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. XVI. | CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, MARCH 12, 1866. | NO. 18

The New York *Tribune* says: "The reason why Drake's Plantation Bitters are so universally used and have such an immense sale is, that they are always made up to the original standard, of highly invigorating material and of pure quality, although the prices have so largely advanced," &c.

The *Tribune* just hits the nail on the head. The Plantation Bitters are not only made of pure material, but the people are told what it is. The Recipe is published around each Bottle, and the bottles are not reduced in size. At least twenty imitations and counterfeits have sprung up. They impose upon the people once, and that's the last of them.

The Plantation Bitters are now used in all the Government Hospitals, are recommended by the best physicians, and are warranted to produce an *immediate* beneficial effect. Facts are stubborn things.

"* * * I owe much to you, for I verily believe the Plantation Bitters have saved my life.

"REV. W. H. WAGGONER, Madrid, N.Y."

"* * * Thou wilt send me two bottles more of thy Plantation Bitters. My wife has been greatly benefitted by their use. Thy friend,

"ASA CURRIN, Philadelphia, Pa."

"* * * I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and had to abandon preaching. * * * The Plantation Bitters have cured me.

"REV. J. S. OATHORN, Rochester, N.Y."

"* * * Send us twenty-four dozen more of your Plantation Bitters, the popularity of which are daily increasing with the guests of our house.

"SYKES, CHADWICK & CO.,
"Proprietors Willards's Hotel, Washington, D.C."

"* * * I have given the Plantation Bitters to hundreds of our disabled soldiers with the most astounishing effect. G. W. D. ANDREWS,
"Superintendent Soldiers' Home, Cincinnati, O."

"* * * The Plantation Bitters have cured me of liver complaint, with which I was laid up prostrate and had to abandon my business.

"H. B. KINGSLEY, Cleveland, O."

"* * * The Plantation Bitters have cured me of a derangement of the kidneys and the urinary organs that has distressed me for years. It acts like a charm. C. C. MOORE, 254 Broadway."

"NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Nov. 24, 1863.

"DEAR SIR:—I have been afflicted many years with severe prostrating cramps in my limbs, cold feet and hands, and a general disordered system. Physicians and medicines failed to relieve me. Some friends in New York, who were using Plantation Bitters, prevailed upon me to try them. I commenced with a small wine-glassful after dinner. Feeling better by degrees, in a few days I was astonished to find the coldness and cramps had entirely left me, and I could sleep the night through, which I had not done for years. I feel like another being. My appetite and strength have also greatly improved by the use of the Plantation Bitters.

"Respectfully, JUDITH RUSSEL."

If the ladies but knew what thousands of them are constantly relating to us, we candidly believe one half of the weakness, prostration and distress experienced by them would vanish. James Marsh, Esq., of 159 West 15th St., N. Y., says, "he has three children, the first two are weak and puny, his wife having been unable to nurse or attend them, but that she has taken Plantation Bitters for the last two years, and has a child now eighteen months old which she has nursed and reared herself, and both are hearty, saucy and well. The article is invaluable to mothers," &c.

Such evidence might be continued for a volume. The best evidence is to try them. They speak for themselves. Persons of sedentary habits, troubled with weakness, lassitude, palpitation of the heart, lack of appetite, distress after eating, torpid liver, constipation, diabetes, &c., will find speedy relief through these bitters.

Every bottle for exportation and sale out of the United States has a metal cap and green label around the neck.

Beware of re-filled bottles. See that the cap has not been mutilated. Any person pretending to sell Plantation Bitters in bulk or by the gallon is an imposter. We sell it only in bottles.

Sold by principal dealers throughout the habitable globe.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
New York.

Dec. 18, 1865. 6m

HUNNEWELL'S ECLECTIC PILLS.

THE TRUE CATHARTIC AND FAMILY PILL.

The importance of this development of the true and *Natural Cathartic* cannot be over estimated. To have a Pill which never requires over *two*, and seldom but *one* for a dose, acting on the Bowels without the *slightest Griping*, or irritation, can be used with the *greatest freedom* by all who have suffered the trouble of long constipated tendency, and to check which has oftentimes ended in the opposite extreme of bowel weakness, will be found the true feature of the Eclectic Pills. Their true character creates the expression of experienced *Apothecaries*, that long experience has never found their equal; from *Physicians* who have used *Thousands* in their practice, that the true idea of a *Perfect Cathartic* has never before been realized, and by thousands who have used them in their families, that they are the only true *Family Pill* they have ever seen.

Without descending to the clap-trap form of unmeaning puffs or false testimonials, confidence is asked to test them in *Biliousness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Worms, Loss of Appetite*, as a Spring Medicine, all derangements of the system caused by a disordered stomach, and a general *Family Pill*.

☞ *Price 25 cents per Bottle.*

For sale by dealers in every City and Town.

JOHN L. HUNNEWELL, PROPRIETOR,
Practical Chemist, Boston, Mass

To be sent by mail, are put in boxes at 25 cents, 50 cents, and One Dollar, which will be sent, post paid, on receipt of the amount. Also in Packages of 1000 to Physicians.

W. R. WATSON, T. DESBRISAY, M. W. SKINNER, Agents, Charlottetown.

A Card to the Suffering.

