

The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

EDWARD WHELAN]

This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

VOL. VII.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1857.

No. 10.

Literature.

ADVENTURES IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

The invention of firearms has made man lord of the animal creation. Lions, bears, and tigers, fall before him, when he raises his gun and takes his deadly aim; and even the hippopotamus—the ancient behemoth of Scripture—has become the sport of our modern Nimrods. Its name, as derived from the Greek, signifies the River Horse. Modern writers, perhaps with more propriety, call the male animal "The Sea Bull," and the female, "The Sea Cow." These animals, as most of our readers know, are amphibious—that is, able to live both in air and in water. They are denizens both of the land and the lake, the rock and the river.

Gordon Cumming, who spent five years in the far interior of Southern Africa, and slow wild animals of almost every description with as much zest and skill as our sportsmen do game at home, gives the following account of his adventures among a school of the hippopotamus tribe—

"On the 27th, whilst riding along the river's bank, some distance beyond the limits of yesterday's gallop, I heard a loud plunge, which was immediately followed by the welcome bounding sound of sea cows. I instantly divested myself of my leather trousers, and went into the reeds, where I came suddenly upon a crocodile of average size, lying in a shallow back stream, and, on his attempting to gain the main river, shot him dead on the spot; this was the first crocodile I had managed to lay my hands upon, although I had killed many. Soon after breakfast, the chief Soteka, accompanied by a number of his aristocracy, paid me a visit.

"On the 28th I sent men down the river, before it was clear, to look for sea cows, and they soon came running after me to say that they had found some; I followed accordingly, and in a long, broad, and deep bend, came upon four hippopotami, two full grown cows, a small one, and a calf. At the tail of this pool was a strong and rapid stream, which thundered along in Highland fashion over large masses of dark rock, and on coming to the shady bank, I could at first only see one old cow and a calf. When they dived, I ran into the reeds, and as the cow rose, shot her in the head; she, however, got away down the river, and I lost her. The other three took up the river, and became very shy, remaining under the water five minutes at a time, and then popping their heads up only for a few seconds; I accordingly kept behind the reeds, in hope of their dismissing their alarms. Presently, the two smaller ones, apparently no longer frightened, showed their entire heads, remaining above water for a minute; but the third, which was by far the largest, and which I thought must be a bull, continued extremely shy, diving under the water for ten minutes and more, letting us see her face but for a second, and making a blowing like a whale, returning to the bottom. I stood there with a rifle at my shoulder, and my eye on the sight, until I was quite tired. I thought I should never get a chance at her, and had just resolved to let fly at one of the smaller ones, when she showed up her head and looked about her; I fired, the ball cracked loudly below her ear, and the huge body of the sea cow came floundering to the top.

"Though not dead, she had lost her senses, and continued swimming round and round, sometimes beneath and sometimes at the surface of the water, creating a fearful commotion, when I finished her with a shot in the neck, upon which she instantly sank to the bottom, and disappeared in the strong and rapid torrent at the tail of the sea cow hole. Here she remained for a long time, and I thought that I had lost her, but the natives said she would soon reappear, and while taking my breakfast there was a loud hue and cry that the hippopotamus had floated and was sailing down the river. It was so, and my Hotentots swam in and brought her to the bank; her flesh proved most excellent. In the afternoon I shot a splendid old water buck, with a princely head, which I kept.

"The next day I rode down the river's bank, with two after riders, to seek for hippopotami, which the natives reported would be found in a pool in advance, where another river joined the Limpopo. After riding a short distance, I found the banks unusually green and shady, and in a broad, deep, and long still bend of the stream, the game I sought.

"They were lying in their sandy beds among the rank reeds at the river side, and on hearing me galloping over the gravelly shingle, the deposit of some great flood, they plunged into their native stronghold in dire alarm, and commenced blowing, snorting, and uttering a sound very similar to that made by the musical instrument called a serpent. It was a fairish place for an attack, so, divesting myself of my leather trousers, I ordered my after riders to remain silent, and then crept cautiously forward, determined not to fire a shot until I had thoroughly examined the herd, to see if there was not a bull, and, at all events, to secure, if possible, the very finest head amongst them.

