend any respectable person. As to eulogize my family I did not: our notions of good or bad company depends mostly on our fireside education and early associations.

"A Farmer" recoils at the easy manner in which I treat the charge of embezzlement; but will any reasonable man call upon me to prove a negative? I, therefore, as before, treat it with due contempt. "A Farmer" pretends to be at a loss to know what I meant by "differing from many as to the measure of respect that is due from one human being to another." For his information on that subject, I would state that I meant no more and no less than the common courtesies of social life.

"A Farmer" next proceeds to amuse us with a high-flown panegyric on the heroism of his party, and to talk of my insolence, exulting in the glorious victory which his party achieved in beating the Monaghan boys and levelling my old beaver, "the emblem of magisterial dignity;" but, Sir, notwithstanding "a Farmer's" banter, I acted in that tumult as I would again on a similar occasion.

"A Farmer" imputes pride and arrogance to me in discharging my duty; but, Sir, he is far off his mark, for the above qualities form no part of my nature. I presume, however, that "a Farmer" is one of those who estimate the qualities of others by their own. I would despise such despicable propensities, whether in myself or in others. Pride, arrogance and tyranny, with all their kindred qualities, I shall leave to "a Farmer," who probably aspires to imitate and court the favor of the crab aristocracy of P. E. Island. As to "a Farmer's" heroic boasting about levelling magisterial dignity, I would advise him to guard his own dignity, whether real or imaginary, in case it might be prostrated in a worse cause. He seems annoyed at my becoming a monitor to the black cloth politicians, but I am not ashamed of any part of that admonition. Should it suit himself or any of his fraternity, he is welcome to it, either in part or in whole. He sets up a whining cry about wolves in sheep's clothing. I can assure him that I reciprocate his fears of such animals, and really hope that he himself is not one of them.

In conclusion, he states, "that all the Protestant Ministers of every denomination joined in opposition to Snatcher legislation on the Bible question;" but wait a wee—not quite so fast, Mr. F.—for truth and justice's sake save those worthy heralds of the cross who stood aloof, and repudiated both Snarler and Snatcher legislation on the Bible, and were grieved to see that blessed book desecrated in the manner that it has been. Probably, Mr. Editor, yourself and others may be inclined to censure me for taking too much pains to confute "a Farmer's" medley of self-condemnatory statements; but as there is no general rule without an exception. I have been endeavoring to apply Solomon's antidote, to "answer a fool according to his folly lest he become wise in his own conceit."

When "a Farmer" is again inclined to write, I trust he will pay a little more attention to truth, and throwing aside the mask of the coward, appear over his real name; and I shall endeavor to convince him that cowardice is not one of my failings.

In conclusion, I would merely suggest to "a Farmer," before he begins to rear another edifice, to temper his mortar better, and when he attempts to write another letter "to put something in't."

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.,
C. STEWART.

Rosneath[illegible], 1858.

The Examiner.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., OCTOBER 4, 1858

THE MISSING MAIL—WHERE AND HOW IT WAS FOUND.

ALTHOUGH it has been known to every person in this city for more than a week, that letters forwarded by the Mail which was supposed to have been lost had reached their destination, neither of the Opposition papers has had the candour and fairness to communicate the intelligence to the public. The *Protector*, in that spirit of Christian charity which thinketh no evil, peculiarly its own, and to illustrate which so many pious lucubrations have been given to its patient readers —was the first to raise the hue and cry against the Post Office authorities here, and to state—in terms that could not fail to lead to a suspicion of dishonesty on the part of those authorities—that money letters had been lost or abstracted from the Mail Bag. "Here," said the pious editors, who were so anxious to ruin the reputation of a political opponent—"here are the first fruits of the change in the Post Office officials! Money letters were never lost in Mr. Owen's time—there was no error or delay in the forwarding of the mails while he was at the head of the department. The mail has been robbed—we don't directly charge Mr. Davies with the robbery, but we hope he will be able to clear his character from any imputation which may attach to it in consequence of the mysterious loss of money letters to a large amount." This was not exactly the language of the *Protector*, but it breathes the spirit of the articles which have appeared in that paper since the subject of the missing Mail has supplied the pious editors with a safety-valve for their political rancour. In dealing with the subject they took care to suppress the most important part of the truth, namely, that the *whole* mail bag appeared to be missing; but the truth would not answer their purpose, and they resorted to the bald and suspicious statement—which is now proved to be a false one—that two money letters posted here had never reached their destination. In short, the object seemed to be, to represent Mr. Davies, or those in the department with him, as guilty of embezzling money; and that public confidence should be withdrawn from the Post Office while he continued at the head of it.