DO YOU WISH TO BE CURED? If so, swallow two or three hogsheads of "Buchu," "Tonic Bitters," "Nervous Antidotes," &c &c. &c., and after you are satisfied with the result, then try one box of OLD DOCTOR BUCHAN'S ENGLISH SPECIFIC PILLS—and be restored to health and vigor in less than thirty days. They are purely vegetable, pleasant to take, prompt and salutary in their effects on the broken down constitution. Old and young can take them with advantage. DR. BUCHAN'S ENGLISH SPECIFIC PILLS cure, in less than 30 days, the worst cases of Nervousness, Impotency, Premature Decay, Seminal Weakness, Insanity, and all Urinary, Sexual, and Nervous Affections, no matter from what cause produced. Price one Dollar per box. Sent, postpaid, by mail, on receipt of an order. Address

JAMES S. BUTLER,
No. 429 Broadway, New York,
General Agent.

P. S.—A box sent to any address on receipt of price—which is ONE DOLLAR—post free. ☞ A descriptive Circular sent on application.

March 5, 1865.—8w

VOX POPULI.

The voice of the people is unanimous in praise of one thing at least, that is—

JUDSON'S PILLS,

and it is well deserved—the best remedy in the world for almost any diseases that afflict the human race. They act directly on the *Blood, Stomach and Bowels*. Keep your blood pure by an occasional dose of these Pills, and you will not be sick. The blood is the life—keep it pure by using the only medicine that will completely cleanse it—

JUDSON'S PILLS.

Sold by all dealers. *Get our Almanac.*

LONDON HOUSE.

Established 1820.

1865. *FALL.* 1865.

BY Ships *Prioress, Undine, L. C. Owen*, Steamer *China* from Liverpool, *Urania* from LONDON, *Ariadne* from GLASGOW, *Helen Davies* from BARBADOES, Schooner *Freddie* and Steamer *Greyhound* from BOSTON, the Subscribers have completed their Importations for the Season, which, having been selected by one of the Firm, and bought on the best terms, they are enabled to offer at extremely low prices FOR PROMPT payment. Wholesale buyers supplied as usual. The present Importation comprises:—

10 hhds and tierces Barbadoes SUGAR,
33 bbls Cuba SUGAR,
20 bags do DO
12 hhds Muscovado MOLASSES,
Chests prime Congo TEA
10 crates Earthenware,
27 cases Ready-made Clothing,
7 cases Gents' Rubber Coats,
4 cases Rubber Boots & Shoes,
2 cases Ladies' Boots & Shoes,
5 cases Millinery,
5 do Haberdashery,
3 do Linen Drapery,
2 do Silks & Ribbons,
1 do Gloves,
1 do Hosiery,
5 do Shawls & Mantles
1 do Ladies' Furs,
2 do Fur CAPS,
3 do Townend's Hats and Caps,
3 do Felt HATS,
5 do Floor Cloths,
10 do Sundries,
4 Bales CLOTHS,
6 do Carpets & Woollens,
2 do Blankets,
1 do Horse Rugs,
3 do Buffalo Robes,
7 do Cotton Warp,
1 case Guns,
9 Bales Printed, Unbleached and White Calicoes,
3 Bales Stripe & Check Shirtings,
1 do Wrapping Paper
15 P kgs Glasgow Goods, in Gala Plaids, Shawls, Wincies, Flannel Shirts, Printed Shirts, Bags & Bagging, &c. &c.
8 Bales Paper-hangings,
138 packages Assorted Paints,
5 hhds Paint Oil,
4 casks assorted Cutlery
1 case J P Ware,
45 Bdls Spring, Cast and Blister Steel,
21 tons assor'd Bar Iron,
456 pieces Plough Metal,
145 pkgs Nails & Spikes,
95 do Ironmongery,
30 sides Sole Leather,
Bbls Flour, Crushed Sugar, Granulated do, Currants, Epsom Salts, Cudbear, Jamaica Ginger, Casks Baking Soda, Whiting, Soda, Kegs Mustard, Powder, Boxes Soap, Tobacco, Raisins Lozenges, Glass, Bags Pepper, Coffee, Allspice, RICE, dozens Brooms, Pails Coils Manilla Rope, &c. &c. &c.

G. & S. DAVIES.

Charlottetown, Nov. 27, 1865.

NEW STORES!

Dorchester Street.

Liquors, Molasses, Tea, Sugar, Flour, Tobacco, Sundry Groceries, &c.

THE SUBSCRIBER has now in his New Brick Stores, Dorchester Street, Charlottetown, the following

Extensive and Valuable Stock OF MERCHANDIZE,

comprising WINES, BRANDIES, and other LIQUORS of the best quality; fresh GROCERIES of all kinds; FLOUR, TEA, SUGAR, TOBACCO, MOLASSES, equal to any articles of the kind in the market, which he offers to wholesale and retail customers

At the lowest prices for Cash,

—VIZ:—

70 Puncheons choice Demerara RUM,
70 Hogsheads Hollands GIN,
6 Hhds. Irish and Scotch MALT WHISKEY,
6 Hhds. Pale and Dark BRANDY,
6 Hogsheads PORT WINE,
6 hogsheads of SHERRY,
100 dozen Edinburgh ALE,
100 dozen Guinness' PORTER,
300 chests and half chests of TEA,
10 hogsheads of SUGAR,
30 puncheons of MOLASSES,
500 barrels of FLOUR,
Boxes of Honey Dew TOBACCO,
100 boxes Liverpool SOAP,
80 boxes of PIPES,
1800 JARS, (assorted sizes,)

Together with a full assortment of all articles in the GROCERY LINE, to which he invites the attention of his friends in Town and Country, whose past favours are respectfully acknowledged.