"The troop consisted of about fourteen hippopotami, ten of them being a little further down the stream than the other four. Having carefully examined these ten, I made out two decidedly larger than the others. I then crept a little distance up the river behind the reeds, to obtain a view of the four, and saw that they were two enormous old cows, with two large calves beside them. The old ones had exactly the same size of head as the two best cows below. I accordingly chose what I thought the best of these two, and, making a fine shot at the side of her head, at once disabled her. She disappeared for a few seconds, and then came floundering to the surface, swimming round and round, diving and reappearing with a loud splash and a blowing noise, and getting slowly down the river, until I reattached and finished her, about an hour after, a quarter of a mile farther down. The other sea cows were now greatly alarmed, showing, and that only occasionally, but a small part of their heads. I managed, however, to select one of the three remaining ones, and, making a perfect shot, sent a bullet crashing into her brain; this caused instantaneous death and she sank to the bottom. I then wounded two more sea cows in the head, both of which I lost; the others were so alarmed and cunning, that it was impossible to do anything with them.

"The one I had first shot was now resting with half her body above water, on a sandbank in the Limpopo, at the mouth of the river Lepalala, which was broad, clear, and rapid, and from this position I started her with one bullet in the shoulder and another in the side of the head. This last shot set her in motion, when she commenced struggling in the water in the most extraordinary manner, disappearing for a few seconds and then coming up like a great whale, setting the whole river in a vortex. Presently she took away down the stream, but returning, I killed her with a shot in the middle of the forehead.

"This proved a most magnificent specimen of the female hippopotamus. She far surpassed the brightest conceptions I had formed of her, being a larger, a more lively, and in every way a more wonderful and interesting animal than certain writers had led me to expect. On securing this fine sea cow, I immediately cut off her head, and placed it high and dry, and this was a work of considerable difficulty for four men. We left the body in the water, being of course unable to do anything with it there, and it was well I secured the head when I did, for next morning the crocodile had dragged away the carcass.

"The body of the other huge sea cow which I had shot now floated and became stationary within about twenty yards of the opposite bank of the river. I accordingly held down the river to the tail of the pool, where the stream was broad and rapid, and less likely to hold crocodiles, and, although cold and worn out with fatigue, swam across to secure my game. Two of my Hotentots swam over to my assistance; but just as we were going to lay hold of the animal, she became disengaged from the invisible fetters that had held her, a gigantic old tree that some flood had lodged in the bottom of the pool, and floated down the middle of the river; when she neared the tail of the

pool we swam in, and, inclining her course to shore, stranded her on a fine gravel bank.
"This truly magnificent specimen was about the same size as the first, and apparently older, but her teeth were not quite so thick. Ordering the natives at once to cut off her huge head, and having seen it safely deposited on the bank, along with that of her comrade, I held for my waggons, having to cross the Lepalala to reach them. I was very much knocked up, but most highly gratified at my good fortune in first killing, and then securing, two out of the four best sea cows in a herd of fourteen."

A YANKEE YARN.

Riding through the interior of Maine in 1840, in a rough stage, we happened on one occasion to have for a fellow traveller a tall, raw-boned, broad-shouldered, long-haired countryman, whose large features and honest and fearless expression revealed him at once to be from the Green Mountains. As the stage was about leaving Farmington—every seat crowded—it was hailed by a small, thin, consumptive-looking individual, who begged the driver to take him on board as a passenger for a few miles, even if he had to be stowed away on the boot, as his health was too feeble for him to walk, and his business demanded that he should be in the next town that evening.

