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. XIII. **Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, January 19, 1863.** **New Series.---No. 2.**

NEW GOODS!

FOR PRESENT and ENSUING SEASON.

THE subscribor has received Ex "Prioress," "Uranus," and "Theresa," from London and Liverpool, a well assorted STOCK of

British and Foreign Goods,

embracing every thing in his line.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

In British and Foreign Reps, Plain and Checked Winceys, Checked Mohairs, Plaid and Printed Alpacas, Cashmeres, Coburgs and Orleans, Black Glacie and Colored Silks, Persians; Shawls and Mantles in the newest styles, Mantle Cloths, Ladies' and Misses' Prize Exhibition Hats, Plumes and Feathers to match; a large assortment in Gloves, Gauntlets, Armlets, Hair Nets, &c. &c.; Black and Colored Silk, Patent Faced and Genoa Velvets; Eagleton's, Bradley's and Balmoral steel Skirts.

Gents' Coatings and Trowserings.

In superfine Black Cloth, Black and Fancy Doeskins, Brown Melton, Black Beaver, Pilot and Seal Cloths, Ready-made Over and Business Coats, Vests and Pants, Neck Ties, Scarfs, Cravats, Mufflers, Rubber and Web Braces, Fancy and White Dress Shirts, Shirt Collars, &c.; Gents' Paris and Exhibition Hats and Caps, latest style, Felt Hats, South Sea, Astracan, Neutria, Sable and Common Seal Caps.

FLANNELS, BLANKETS, SERGES,

Grey, White and Printed Cottons, striped ditto, Osnaburgs, Huckabacks and Diaper Towellings, Printed Oil Cloths, &c. &c.

LADIES' & GENTS' BOOTS & SHOES,

Rubber ditto, Felt and Kid Slippers.

Hardware, Oil, Paint,

Plough Mounting, Cart Boxes and Pipes; a large assortment of Shear Plates, Blister Steel, 6¼ and 9 feet chain Traces, cut and wrought Nails, from 1 to 2 inches, English cut, American pattern Horseshoe Nails, &c. &c.; Cutlery, Window Glass, Powder, Shot, Gun Caps, Coffin Mountings, Black Lead, Blacking in tins and packages, Brushes of all kinds, Hoes, Shovels, Manure Forks, Spades, Hames.

A great variety of SMALL WARES and DYE STUFFS.

GROCERIES.

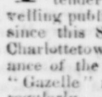
English TEA, of the best quality; bright Porto Rico SUGAR, Crushed, do., Molasses, Soap, Candles, Bloom Raisins, Spices, &c., &c.

The remainder of his Stock daily expected by the "Lady Milne," to Halifax, and Brig "Maria White," from Boston.

PATRICK WALKER.

Walker's Corner, Nov. 17, 1862. 2m

Barque "GAZELLE."



THIS well-known regular TRADER, R. Cameron, master, will sail from LIVERPOOL, G. B., on Saturday, the 28th March next. For Freight or Passage please apply at Liverpool to Messrs. D. Cannon, Sons & Co., and at Charlottetown to

W. W. LORD & CO.

THE owners of the above Vessel beg to tender their thanks to the Merchants and travelling public for the very liberal support received since this Ship has been on the route between Charlottetown and Liverpool, and solicit a continuance of the same. They beg to remind that the "Gazelle" makes her three voyages each summer regularly.

W. W. LORD & CO.

Charlottetown, Jan. 12, 1863. 2m

FALL CONSIGNMENT.

Ex "GAZELLE."

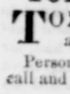
THE Subscriber respectfully intimates to Wholesale Purchasers that he has received per above Ship, a Consignment of the under-mentioned GROCERIES, all which were purchased for Cash, he is therefore confident no one in the City can give better value:

8 Casks small still Whiskey, Glenlivet,
6 Hhds. DeKuyper Geneva,
100 Cases do do
4 Quarter casks old Port Wine,
50 Chests Congo TEA, (warranted),
30 Boxes 3 Crown Soap.

N. RANKIN, Queen Street.

November 17, 1862.

NOW LANDING,



PER Schr. Thomas Clift, from NEW YORK—
155 Bbls. Extra and superior FLOUR, Which will be sold low for Cash.

M. LOWDEN, Peake's Buildings.

Nov. 3, 1862.

TOBACCO! TOBACCO!!

TOBACCO manufactured, a superior article, and sold wholesale and retail.

Persons wishing to purchase are requested to call and have a trial before purchasing elsewhere.

PHILIP COYLE, Pownal-street.

Ch. Town, January 5, 1862. 5i

BAZAAR

FOR SAINT DUNSTAN'S COLLEGE!

Under the patronage of His Lordship the Bishop of Charlottetown.

A BAZAAR, having for its object the raising of Funds to aid in liquidating the debt incurred by the re-building of St. Dunstan's College, will be held in CHARLOTTETOWN during the ensuing Winter. The ladies of the Convent of Notre Dame are the principal organizers thereof, and are zealously seconded in their laudable efforts by many ladies of the city.