OWEN CONNOLLY.

Charlottetown, May 29, 1865. Isl

NEW GOODS AT THE BRITISH WAREHOUSE, Queen Square.

THE IMPORTATIONS FOR THE Fall Season of 1865 ARE NOW COMPLETED and OPEN FOR INSPECTION.

☞ We solicit a share of Public Patronage.

IN OUR STOCK OF DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS, AND Groceries,

will be found all the requisite articlas for family use. Purchased on the best terms and sold at the LOWEST PRICES.

☞ *Please call and examine.*

W. & A. BROWN.

December 11, 1865.

British & Foreign Goods.

50 CHESTS Prime CONGO TEA,
20 half do Do DO
20 Bbls. Extra Superfine FLOUR,
10 do Refined Kerosene OIL,
1 Bale CANVAS, for Boat Sails,
20 Coils Manilla ROPE, assorted sizes,
50 Bars ⅞ in. Muntz Yellow METAL,
6 Tons assorted BAR IRON,
3 Chain CABLES, ½ in., 9-16 and ⅝,
Lot of Small ANCHORS,
30 Quintals Large CODFISH,
30 do HAKE,
2000 bushels Turks Island SALT,
4000 do Ground Marseilles SALT,
3 Casks HAKE OIL,

On sale by the Subscriber, at his Warehouse, opposite Peake's Buildings, Queen Street.

DANIEL DAVIES.

Charlottetown, Jan. 8, 1866.

FALL STOCK.

THE Subscriber HAS RECEIVED, per UNDINE and L. C. OWEN, as

Part of his Fall Stock:

22¼ Tons IRON,
2¼ Tons SPRING STEEL,
10 Cwt. Sleigh Shoeing STEEL,
7 do Blister Do
3 do Cast Do
164 do NAILS and SPIKES,
130 Kegs PAINTS,
350 Gallons PAINT OIL,
114 Boxes GLASS,
2 Crates COAL SCUTTLES, and
24 Casks and Cases

General Hardware Goods.

☞ The remainder of FALL STOCK to arrive per 'Urania' and 'David Cannon.'

W. E. DAWSON.

October 30, 1865.

Valuable & Desirable Building LOTS FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale Two Pleasantly situated WATER LOTS in Georgetown, with Water Privilege to the channel, adjoining the Common at the eastern part of the Town. Also, several BUILDING LOTS in different parts of Charlottetown. Terms liberal.

GEORGE COLES.

Charlottetown, 6th March, 1865.

LITERATURE.

SLEIGH-RIDING LONG AGO.

Hurrah for the winter moonlight!
White light on the drifted snow;
Hurrah for the dear up-country,
Hurrah for the long ago!
How I shiver and shudder and tremble,
Old, fearfully old, and cold!
But hurrah for the old man's treasure,
The old man's memories of gold!

I remember a winter moonlight
Of exceeding beauty, like this;
When all of the stars together
Sang an audible song of bliss;
When the blue was so deep that my young eyes
Never dreamed of that land of delight,
When old, over whom it hangs lower,
Forever imagine in sight.

I remember a hazel-eyed woman,
Than whom never dream was more fair,
Like a star in a storm gleamed her brow
Through the dark flowing flood of her hair.
How swift flew the horses before us,
How swift flew the passion-winged hours!
No Turk ever dreamed of such houries
As lie in the arms of the Giours.

Fast, fast went the horses before us!
Fast, fast in the night keen and cold!
If to-night those wild bells sound so clearly
It can't be that I am so old.
Soft, soft, but how warm was the pressure
On mine of her velvety cheek;
Oh, stars! ye have not yet forgotten
That joy, too delicious to speak!

My lips have grown thin—I am old,
And the current of life runneth slow;
They glide swift as the sleigh-riders drive,
Who travel the road I must go;
But silently, lonesome and cold,
No bells ringing out on the night,
No cheek against mine, no delicious caress,
Till my hopes shall be changed into night!

The snow-drifts lie deep in the churchyard,
Heaped up over head-stone and cross,
While deep, under snow-drift and grave-mound,
And head-stone long covered with moss,
Lies the maiden whose soft eyes of hazel
Were deep as the depth of the skies;
And the kiss of her lip that once blessed me,
I shall know—when the blessed arise!

TOM BLAKE.

When summer-clouds sail o'er the prairie,
Like shadows that dance in their wake,
Though I try to be wise and be wary,
My thoughts are pursuing Tom Blake.

They tell me "he's worth not a penny,"
That "to love him is quite a mistake;"
I know, as to wealth, if I'd any,
I'd freely divide with Tom Blake.

But wealth can be gathered forever,
It lies on the land and the lake;
But, if they compel us to sever,
There's never another Tom Blake.

I care not though others may scorn him,
I'd frown on them all for his sake,
For the Graces combine to adorn him—
Love lives in the glance of Tom Blake.

The passion now heaving my bosom
Is wild as the winds on the lake,
And still they cry, "Fanny, refuse him,"
When who *could* I love but Tom Blake?

Alas! for the fate of poor woman!
Alas! for the steps she may take!
My heart, with a love that is human,
Devotedly clings to Tom Blake.

Sometimes we wed to our sorrow,
And sometimes we wed thro' mistake;
But, if he should kill me to-morrow,
To day I would marry Tom Blake!

—*Beadle's Monthly.*

A NIGHT IN A LONDON WORKHOUSE.