"Sorry I can't accommodate you," replied the driver, "every seat is occupied inside and out."
The Vermontier here thrust his head out of the window and explained—
"Hold on driver! The man ain't well! I'll hold him in my lap 'fore I'll have him left behind."
"All right," says the driver, "so much made extra, if you'll hold him. Jump in my man and make yourself as comfortable as you can, for it's stinging cold this morning."

The man got in, seated himself on the knees of the big Vermontier, and in pulling about him his old scarlet cloak, revealed a black quart junk bottle.

Thinking that it contained spirits, one of the passengers, a sailor, remarked—
"Can't you treat, Captain?"

"I haven't anything to treat with," smilingly replied the thin man. "My bottle contains washing fluid, which, though excellent for cleaning clothes, is far from palatable as a beverage."
"Thunder!" exclaimed the Vermontier, raising the new comer from his knees as he would a kitten. "You said washing fluid, didn't you, sir?"

"Yes, sir," gasped the thin man, "but I—I—hope I didn't give offence!"
The Vermontier remained silent for a few moments, then burst into a loud, ringing, boisterous laugh, and exclaimed—
"I beg pardon, gentlemen, for my momentary anger, but I'll tell you a little incident in my life, and if you don't then say I have reason to hate washing fluid, I will pay for the dinners at Bangor."

To a grateful, convulsed and attentive audience, the Vermontier related his 'experience,' but as no language but his own can convey an idea of its richness, we'll give his own words:

"Well, gentlemen, I live in the State of Vermont, and in the village of—well 'taint no particular matter where I live, the story is just as good without being located: so as before stated, I live in good glorious Vermont, in one of the handsomest little villages that ever stood out of doors. I have a wife and a little baby who live in a comfortable story-and-a-half house, and for the past year have boarded a young physician, who will, probably, some time or other, be master of his profession—if he ever does,—but a more careless fellow about stowing away his drugs and stuff never lived, that's certain—howsoever, that's neither here nor there at this part of the story. A year ago my wife didn't enjoy good health—nor she didn't enjoy very bad health neither; very well as far as that is concerned, but it came mighty hard for her to do the work of the family, such as doin' up the kitchen work and such things, and washing all the clothes besides; for you see her child wasn't born then, and the washing siders made wife sick for a day or two. So you see I was hoppin' mad cause I couldn't find a good girl to do the work, and the washin' particularly, and one day I was talking about it in the store hard by, and the merchant says he to me, says he:

"There ain't no necessity for having a washwoman now," says he, "for I have got a dozen bottles of Patent Labour Saving Fluid that'll make your clothes as clean as new, by just stirring 'em up in a tub with a stick, and lettin' 'em hang on a line to dry."

"What do you charge for a bottle of it?" says I.
"Well, seeing it's your," says he, "you may have it for seventy-five cents, though I calculate to sell 'em generally for a dollar a bottle."

"If sixty-two and a-half cents will pay for a bottle of it," says I, "I'll take one home and say nothin' about it."
"Well, seein' it's your," says he, "take it along, but don't tell nobody what you paid for it, for 'twould ruin my business with the neighbors. But," says he, "winkin' with his left eye kind o' slyly, 'after you've used it once or twice, and find that it starts the dirt as I tell you 'twill, I'd like for you to give me a recommendation to put in the newspapers, same's they do for itch ointment, and sich like—and I'll make it all right at the end of the quarter."

"Certainly," says I, "if the fluid comes up to the scratch, I'll do the handsome thing by you."
"Well, gentlemen, this was on Saturday afternoon, about 4 o'clock, and I took my big black bottle of fluid, put it in my overcoat pocket, and started for home."

"Now," says I to myself, says I, "a wife always picks up her clothes Sunday night, puts 'em in a heap, and does the washing Monday morning after breakfast, and it would be a capital joke for me to say nothin' about the fluid, but get up early Monday morning, while she was asleep, put the clothes in a tub, pour on the fluid, stir 'em up with a stick, and then hang 'em up to dry. Lord!" says I to myself, right in the street, loud as I'm talking now, "I'll do it by ginger, if I have to get up at two o'clock in the morning."