The *Islander*—more bold, but certainly not more malicious —took up the cry, and has rung the changes upon it for several weeks. The slanders of the *Protector* were all correctly copied, and seasoned with comments suitable to the occasion from its own editorial chair. Our contemporary's last issue contains two or three allusions to the subject, coupled with insinuations, which, if they emanated from any reliable authority, might be productive of serious injury to the Postmaster General. If the editor of the *Islander* did not know that his insinuations are based upon premises the most false, his publisher can hardly plead ignorance in extenuation of his offence in giving publicity to the slanders, because, as we said at the commencement of these remarks, he must have participated with the whole community of Charlottetown in the knowledge of the fact, that the money letters were not stolen, and that the mail bag containing them was not missed or lost. In confirmation of the truth of this statement, we give below the following important letter from Mr. Howe, the Postmaster at St. John, with a copy of which we have been favoured by the Postmaster General, acknowledging the receipt of the Mail Bag in due course of transmission, and showing how, from a blunder on the part of one of *his* clerks, the missing mail was supposed not to have been received at St. John:—

"POST OFFICE, St. John, 21st Sept., 1858.

"SIR,—I have the pleasure of informing you that the missing letter addressed to Mr. Hall was found this morning in the brown paper wrapper in which it was forwarded from your office.

"The mails from Prince Edward Island arrive so very irregularly that the mail of the 10th August was not missed, and when enquiry was made for Mr. Hall's letter, the bills and books were examined, and no mail from P. E. Island of that date being found, I felt positive no mail had been received at this office.

"On Monday last I received a communication from a Mr. Clark, of Charlottetown, requesting me to re-direct a letter he had posted at that place on the 9th August, addressed to St. John, for a person who had returned to the Island. This letter, bearing the Prince Edward Island stamp of the 9th August, changed my opinion with reference to the mail of the 10th. It being English mail day I could do nothing, but this morning I caused a search to be made, and under the long counter on which the mails are issued, the blue bill containing the letter referred to was found.

"Had the clerk, Mr. McGuirk, who opened the mail, not neglected the most important part of his duty, viz: that of checking the mails, this accident would not have happened.

"I exceedingly regret the occurrence, and have done all in my power to explain to the persons interested. I sent for Mr. Smith, who mailed Mr. Hall's letter, and explained to him; he is perfectly satisfied, and informed me that the letter being found will make matters all right, and no loss or inconvenience will result to any of the parties concerned.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
J. HOWE.

"Benjamin Davies, Esq., Postmaster General, P. E. Island."

How will the sanctified defamers relish the information conveyed in the above letter? Will they copy it, and thereby in part atone for the injury they sought to inflict upon the Postmaster General? If they do, their friends may indulge the belief that they are not entirely past praying for; but if they don't, they will merely furnish proof, if such a thing were wanting, that they are determined to be consistent to the last in that career of cant, hypocrisy and humbug which they have so steadily followed since they assumed the office of public instructors. The failure of the attempt to fasten a charge of defalcation upon the Post Office authorities in this place is now proved beyond the shadow of doubt. The opposition made a desperate attempt to elicit an expression of public opinion against the Government for removing Mr. Owen. Public opinion was clearly declared against themselves, and the act of the Government fully justified. Spies were set about the Post Office, to report upon any errors or irregularities which might occur in that department. The story of the missing mail was eagerly caught at, and the public knows how unscrupulously it has been used. The result of the public meeting covered the Opposition with disgrace,—the sequel to the story of the missing mail overflows the measure of their infamy.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

No. 3.

THE more we ponder on this subject the more objectionable do we find the system which gives to one man the right to restrain the liberty, prevent the labor, and break the spirit of his neighbour, whose only misfortune is his inability to pay his debts. In other countries the folly which still characterises our legislation on this subject has long been contemptuously hustled into the wallet on his back wherein Time puts alms for oblivion. We remain proudly conservative of that of which the rest of the civilized world has, for years, been heartily ashamed, and appear inclined to cherish this monstrous absurdity, as the strongest proof we can afford to the present and future generations, that there was a time when we were on a par with other and greater countries, if not in the excellence, yet in all the unmitigated absurdity of some of their institutions. Like the Roman General detached to capture a town, which, however, defied the prowess of his host, and who made his soldiers fill their knapsacks with pebbles, *to shew they had been there*—we retain this elsewhere abandoned system as if to prove that we were once the equals at least of other countries in the spirit which dictated their legislation.

