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. XIV. **Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, September 12, 1864.** **New Series.---No. 41.**

A FINE CHANCE FOR SPECULATORS
AND
ENTERPRISING MEN.

THE UNDERSIGNED has been instructed by the owners to offer FOR SALE, or RENT, several VALUABLE FREEHOLD and LEASEHOLD PROPERTIES and FARMS in BELFAST and other parts of the Island, in good cultivation, well wooded, and possessing other advantages; and for which good and valid titles and immediate possession can be given.

ALSO—FOUR LOTS, being the residue of thirteen Building Lots (*the other nine having been sold the present season*) in that most advantageous mercantile situation known as SUMMER HILL, adjoining MONTAGUE BRIDGE, ten miles from Georgetown, where close on to 150,000 bushels of produce are annually shipped, and nearly all paid for in cash. Americans and other speculators purchase here, and ship for Great Britain, the United States, &c. A number of Stores, Wharfs, a Meeting House, Post Office, and Temperance Society have been established for some time, with many Grist, Saw and Cloth Mills in the vicinity; where also any quantity of all kinds of Lumber can be had in trade at low rates. SUMMER HILL property is the only *Freehold Property* for sale in the place, which renders it most desirable for all classes of artizans, now so much wanted in this rising town. A STORE, and Dwelling in it, capable of holding 15,000 bushels of produce, with a double Wharf and site for Lime Kiln, will be sold cheap or leased on reasonable terms.

Plans, particulars, or any other information can be obtained by calling at the office of Messrs. Ball & Son, Land Surveyors, Charlottetown. *Reference* can also be had from W. Sanderson, F. P. Norton, Thomas Annear, Georgetown; Jas Broydrick, Campbeltown, Lot 4; F. W. Hughes, *Examiner Office*, Charlottetown; and to the subscriber at Orwell, who is also Agent for the sale of **Manny's Mowing Machine,** the celebrated Yarmouth COOKING STOVE, and also for the Fulling Mills of Messrs. Bourke, Mill View, the Hon. Jas. McLaren, New Perth, Finlay W. McDonald, Pinette; where Cloth is received and returned with despatch.

RICHARD J. CLARKE.

Orwell Store, August 15, 1864.

1864.
NEW GOODS
JUST ARRIVED
AT THE
LONDON HOUSE.
H. HASZARD

BEGS to announce the ARRIVAL of his SPRING and SUMMER STOCK of
BRITISH DRY GOODS,
Hardware, &c., &c.,
In all the varieties of the LATEST STYLES in fashion, and Material suitable for the season, having been carefully selected and purchased on favorable terms, will be sold
CHEAP FOR PROMPT PAYMENT.

Upper Queen Street,
Charlottetown, May 30, 1864.

THE SUMMER
IMPORTATIONS
OF
STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
GENERAL GROCERIES
AND
HARDWARE,
ARE NOW COMPLETED
AT
LIVERPOOL HOUSE,
Great George Street,
and intending Purchasers are respectfully solicited to call and examine
THE STOCK
before purchasing elsewhere.
WILLIAM FULL.

Ch'town, June 20, 1864.

Wholesale and Retail
BOOT & SHOE
MANUFACTORY!
We are now preparing our
FALL STOCK
OF
BOOTS & SHOES,
in every variety,
SUITABLE FOR THIS MARKET.

Wholesale & Retail Dealers
are invited to call before purchasing elsewhere, as we will supply upon as
Reasonable Terms
as may be desired.
GEO. NICOLL,
Queen Square,
immediately opposite the Post Office.

Aug. 29, 1864. tf

Mill View Cloth Mills.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs to inform the inhabitants of the Island that he has completed his FULLING & DYEING ESTABLISHMENT at Mill View Mills, and fitted up with the best of machinery of the latest improvements, and is now prepared to manufacture Cloth of all descriptions usually made on the Island, as he has succeeded in getting one of the most experienced Dyers in Nova Scotia. Mr. THOMAS T. TAYLOR, whom he has taken as partner in the business, and who, no doubt, will compete with any Cloth Mill on the Island or neighboring Provinces. The Cloth will be taken from the Agents and returned, free of charge.

