

for your manuscript, I will go up to any amount at the rate of forty francs per page of writing; otherwise nothing."

"Take me home again," said the prisoner, addressing his guard.

"And what shall I do with my writ?"

"Don't be alarmed, take me back to my house."

Again they entered the coach; and in a few minutes are at the author's residence.

"Leave your bailiffs in the passage, and come into my library," said he to the officer. It was done. "Now take a comfortable seat on the sofa, here are cigars, rum, and all my books, five hundred volumes—I admit none but my own works. Smoke, drink, and read."

"Until sunset, Monsieur!"

"Yes, no longer time is necessary."

So saying Dumas threw off his coat, and seating himself at his desk, seized his pen and commenced writing furiously.

"What are you about to do, Monsieur?" asked the other.

"Don't disturb me, I am coining money."

A quarter of an hour elapsed. Dumas rang the bell, his valet answered it, "Take this to the publisher, he will give you forty francs for it."

He was obeyed; fifteen minutes after there was another ring; the groom appeared and was similarly commissioned. Each succeeding quarter of an hour a leaf was despatched—messengers were in demand; they formed a chain between the author and publisher. In a short time the crowds began to arrive, the copy and the money passed each other continually in the street, and the piles of each growing larger. At last, after seven hours and a half of intense labour, the battle was gained, and the debt discharged while the sun was yet fifteen minutes high.

The hussar immediately sounded a retreat much astonished at what he had seen, and somewhat so at what he had drunk. It was only then that Dumas was conscious of having taken no sustenance since the evening before; seating himself at a table with as much spirit as if he had just been taking a refreshing nap, he exclaimed,

"I have not wasted my day."—*Gazette Française.*

#### ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

##### AN EARLY NOTION.

On Wednesday night last, Mr. Patrick J— of S—, in the county of Kildare, was awakened by a person singing near his bedroom window; and on opening the casement, heard, to his great surprise, the following ditty:—

'The stars are smiling sweet, love,  
The birds shleep in each bower;  
An' the holy light o' the moon shines  
Bright

O'er ev'ry tree and flower:  
Then 'Liza are you wakin'?'  
Or d' you hear me, spakin'?'  
Shure you know my heart is breakin'  
For the love o' you, 'Liza dear.  
Then why don't you speak mavourne?'  
Or are you a stick or a stone,  
All so bright an' so cowl'd,  
Just like Diana ov ould.  
Without mindin' your darlint's ochone?'

The last wild accent had scarcely died away, when Mr. J— called out, 'Who's there?'

'It's me, sir,' replied a small piercing voice, which he immediately recognised as that of Master Tommy Currin, a precious youth of the neighborhood.

'What are you doing there, Tommy?'

'Oh! Sir, my mother is unwell, an' has been ordhered to get some of the herb—what d'ye call it? Oh! it grows on yonder wall there, sir, and must be pulled afther cockerow an' afore the sun shines out, or it will have no virtue, they say, sir; so she sint me for it at this onseasonable hour; but, although I didn't like the business over and above well, yit shure I could not refuse her: an' thinkin' I might as well sing grief as cry it, I began to lift up that taiste of a rhonista, to keep my self company. 'Good night, Tommy.'

Mr. J— rose early next morning, as is indeed his usual practice, and on going to his business his attention was arrested by a bundle lying on the avenue, a short

distance from the hall door, which on examination, he found to contain several articles of ladies' wearing apparel, that he at once knew to belong to his daughter's wardrobe. A dreadful thought flashed across his mind; he rushed to her chamber, and in an instant found his worst apprehension to be correct. Miss Eliza was gone.

A servant girl, named Kitty Foy, has since acknowledged that she was in the whole secret, and instrumental in carrying on the affair, that Miss J— took with her only £14, which belonged to her mother; and that she and Curran were gone to Cork with the intention of starting from thence to America.

The metropolition and the Cork police authorities have been apprised of the matter, and every possible step has been taken for their arrest, but pursuit has as yet proved fruitless.

Miss Eliza is turned of thirteen! and Master Tommy is going on fifteen!! whilst the lassie, through whose instrumentality this foolish, unthinking pair has been thus prematurely

Launched upon life's stormy sea, has not yet attained her sixteenth year.—*Leinster Express.*

## THE EXAMINER.

Monday, June 23, 1851.

### ELECTION FOR THE FIRST DISTRICT OF PRINCE COUNTY.

Most of our readers are by this time aware that it was upon no doubtful knowledge of the state of public feeling in Prince County that we, last week, so confidently augured utter defeat and humiliation to Mr. Deputy Land Agent Gall and his allies, in their furious and preposterous attempt to exclude from their well-merited seats in the House of Assembly three of the present holders of office.

The first fight of the Summer campaign has been fought, and won—gloriously and gallantly won—by the supporters of constitutional Government. And the next fight!—and the next!! and the next!!! will be crowned with no less a measure of success.

The Hon. Mr. Warburton's election took place on Tuesday last. The state of the poll at the close, in the several polling divisions, as obtained from the Sheriff's poll books, at St. Eleanors, on Thursday last, was as follows:—

	Warburton.	Gall.
Tignish,	169	59
Dock,	33	22
Cascumpec,	5	6
West Point,	40	10
Barlow's Mills,	56	2
Carr's, Lot 14,	40	19
	343	118
Majority,	225!!!	

