THE EXAMINER:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides.

Vol. XIII. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, March 2, 1863. New Series.---No. 8.

FALL CONSIGNMENT.
Ex "GAZELLE."

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

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

N. RANKIN, Queen Street.
November 17, 1862.

Holland Gin!
200 CASES, 1 doz. each, and 5 Hhds.
De Kuyper's BEST GIN,
20 chests Congo TEA, (very superior),
1 Bale No. 1 Buffalo Robes,
100 Boxes Lozenges,
all at LOW prices.
WILLIAM DODD,
Dec. 22. isl Queen Square.

Barque "GAZELLE."

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

W. W. LORD & CO.

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

W. W. LORD & CO.
Charlottetown, Jan. 12, 1863. 2m

BENZOLE,
OR SPIRITS TURPENTINE SUBSTITUTE. One barrel of this article, now generally used in the place of Turpentine, and sold for less than HALF its COST, for sale at the CITY HARDWARE STORE.

H. E. STARBIRD & CO.
Jany. 12, 1863.

A Schooner of 50 Tons.

I HAVE the Spars, Standing and Running Rigging, Blocks, Patent Windlass, Chains and Anchors, Boat and other small gear, second-hand, which I will sell low, and take Freight in exchange. They can be seen here.

ALSO
100 Pine Ash-bound FISH BARRELS.
GEO. W. HOWLAN.
Casumpec, Feb. 9, 1863.

500 Cords of Hemlock Bark
Wanted at the City Tannery.

TENDERS will be received at the office of the above Establishment, up to the 31st March next, from persons wishing to supply the above quantity of Hemlock Bark.

No tenders will be received for a less quantity than Fifty Cords, and good security will be required for the fulfilment of each contract.

Charlottetown, Feb. 9, 1863.

BANK OF P. E. ISLAND.

THE Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank will take place at the Bank premises, Queen Street, Charlottetown, on TUESDAY, the 3rd day of MARCH next, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the purpose of choosing Seven Directors for the ensuing year, and transacting such other business as shall be then laid before them.

N. B.—By the 6th Bye Law all persons voting for others by proxy, must deposit their authority to vote with the Cashier at least one day previous to the day of meeting.

WM. CUNDALL, Cashier.
Charlottetown, Feb. 23, 1863.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLNAD
CLOTH MANUFACTORY,
TRYON.

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

Machinery for Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

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

One shilling and three pence per yard.

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

CHARLES E. STANFIELD.
Tryon, April 21, 1862.

CARGO EX "GEORGE DUNDAS,"
FROM NEW YORK.

THE Subscriber has JUST RECEIVED per Schooner "GEORGE DUNDAS," the following GOODS, which he

Offers for Sale at the LOWEST PRICES:

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

ALSO, IN STORE,

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

J. S. CARVELL.
Peake's Buildings, Dec. 22, 1862. tf

AUCTION!
WILL BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, without reserve—

100 Crates and Casks of
CHINA, GLASS and EARTHENWARE,

well assorted, suitable for Country Merchants, early in MAY NEXT, or on arrival of the Spring Ships from Liverpool.

TERMS reasonable, and will be made known at time of Sale.

B. O'NEILL & CO.
February 2nd, 1863. 2m

NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the Estate of JAMES COLES, senior, of Charlottetown, deceased, are requested to furnish their accounts to either of the undersigned, duly attested; and all persons indebted to the said Estate are hereby required to make immediate payment to either of the undersigned, in Charlottetown.

GEORGE COLES, } Executors.
SILAS BARNARD, }
Charlottetown, 24th November, 1862. [Dec. 22

Farmers, Attention!

THE Subscriber thankful for past favors, respectfully informs his customers and the public generally that he has ready for sale

Sleigh and Cart Harness

of every description, and of the best quality, suitable for winter driving, which he will sell reasonably for prompt payment.

He is also prepared to execute all orders in his line, and to supply country wholesale dealers, as formerly, on liberal terms.

JOHN BOWERS,
Richmond Street.
Charlottetown, Jan. 15, 1863. 9in

LITERATURE.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW?

I know a girl with teeth of pearl,
And shoulders white as snow;
She lives—ah! well,
I must not tell—
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her sunny hair is wondrous fair,
And wavy in its flow:
Who made it less
One little tress—
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her eyes are blue (celestial hue),
And dazzling in their glow;
On whom they beam
With melting gleam,
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her lips are red and finely wed
Like roses ere they blow;
What lover sips
Those dewy lips—
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her fingers are like lilies fair,
When lilies fairest grow;
Whose hand they press
With fond caress—
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her foot is small, and has a fall
Like snow-flakes on the snow;
And where it goes
Beneath the rose—
Wouldn't you like to know?