A member of the staff of the London *Pall Mall Gazette* has had the courage, disguised as a tramp, to pass a night in a workhouse, his object being "to learn by actual experience how casual paupers are lodged and fed, and what the 'casual' is like, and what the porter who admits him, and the master who rules over him; and how the night passes with the outcasts we have all seen crowding about workhouse doors on cold and rainy nights." Lambeth Workhouse is the institution he selects. He knocks, and is admitted into "a spacious hall, in every way as comfortable as cleanliness and great mats and plenty of gaslight could make it."

"What do you want?" asked the man who opened the door.

"I want lodging."

"Go and stand before the desk," said the porter; and I obeyed.

"You are late," said the clerk.

"Am I, sir?"

"Yes. If you come in you'll have a bath, and you'll have to sleep in the shed."

"Very well, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Joshua Mason, sir."

"What are you?"

"An engraver." (This taradiddle I invented to account for the look of my hands)

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"Hammersmith," I answered—as I hope to be forgiven.

"How many times have you been here?"

"Never before, sir."

"Where do you mean to go to when you are turned out in the morning?"

"Back to Hammersmith, sir."

These humble answers being entered in a book, the clerk called to the porter, saying, "Take him through. You may as well take his bread with you."

He is taken through several long passages (so scrupulously clean that his "worst apprehensions" are laid to rest), and out into a dismal yard. Crossing this, my guide led me to a door, calling out, "Hillo! Daddy, I've brought you another!" Whereupon Daddy opened unto us, and let a little of his gaslight stream into the dark where we stood.

"Come in," said Daddy, very hospitably. "There's enough of you to-night, anyhow! What made you so late?"

"I didn't like to come in earlier."

"Ah! that's a pity, now, because you've missed your skilley (gruel). It's the first night of skilley, don't you know, under the new Act?"

"Just like my luck!" I muttered dolefully.

The porter went his way, and I followed Daddy into another apartment, where were ranged three great baths, each one containing a liquid so disgustingly like weak mutton broth, that my worst apprehensions crowded back. "Come on; there's a dry place to stand on up at this end," said Daddy kindly. "Take off your clothes, tie 'em up in your hank'sher, and I'll lock 'em up till morning." Accordingly I took off my coat and waistcoat, and was about to tie them together, when Daddy cried, "That ain't enough, I mean everything." "Not my shirt, sir, I suppose?" "Yes, shirt and all; but there, I'll lend you a shirt," said Daddy. "Whatever you take in of your own will be nailed, you know. You might take in your boots though—they'd be handy if you happened to want to leave the shed for anything; but don't blame me if you lose em."

With a fortitude for which he hopes some day to be rewarded, the writer stripped to the shirt, shut both eyes, and plunged into the "mutton broth"—learning afterwards from Daddy, that being "a clean and decent sort of a man," he need not have done so if he "hadn't been in a hurry." He then receives a blue stripped shirt, and a ticket numbered 34, the duplicate of another attached to the bundle of clothes. "Mind you don't lose it," says Daddy; "they'll nail it," says Daddy, "they'll nail it from you if they get a chance. Put it under your head. This is your rug—take it with you."

With no other rag but the checked shirt to cover me, and with my rug over my shoulder, he accompanied me to the door at which I entered, and, opening it, kept me standing with naked feet on the stone threshold, full in the draught of the frosty air, while he pointed out the way I should go. It was not a long way, but I would have given much not to have trodden it. It was open as the highway—with flag stones below and the stars overhead, and, as I said before, and cannot help saying again, a frosty wind was blowing.

"Straight across," said Daddy, "to where you see the light shining through. Go in there, and turn to the left, and you'll find the beds in a heap. Take one of 'em, and make yourself comfortable." And straight across I went, my naked feet seeming to cling to the stones as though they were burning hot instead of icey cold, (they had just stepped out of a bath you should remember,) till I reached the space through which the light was shining, and I entered in.

No language with which I am acquainted is capable of conveying an adequate conception of the spectacle I then encountered. Imagine a space of about 30 feet by 30 feet, enclosed on three sides by a dingy white-washed wall, and roofed with naked tiles, which were furred with the damp and filth that reeked within. As for the fourth side of the shed, it was boarded in for (say) a third of its breadth; and the remaining space being hung with flimsy canvass, in which was a gap two feet wide at top, widening to at least four feet at bottom. This far too airy shed was paved with stone, the flags so thickly encrusted with filth that I mistook it at first for a bed of natural earth. Extending from one end of my bedroom to the other, in three rows, were certain "iron cranks," (of which I subsequently learnt the use), with their many arms raised in various attitudes, as the stiffened arms of men are on a battle-field. My bedfellows lay among the cranks, distributed over the flagstones in a double row, on narrow bags scantily stuffed with hay. At one glance my appalled vision took in thirty of them—thirty men and boys stretched upon shallow pallets with but only six inches of comfortable hay between them and the stony floor. These beds were placed close together, every occupant being provided with a rug like that which I was fain to hug across my shoulders. In not a few cases two gentlemen had clubbed beds and rugs, and slept together. In one case (to be further mentioned presently) four gentlemen had so clubbed together. Many of my fellow casuals were awake, others asleep, or pretending to sleep; and shocking as were the waking ones to look upon, they were quite pleasant when compared with the sleepers. Some were stretched out at full length; some lay nose and knees together; some with an arm or a leg showing crooked through the coverlet. It was like the result of a railway accident; these ghastly figures were awaiting the coroner.