"So when I got home, I just takes the bottle out in the woodshed, and pokes it upon a high shelf among a lot of old beer bottles and blacking boxes, and went waddin' around the house just as if nothing hadn't happened.
Saturday night I went to market just the same as usual, and Sunday we both went to Church in the forenoon, and stayed at home and talked about our future prospects in the afternoon; but I kept up a terrible thinking about that fluid, but didn't let on but what I expected she would do the washing next morning—same's ever. Well, after a while we went to bed, I didn't sleep much that night, I kept thinkin' all the time about stirrin' up that tub o' clothes, and gettin' 'em up to dry before day-light. Once I got into a short doze, and dreamed I was swimming across a sea of washing fluid, and the rocks at the bottom and both sides were all petrified shirt bosoms and pillow cases; and I thought there was an old woman standin' on the banks, who kept stirrin' on us with a long pole.

"I reckon I woke up about five o'clock, for 'twas about half-way 'tween daylight and night and dark, and I could just see a little light on top of the Green Mountains. I turns over and looks at my sweet little wife, and she was sleeping as sound as a dead salmon; so I slid out o' bed, hurries on my clothes, and in less than ten minutes, had the old washub filled clear to the top with my wife's white clothes, and all that I could find of my own. I pours in about a painful and a-half of clean rain water, and then goes out into the woodshed, takes down the bottle of fluid, walks back to the tub and pours it all in. Lord! it would have done you good to hear it sis for about a minute!"

"Well," says I to myself, "if that's the dirt coming out, it

makes a good deal of noise about it anyhow, and I guess it's doing the thing up handsomely!"

"So, after lettin' it sis about a minute, I takes up an old broom handle that was standin' in the corner, and wallops the thing about like a lamb's tail in fly-time, for about three minutes, and then takes hold of 'em with my hands to string them out on the fence to dry."

"But, gentlemen, you'd better b'lieve I dropt that ere pile o' duds mighty sudden! Bilin' water wasn't a circumstance to 'em, and afore I could get my hands into a pail of fresh water, I thought, 'pon my soul, I should lose 'em both. For about a minute I was as mad as a scratched kitten, but I finally thought I wouldn't wake up my wife with my hollerin', but hang out the bilin' duds with the old broom handle, and let them drain on the fence. But the plaguy thing never cooled till the last minnit, and every time a drop of pesky fluid splattered on my hands, face or legs, it burnt worse'n melted sealing-wax. Why, gentlemen, you haint no idee how the infernal stuff did burn! Fire wasn't a shadder to it. Well, I soon got tired of that sport, and 'fore I got half of the moun't mention 'ems on the fence, I just washed my hands, face and legs, for I wasn't dressed you know, and streaked it off to bed like a scart weasel. But I couldn't sleep a wink; my hands pained me so, that I had to keep a blowin' on 'em to keep me from followin' like a lost calf, so says I to my wife, says I—

"Susan, dear, hadn't you better get up and put your clothes to soak!"

"Ho, h-u-m," says she, rubbing her eyes with her thumb-joint, and kind o' winkin' as if she was half asleep, 'y-e-s, John, I guess I had, but how long have you been awake, John?"

"O, some time," says I, blowin' my hands and diggin' my legs with my toe-nails all the time to keep from groanin', 'but get up now, Susan, do dear, or you will be late with your breakfast, and I've got to go out of town this morning on important business."

"If that's the case," says she, "I'll certainly hurry."

"Well, gentlemen, I was in a mighty uncomfortable fix about that time; you can bet your life on that and not lose a hair. I wanted to groan like a dying horse, and have something cooling wrapt around my fingers; and then again I didn't want to make no noise till wife had seen how nice I had fixed things."

"Well, wife she flew around and got on her things, and went out into the kitchen to chuck the clothes into a tub, and about three minutes I heard her say to herself, says she—

"Good heavens and yearh! what does this mean? I never put these things to soak. John! John! get up and come here, do."