The following articles will be disposed of by Lottery:

1. A Drawing-room Chair, embroidered on cloth and mounted, 6s. per ticket.
2. A pair of Fire Screens, 3s. "
3. An elegant Sofa Cushion, 3s. "
4. A Fire Screen, No. 1, 2s. "
5. Do. No. 2, 2s. "
6. A Work Box, embroidered on purple velvet, 1s. 6d. "
7. A pair of Foot-stools, 1s. 6d. "
8. A Work Box painted on velvet, 9d. "

Contributions in money, fancy work, materials for fancy and useful works, &c., will be thankfully received by the following:—

The Ladies of the Convent,

Mrs. Walker,	Mrs. McIsaac,
Mrs. O. Connelly,	Mrs. D. Reddin,
Mrs. Gaul,	Mrs. Gleason,
Mrs. Eckstadt,	Mrs. J. Murphy,
Miss McDonnell,	Miss McDade,
Miss Reddin,	Miss Kelly,
Miss Longard.	

The ladies and gentlemen belonging to the country, as well as those belonging to the city, are respectfully solicited to send in their contributions as soon as possible to either of the above ladies.

Persons desirous of obtaining tickets for the Lotteries will also please send in their names to any of the same parties.

Charlottetown, December 1, 1862.

Holland Gin!

200 CASES, 1 doz. each, and 5 Hhds. De Kuyper's BEST GIN,
20 chests Congo TEA, (very superior),
1 Bale No. 1 Buffalo Robes,
100 Boxes Lozenges.
all at LOW prices.

WILLIAM DODD,

Dec. 22. isl Queen Square.

Barley! Barley!

WANTED, 3000 Bushels BARLEY.

J. S. CARVELL.

Charlottetown, Jan. 12, 1863. tf

Notice.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the estate of Matthew Kelly, late of Township Number Twenty-seven, farmer, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and all persons having legal demands against the said estate are requested to render the same to him duly attested without delay; and notice is hereby further given that all persons found trespassing on the farm or lands of the said deceased will be prosecuted therefor as the law directs; and all persons who have become possessed of any of the farming stock, chattels or other property belonging to the said estate, are requested forthwith to return the same to the undersigned, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same.

HENRY KELLY,
Administrator of said Estate.

Township 27, January 10th, 1863. 3w

RENFREW HOUSE!

Thomas's old Stand,

GREAT GEORGE STREET,

IS NOW OPEN.

THE subscribers have much pleasure in announcing that they have now ready for inspection AN EXTENSIVE AND CAREFULLY SELECTED STOCK OF

British and Foreign Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS,

received via Halifax, in advance of Fall importations, consisting of—

Grey and White Cottons
Striped Regatta Shirting
Prints, Ginghams
Denims, Drills
Bed Tick Osnaburg
Blankets, Flannels
Mantle Cloths, Shawls
Bal. Skirts and Skirting
Hosiery, Gloves
Straw & Felt Hats, N.S.
Flowers, Feathers, and Ribbons
Mohair, Silk & Chenill Hair Nets
Black and Colored Coburgs, Lustres
Winey Cloths, Gala Plaid
Fancy Dresses and Dress Material, in the most fashionable styles
Polka Jackets,
Fancy and Chenill Scarfs in great variety
Elasticand Leather Belts
White and Colored Stays
A further supply of Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Feathers, Gloves, Mantles, Shawls, Fancy Dresses, and other fresh Goods shortly expected
Boots, Shoes, Rubbers in Ladies' and Gents'
Grain Bags
Men's and Boys' Cloth Caps, Storm ditto

Groceries.

Tea, Tobacco, Sugar, Molasses, Soap, Candles, Indigo, Starch, Pepper, Mustard, Ginger, Blue, Baking Soda, Saleratus, Washing Soda, &c. &c. and other Groceries, which we can recommend for family use.

Hardware.

Nails—4d, 6d, 8d, 12d, 20d
Horse Shoe Nails, &c. &c.
Table Knives and Forks
Dessert do do
Carving and Butcher's Knives
Shoe Knives, Sheath do.
Scale Balances,
Weaver's Reeds
AXES
Rope, Powder, Shot,
Gun Caps, Candlewick
Plough Mounting
Hams, Traces, Backbands
Shovels, Hoes
Blister Steel
Blacking, Shoe & Scrubbing Brushes
Paint, Putty and Glass
Wrapping Paper
Blacklead, Shoeblacking
Patent Stove Polish
&c. &c. &c.

The above Goods have been purchased with the greatest care, from some of the first Houses in Great Britain, and with a view to suit the requirements of Town and Country, and are offered to the public at prices that will, we are satisfied, compare favorably withany in the trade.

DELANY & WILSON.

Renfrew House, Oct. 6, 1862. Isl

CARGO EX "GEORGE DUNDAS,"

FROM NEW YORK.