From the moral point of view, however, the wakeful ones were more dreadful still. Towzled, dirty, villainous, they squatted up in their beds, and smoked foul pipes, and sang snatches of horrible songs, and bandied jokes so obscene as to be absolutely appalling. Eight or ten were so enjoying themselves—the majority with the check shirt on, and the frowsy rug pulled about their legs; but two or three wore no shirts at all, squatting naked to the waist, their bodies fully exposed in the light of the single flaring jet of gas fixed high up on the wall.

There was a horse-pail three parts full of water standing by a post in the middle of the shed, with a little tin pot beside it. Addressing me as "old pall," one of the naked ruffians begged me to "hand him a swig," as he was "werry nigh garspin." Such an appeal of course no "old pall" could withstand, and I gave him a pot full of water. He showed himself grateful for the attention. "I should lay over there if I was you," he said, pointing to the left side of the shed; "its more out of the wind than this 'ere side is."

Dragging one of the beds to the spot suggested, the writer is just debating how he is to tuck himself up, when he discovers a great spot of blood upon it. To lie on such a horrid thing seemed impossible; yet to carry back the bed and exchange it for another might betray a degree of fastidiousness repugnant to the feelings of my fellow-lodgers, and possibly excite suspicion that I was not what I seemed. Just in the neck of time in came that good man Daddy.

"What! not pitched yet?" he exclaimed; "here, I'll show you. Hallo! somebody's been a-bleedin'! Never mind; let's turn him over. There you are, you see! Now lay down, and cover your rug over you!"

There was no help for it. It was too late to go back. Down I lay, and spread the rug over me. I should have mentioned that I brought in with me a cotton handkerchief, and this I tied round my head by way of a night-cap; but not daring to pull the rug as high as my face. Before I could in any way settle my mind to reflection, in came Daddy once more to do me a further kindness, and point out a stupid blunder I had committed.

"Why you are a rummy chap!" said Daddy; "you forgot your bread! Lay hold. And look here, I've brought you another rug; it's perishing cold to-night." So saying, he spread the rug over my legs and went away. Just behind me, so close indeed that their feet came within half a yard of my head, three lads were sleeping together.

"Did you hear that, Punch," one of them asked.

"Hear what," answered Punch, sleepy and snappish.

"Why, a cove forgot his toke! Gordstruth! You wouldn't ketch me a forgettin' mine."

"You may have half of it, old pall, if you're hungry," I observed, leaning on my elbows.

"Chuck it here; good luck to yer!" replied my young friend, starting up with an eager clap of of his dirty hands.

I "chucked it here," and, slipping the other half under my bed, laid my head on my folded arms.

Here the writer breaks his narrative—that which we have already summarised appeared in Friday's issue of the *Pall Mall*—assuring his readers that it is true and faithful in every particular; that he cannot tell all his experiments by reason of their disgusting nature, but that in what he does tell there shall not be the slightest false color. He returns to the subject on Saturday.

It was now nine o'clock. One of the three young gentlemen behind him—the one whom he had refreshed with his "toke"—swore with frightful imprecations that he would have a smoke; and immediately put his threat into execution. Thereupon his bedfellows sat up, and lit their pipes too. They took it into their heads to spit at a crank a few inches from the writer's head, and they followed up the American custom with an Eastern one. They related little autobiographical anecdotes—so abominable that three or four decent men who lay at the farther end of the shed were so provoked that they threatened, that unless the talk abated in filthiness, to get up and stop it by main force. Instantly, the voice of every blackguard in the room was raised against the decent ones. They were accused of loathsome afflictions, stigmatised as "fighting men out of work" (which must be something very humiliating, I suppose), and invited to a "round" by boys young enough to be their grandsons. For several minutes there was such a storm of oaths, threats, and taunts—such a deluge of foul words raged in the room—that I could not help thinking of the fate of Sodom; as, indeed, I did several times during the night. Little by little the riot died out, without the slightest interference on the part of the officers.

Soon after, a lanky boy of about fifteen, with silky hair, blue eyes, and a voice soft and sweet as a woman's, entered. Lightly as a woman, too, he picked his way over the stones towards the place where the beds lay, carefully hugging his cap beneath his arm.

"What cheer, Kay?" "Out again, then, old son?" "What yer got in yer cap, Kay?" cried his friend; to which the sweet voice replied, "Who'll give me part of his doss (bed)?—my——eyes and limbs if I ain't perishing! Who'll let me turn in with him for half my toke (bread)?" I feared how it would be! The hungry young fellow who had so readily availed himself of half *my* "toke" snapped at Kay's offer, and after a little re-arrangement and bed-making four young fellows instead of three reposed upon the hay-bags at my head.

"You are too late for skilley, Kay. There's skilley now, nights as well as mornings."

"Don't tell no bleeding lies," Kay answered, incredulously.

"Blind me, it's true; ain't it Punch!"

"Right you are!" said Punch, "and spoons to eat it with, that's more! There used to be spoons at all the houses, one time. Poplar used to have 'em; but at one time they were all nicked, don't you know." ("Nicked" means "stolen" obviously.)

"Well, I don't want no skilley, leastways not to-night," said Kay. "I've had some rum. Two glasses of it; and a blow out of puddin'—regler Christmas plum puddin'. You don't know the cove as give it to me, but thinks I this mornin' when I come out, Blessed if I don't go and see my old chum. Lordstruth! he *was* struck! 'Come along, he ses, 'I saved you some puddin' from Christmas.' 'Whereabouts is it?' I ses. 'In that box under my bed,' he ses, and he forks it out. That's the sort of a pall to have! And he stood a quarter, and half a ounce of hard-up (tobacco). That wasn't all, neither; when I come away, ses he, 'How about your breakfus?' 'Oh, I shall do,' ses I. 'You take some of my bread and butter,' he ses, and he cuts me off four chunks buttered thick. I eat two on 'em comin' along."