"Certainly," says I, "certainly."

"And, gentlemen, I am under a powerful impression that this customer wasn't very slow in his movements about that time, for in less than four seconds I was thar, and says I, scratching my legs at the same time—

"What's the matter, my dear? What's up?"

"What's up?" says she, 'why look here; somebody has put all my clothes—and some little things that I have just been makin'—in this tub, and then thrown something on 'em that has entirely ruined 'em!"

"Ha, ha, ha," says I, trying mighty hard to laugh, but my voice sounded as dry as a leaf of tan bark going over a bridge. "Well, Susan, ha, ha, ha, I suppose I may as well own up to the joke, at once, for my hands ache so that I can't hold out any longer. It's washin' but washin' fluid, and it cleans the clothes without rubbin', and its well it does, for no pair of hands in this world could stand the rubbin'." But you see the joke of it, my dear, I got up this morning while you were asleep, and done up the washin' slick and clean, and hung part of them out on the fence to dry."

"While I was sayin' this, wife she took a little stick, and in tryin' to lift out of the tub one of her—well, as there's ladies present, 'taint no matter what it was—one of her garments, by ginger! the taral thing bust in two—right through the middle: one half holdin' on to the sides, and t'other half fallin' back into the tub."

"Although I was sufferin' from burnt hands, and was as mad as a Green Mountain catamount at what the infernal fluid had done, I couldn't keep from laughin' to see that garment bust in two, if I'd died for it, so I just gave a yell 'twould a done justice to a one-horse earthquake."

"Wife looks through the window at the white strings hangin' on the fence, and it was too much for the poor critter; her heart was broke, and she sits down to cry it out. I was now about as mad as a man could be without spoiling, and my hands and legs pained me so, that I routed the Doctor as if there was fourteen murders goin' on in the house. The Doctor rushed down stairs with his pants in his hands, and with the nightcap wrong side before; and seein' wife cryin', and me a walkin' the room, groanin' like a fall wind in a grave-yard, says he—

"In the name of calomel and hot julp, what's the matter now?"

"What's the matter now?" says I, "O, nothin' very particular is the matter, only I've burnt up all the clothes in the house, and both o' my hands and legs, with a bottle o' thunderin' washin' fluid, that I've been experimentin' with."

"The Doctor looked at my hands a minute, then smelt of the tub of clothes, and says he,

"Where's the bottle you took the fluid out of?"

"Out on the door step," says I.

"The doctor went out and looked at the bottle, went into the woodshed and took a peep at the blackin' boxes and beer bottles, and after smellin' a little to himself to keep me from raisin' I suppose, on him, says he, peepin' into the room—

"Well, you have immortalized yourself to-day, and no mistake, and you shall hereafter be known as the Washing Fluid Experimentier."

"What in thunder are you laughin' at?" says I.

"Why," says he, "your bottle of washing fluid stands out on the shelf where you put it, and you have used up a quart and a-half of the very best quality of the Oil of Vitriol, some that I bought last week for chemical purposes."

"Gentlemen, I ain't a man 'dicted to profane language only on 'straordinary cases, but if I didn't make the atmosphere blue for a few minutes, then I didn't know how—that's so! was so for a minute, to think that I had played a joke on myself, that I didn't feel the pain of my scalded hands a bit; and I just goes into the shed, smashes the uncorked bottle of fluid over a box of iron, swore eternal enmity to everything in the washin' improvement line, and we've washed our clothes in the good old fashioned way ever since."

"And, gentlemen, as the man hain't offered to sell his fluid to this party, I'll forgive him, but if any man ever asks me to buy another bottle of washin' fluid—either he or I has got to take a lickin'."

"B—'s Corners," exclaimed the driver, and the little man slid out of the coach like a frightened mouse, truly grateful, no doubt, that he had escaped the capacious jaws of the gigantic Green Mountameer."