She has a name, the sweetest name
That language can bestow;
'Twould break the spell
If I should tell—
Wouldn't you like to know?

A TERRIFIC COMBAT.

My black guide, whose movements were as noiseless and gliding as those of a snake, was about two yards in front of me, pushing gently but swiftly on hands and knees through the tangled underwood and thorny creepers which made the entrance into the dense and gloomy recesses of the primæval African forest almost impassable to the hardiest of the human race, and I was eagerly following in the track which he had made, when suddenly he paused, uttered a low slight hiss, and placing his right hand behind him, made with it a gentle movement, warning me to be silent and cautious.

How long we both remained motionless and hardly daring to draw a breath I know not. It may have been five minutes. It appeared to me as many hours. I felt neither fear nor apprehension of danger, but my anxiety to obtain a sight of a living gorilla, and, if possible, to get within shot of him, and the hope that my black hunter had at length marked one, caused my heart to throb with expectation so loudly, that in order to still it I was obliged to hold my breath forcibly until the sense of suffocation became unbearable, and it was with great difficulty I repressed a spasmodic tendency to relieve my lungs by a scream. At length my guide moved forwards, but so silently that his progress was more like that of a shadow than of anything having life and weight in it. His hand was still carried behind him, the open palm towards me, and every motion of the fingers instinct with intelligence and warnings of the presence of danger the most imminent and deadly. The Fan (my guide was a splendid specimen of that noblest of the Central African tribes) again stopped. His palm expanded, and I instantly paused. The ground shook with a slight tremour. The air vibrated around us and beat flutteringly upon our ears, as the reader may have felt when the deepest bass of a great organ is gently touched. At first I did not perceive that the agitation was the result of sound, but as the vibration was passing away I distinguished a low deep roar, and found that some terrible beast, most probably either a lion or a gorilla, was close at hand, and was either conversing in a low tone with his mate, or was uttering the first notes of suspicion or alarm.

I had seen the nasty little birds which attend the rhinoceros and perform for the deep folds of his thick but not insensible hide the duty which in civilised society is remitted to the small-tooth-comb. I knew how sharp a watch and ward they keep over the safety of their living feeding-ground, and how they scream and dig their sharp and searching beaks into the fierce brute's ear when anything dangerous or strange approaches his resting-place; and I feared lest some such courtierly parasite of the woods might have attached itself to the service and the court of the anthropoidal apish monarch, and was now whispering into his majesty's ear its suspicions that certain barbarian invaders or low and villainous revolutionists of an inferior order of the gorilla species were trespassing within the bounds which his majesty had been graciously pleased to reserve as the limits of his own exclusive private domain. I listened, but no particular note or chirp struck my ear. The silence was almost appalling; so was the darkness of that portion of the dense forest into which we had penetrated. Very shortly after we had entered the woods the fierce glare of the sun had ceased to penetrate to the ground except at rare intervals. The broad luxuriant upper foliage of the mighty trees completely excluded the blaze of the tropical sun, which shone down through a yellow atmosphere like the mouth of an open furnace, from a sphere of polished, glaring, reddened brass. At first there were cool extensive forest glades, and vast avenues of gigantic trees, populous and noisy with birds of gorgeous plumage but discordant voices; then came closer stems and lesser growth of scions springing emulously up amidst the giant parents of the woods. Thick tangles of tough-stalked creepers intertwining with thorny plants, like briars of gigantic growth, next barred our path in places which were thereby made absolutely impenetrable. At length, after threading our way through tracks which the wild animals had slightly made, we reached those darkest densest portions of the woods where the Fan hunter knew that the gorilla could be only found, if found at all.

Here, in the interpenetralia, the voices of the forest had altogether ceased. The hiss of a serpent, the twitter of a grasshopper or locust, the hoot of an owl, or the chatter of a stray monkey might indeed be occasionally heard, but such sounds were few and far between, and they served rather to illustrate and mark the silence by showing how exceptional and discordant with all things around they were. Tke darkness, although nearly as deep as that of a starless night, was not nightlike. It was not thick and close and pitchy, provocative of closed eyes and slumber; it was a greenish black, living, startling, intelligent and wakeful, as though the light were struggling to break through from the outside, and exciting hope that it would succeed momentarily. The eyes strained to pierce the verdant gloom. They seemed to feel a power within them to become accustomed to it, and to dilate their pupils sufficiently to magnify the few attenuated rays which had floated into and lost themselves in that leafy roofed dungeon until they should be made to illuminate its depths and unfold its secrets.