THE Subscriber has JUST RECEIVED per Schooner "George Dundas," the following GOODS, which he

Offers for Sale at the LOWEST PRICES:

100 bbls choice Pastry FLOUR
200 do Extra Family FLOUR
100 do Baker's FLOUR
10 hhds Bright Muscovado SUGAR
20 do Best Porto Rico MOLASSES
10 do Bright Cienfuegos do
20 do Cuba Muscovado do
100 bbls Choice Russet APPLES
20 do PEARS
20 do WASHING SODA
10 Kegs BAKING SODA
100 sides SOLE LEATHER
50 doz BROOMS 30 doz BUCKETS
100 boxes Oriental and Patent Candles
50 do Pale and Extra SOAP
20 do CLOTHES PINS
15nests TUBS 25 boxes assorted Candies.

ALSO, IN STORE,

A Quantity of Tea, Boots, Shoes, Spices, Lozenges, &c.

J. S. CARVELL.

Peake's Buildings, Dec. 22, 1862. tf

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as

IMPORTERS & DEALERS

IN

British, French & other Foreign

DRY GOODS,

Under the Style and Firm of

VAUX BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

C. C. VAUX.
H. B. VAUX.

Tropolit's Buildings, 152 Granville-street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Sept. 9, 1862.

The Liverpool and London FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE Agent for the above first class English Fire Insurance Company begs to call the attention of the public to the advantages offered by this Company, in respect to the security to the assured, and promptness to pay losses, which, without disparaging other Companies, may be safely asserted to be superior to those afforded by any other Company in the Island. The Liverpool and London F. & L. Insurance Company has been in successful operation since 1836, with agencies all over the world, and has paid in losses about two millions and a quarter sterling. Its subscribed capital is £2,000,000 sterling, and its invested funds alone amount to £1,312,000 stg.; and the fire premiums for 1861 amount to £360,130 19s 9d; and in addition to this very large capital, the Company, having been established before the recent Limited Liability Act, the individual fortunes of each of the shareholders, comprising some of the wealthiest merchants in Liverpool and London, are liable for the losses, should the whole of the capital be swept away. In this respect it differs, it is believed, from any other Company established here.

And lastly, the Agent being appointed by Power of Attorney directly from England, is authorised to draw Bills the moment a loss occurs, and without referring to the Home Company, to the extent of one thousand pounds sterling.

With these superior advantages, the Company is not disposed (though it might be well justified) to ask a higher rate of premium than other English Companies, which do not present the same advantageous features, and the Agent has been advised that an uniform rate has been agreed upon by the Directors of this Company and the "Queen's," and that the Agents here should, in this respect, "act in concert."

W. A. JOHNSTONE,
Agent of the Liverpool and London Fire Insurance Company.

Nov. 10, 1862. isl

PRINCE EDWARD ISLNAD CLOTH MANUFACTORY, TRYON.

THE Subscriber, encouraged by the very liberal support received in the Cloth dressing business, begs to inform the inhabitants of P. E. Island that he has imported from the best makers in the United States,

Machinery for Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

and shortly (in addition to finishing Cloth) will be prepared to receive Wool for manufacturing into the various descriptions of Cloth usually made in the Colonies. The charge for Picking, Oiling, Carding, Spinning, and Weaving will be

One shilling and three pence per yard.

Other branches in the same proportion. Wool, which must be washed and dried, may be left with H. J. Callbeck, Sidney Street, Charlottetown, or any of the agents for the Mill, from whom further particulars can be learned.

CHARLES E. STANFIELD.

Tryon, April 21, 1862.

No More Choking!

THE Hairs of Hopkin's Adamantine Cemented Tooth Brushes will not come out by main force. For sale at the City Drug Store.

W. R. WATSON.

Ch. Town, Nov. 10, 1862.

A Beautiful Set of Teeth.

PERFECT freedom from premature decay, and Teeth of a pearl-like whitness, by the use of John Gosnell & Co's CHERRY TOOTH PASTE. For sale at the City Drug store of W. R. WATSON.

Ch. Town, Nov. 10, 1862.

LITERATURE.

ROLL CALL.

"Corporal Green!" the orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer loud and clear;
From the lips of a soldier who stood near;
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded he could not tell.

There they stood in the falling light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-side was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn where the poppies grew
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline!"—At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied;
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Dean!"—then a soldier spoke:
"Dean carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our ensign was shot; I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him a drink;
He mentioned his mother's name, I think;
And death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory—yes; but it cost us dear;
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men that went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "Here."

THE STORY OF A GERMAN PRINCESS.

TALLEYRAND AND THE PRINCESS DOROTHEA—A REMARKABLE PERSONAL HISTORY.