If viewed in the light most strongly, if not solely, urged by those in favor of the continuance of the present law, viz.: that unless the creditor had the power of incarcerating his debtor, the latter would not, in many cases, be disposed to pay the demand against him, and that, therefore, the abolition of the privilege would operate as a means of robbing the creditor of the amount of his claim—we think that the experience of the majority of our readers who have had a practical acquaintance in their own business transactions of the mutual relations of debtor and creditor, that the effect of adopting the harsh measure of imprisonment is generally the determination of the debtor not to pay the "pound of flesh" to the Christian Shylock. And is there aught to marvel at in this? Who, having the natural feelings of a man, would not, in such case, prefer to pay, as far as his means might enable him to do so, those whose lenity and unwillingness to punish misfortune as crime had suffered them to treat him as a freeman, not as a bond-slave—had allowed him an opportunity to earn what he could for his family and his creditors—who had forborne to tear him from his home, to prevent his earning an honest livelihood, in the sorbid, unmanly expectation that by the prospect of confinement in a gaol the particular demand with the added costs could be wrung from him—at the expense, it might be, of the very necessaries of existence, and to the ultimate loss of the more humane and right-thinking creditors?

Every debtor, so weak-minded as to submit to the rapacious, does so at the expense of the forbearing and indulgent, and but affords a bad precedent by which others are affected to their serious loss and frequent ruin. He holds out a premium to the greedy miser to inveigle the credulous poor into his snares, that he may suck his heart's blood as perfectly as the spider catches the incautious fly in his sunlit web, which the victim finds most fatally tenacious, notwithstanding the glad sunshine which by gilding rendered the fetters invisible to his eyes.

Again, how many men has this right *of imprisonment*, when put into harsh practice, induced to convey their property to other creditors, or to personal confidants, on whose friendship they could rely for its clandestine restoration, or its application to the support of the family while the head of that family should remain a prisoner? Is this to be wondered at? Many a man would be willing to diminish the style and expense of his daily living for the purpose of applying the amount saved to the extrication of himself from the meshes of indebtedness in which he might be involved; but the natural effect of treating him as a prisoner—of assimilating his situation and treatment to that of a criminal—is, in a vast number of cases, to reduce his moral sentiments to a state somewhat akin to that class which is subjected, for very different reasons, to a similar punishment. He is apt to adopt the sentiments of Shylock:

"If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge! If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be? Revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction."

A desire of revenge upon his persecutor takes possession of his breast, and he doggedly resolves to

"—— bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
—— the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes"—

rather than satisfy the harsh creditor who has done all that in him lay to ruin him and his.

That this is no merely imaginary case, many instances will readily suggest themselves to the minds of our readers; but we will mention one fact illustrating our argument, and, at the same time, suggestive of serious thoughts as to the responsibility, if not to an earthly, at least to that high, tribunal before which all the secrets of all human hearts will be laid bare, of those who have already inflicted or who may be disposed to anticipate the dispensation of Providence by inflicting, widowhood upon the wife and orphanage upon the children of the yet living husband and father.

When we tell our readers that the law allowed a vindictive and harshly-tempered man to keep a debtor in the gaol of Charlottetown for the space of ten or twelve years, we mention nothing more than is well known to those who are acquainted with the personal history of Mr. —— LePage. Now, if we reflect for a moment on the fact that this creditor (himself now gone to his account) had and exercised such control over his fellow man for such a period of his life, and bear in mind that his whole future is tinged by the shades imparted through the darkened windows of a gaol, during so great a segment of a man's existence—can we believe that the system which permits the abomination can be in accordance with the divine benevolence, mercy or justice, or that he who inflicts such misery can ever address to the throne of mercy in other guise than that of a God-insulting hypocrite the beautifully simple prayer—

"That mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me."

Well and truly might Mr. LePage adopt, as applicable to himself on his liberation from his protracted imprisonment, the words of the Prisoner of Chillon—

"My hair is gray,
But not with years,
Nor grew it white in a single night,
As some have done through sudden fears;
My limbs are bowed, but not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose—
For they have been the dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly light and air
Are banned and barred, forbidden fare."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for the present month, has been received. Its contents fully justify the high opinion of its merits which we conceived from the perusal of the first number we read. Without particularizing the individual excellencies of each and every article, (a course forbidden by want of space,) we may conscientiously say that all is good. We must