The pause which my guide now made was longer than the first one, but to me it was not so painful. The oppression was necessarily great, but my nerves were strung more perfectly to endure it, and my expectation was higher, more assured, and calm.

The Fan looked round to see where I was. The movement gave me pleasure, because I was then certain that my progress was so completely noiseless that even the quick ear of my savage friend had failed to detect the crushing of a withered stick or leaf beneath me. As the black turned his face to me, his eyes were the only features that were distinctly visible. They appeared to be lighted up by a lurid fire within them, and when his head was sufficiently brought round to look upon me fully, his eyes glared brightly and fiercely as those of a royal Bengal tiger. Mine must have looked similarly upon him, for he made a gesture of surprise with hand and countenance, then grinned, showing his brilliant white teeth from ear to ear, and formed an O with his mouth, which I interpreted as an intimation that a gorilla, if not a whole family of those delicate monsters, was within view, and bringing forward his rifle so as to see that the cap was right, he resumed his cautious advance. Turning a little to the left he made room for me to draw up alongside of him, and then I discovered that we had reached the inner edge of the brushwood, and that a clear space, forming a small amphitheatre in the forest, was before us. An enormous tree which seemed to have overshadowed and destroyed every plant and shrub within its reach, occupied the centre, and formed the dense canopy of this open. A slight gesture from the black hunter directed my attention to the foot of the giant of the woods, but he at the same time placed one hand above his eyes, thereby intimating to me that I must shade mine before looking, lest the glare of them in the darkness should attract the attention of our game. Laying myself along my double-barreled rifle, I shaded my eyes with both my hands and looked towards the great tree. Sitting on the ground, cross-legged, with his back against the trunk, his hands lying carelessly at his sides with the palms turned up, and his head sunk down between his shoulders in a dozing, if not sleeping state, was a huge male gorilla. His profile was towards us. At the opposite side of the amphitheatre, the tree sometimes concealing them from our view, were a female and a young male feeding, and gathering some kind of nuts which the female occasionally carried and threw on the ground close to her dozing lord and master. I watched the proceedings for some time with intense interest. At length the Fan made a sign of interrogation, which recalled me to a sense of our position. We were too far from our dangerous game to risk a shot at him, which, if it only wounded without killing, would bring not only himself but possibly his wife and young hopeful upon us before we could draw another trigger. If we startled him only, without hitting him, he might plunge into the jungle and escape. We could not lie there all day looking at him without doing anything, and we dare not attempt to hold council with one another, as the lowest whisper would reach either the sleeping or the waking members of the family.

A few moments of irresolution terminated in my laying my rifle and taking a long and steady aim at the side of paterfamilias. It was difficult to cover my object, for a flickering exhalation was rising from the entire surface of the earth, through which the gorilla seemed to be in perpetual motion, in and out of the sight of my rifle, up and down, flashing and waving, rising and falling, until I lost all confidence in my power of taking aim so near the ground, and, being a crack shot under ordinary circumstances, I had just resolved to risk everything by standing up and taking an open shot at him from the shoulder, when a turn was given to my thoughts (and I must confess I got rather a turn myself) by the sudden appearnce of a new sportsman in the form of a black python, some thirty feet in length, which was coiled round a small tree close to me, but which my rapt attention to my game had prevented me from observing previously. The python had unwound a few coils, and having thus freed about ten or twelve feet of his body to enable him to examine me and my proceedings more closely, he was hanging within a yard of my face, his long, black, forked tongue darting from his mouth, waving and retiring again with the rapidity of lightning, and his glittering eyes glancing from me to the rifle as though he wondered what sort of an animal it was, and whether it might prove to be a more dainty morsel than I myself might be. I had a Persian scimitar as keen as a razor in my hunting belt. The snake in his wavings to and fro brought his neck at times within a foot of my shoulders. I slid my right hand down to feel for the handle of my sword, keeping my eyes fixed upon the python. I grasped and was drawing my weapon, wondering whether the snake or I would strike first, when both of us were startled by a terrific shriek, or rather a series of shrieks, as if a strong rough woman was rending the air in mingled rage and pain.

The python vanished as my sword flew out.

The shrieks were uttered by the female gorilla, who had gone some distance into the wood whilst I was engaged, first with trying to aim at the male, and afterwards with watching the terrible reptile. She had either disturbed a lion who was sleeping away the effects of a hearty supper, or had met him on his way to the cool depths of the forest, and had nearly afforded him a morning repast. She sprang into the nearest tree, uttering at the same time those startling human cries which had frightened the python and nearly unnerved me. As to my guide, he had not seen my danger, and he was still watching the male gorilla, patiently awaiting my decision, and expecting every instant the report of my rifle. The shrieks had startled him a little, not so much however as they had affected me; for he had heard the like before, and he knew they would be uttered the moment that either a shot should be fired or the female should discover us by any chance. But when a roar, that shook the ground on which we lay, announced the nature of the danger from which the female gorilla had so narrowly escaped, my Fan friend, black as he was, actually became pallid with fear.