The London *Spectator*, noticing the death of Princess Dorothea of Courland, Duchess of Sagan, at her castle in Prussian Silesia, on the 19th day of September last, gives an interesting review of her singular career. She was born August 31, 1793, and was the youngest of four daughters of Prince Peter, son of the celebrated Ernest John de Biron, whom Anna of Russia raised from the dust to the highest dignities in the Empire, giving him the Duchy of Courland as but a slight token of her favor. By the will of his father, Peter married in early life; but his violent temper made his matrimonial state a very unhappy one, and he brought two wives to the grave before he was thirty years old. Then he made the acquaintance of Ann Charlotte, of Medem, the daughter of a poor German nobleman, possessing a small property in Courland; and, attracted by her physical and mental charms, offered her his hand, which she accepted. The off-pring of this union were four daughters, who, for a long time, were held to be the most perfect beaut'es in Europe. Uniting the charms of unusual intellectual capacity with the symmetry of corporal perfection, the fame of the four Princesses spread through the whole of Europe, and poets came to sing their praises, while kings worshipped at their feet. All and numerous were the brilliant offers of marriage; but by the advice of their mother, each of the four princesses made a love match, or what was held to be such. The eldest married a Count of Schulenburg; the second the Prince of Hohenzollern; the third a Duke of Acerenza; and the youngest, Dorothea, the Count de Talleyrand Perigond, nephew of the great Talleyrand, a General in the French army. It was this last named lady who died but a few weeks ago as Duchess of Sagan, after as eventful a career as ever fell to the lot of Duchess or Princess.

THE PRINCESS AND TALLEYRAND.

The union of Dorothea of Courland, with the Count de Talleyrand, afterwards Duke de Dino, was not a happy one, though professedly a love match. The Princess was only sixteen years old at the time of her marriage, which took place on the 22nd of April, 1809, and so full of radiant beauty, that after the first month of her arrival in Paris, crowds used to follow her carriage in the streets wherever she went, and masses stood for hours under the burning sun, or in the pouring rain, to get a glimpse of her sweet face. For a while the Count was gratified at the adoration paid to his young wife, but *blase* in his inmost nature, he ended by getting tired of even this enjoyment, and before long treated the Princess with utter neglect. The knowledge of this could not long be hidden from the gossippers of the *salons*, and had the consequence of bringing forward a host of admirers and *amis*—among them Prince Talleyrand. The great statesman was unable to hide his fervent admiration of his young niece, and confiding in his relationship, offered her the protection of his name and position. Shrewd far beyond her age, the Princess Dorothea neither refused nor accepted this protection; but while treating Talleyrand invariably as a kind and loving uncle, managed to keep him for some time at a respectful distance. This naturally increased the ardor of the enamored diplomatist, who henceforth, and for the rest of his life, became one of the most faithful and sincere friends of the Princess.

Probably there was not a being in the world to whom Talleyrand, in his latter age, was so thoroughly and so steadfastly attached as to his young niece. Dazzled at first by her extreme beauty, he was completely captivated, after somewhat fuller acquaintance, by the geniality of her intellect, to such an extent that not unfrequently her advice ruled the most important of his undertakings. An immediate point of sympathy was established between the Prince and his niece, in the dislike of both to the person and court of the Emperor.

THE COURT OF NAPOLEON I.

The refined manners of Princess Dorothea recoiled at the innate vulgarity of the generals and field-marshals, and their low-born spouses, who gave the 'ton' at the Tuileries; and the often coarse behaviour of the mighty Cæsar himself appeared to her anything but imperial or heroic. Being imprudent enough to give vent to these feelings in occasional speeches, the Princess soon came under the notice of Fouche's myrmidons, whose reports enraged Napoleon so much as to make him forget the respect due to a princely lady not his subject. Naturally, therefore, the dislike of Talleyrand's niece to the Emperor soon grew into hate, fanned as the sentiment was by the cutting sarcasm of the arch diplomatist, in which he freely indulged in her presence. Added to this was the singular influence which Talleyrand exercised over a number of ladies of the highest rank, and which, reacting on the young Princess of Courland, made her the devoted adherent of his vast political schemes.

THE DOWNFALL OF NAPOLEON.

In the middle of March, 1814, a well-known Swiss gentleman, Cæsar la Harpe, had a long interview with the Princess Dorothea, which was followed by his departure for the invading army, and his meeting with his old pupil, no less a personage than Czar Alexander. On the 31st of the same month the Czar held his solemn entry into Paris, and went straight to the Hotel Talleyrand, where he took up his residence. A few hours after, there issued from the mansion of the great diplomatist a document by which the Crown of France was transferred from the head of Nopoleon I. to that of Count of Provence, *alias* Louis XVIII. It was in the drawing-room of Princes Dorothea that the paper fatal to Napoleonic dynasty was signed by the Prince Schwarzenberg and the rulers of Russia and Prussia.

TALLEYRAND'S DEATH BED.