VENICE.

Few are aware of the general aspect of this beautiful city, "the Lady of Lombardy." It stands near the head of the Adriatic Sea, upon a cluster of islands that lie in the midst of extensive lagoons, which surround it on every side, and are divided from the open waters without by a narrow strip of land. In the course of ages large deposits of mud, brought down by the rivers, have accumulated in the lakes of Venice, rendering them much shallower than formerly, and consequently unfit for the navigation of those stately vessels which once floated upon them, heavy with the spoils of the East. Engineering operations, however, have been undertaken of recent years to restore them to their ancient depth.

The chief thoroughfares of Venice, as is well known, and

its canals, which traverse the city in all directions; the principal of them, the Grand Canal, winding from one end to another, somewhat in the form of the letter S. On each side of this are those magnificent ranges of palaces which Canalese delighted to paint, rising abruptly from the water, and only connected by a single bridge. That bridge, however, is the Rialto, and on its solitary arch the traveller passes to think of Shylock, and Antonio, and the Moor.

Another famous bridge is the Bridge of Sighs, which Mr. Buskin tells us is inappropriately named, since it was never used as a passage to a prison. Many of the public buildings of Venice are grand and elegant, the noblest being the Basilica of St. Mark, with its exquisite Campanile, or Bell Towers opposite; while the ancient Palace of the Doges, occupying one side of the Piazza of St. Mark, contributes to form one of the most superb public squares in Europe.

The canals, as we have said, are the streets of Venice; therefore, gondolas are its carriages. These are long, light, covered boats, carved at the prow, with a black cabin in the centre, appearing, as Byron says, "just like a coffin clapt in a canoe."

From the superabundance of water, occasioned by the peculiarity of its situation, the city is not esteemed very healthy, its inhabitants being, in general, of a pallid cast of countenance, while fevers frequently spread through the lower quarters. Moreover, as the Mediterranean is a sea almost without tides, the water at the head of the Adriatic not rising more than a foot or two, and as the canals of Venice are also its sewers, unpleasant exhalations continually remind the visitor that he is not in an enchanted city. Even the most prosaic persons admit, nevertheless, the loveliness of its appearance, the dream-like lightness of the masses of buildings that seem to sleep eternally upon the waters; but it must not be supposed that every time you leave home in Venice, you are compelled to take a boat. Such is the popular idea, but it is erroneous. There is not a house in the city that is not approachable by land, thousands of little alleys winding from bridge to bridge, and from street to square, so that the mass of the population are quite as little used to gondolas as the mass of the inhabitants of London to cabs and hackney coaches. A recent writer, not remarkable for the philosophical soundness of his conclusions, rejoices over the decay of this fairy like capital, and remarking that her palaces, quays, and bridges, are rapidly mouldering away, declares that the time will come when the world will ask, "Where stood Venice?" Such prophecies are safe to utter, but very unsafe to believe.

Historically, Venice abounds in interest. Founded in the middle of the fifth century of our era by the people of the neighbouring mainland, who sought, in the islets of the Adriatic Sea, a refuge from the far reaching ferocity of Attila, it grew, with wonderful rapidity, to wealth and splendour, and, in its most flourishing period, during the middle ages, almost eclipsed the maritime glories of the Genoese Republic, became next to supreme upon the Mediterranean, conquered extensive territories on the mainland, and became the haughty mistress of the Mores, as well as of India, Cyprus, and other gardenlike islands of the rich Levant. Gradually these possessions were torn from the Queen of the Adriatic by the Ottoman power, then rising to terrible proportions in the East; and, ultimately, the great Napoleon, striking at independent Governments everywhere, destroyed the Republic of Venice. It fell under the sway of Austria, and, in spite of many a gallant effort, has since remained the victim of her barbarous and improvident tyrann.