The roar of the lion was instantly answered by a deeper, hoarser, louder, and more savage roar. A sound so expressive of anger, defiance, and relentless, savage, cruel ferocity, I never heard!

I looked at the Fan, and smiled. He understood me instantly. His limbs ceased to tremble. He closed his mouth with an effort, then grinned, placed his fingers on his lips, and turned to watch the combat which was now inevitable, and in the occurrence of which lay our best hopes of safety.

Scarcely thirty yards on our left, the lion had come crashing through the jungle, and had cleared the close inner tangle with a bound. He now stood full in sight in the clear open, his head erect, his mane standing up and out, all straight, like the hair of an angry cat, magnifying his apparent bulk to colossal proportions; his tail, which at first stood nearly straight, was waving from side to side. At length it struck his ribs alternately on either side with sounding blows, and he uttered a longer and more terrific roar than that which he had given when the female gorilla escaped from him. Opposite to him was the male gorilla, now looking most unlike the uncouth, sleepy figure which we had seen propped against the tree.

At the first shriek from his mate, the gorilla had sprung into life and sudden energy. Placing the knuckles of his upper hands upon the ground, he bounded lightly into the air to a surprising height, rising from all his four hands together, and coming down upon all fours again. When the lion roared, the gorilla seemed at once to comprehend the nature both of the challenge and the adversary, and to resolve upon fighting, although it would have been easy for him to escape by springing into a tree. He rose upon his hinder hands (or feet), and standing erect, looking very like a large-bodied, long-armed, short-legged, powerful negro, about six feet two inches in height, he uttered his tremendous acceptance of the lion's challenge, beating his breast at the same time with his huge fists alternately, and producing sounds like heavy blows upon a bass drum. When the lion sprang into the inclosure and stood bristling before him, the gorilla dropped upon all fours again, with his knuckles on the ground; his eyes, which flamed like fire seen through rubies, fixed upon his dreadful enemy, and his eyebrows working up and down with inconceivable rapidity, giving to his countenance a look of such demoniac ferocity, that it seemed to make the lion pause at least, if he did not quail.

Lashing his sides with his tail until he roused himself to fury, the lion delivered his second roar, as though his honour were concerned in outroaring no less than in vanquishing by his prowess all antagonists; and, on his part, the gorilla, albeit questions of honour seemed little likely to be favoured or considered by him, accepted nevertheless the preliminary contest of angry noise, and uttered another roar so utterly demoniac that the lion crouched at once to spring upon him and bring the question of superior prowess to the proof. A few short, swift steps—a bound of twenty feet—two or three sharp, snarling growls—and I expected to see the combatants locked in fatal embrace! But it was not so.—As the lion rose in his long bound, the gorilla sprang also but more lightly and higher, straight up into the air. The lion struck upwards to catch him; the action turned himself over, and he fell heavily on his side, the gorilla dropping on him, striking him twice, and then springing off with a sidling, jumping run, to a distance of several yards. Instantaneous as had been the encounter, both were severely wounded. The gorilla was bleeding from the head and back. The lion had a fearful gash across his ribs; and judging from the crashing sounds of the two blows which he had received, I thought that some of his ribs must have been broken. The lion rushed without a moment's pause at his adversary, but the agility of the gorilla was too great to permit the lion to close at his pleasure. For some minutes the movements of the lion in attack, and of the gorilla in avoidance, were almost too rapid for the eye to follow their evolutions. At length the lion paused, bewildered by the speed and activity of his antagonist. Instantly the gorilla sprang upon and rolled him over with a single blow upon the side of the head. Again the chase and avoidence were resumed, but this time for a much longer space than before, the lion being resolved to catch the nimble ape; but again he was obliged to pause, and again he was instantly knocked over. When he rose he staggered, whether from the effects of the terrific blows which he had received, or from giddiness resulting from his gyrations in pursuit of the gorilla, it was impossible to decide, but he reeled and fell off several steps to the right before he recovered sufficiently to prepare for another charge. In the meantime the gorilla was dodging round and bobbing up and down before him, as captured monkeys may be often seen to do in their cages when persons are teasing them. Both lion and gorilla kept up an incessant noise, growling, snarling, roaring, and screaming, varying their tones in accordance with their actions or sufferings, and although nothing like a close had taken place, both were bleeding freely: the lion's right eye was either shut up or gone, and the gorilla was nearly scalped. The lion had now learned so much of his enemy's strength and activity that he tried several feints to get him within range. He lay down, but the gorilla kept jumping round him so near, that he was obliged to spring round with equal alertness, to avoid being taken by surprise. He tried another rush, but he stopped sooner than at first, and when the gorilla sprang upon him to strike, the lion turned on his back and received him with teeth and claws.