Princess Dorothea accompanied Talleyrand to the Congress of Vienna, and not a little contributed, in that brilliant assemblage of Princes and Embassadores to the success of the great diplomatist. Returned to France, she obtanied a separation from her husband, and thenceforth devoted herself entirely to the duties devolving upon her as presiding genius of her uncle's household. Twenty years thus spent ended by giving her complete ascendancy over the mind of the Prince and a mastery over his will such as no one possessed before. When Talleyrand was lying on his death bed, as full of scepticism as ever, she insisted that he should become reconciled to the holy Mother Church. He smiled in answer: "I have never been in a hurry yet, always arrived in time." The Princess would allow no more jests, and forthwith introduced Abbe Dupanloup, a zealous missionary of the church, since then deservedly promoted to episcopal duties. Talleyrand, helpless like a child under the burning gaze of his niece, repeated every word dictated by the Abbe, and on the morning of the 20th of May, 1838, with trembling hands, already in the agony of death, signed a paper by which he confessed himself a true christian and faithful son of the Catholic Apostolic Church. When, a few days after, his last will and testament was opened, it was found that Talleyrand had left the great bulk of his fortune, amounting to near twenty millions of francs, to his beloved niece, Princess Dorothea. "A man living in falsehood; yet not you may call a false man," says Thomas Carlyle, summing up his character.

THE PRINCESS IN LOVE IN ADVANCED YEARS.

By a singular freak of nature and of circumstances, Princess Dorothea, having devoted the morning of her life to diplomatic intrigue, was fated to give the evening to the passion of love. By the death of her eldest sister, she became in 1845 sovereign owner of the Duchy of Sagan, a mediatized principality of a hundred square miles, situated in Lower Silesia. Thereupon the Princess left France and settled at the old Schloss of Sagan, a magnificent palace surrounded by vast gardens, built by Wallenstein, and fitted up with all the pomp and splendor of a royal residence. In the course of the due visits paid by the feudal lords of the neighbourhood, Prince Felix of Lichnowsky made his appearance, the head of a noble family, possessing large landed estates in Austria and Prussian Silesia, and celebrated for the geniality of its members for several generations.

A tall, fine, and eminently handsome man, with a halo of romance around him, Felix of Lichnowsky made a deep impression on the Princess. She invited him to stay at her Schloss, and before long she declared herself, without hesitation, deeply and madly in love with him. Notwithstanding the difference of age, the Princess being fifty-three, and Prince Felix but thirty-one, he professed to reciprocate her feelings, and agreed to take up his abode at Sagan. The union of hearts was drawn still closer by a union of budgets. Prince Felix directed all his creditors to apply at the Schloss of Sagan for payment, and the Princess was too much in love not to take the hint thus given, and paid bills to the amount of nearly the legacy left to her by her great uncle.

Prince Felix entered the Prussian House of Lords in 1857, and achieved a considerable success as one of the leaders of the conservative party; through the influence of the Duchess of Sagan, he was chosen the following year into the National Parliament at Frankfort, where, with his Prussian-lord feeling still unaltered, he found himself in the ranks of the ultra Conservatives. There was a local insurrection at Frankfort on September 19, 1845, in the progress of which Prince Felix, in company with a friend, took a ride through the suburbs. Near the village of Bordheim he was attacked by a furious mob, torn from his horse, and while trying to escape, shot through the breast. When the fatal news reached the Schloss of Sagan, the Princess locked herself in her room, refusing sustenance, and expressed her determination to follow her lover in death. However, the arrival of one of her sons shook her resolution, and time and change of scenery gradually lessened her immense sorrow, which she gently nursed by erecting numerous memorials of love within her parks and gardens. "*Felix ruh*," "*Felix bank*," and similar inscriptions throughout the splehnid domain of Sagan forever commemorate the remembrance of Lichnowsky.

THE PRINCESS'S MEMOIRS.

Princess Dorothea, Duchess of Sagan, died, as already stated, a few weeks ago, on the 19th September last, at her royal residence. She preserved her extreme beauty almost up to the day of her death, and wonderful stories are told of the arts she employed to preserve the perfection of grace with which nature had gifted her. Her intellect, too, was unimpaired to the last, and the closing year of her career was occupied in the compilation of memoirs, destined to see the light of day at the same period as the historical notes of Prince Tallyrand, ordered by solemn injunction to remain unopened for thirty years after the death of the writer. It is very likely, therefore, that the year 1863 may reveal much that is yet dark in the history of Europe during the Napoleonic period, showing how mighty events, produced by the armed struggle of millions under the guidance of military genius, have not been unfrequently counteracted by the silent intrigues of a few bold and restless spirits. Even the Mephistopheles of the French Revolution, and arch diplomatist of the nineteenth century, must needs appear in a new light when seen under the inspiration of the fair German Princess.

CHASED BY A PIRATE.

The day was fine, the breeze favorable, and our good ship, the Caroline, from Havana for New Orleans, was steadily plowing its way through the Gulf, when suddenly the hoarse voice of the look-out came down from aloft with startling distinctness:

"Sail ho!"

It was at a period when pirates infested the waters of that region, and the announcement of a sail produced a very different sensation from what it does at the present day.

"Where away?" demanded the skipper, with a slight change of color.

"About six points on our larboard bow!" was the reply.