"What's in your cap, Kay?" repeated the devourer of the "toke."

"Them other two slices," said Kay, generously adding, "There, share 'em amongst yer, and somebody give us a whiff of 'bacca."

Kay showed himself a pleasant companion; what in a higher grade of society is called "quite an acquisition." He told stories of thieves and thieving, and of a certain "silver cup" he had been "put up to," and that he meant to nick it 'afore the end of the week if he got seven stretch (? seven years) for it. The cup was worth ten quids (? pounds), and he knew where to melt it within ten minutes of nicking it. He made this statement without any moderation of his sweet voice, and the others received it as a serious fact. Nor was there any affectation of secresy in another gentleman, who announced, amid great applause, that he had stolen a towel from the bath-room: "And s'help me! it's as good as new; never been washed more'n once!"

"Tell us a 'rummy' story, Kay," said somebody; and Kay did. He told stories of so "rummy" a character that the decent men at the further end of the room (some of whom had their own little boys sleeping with them), must have lain in a sweat of horror as they listened. Indeed, when Kay broke into a "rummy" song, with a roaring chorus, one of the decent men rose in his bed, and swore that he would smash Kay's head if he didn't desist. But Kay sang on till he and his admirers were tired of the entertainment. "Now," said he, "let's have a swearing club! you'll all be in it?"

The principle of this game seemed to rest on the impossibility of either of the young gentlemen making half-a-dozen observations without introducing a blasphemous or obscene word; and either the basis is a very sound one, or, for the sake of keeping the "Club" alive, the members purposely made slips. The penalty for "swearing" was a punch on any part of the body, except a few which the club rules protected. The game was highly successful. Warming with the sport, and indifferent to punches, the members vied with each other in audacity, and in a few minutes Bedlam in its prime could scarcely have produced such a spectacle as was to be seen on the beds behind me. One rule of the club was that any word to be found in the Bible might be used with impunity, and if one member "punched" another for using such a word the error was to be visited upon him with a double punching all round. This naturally led to much argument; for in vindicating the Bible as his authority, a member became sometimes so much heated as to launch into a flood of "real swearing," which brought the fists of the whole club upon his naked carcass quick as hail.

These and other pastimes beguiled the time till twelve, and then all became quiet—"save for the flapping of the canvas curtain by the night breeze, the snoring and the horrible, indescribable sound of impatient hands scratching skins that itched." At one there was a new arrival—ten on 'em, as the porter told Daddy—and Daddy grumbled that there were no beds for them, and that they would have to "sleep double." The writer trembled—the prospect of sharing his bed with a scoundrel of the Kay breed was unendurable.

In the space of five minutes in they came at the rent in the canvass—great hulking ruffians, some with rugs and nothing else, and some with shirts and nothing else, and all madly swearing because coming in after eleven o'clock there was no "toke" for them. As soon as these wrathful men had advanced to the middle of the shed they made the discovery that there was an insufficient number of beds—only three, indeed, for ten competitors.

"Where's the beds? D'ye hear, Daddy?"

"You'll find 'em. Some of 'em is lying on two, or got 'em as pillows. You'll find 'em."

With a sudden rush our new friends plunged among the sleepers, trampling over them, cursing their eyes and limbs, dragging away their rugs; and if by chance they found some poor wretch who had been tempted to take two beds (or bags) instead of one, they coolly dragged him out and took possession. There was no denying them, and no use in remonstrating. They evidently knew that they were at liberty to do just as they liked, and they took full advantage of the privilege. One of them came up to me, and shouting, "I want that, you——!" snatched at my "bird's-eye" night cap and carried it off. There was a bed close to mine, which contained only one occupant, and into this one of the new comers slipped without a word of warning, driving its lawful owner against the wall to make room. Then he sat up in the bed for a moment, savagely venting his disappointment as to toke, and declaring that never before in his life had he felt the need of it so much. This was my opportunity. Slipping my hand under my bed, I withdrew that judiciously hoarded piece of bread, and respectfully offered it to him. He snapped at it with thanks.

By this time the churches were chiming two, matters had once more adjusted themselves, and silence reigned.

(Conclusion in next No.)

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

JAMAICA AFFAIRS.

Governor Eyre appears to be very sore at the comments which have been made in England upon his conduct. He says that his work was harrassing enough without having it aggravated by the "foul aspersions" of a portion of the English press. He contends that these aspersions were indulged in simply because the person who suffered punishment had a black skin, and he goes on to speak of the imminency of the danger, and the deserved chastisement of those who were implicated in the massacre at Morant's Bay. Evidently Mr. Eyre had not, at the departure of the last arrived mail, been rightly informed of the position taken up by his critics in England. He did not know that they fully approved of the execution of the murderers and their immediate accomplices; but that they did not approve of wholesale hanging and shooting three weeks after the outbreak had, according to Mr. Eyre's own statement, been suppressed, nor were they able to understand what the color of the skin had to do with the matter.