The crisis of the battle had arrived. Growls, snarls, shrieks, and roars came out in a demoniac chorus from a confused mass of swirling leaves and dust; limbs, teeth, claws, blood, and springing bodies, as though ten fighting beasts instead of two were combating amidst a whirlwind! I became so excited that I could scarcely command myself. A crash, as of smashing large bones, and a horrible shriek! The noise and fury of the combat were redoubled for a minute or two! Then came a pause! The dust and cloud of leaves subsided. The lion was uppermost. The left arm of the gorilla was across his tremendous mouth. It was the crunching of the double bones of the fore arm which I had heard! His claws were firmly fixed in the gorilla's shoulder and head, but he was himself nearly torn asunder and disembowelled! Huge rents were in his body, and the feet of the gorilla were buried in his loins, whilst the mighty right arm of the ape was free and would be active again directly breath had been taken.

The final struggle quickly came. Up rose the cloud of dust and leaves again! Whirling, shrieking, bounding, striking, growling, struggling, groaning, the confused mass rushed hither and thither with increased velocity! Over and over it rolled like a tangle of fighting demons, until it came uncomfortably near to where I and my negro guide were lying hid. It swayed away from us, returned again, rolled off, then back; and just as the Fan and I both sprang to our feet to escape from such dangerous proximity the combatants, locked in their deadly embrace, came crashing against us, knocking us over and into a deep pit which we had not seen, falling upon us with a force which for an instant deprived me of consciousness. Recovering myself, however, I struggled furiously, fearing that even if the beasts had killed each other, I should be smothered under their bleeding carcasses. I kicked, struck, and tried to push the dreadful load away. The noise above me was terrific, but I was able to distinguish my own name amidst the uproar, and it struck me that the voice in which it was pronounced was somewhat familiar. I paused in my effort to extricate myself, and listened. Again and again my name was called loudly, distinctly, and earnestly.

'John, John!' It was the voice of my wife whom I had left safely at home in London.

'John, John! Wake up, will you? You've got the nightmare, and have fallen out of bed! John, John, do get up, dear! You've dragged all the bedclothes down on the floor with you. You've rolled yourself up in them so tightly that I can't get you out. You'll be smothered if you don't wake up. Oh dear, oh dear me! Wake up, you great stupid, do!'

'Bless my soul!' said I. 'How fortunate—how curious it is, too, that you should have come to my rescue so opportunely. It was very kind of you, and so courageous besides! When did you arrive out?—Do you know, I was wondering, just as I was tumbling into this horrid pit, why the gorilla's wife didn't come to *his* assistance. You know she might have done it easily and safely enough, for the lion wouldn't have let go his hold, and if she had sprung on his back she might have enabled her husband to freshen his grip. They might have quickly strangled him between them. Is it not cu—'

'My goodness gracious me!' said my wife, interrupting me. 'What stuff and nonsense are you talking? Lions and gorillas!—fiddlesticks! There are gorillas and lions enough in the street! Drunken women screaming, and nasty men fighting, and the police trying to take them off to the station. The noise they made woke me, and there I found you snorting and grunting and struggling on your back, and the moment I touched you, away you floundered out of the bed, rolling yourself up in the clothes, and dragging them all away with you. Oh, don t sit on the floor there, like a great donkey, with your night-cap on one side, looking so silly and ridiculous. Do get up and help me to set the clothes straight on the bed again.''

'What!' said I. "Was it all a dream, and is not even my noble Fan a reality?'

'Your fan, indeed!' retorted Mrs Smith, who was beginning to lose her placidity of temper. 'If you are so warm as to want a fan, you may sit up there and use mine. I'll lend it to you and welcome. But please let me have the bed clothes, for I don't want fanning. My teeth are chattering with the cold. The police have taken all the fighting and shouting and screaming gorillas and lions, male and female, to the station-house. The fans are in the wardrobe. Do, there's a dear, get up off the floor. That's right.'

Gleanings from late Papers.

THE WRONGS OF POLAND.