Only 11 votes required to give the liberal candidate triple the number polled by the obstructive! How does the deputy Land Agent feel after this fearful drubbing? Is he not, or will he ever be ashamed of that overweening impertinence and presumption which prompted his descent upon the electors of the First District? We have no personal pique against the unfortunate deputy—(although from the blackguard manner in which he sometimes wags his insolent tongue against ourselves, when in the privacy of life, he can dare to do so with some degree of impunity, we are little disposed to express or feel any sympathy for him) and we do not rejoice over his defeat simply because he is deputy Land Agent Gall, but because he is the instrument of the proprietary faction in and out of the Island, and the tool of the

obstructives. Well! he has made a pretence of it for his masters and employers! Beat by nearly three to one in a District where the influence of Messrs. Cunard, Palmer and Yeo was supposed to be overwhelming!! We delight to hold up to public admiration this wonderful champion of the Tories and Proprietors. Behold him! He is the only eligible man they could afford to put forward; and he was selected, not because he is possessed of great mental acquirements, and "resistless eloquence" to shake the fierce democracy whose shoulders support the new fabric of constitutional Government—not because of the many noble and generous deeds he has done, here or elsewhere—not because of the boundless wealth he might employ to corrupt the hearts and enslave the souls of the constituency he aspired to misrepresent—but—but—because the obstructives could find no other man in their distinguished phalanx with the slightest chance of success in assuming the hazardous enterprise of opposing the Colonial Secretary—and because (oh damaging truth!) he holds Mr. Cunard's rent scrip, and is *locum tenens* to his honor the Assistant Judge—the sword of Damocles personified, placed in terror over the heads of the "bold peasantry" whose sweat and toils are spent to fill the pockets of two or three gentlemen who "sit at home at ease," and to make teem with verdure and with beauty those hills and valleys, to which they have but little better than a traditional right. And now let us see of what avail has been the boasted influence of the rent roll and ledger, in its alliance with bribery, corruption and intimidation, to overthrow the liberties of the people of this Island. We find that at Tignish the Colonial Secretary polled one hundred and ten votes more than Mr. Gall. At this place is situated the property claimed by the Messrs. Palmers, and most of that for which Mr. Gall is the reputed Agent in exacting rents for the hon. Samuel Cunard. Mr. Charles Palmer stood upon the hustings with a list of the names of those who are tenants to himself and to his brothers; and Mr. Gall held in his hand a list of Mr. Cunard's tenants, giving each as he came to the hustings a significant nod, which being expressed in plain English, would declare that the vote was regarded as a part of Mr. Cunard's property; while the Hon. Mr. Coles (who represented the Secretary at Tignish) had no list—no ledger, or no rent-roll to thrust in the faces of the people, and by the force of principles alone, beat the proprietor and the agent on their own property, by tremendous odds. So much for the value and importance of the rent-roll; or, rather, so much in praise of the independent-minded tenantry who will brave a landlord's wrath, and perchance a landlord's persecution for freedom's sake. How appropriately may the men of Tignish claim for their motto the verse of the Scottish poet:

"Thy spirit, Independence! let us share,  
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!  
Thy steps we follow with our bosoms bare,  
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

Now for Mr. Yeo and his ledger. This gentleman was once styled (facetiously enough!) "king of the west," when Jemmy, it was believed, swayed his sceptre (a yardstick) more despotically than any other king from Nicholas at St. Petersburg to Nicholas at Pandem-

num. But as all unstable monarchies, and particularly despotic ones, have in this our age every where presented lamentable signs of disorganization and disobedience, it was hardly to be supposed that the little kingdom beyond St. Eleanors would fail to copy the fashion of the times. Indeed, the people who have risen in rebellion to his most excellent majesty Jemmy Yeo have evinced a more determined hatred for despotism than the revolutionists of the European continent, for while the miserable kings, who were toppled from their thrones, had in their worst times many adherents to follow them in their hair breadth escapes, and to share their calamities, the devil a subject at all has the "king of the west" from whom to claim servitude or obedience. The merchant and the politician, who have been much more abroad than the Schoolmaster, have played the very mischief with his majesty's affairs, by reducing the cost of merchandize one or two hundred per cent., and by giving familiar lectures on Responsible Government; so that there are other places quite as attractive as the palace at Port Hill, where tea can be had for about 2s. 9d., instead of 8s., tobacco for 1s. 8d. instead of 4s., and where his majesty, if he behaves himself, may get drunk as well as at the palace, and at far less cost than that at which he doled out the imperial spirits to his lieges in the days that are past.

As some of our adversaries—and especially the man of the Islander—have a mighty fondness for figures, and a wonderful knack of twisting them about to suit their purposes—we beg to direct their attention to the foregoing statement of the poll, where a few simple figures may be found suggestive of much valuable reflection. Let them take the state of the poll at Barlow's Mills, where the ship-building operations of Mr. Yeo are carried on more extensively than any where else, and where there are scores of people in his employment—and they will find that all his zeal and active influence could not procure one vote for Mr. Gall: the only two who polled for Gall at this place are brothers of Mr. Yeo and would have voted as they did independently of Jemmy. And here be it remembered, the Colonial Secretary obtained 56 votes in spite of Mr. Yeo. Let them turn again to the state of the poll at Carr's, Lot 14, (which polling division includes Port Hill, his own neighbourhood, and the estate for which he is Agent) and they will find that Mr. Yeo's influence is there, likewise, tetotally gone to smash—19 being all that Gall polled to the Secretary's 40! If Mr. Yeo had taken no active part in this election, those figures would not, perhaps, be a fair indication of his influence in the District; but when it is notorious that he travelled day and night for the deputy land agent—threatened, wheedled, coaxed, and got "glorious," to effect the return of that worthy individual—we think he cannot fail to be alarmed at the decay of his influence in anticipation of a General Election; and taking a sad retrospect of the past, he will doubtless be ready to exclaim the Bideford English of "Sic transit gloria mundi."

NOMINATION OF CANDIDATES FOR THE SECOND DISTRICT.—Thursday last having been the day appointed for the nomination of a candidate to represent