The *Times* and the *Star* are first in the field with letters from their special correspondents sent out to Jamaica. The correspondent of the *Star*, Mr. Gorrie, described the voyage out, and is clearly a practised writer, able to describe without resorting to the superfœtation of epithet which is so common with "word painters." He gives some valuable information respecting the social and political condition of the island. An idea of the wisdom of the authorities may be derived from the fact that so heavy are the duties imposed upon imports from England that the mail steamers in going to Jamaica actually travel out of the way for the Danish island of St. Thomas, where the mails and cargo are transferred to another steamer, which then proceeds to Kingston, and, as she comes from one of the islands, escapes the heavy duties. The consequence is that while Kingston is the deadly-lively place which Mr. Trollope has described it, St. Thomas is yearly prospering and growing in importance. Another circumstance mentioned by Mr. Gorrie is, that a bad habit prevailed of keeping back the wages of the negroes, which compelled them to run into debt and often involved them in distress. If they attempted to enforce payment by resorting to the law courts they found that their own employers were their judges, and thus they despaired of obtaining justice. It is quite true, and after hearing such an account not suprising, that the negroes in Jamaica do not care to work for their masters. Yet when some time ago an American gentleman made his appearance for the purpose of organizing a trade in bamboos, he had no difficulty in obtaining any number of black labourers. Moreover, the Barbadoes negroes work well. Mr. Gorrie is strongly of opinion that it would be far the best thing for the West Indies if the whole of our colonies there were placed under one Governor, and stipendary magistrates, who would have no interests opposed to those of the great majority of the inhabitants.

THE PROSPECT OPENING OUT TO BRITISH AMERICA.

[From the London Prototype.]

British America contains within herself all the elements of national greatness. Our forests abound with an unlimited supply of the most valuable timbers; which are floated down noble rivers to our shipping ports, where they are either manufactured into ships or else transported in specie to the markets of the world. Our mines abound with the most valuable minerals and metals—coal and iron, copper and gold. Our broad acres are fertile, producing the finest wheat on the continent, and that too in the for home consumption, the surplus is eagerly sought after in the European markets, and as if to give us a monopoly of those markets we have every facility of transportation that land and water, nature and art can provide. There is water power in British America capable of driving all the mills and manufactories in the world. Add to all these blessings that inestimable one of a thriving, well to do people, the lightest taxed of any on the continent, and it must be confessed that we are justified in anticipating a future in which riches and prosperity shall abound. It is true we have a national debt which we thought heavy some time ago; but which we now know to be light in comparison to that of the United States. And we can, with pride, reflect that the debt has been incurred for national public works—constructing canals and building railroads, every mile of which have added to the wealth and importance of the country. To meet this debt, we have to bear customs and excise duties. But these taxes are by no means heavy, and in paying them we know that we have had the worth of our money.

To image for a moment that the United States can ruin such a country as ours by refusing to deal with us, seems the height of folly. In the first place, nothing short of actual prohibition will prevent the United States people dealing with Canada for such things as we can sell cheaper than they can be produced. And with all sorts of internal taxes and excise duties on every product of the States, we shall as long as those taxes and duties exist, be enabled to undersell many manufactures and product. We can manufacture cheaper than they can—we can produce cheaper than they can; and to prevent us underselling them they will have to increase instead of lowering their Morill tariffs, against which the people of the Union are now lustily crying out. In the next place, even if prohibitive tariffs prevents us from competing with the United States in their own markets, there is nothing to prevent us from competing with them in foreign markets. Mr. Derby, it will be remembered, warned his countrymen that one effect of the abolition of the Reciprocity Treaty would be to send Canadian timber, wheat, barley, meat, butter, and everything else, to European markets. Another effect he told them would be to starve in New England manufactures by cutting off their supply of coal. Our policy ought decidedly be to starve those manufactures still more by cutting off their Pennsylvania supply—a thing which we can effectually do by keeping down the duties on the importation of the Pennsylvania coal into Canada. And as to timber, wheat and barley, need we reply that the abolition of the Treaty is not going to kill those exports. Imposing duties on those articles may not cut off our entire trade in them with the States, and as to the surplus we have the markets of Europe open to us. Under the treaty these exports went indirectly to Europe—the United States middlemen making twenty millions of dollars per annum by transporting them over their railways and canals to the ocean. Now they will have to be sent direct from Canada to Europe, and the trade they represent is large enough to warrant us in constructing the Intercolonial Railroad to Halifax. The recent abolition of timber duties in England will not have a bad effect on our trade—although it will bring us into keener competition with the Baltic trade.

There are many weak-kneed people who imagine that after the Reciprocity Treaty must come the deluge, or, what is much worse, annexation. But the apprehensions of this class of persons will not be realised. The abolition of the Reciprocity Treaty, so far from having a disastrous result, will, we believe, have a most beneficial result on the country. It will hasten the confederation of the Provinces. It will imbue a spirit of enterprise into the people. New markets will be sought out, and new industries will spring into life. Even now many foreign journals are pointing out that the United States trade with France and Mexico is but a fraction of what it ought to be. We trust, before long, to hear that the Canadian trade with those countries is becoming rapidly augmented.

We expect to see a great portion of the trade of seventy millions of dollars per annum that we now do with the States, at no distant period transacted directly between Canada and England. The United Kingdom is a far richer country to trade with than the United States. It does a cash business too, and in dealing with it we need not have serious apprehensions that we are dealing with a nation, according to its own Secretary of the Treasury, that is rushing headlong to bankruptcy and a disastrous financial collapse. Altogether, high as we prized the Reciprocity Treaty, we have a well-grounded hope that its repeal will prove a national blessing for Canada and British America.

CONDITION OF SOCIETY IN THE STATES.

(From the California Gazette.)