Some more questions and answers quickly followed, and I could see that the master felt very uneasy.

This naturally made me feel very uneasy too, for I had a great deal at stake. I was returning to New Orleans, with my invalid wife, and had in my possession a large sum of money, nearly all I was worth. We were the only passengers, and, with the crew, made up the number of twenty souls; but four of the latter were down with fever; so that, counting in myself, there were only fifteen men to defend the vessel, in case it should be attacked by pirates.

For a few minutes I silently watched our commander, as he made different inquiries and gave hurried orders; and then, when he had fairly settled his glass in the direction of the strange sail, I ventured the fearful question:

"Is she a pirate?"

"Judge for yourself, Mr. Murray!" replied the skipper, handing the glass to me.

I put it to my eye, and involuntarily uttered an exclamation of terror, as I beheld a low black, rakish schooner, with every sail set, her decks crowded with human beings, and standing directly across our course.

"Gracious Heaven! what can save us?" cried I; and in fancy I beheld my poor sick wife in the grasp of demons, and vainly shrieking to me for aid

The master had already left my side, and in clear, ringing tones was giving his orders, to haul away from the hideous-looking stranger, crowd all sail, trim the vessel, and leave the other dead astern, for the longest chase that could be made.

Before this could be effected, however, the pirate had so far closed in with us as to bring us within reach of his guns; and as we hauled off upon another course, he yawed a little, and gave us a shot from his bow-chaser, at the same time running up a blood-red flag—a proof positive, if any more were needed, that he was what we had suspected him to be,

I will not attempt to describe my feelings in that awful moment when I beheld the smoke of the gun curling upward, and awaited in trembling suspense the effect of the coming missile, which might, for aught I knew, be freighted with my own death; or, what seemed almost as terrible, the destruction of one of our masts, which would give him power to overhaul us in a very short time. But the shot plunged into the water a few yards astern of us, and it was some relief to know we were yet safe.

All appeared now to depend upon our speed of sailing, and every inch of canvass was given to the breeze with all the activity of men who were truly working for their lives. Then came a few minutes of silent, terrible suspense, during which our captain, glass in hand, stood upon the poop, watching the progress of the foe. Almost breathless with excitement, I stole to his side and looked steadily in his face feeling as if there I could read our fate without question. Save the rippling of the water, and the slight straining and creaking of the cordage, all was as still as death; and as I glanced around the vessel, I saw every eye fixed upon the master in dread expectation. At length I perceived his thin lips slightly compress, and I fancied his stern features grew a shade paler.

"He gains upon us, Captain Horton?" now came from my quivering lips, in the low solemn tone of despair.

"I fear he does slowly!" replied the master, with a deep sigh.

He lowered the glass, looked quickly and keenly up and down the decks, and ran his eye over every sail. There were two long nine-pounders, mounted on carriages, which he ordered to be run aft, and every weapon in the vessel to be collected and distributed among the crew.

"He must not have too easy a victory, Mr. Murray!" he said to me, with a sort of defiant smile.

"O, my God! must it come to blows?" groaned I, as my thoughts reverted to my poor feeble wife.

"Let us remember we are *men*," he rejoined, in a cold, reproving tone, "and as such, be prepared to fight and die like men!"

"I trust, sir, you will have no reason to complain of my failure in doing my duty when needed!" said I, with a stiff, haughty bow, feeling hurt and stung by his implication. "I was not thinking of myself, but of one who may have more to suffer than mere *death*!"

"Ah, your wife! I did not think of her—I understand you now, and humbly crave your pardon!" he replied, in an altered tone. "The monster is doing his best," he continued, as he again surveyed the pirate through his glass. "He has every sail set—but he gains on us so slowly, that, without accident, he will not overtake us before night, and it is barely possible we may escape in the dark."

"God send it!" prayed I, and never more fervently.

"There! he is yawing again for another shot; now we shall see what he has done in the last few minutes."

As he spoke, there came a flash, a puff of smoke, and then a ball, which splashed the water on our larboard quarter.

"The villain barely reaches us," exclaimed the captain, with a gleam of hope; "and what he has gained by sailing, he has lost by yawing, so that we now have our own again, Tom," addressing one of the sailors in a lively tone, "give the scound rel a taste of our nine pounders, and let him know that we can bark as well as he."

"Aye, aye!" responded the man; and a minute later the two pieces were sighted and fired in quick succession.

"Well done, my gallant lad!" exclaimed the excited skipper, as he watched the effect through his glass; "you have landed one shot in the middle of him, and stirred up the hornets' nest of scoundrels. I fancy I can hear them curse me in all known languages. Up with the glorious stars and stripes, and let the devils know a Yankee craft has done it! Ha! what now? He is hauling down his colors! What can that mean? Ay, ay—I see! I see! Up goes a black flag, in place of the red one. He is angry, and will give no quarter. Very well, we will not ask any, but fight him to the death if needs be, and blow up the vessel should he be like to conquer. There! I feel better now—I know exactly what I have to do."