The following Gentlemen will act as Agents:—
W. E. Dawson, Esq. Charlottetown; Henry Beer, Southport; J. R. Bourke, junr, Mount Stewart; J. J. McDonald, Esq, Fort Augustus; J. J. Gay, Pownal, Lot 49; Richard Clark, Orwell; Roderick Munro, C.C., Georgetown; Peter Edmonds, Geo. Town Road; D. Fraser, Esq., Eldon, Belfast; James Moore, Flat River; Fade Goff, Wood Islands; Angus Gillis, M. H. Road.

P. M. BOURKE.
Mill View Mills, Aug. 8, 1864. 3m

Encourage Home Manufacture.
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Soap & Candle Factory.

THE UNDERSIGNED would call the attention of Importers, and the public generally, to the
SOAP and CANDLES
manufactured at the above establishment, confident that for quality and price they cannot be surpassed.
J. S. CARVELL.
Char'town, Feb. 15, 1864. tf

Ex P. Y. Soap.

JUST RECEIVED, a few boxes of the above superior SOAP, so highly approved of by families who have hitherto purchased and used it.
N. RANKIN.
August 8, 1864.

FURNITURE!

JUST ARRIVED Schr. *Caledonia*, with a large assortment of GOODS, for
GEORGE DOUGLASS.
Charlottetown, May 23, 1864.

"Greenbacks!"

AMERICAN PAPER BOUGHT and SOLD by I. C. HALL, Water-street.
Charlottetown, Aug. 15, 1864.

A few facts worth knowing.

IT'S A FACT WORTH KNOWING that R. R. MacLELLAN takes the best and cheapest Photographs in the Colony.

IT'S A FACT worth knowing that R. R. MacLELLAN is at home daily, and keeps always on hand a full Stock of Chemicals and every requisite in the art.

IT'S A FACT worth knowing that no one but an Artist can take an Artistic Photograph.

IT'S A FACT worth knowing that R. R. MacLELLAN takes the largess Photographs ever taken in the Colony, plate 12 x 14 inches.

IT'S A FACT worth knowing that R. R. MacLELLAN gives 16 beautiful Photographs for twenty shillings.

George Street, May 23, 1864.

RENFREW HOUSE,
Thomas's Old Stand,
Great George Street.
SPRING STOCK COMPLETE!
DELANY & WILSON

BEG to announce that their SPRING and SUMMER STOCK is now complete, and comprises an EXTENSIVE and VARIED ASSORTMENT of
New and Fashionable GOODS,
—IN—
LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS,

BONNETS,	BONNET BORDERS,
HATS,	MANTLES,
FLOWERS,	SHAWLS,
FEATHERS,	Parasols & Parachutes,
RIBBONS,	Muslin & Linen COLLARS,
GLOVES,	DRESS CAPS,
HOSIERY,	TIES & SCARFS,
HAIR NETS,	Black & Colored SILKS,
&c.	&c. &c.

Grey and White COTTONS,
Prints, Ginghams, Regatta and Striped Shirtings, Bed Tick, Jean, Osnaburg, Cotton Warp, &c. &c.
Skeleton Skirts,
CANES, BATTING, WADDING,
&c. &c. &c.
Men's Furnishing Goods,
in Cloths, Tweeds, Clothing,
Shirts, Ties, Collars, Scarfs, Braces, Gloves, Pins, &c. &c. &c.
Mens' and Boys'
Hats and Caps,
in great variety and newest styles.
Mens' Women's & Children's
BOOTS and SHOES,
at very low prices.
Hardware,
In Cut Nails, Plough Mounting,
Steel, Hoes, Shovels, Rope, Oils, Paint, Putty, Glass, Table Cutlery, Weavers' Reeds, Powder, Shot, &c. &c.
Groceries,
Tea, Brown and Crushed Sugar,
Molasses, Tobacco, Candles, Soap, Starch, Rice, Currants, Spices, &c., all warranted of superior quality.
"Renfrew House,"
Ch'town, June 6, 1864. V M I P

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

MANNY'S CELEBRATED MOWING and REAPING MACHINES, which save immense labour and money, have just arrived in the Steamer "Commerce." The subscriber expects that all agents and others wanting them will send their orders forthwith, as the supply is limited. Farmers who desire to preserve the life and health of their young hands, especially their females, who are so severely worked by the old mode of *cutting grain crops*, and who also desire to economise their money, will do well to secure one of the above named MACHINES as speedily as possible.
RICHARD J. CLARKE,
Orwell Cheap Store, from a Needle to an Anchor.
July 11, 1864.