The young Emperor of Austria was, some time ago, that, by visiting his Italian possessions, and proclaiming a political amnesty, he might conciliate the people, and reconcile them to the Hapsburg rule. Never was a more signal error of policy committed than by the advisers of this Imperial despot, who expected the inhabitants of Venice to receive him with applause, to throng around him, and to offer him the homage of fear, if not of loyalty. Instead of this, the demeanor of the population in all his Italian provinces was cold, proud, and menacing. Arriving at Venice on the 26th of November, the Emperor Francis Joseph received only the cheers of the official class, of the police, and a few persons in the disguise of shopkeepers, who were known to have been paid for that purpose. The Square of St. Mark was brilliantly illuminated, at the expense of the Government; but not a private house in Venice exhibited a decoration, or any other sign of love or joy. In the evening the Imperial party went to the opera, where, in spite of the utmost exertions of the Austrian officials, thirty boxes were empty.

In order to mitigate the hatred of the Venetians, and his other Italian subjects, for his person and Government, Francis Joseph then announced that the debts due from Venice and four other provinces to the Empire, and amounting to fourteen millions, were all remitted. "What of that?" muttered the Italians. "It was an unjust debt, imposed on us to avenge the glorious enterprise of 1848 and 1849." So with the amnesty and with the restoration of confiscated estates, one and all, the people felt that whatever their German oppressors might do to win their allegiance, it was for Italy never to abandon her resolve to be ruled only by Italians. Thus the Imperial visit must be regarded as a striking political failure, not having elicited the least demonstration of respect, but proving, on the contrary, that a man may be an emperor, an autocrat, the chief of four hundred thousand armed men, the possessor of a vast treasury, and yet be powerless either to command a cheer, or to buy a smile. Such is the moral of the event. Venice, the beautiful and the melancholy city, once great and gay, the loveliest and brightest of the earth, has ventured to meet her oppressor with a frown. The emperor's reception has been similar in all parts of his Italian provinces. Nor can it have added to the sweetness of his reflections to hear, while he gazed on a sullen population, that the life of his dear friend at Naples had been attempted by an Italian soldier. Under such circumstances, he who looks upon Venice, looks upon sadness and decay.

A SAN FRANCISCO AUCTIONEER.

The reporter of the San Francisco News furnishes that paper with the following report of a speech made by a Californian auctioneer:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I now have the honour of putting up a fine pocket handkerchief; a yard wide, a yard long, and almost a yard thick; one half cotton, and t'other half cotton too; beautifully printed with the stars and stripes on one side, and the stars and stripes on t'other. It will wipe dust from the eyes so completely as to be death to demagogues and make politics as bad a business as printing papers. Its great length, breadth, and thickness, together with its dark colour, will enable it to hide dirt, and it will never need washing. Going at one dollar—seventy-five cents?—fifty cents?—twenty-five cents?—one bit? Nobody wants it: Oh, thank you, sir! Next, gentlemen—for the ladies won't be permitted to bid on this article—is a real simon pure tempered, highly polished, keen-edged Sheffield razor; brass spankin new; never opened before to sun-light, moon-light, star-light or gas-light; sharp enough to shave a lawyer or cut a disagreeable acquaintance or a poor relation; handle of buck horn; with all the rivets but the two in the ends of pure gold. Who will give two dollars? one dollar? half a dollar? Why, ye long bearded, dirty faced reprobates, with not room enough on your phizzes for a Chinese woman to kiss, I'm offering you a bargain at half a dollar! Well, I will throw in this strap at half a dollar! razor and strap—a recent patent; two rubs upon it will sharpen the city attorney; all for four bits, and a piece of soap—sweeter than roses, fathens better than any schoolmaster, and strong enough to wash out all the stains from a Californian politician's countenance, all for four bits! Why, you have only to put the razor, strap, and soap under your pillow at night, to wake up in the morning clean shaved. Won't anybody give me two bits, then, for the lot? I knew I would sell 'em. Next, ladies and gentlemen, I offer three pair socks, hose, stockings, or half hose,