I now hastened down to my sick wife, to report what had occurred, and relieve her anxiety as much as possible, by placing everything in the most favorable light. She had heard the firing and suspected the cause, and received the details from my lips with a calmness that quite surprised me.

"William," she replied, taking my hand in her's, and looking up so sweetly and lovingly into my face, "I fear you will think me a poor, selfish mortal, and I pray you will forgive me, and above all things not despise me! The truth is, I love you so dearly, so strongly, so passionately, that I have sometimes almost wished it might be the will of God for us to die together. Death must come to all sometimes—to you as well another, dear husband—none can escape it in the end—and in thinking, as I often do, that I am not long for this world, I have found the most painful thought in considering our separation; and I now ask you to promise, in case we cannot escape these dreadful pirates, that you will not permit yourself to fall into their hands, but come down here and die with me!"

"I will promise you, my dear angel!" said I, folding her thin, wasted form in my embrace, "and bless you for your love! If die we must, we will die together; and I am the more resigned to my fate, that we shall leave no children to mourn our departure."

"You are sure, dear husband, you forgive me in your heart for my selfish desire?"

"A thousand times yes, my sweet Mary," returned I, as with fond devotion I pressed my lips to hers.

"Go, then, dear William, and do your duty like a man, trusting in God! Preserve your life if you can, and only remember me when all hope is over."

I kissed her pale lips again and again—I strained her fondly to my heart of hearts—and then returned to the deck, to do my duty like a man, trusting in God.

I found matters much as when I left. The pirate had gained upon us slightly in the interval, but only barely enough to show he was in some degree the fastest sailer of the two—a fact which might be regarded as of rather doubtful utility to him, since it gave us a better chance of planting our shot in his very vitals, without his being able to return the compliment, except by yawing, and so losing all the distance he had gained.

We now began to feel comparatively safe and cheerful; and Tom, the gunner, even went so far as to indulge in a few pleasantries every time he made a shot tell upon the monster, which averaged one in four. But our grim foe now kept sullenly and ominously silent, as if determined to bide his time, and came steadily bowling through the waters, head on, swerving neither to the right nor left, and gaining on us a little, a very little, every moment. I confess, as I stood and watched his silent, sullen progress, my fancy was busy conjuring up some very frightful scenes in the possible future, and I never felt less like jesting, or listening to the jeers of others, in my life.

When at last the sun of that day plunged with fiery redness into the western waters, there were some pale and anxious faces aboard the Caroline—for in spite of our annoyance, the grim pirate had shortened the distance by one half, and was still coming steadily and silently forward like an avenging fate, with the black flag of death flying at the peak, and scarcely a man visible on the decks which had once been so crowded. We had kept up a steady fire upon him—but, so far, had not checked him in the least, and the superstitious sailors now began to fancy that his was an enchanted life; and that no shot of ours could even reach a vital part.

Suddenly he now yawed fearfully, and a blaze of fire ran along his decks, and then followed a shrieking crash. In a moment one of our masts was shot away, and three seamen lay dead, and four were frightfully wounded, whose shrieks and groans of pain struck terror and consternation to every heart. The next moment the decks of the pirate were again crowded, and a wild demoniac shout of triumph rent the air. We now saw ourselves so disabled as to make escape impossible, and the faint hope that had so long buoyed us up went out like the sudden extinguishment of a torch. On came the pirate, more grim and fierce than ever, and we now began to prepare for the last terrible act of the drama.

All at once, while nearing us rapidly, the pirate, to our utter astonishment, hauled upon a wind and stood away, giving us a parting salute. A moment or two after, while the most of us were wondering as to the cause, the welcome shout of "Sail ho!" thrilled every heart with a joy that no language can ever faintly express.

We were saved—Providentially, unexpectedly. In the excitement and confusion, a man-of-man under a heavy press of canvass, steering so as to intercept the pirate, had neared us unperceived. The latter had probably seen his mighty foe before he crippled us, and had done his worst in the way of revenge before altering his course. Our gallant friend merely spoke us, and went on in pursuit of the scourge of the seas. I learned afterward that the pirate escaped in the darkness. We reached New Orleans without further misfortune, and all the living humbly thanked God for our wonderful deliverance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