The wrongs and sufferings of Poland once more arouse the indignation of Europe against cruel and blundering misrule, and call forth the sympathy due to its unhappy victims. The chronic disaffection of an oppressed people, whose attachment an alien Government rarely made even a pretence of seeking to conciliate, has again exploded in revolt, under the pressure of an intolerable act of administrative tyranny; and again the strength of military despotism is tasked to repress and punish "revolutionary excesses" which are but the result and reaction of worse excesses of its own. It is not difficult to anticipate the issue of the struggle between the forces of the Russian Empire and scattered bands of half-armed and starving insurgents, fighting without leaders, without military organization, and without a plan. Sooner or later, "order" will be only too effectually restored, and the hapless survivors of an abortive struggle will expiate their rashness in the mines of Siberia, or in the condemned regiments of the Imperial army. But these are not days when opinion sides with power, simply as power. The moral judgment of Europe will reach, with censures which cannot be safely disregarded, the responsible authors of this latest outbreak of a much-enduring race. There is no occasion to look beyond the simple fact that, for the first time since the death of the Emperor Nicholas, the Russian Government had determined on carrying out the conscription in Poland, and on carrying it out in a form of iniquitous partiality which almost passes belief. Instead of levying its compulsory recruits in the old way by lot, we are told that the authorities arbitrarily designated those whom they deemed best fitted for the service, and, moreover, that they filled up the lists exclusively from the population of the towns. This inconceivable tyrannical measure—determined upon, it is said, after long hesitation, and in opposition to the earnest advice and remonstrances of so eminent a servant of the Imperial Crown as Prince Orloff—was actually brought into operation about the middle of the past month. Nightly razzias were made by the military and police in the homes of the young men doomed by this fearful decree, and thousands of youths were torn from their families to undergo life-long exile in its worst form. If it be true, as there is no reason to doubt, that the terror caused by this measure was the immediate cause of the outbreak which ensued, the sequel is only too intelligible. Whatever may be said of the madness of the rising, or of the actual or imaginary atrocities by which it was accompanied, the real responsibility for these deplorable occurrences does not rest with the victims of an outrage on the commonest justice and humanity. The only consolatory reflection which it is possible to educe from the accounts of this calamitous event is, that it does not appear that the great bulk of the Polish people have done anything to excite the vindictive jealousy of their masters. Happily, the great landed proprietors, and the educated classes generally, are acknowledged to have kept wholly aloof from participation in a revolt which in possible contingency can promote the cause of Polish liberty. It is also expressly stated that the peasants have nowhere taken part in the movement, which is represented chiefly confined to a portion of the town population. It appears to be beyond a doubt that these disastrous disturbances in no way implicate the mass of the nation or its natural leaders; and we are at liberty, therefore, to hope that their suppression will not be followed by harsh and violent measures against the Polish people. From the very first, we have been assured, in repeated telegrams, that "Warsaw is tranquil"—as, indeed, it well may be in the presence of a Russian garrison of 40,000 men The students, as a body, are distinctly declared to have refused to join in the movement; and, apart from the reported arrest of a few priests on the charge of distributing revolutionary writings, nothing is specifically alleged tending to connect the representatives of the popular religion with the revolt. The insurrection cannot, therefore, be regarded as a rising of the country against alien rule, as such. The Emperor Alexander himself, with creditable prudence and moderation, has been prompt to acknowledge this, and to exonerate the Poles from national complicity in the outbreak. "Even in the presence of these atrocities," he "will not accuse the whole Polish nation." Dispassionate critics may have their own opinion of the justice of his invective against that revolutionary party "which everywhere seeks to overturn legal order;" but it is something gained to humanity that the first impulse of an offended Sovereign points to the direction of justice and mercy. Where Nicholas would have "rung a bell, and directed the aide-de-camp who answered it to give orders," stamped with the impress of his own ruthless vindictive nature, his successors first thought to discriminate between the innocent and the guilty, and to disclaim all thought of indicting a whole people. It is to be hoped that nothing may occur in the progress of this lamentable conflict between military authority and popular frenzy to change a purpose which accords with all that we wish to believe of the mind and temper of the present Emperor of Russia. Whether the inevitable suppression of this latest outburst of Polish misery and disaffection be near or distant, policy as well as humanity dictates a steady persistence in that conciliatory course which has hitherto, in the main, distinguished the administration of Alexander II. from that of his predecessor. When the Imperial authority is asserted, and the order which reigns at Warsaw is once more established throughout Poland, it may be hoped that other thoughts and cares will resume their wonted place in the mind of a Sovereign who has given proof of a sincere desire to merit the esteem and good-will of mankind. It does not appear that there is anything in the causes and circumstances of the present revolt to afford either a motive or a pretext for the withdrawal of promises and professions which have hitherto been put forth with the view of reconciling Poland to the Imperial rule. There is nothing that need suggest to the Emperor's mind that it was an error to restore confiscated estates, to appoint Poles to places of authority and trust in the local administration, or hold out a prospect of at least that qualified provincial independance which is compatible with the unity of the Empire. It is certain that a discontented, miserable, and despairing Poland is a permanent weakness to Russia; and it is equally certain that the old way of dealing with Polish discontents has proved a failure. The experience of thirty years has more than sufficiently proved that the whole strength of military despotism, wielded with an energy that knows no scruples and with a pitiless severity that shrinks from no extremity of violence, is unequal to the task of extirpating a nationality which has survived two territorial partitions, and confiscations and proscriptions without number. It is not certain that the work of conciliating and attaching Poland to the Empire is hopelessly impossible. Such impossibilities are not unknown to history; but it would be rash to assert that the position of Russia in Poland, like that of Austria in Venetia, is such as to put it past the power of statesmanship to win a willing allegiance by a just and generous system of rule. Rather, perhaps, may we seek in the Ireland of the past the true analogy to the Poland of the present. At all events, it cannot be said that the impracticability of conquering Poland by human and equitable government has been experimentally ascertained. There is no ground for the assumption that the regeneration of Poland as a prosperous and contented dependency of the Empire is intrinsically a more desperate enterprise than the great social revolution on which Alexander II. has so manfully staked his reputation and authority; and the Sovereign who gallantly persists, through all difficulties and perils, in thinking it practicable and safe to abolish Russian serfdom, may fairly be expected to believe no less resolutely in the possibility of extinguishing Polish disaffection. He is not responsible for the evil legacy he has inherited from his predecessors; but the public opinion of Europe does and will hold him answerable for a future which is still within his power.