We do not remember any period of our social history when even half as many divorces have been recorded as during the few months just passed. No section of the country appears exempt from the disease, and nearly all the causes may be traced to hasty and selfish marriages. No small part of the business of Courts arises in granting divorces, and very often these grants appear to be made through the connivance of both parties. Infidelity is charged by the wife or husband against one of the parties, and one of the two consents to remain silent under the false imputation for the sake of securing the divorce, and often, on both sides, with the intention of marrying a second time. The marital bonds sit so loosely upon some married couples, that the most solemn of all earthly unions are thus often treated with the utmost levity. There is a case in point out West, where a young and very pretty female, in Indiana, has, within the past two years, been married and divorced three times, twice to the same man. A man named Taylor strayed off to Dixie, and fought for his rights under Simon Bolivar Buckner. Mrs. Taylor sued for a divorce, and got it, and consoled herself with a brief period of connubial felicity, wherein a Mr. Frazier was a party of the first part. Taylor, having fixed up the matter of his rights, came up to look after his matrimonial interests. He prevailed on Mrs. Taylor, that had been Mrs. Frazier, that she should again seek the intervention of the Courts, which she did successfully, turning poor Frazier out in the cold, and again marrying Taylor. The last marriage proved incompatible, and the gay and festive lady soon managed to obtain a third divorce, leaving Taylor and Frazier to console themselves with a mutual recital to large circles of sympathising friends of these extraordinary freaks of Eros, while the lady is sharply on the look-out for No. 4. Such is life in Indianapolis.

(From the Charleston Mercury, Feb. 8.)

A telegram is going the rounds of the Northern papers that the papers South are filled with accounts of murders and robberies. As an off-set to this we may remark that the same feature appears in the columns of the Northern press. By every mail we receive papers containing lengthy accounts of crimes perpetrated. In Connecticut there seems to be no end to the trials before the Courts. Boys, of scarcely twelve years, are even counted amongst the great crowd of law-breakers. The "local" men on Northern journals cannot complain of the scarcity of material.

We do not deny that the South has a full representation of thieves, vagabonds and robbers within her borders, but it is not fair to charge her with harboring more in proportion than are contained in the North. As we have had previous occasion to remark, the whole country, North and South, is infested with unprincipled, heartless scoundrels, and the only way to effect a reform is to make a telling example of those who may be detected in their crimes.

THE WAY THEY SERVED HIM.

A sharper (whose name we withhold for reasons that will be apparent) went up the Gatineau a week ago last Sunday. In going up he stepped into a tavern, demanded liquor, got it, and then told the landlord that he would have him hauled up for selling liquor on Sunday. The Landlord flared up and got into a passion at the "informer," but finding that he could not better himself, he eventually agreed to compromise the matter by giving the "smart gentleman" twenty dollars to hold his tongue. Succeeding so well in his first effort, the "sharper" went up the Gatineau, stopping at each tavern on the way, playing the old game, until he had victimised no less than ten tavern-keepers, netting altogether a sum of about two hundred dollars. Not content, however, with his success, our "sharp" hero pushed on at a rapid rate, and jumped into a tavern about eighty miles up the river, from the keeper of which he demanded liquor. What they may have seen in the visage of Mr. "Sharper" to excite suspicion, we know not, but whatever was the matter, one thing is certain, his host smelt a very large rat. The landlord suddenly called up one of his blandest smiles, and told the fellow it was Sunday, and he could not sell him liquor. "Oh! what of that?" replied Mr. Sharper, "I've had liquor in all the taverns along the road." "Did you get liquor at Mr.——'s," inquired "mine host," to which the unsuspecting sharp one replied in the affirmative. "Oh, well," returned Boniface, showing a face radiant with good humor, "sit down and have something to eat in the meantime, and that will be all right."

While Mr. Sharper was dining, the landlord harnessed his smartest steed and drove 2 40 to the nearest tavern which was about five miles off, where he discovered the game his guest was playing. Returning with his brother Boniface to his own establishment, he found Mr. Sharper inquiring for his liquor. The two publicans at once seized him, placed him in the cutter, and drove down to tavern after tavern, gathering together Mr. Sharper's victims. When they got the most of them together, they rifled the fellow's pockets, took out the two hundred dollars he had made on his day's trip, and made a general division of the spoil.

They then took Mr. Sharper into a house, where one of the finest "India steel" razors soon bereft him of every vestige of hair on lip, chin, cheek and crown alike. They did not leave the fellow a single hair on his head, even his eyebrows were closely shaven.

Mr. Sharper did not seem to have been curious to know what further indignities the irate Bonifaces intended to subject him to, for at this stage of the proceedings he bounded out of the window and made for the bush with the agility of the reindeer. He has not since been seen in those parts.

SKETCH OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—Says a correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican*: "Of erect and elastic form, five feet nine inches high, and well proportioned; of compact, flexible and powerful muscle, he impresses the critic as a man of great activity and endurance, and perhaps of enjoyment. Fifty years sit lightly upon him; he moves as in his prime and seems never to rest. His complexion is brunette; hair is dark, but adorned with dots and lines of silver; his eyes are brilliant when at rest, but when impassioned as glowing coals of fire, the crow-feet of years are near them, and glasses mark the decadence of the summer light of life. His features are positive and decided; his expression is as vivid as sunshine glancing through crystal prisms; yet care and thought are chiselling their atlas on his manly face and brow. I have heard ladies affirm him the handsomest of all our national dignitaries, and should you