STRANGE CLAIRVOYANT WARNING.—I was running a Night Express train, and had a train of ten cars—eight passenger and two baggage cars—and all were well loaded. I was behind time, and was very anxious to make a certain point; therefore I was using every exertion, and putting the engine to the utmost speed of which she was capable. I was on a section of the road usually considered the best running ground on the line, and was endeavouring to make the most of it, when a conviction struck me that I must stop. A something seemed to tell me that to go ahead was dangerous, and that I must stop if I would save life. I looked back at my train, and it was all right. I strained my eyes and peered into the darkness, and could see no signal of danger, nor anything betokening danger, and there I could see five miles in the daytime. I listened to the working of my engine, tried the water, looked at the scales and all was right. I tried to laugh myself out of what I then considered a childish fear; but, like Banquo's ghost, it would not down at my bidding, but grew stronger in its hold upon me. I thought of the ridicule I would have heaped upon me, if I did stop; but it was of no avail. The conviction—for by this time it had ripened into a conviction—that I must stop, grew stronger and I resolved to stop; I shut off, and blew the whistle for brakes, accordingly I came to a dead halt, got off, and went ahead a little way, without saying anything to anybody what was the matter I had my lamp in my hand, and had gone about sixty feet, when I saw what convinced me that premonitions are sometimes possible. I dropped the lantern from my nerveless grasp, and sat down on the track, utterly unable to stand; for there was a switch, the thought of which had never entered my mind, as it never had been used since I had been on the road, and was known to be spiked, but which now was open to lead me off the track. This switch led to a stone quarry, from which stone for bridge purposes had been quarried, and the switch was left there, in case stone should be needed at any time; but it was always kept locked, and the switch-rail spiked. Yet here it was wide open; and had I not obeyed my premonition—warning—call it what you will—I should have run into it, and, at the end of the track, only about ten rods long, my heavy engine and train, moving at the rate of forty-five miles per hour, would have come into collision with a solid wall of rock, eighteen feet high. The consequences, had I done so, can neither be imagined nor described; but they could, by no possibility, have been otherwise than fatally horrid.

This is my experience in getting warnings from a source that I know not and cannot divine. It is a mystery to me—a mystery for which I am very thankful, however, although I dare not attempt to explain it, nor say whence it came.—*London Paper.*

PROPOSED SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL GAS.—An invention of a Mr. Mongruel, of Paris, somewhat obscurely and erroneously called a process of making gas from air, has been exhibited of late at Messrs. Le Franc & Co's premises, in Aldersgate street, City. In this process, common atmospheric air is sent by pressure through a pipe, and through a vessel containing a liquid hydro-carbon, such as paraffine or naphtha, evidently, but as to which some little mystery seems to be maintained. The air thus charged under pressure with hydrocarbonaceous vapour then passes to the burner, and gives a light which is said to be cheaper by 25 per cent. than ordinary gas, though more vivid. Strictly speaking, this light is not a gas-light at all, but a very ingenious and elegant way of burning paraffine, or camphine, or some such hydro-carbonaceus liquid in the state of vapour. The air is mainly as it were the wick of the lamp or burner, charged with the hydro-carbon; and on a small scale, or where the carburator is placed near the burner, as in the exhibited instance, such a light may work well in practice; but were the air charged with the vapour at any distance from the burner we should fear that the pipes would soon get filled with reliquified vapour, while the carburated air was materially deteriorated. We do not see, however, why "air works" might not be crected on a large scale, with mains and service pipes; while the carburator, like the meter might be kept on the premises supplied. A compressed air company might make this a profitable branch of business.—*Ditto.*

A NEW KIND OF FOOL.—A citizen in a street in Philadelphia the other day trod upon the flowing skirts of a lady's dress.—The skirts were distended by the most lavish circumference of crinoline, and trailed upon the sidewalk at least four inches. The drapery was so voluminous, at any rate, that the wearer was some feet distant from her husband, beside whom she was walking. The citizen trod upon the lady's skirt, bringing her to a stand still. The citizen apologised in the most humble manner, and the lady granted it. To his surprise, as the lady passed on, the husband turning short about, said to the citizen;—

"You are a fool!"

"Sir?" said the indignant and astonished citizen, with an eye that foreboded a resent to the insult.

"Oh, I don't mean to insult you. I see by your appearance that you are a gentleman. When I say you're a fool, I mean you are a fool for apologizing to a woman who wears trail skirts, because you accidently tread upon them. That lady, Sir, is my wife; I have to get my boots blackened four times a day to walk with her, for fear of soiling her flounces. The next time you tread upon them, pray don't apologize for it. If you had torn the whole trail off the dress I should have been pleased rather than otherwise."

STARTING IN THE WORLD.—Many an unwise parent labours hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relations, is like tying bladders under the arm of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated and his whole nature made subservient to laws which govern man, and you will have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources the better.

THE GLORY OF THE FARMER.—His glory is to create and construct. Other men may fetch, and carry, and exchange; all rests, at last, on his primitive action. He is close to nature. The food which was not he makes to be. All nobility rests on the use of land. Tillage is the original calling of the race; many men are excused from it, yet if they have not something to give the farmer for his corn, they must return to their planting. The farmer stands nearest to God, the first cause.—*Edward Everitt.*

THREE THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

A little olive oil rubbed on the sole of a boot or shoe, effectually prevent it from cracking.

CURE FOR INGROWING NAILS.—Heat a small piece of tallow in a spoon till it becomes very hot; drop two or three drops between the nail and the granulation; in a few days the edge of the nail will be sufficiently exposed to be pared. The effect is magical.

A spoonful of alum added to starch makes the dress stiffer and incombustible.