JUSTICE IN RUSSIA.—A correspondent of the *Kolokol* gives the following account of the administration of justice in Russia. The writer was accused, falsely, by his own account, of having distributed in a Samogitian village copies of a national hymn objectionable to the government:—"Shortly after I was arrested in the capital of All the Russias, and placed before the third section of his Majesty's Private Chancellerie—this is but a euphemistic appellation for what should be called the central police-office. I was confronted with a spy, who deposed to my having distributed a Russian translation at Kowno. This translation I denied having ever made, printed, or given away. The colonel, who examined me first, tried to obtain a confession by means of paternal admonition, and failing to effect this, threatened me with corporal punishment. I smiled at his malice, fancying that the age of torture had passed. Upon this he had me taken to another room, where I found foursoldiers waiting for me with rods, ready prepared. Again there was a paternal admonition, to which I lent a deaf ear. "Take hold of him,' said the colonel, the command being instantly executed by his trusty myrmidons. Another admonition; another pause. 'Now, boys,' exclaimed the colonel, 'go at him with a will.' And go they did. I received some 20 lashes, when the colonel entreated me with gentle voice and in friendly language to yield and make a full confession. Remaining silent, I was treated to another chastisement. But there must be an end to everything; and so there was in the present case. I was set at liberty immediately after, and forbidden to leave the capital, being placed at the same time under the strictest supervision of the police. At present I am an exile. Such are the consequences of coming under the attention of the third section of his Majesty's Private Chancellerie.'

IRELAND.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.—Dr. McHale, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, in a letter to Lord Palmerston, states that the distress is no longer confined to the less favoured districts along the coasts and mountains; it has reached the middle class of society—nay, it is ascending fast to the highest. There is now "a melancholy rivalry as to the relative depths of the present destitution, more forcibly showing the utterly prostrate condition of the Irish people." It would be repeating a too familiar tale to select any number of cases exhibiting the utter want of food, raiment and bed covering in the present desperate state of Irish destitution, without bounds in its extent save the shores of our Island. "It is therefore high time," says the Archbishop to the Premier, "for the advisers of the Crown to take counsel to rescue Ireland from ruin by providing for the safety of its people; and of that people there is no portion that requires their solicitude more than the landed proprietors themselves." Dr. M'Hale condemns the theory of those who throw the blame of bad harvests on the moisture of the climate. The climate was always moist since the island was green. The people suffer, not because the climate is soft, but because the Government is hard. Let the farmers get leases and the elective franchise, and Ireland will be once more the granary of Europe, marshes will be drained by the brawny arms of industrious men, and landlords will be prosperous and happy, instead of being swallowed up in the vortex of destitution.——A meeting of the county of Limerick was held on Saturday last for the purpose of petitioning Parliament for the immediate amendment of the law regarding drainage, with a view of relieving the severe distress which may be anticipated during the ensuing season. The Right Hon. Mr. Monsell addressed the meeting, and maintained that the country was retrogressing instead of advancing in prosperity—that her farmers and peasantry were almost steeped in poverty—that her agricultural produce had fallen off at the rate of millions of quarters of cereal produce—that her live stock was declining in quantity, and that even her money in the funds had declined in amount. Resolutions in accordance with the object of the meeting were passed.

THE APPROACHING MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—We understand that the Knights of the Order of the Garter will attend the marriage ceremony of the Prince of Wales in full robes, and take their seats in their respective stalls in St. George's Chapel. The chapel will be covered with a carpet, which will contain appropriate Royal devices. The order to the manufacturer was for a thousand yards, and it is just completed. A temporary gallery will be erected in front of the organ gallery to accomodate the members of her Majesty's private band, to whose strength will be added about 200 vocal and instrumental performers. The Berkshire Rifle Volunteers, numbering about 900, will have the honour of doing duty as a guard of honour at Windsor on the occasion of the marriage. The plans and other arrangements for the procession from the castle to the chapel are nearly settled, and the services in the Royal Chapel will be discontinued after the 25th, when the workmen will immediately commence operations. Should arrangements be made for the procession to pass through the Royal borough, either in going to or returning from the chapel, it would afford a most gratifying sight to thousands of loyal subjects who will visit Windsor upon this occasion, and otherwise would not find a chance of witnessing the procession.—*Court Journal.* In most of the principal towns and cities in the kingdom preparations are being made for celebrating the marriage of the Prince of Wales with due rejoicings and festivities.

FEARFUL CALAMITY AT LOCARNO.—A correspondent writing from the neighbourhood of the Lago Maggiore, gives the following account of a terrible occurrence which has recently taken place at Locarno:—

"This town is one of those pretty little half Italian, half Swiss towns which line the northwest shore of the Lago Maggiore; but not being minutely described in 'Murray,' it is comparatively little known to the English tourist, who hurries past it to the more fashionable Baveno or Belgirate. As the steamer floats past, the traveller will notice a clean-looking town, backed by a chain of hills, the most striking point in the picture being the cupola of a fine old Cathedral-looking church. It is of this building that I have to speak. The church of La Madonna del Sasso, with its dome towering over the other buildings, its colored marbles and its quaint old frescoes by Luini, is the one sight of the little city. On Sunday, the 9th inst., there were present in that church a great congregation, composed, as is usually the case in this part of Europe, almost entirely of women. The men, lounging about the piazza, pointed out to one another the enormous quantity of snow which had fallen during the last six days and nights in an almost unbroken column. The landscape glittered in its white covering, and even the buildings of the city looked like a scene in some fantastic play. Suddenly there was a dead heavy fall. 'Evidently,' they said, 'another distant avalanche;' and then a scream and a murmur of great horror, which spread through the quiet streets. All rushed to the spot, and found a scene which the letters I have seen describe as horrible past all conception. The dome which covered the body of the church had never been cleared of the constantly falling snow, and the immense weight accumulated was too great for the strength of the worn out building. The whole dome gave way and fell on the congregation, then kneeling in prayer. In that position fifty-three female corpses were found after the ruins had been cleared by the intrepid bravery and untiring labour of the inhabitants. One female, a bride of twenty years of age, named Bono, was alone extricated alive, and was carried to her home with 'some hopes of recovery,' says my informant, but she had broken one arm and both her legs. One old man, alone, perished among the fifty-three women who fell victims in this awful ruin.

It seems to me that there must have been great carelessness somewhere, when, after nearly a week's incessant fall, the snow was still left to accumulate on the tottering cupola of a mediæval church. Fifty three women have perished; but imagine what would have been the destruction had this catastrophe happened on one of the great festivals of the Church; there would not have been 50, but 500 corpses, now recently buried in the Campo Santo of this little town."

CANADA.

MONTREAL, Feb. 13.—The Governor's speech was read in Parliament to day. It congratulates the country on the spirit of loyalty and zeal displayed in the enrollment and organization of volunteers. If necessary, a bill will be submitted for the improvement and extension of the present militia system. Measures are to be introduced for the adjustment of Parliamentary representation, respecting a bankrupt law, the administration of justice, registration of titles, and the patent laws. A report upon the Parliamentary buildings at Ottawa will be submitted, with a view to their speedy completion. The speech refers to the negociations for an Intercolonial Railway, and says the attention of the Imperial Government has been called to the importance of opening up the Northwest for settlement, and a direct communication between Canada and British Columbia. Very favorable results are expected. The