NOTICE TO LADIES!

Carpet Sweeping Machines,
Carpet Sweeping Machines,
Carpet Sweeping Machines.
No Dust! No Dust! No Dust!

THE Union Brit. Company of Providence, Rhode Island, offer for sale the Union Carpet Sweeper, which is the best ever offered to the public. It is simple in its construction, never gets out of order, sweeps cleaner than any of the kind ever produced; no removal of the pans or brush It sweeps all kinds of carpets without raising any dust. Don't fail to buy one. They can be had at G. W. Kimble's Sewing Machine Depot, Queen Street, or orders given to the canvassing Agents. Orders taken for all kinds of Sewing Machines.
GEORGE McDONALD,
General Agent for P. E. Island and Nova Scotia.
Charlottetown, 1st August, 1864. rw is

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any just demands against the Estate of PATRICK STEPHENS, late of Orwell, in Prince Edward Island, Merchant, deceased, are requested to furnish their Accounts, duly attested, to Mr. RICHARD J. CLARKE, of Orwell, Merchant, within three Calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to the said RICHARD J. CLARKE, who alone is duly authorised to receive all debts due to the said Estate and grant discharges therefor.

The Accounts of all persons (without distinction,) which are not fully paid up by the First November next, will be handed over to an Attorney for recovery at Law, without further notice.
MARY STEPHENS, Sole Executrix.
Orwell, P. E. Island, 28th July, 1864. 3m

NOTICE.

THE undersigned Executors and Trustees of the Estate of the late JOHN S. BREMNER, of Charlottetown, deceased, hereby notify all persons having claims on the said estate to furnish their accounts forthwith to RICHARD HEARTZ, Esq., Great George Street; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to pay over the amount of their respective accounts to him, he being authorized to receive the same.
JAMES MOORE,
ROBERT LONGWORTH,
RICHARD HEARTZ,
Executors and Trustees.
Charlottetown, August 8th, 1864.

NOTICE.

ALL parties indebted to GEORGE McDONALD, Tailor, would oblige by settling as soon as possible.
Ch'town, June 27, 1864. tf

Union Bank of P. E. Island.

I WILL take the Bills of the above Bank at the face, for Flour, and other merchandise, at market rates, and receive them for accounts.
THOMAS HANFORD,
July 11, 1864. 3m St. John, N. B.

Wanted,
1000 EMPTY FLOUR BARRELS, full-hooped and provided with two heads, for which the highest cash price will be paid by I. C. HALL, Peake's Buildings, Water-street, Ch'town, Aug. 15, 1864.

NOTICE!

ALL Notes of Hand now due to the Estate of the late SAMUEL GREEN, Esqr., are placed in the hands of H. C. GREEN, Esqr., Summerside, who is authorised to collect the same.
JAS. WARBURTON, } Executors.
J. TANTON, }
August 29, 1864.

MAILS
BY STEAMERS
'Princess of Wales' and 'Heather Belle.'
NEW SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

THE MAILS for the neighbouring Provinces, etc, will, until further notice, be made up as follows.—

For NOVA SCOTIA, via Pictou, on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at 9 o'clock. Also, via BRULE, on WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY evenings at 8 o'clock.

For NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA, and the UNITED STTES, via Shediac, on MONDAY and TUESDAY evenings at 8 o'clock, and on FRIDAY mornings at 8 o'clock.

Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland, the Bermudas, and the West Indies, every alternate Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, as follows:—

Wednesday, 20th July,	Wednesday, 31st August,
" 3d August,	" 14th Sept.
" 17th August,	" 28th Sept.

L. C. OWEN, Postmaster General.
General Post Office, Ch'town, August 1, 1864.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS
PRINCESS OF WALES
AND
HEATHER BELLE.
New Summer Arrangement,
Commencing 18th JULY.

Charlottetown for Pictou,
Monday, Heather Belle leaves at 9 morning.
Thursday, Princess of Wales leaves at 8 do.

Pictou to Charlottetown.
Monday, Heather Belle leaves at 7 evening.
Thursday, Princess of Wales at 12 midnight.

Charlottetown to Brule.
Thursday, Heather Belle leaves at 4 morning.
Saturday, Heather Belle leaves at 4 do.

Brule to Charlottetown,
Thursday, Heather Belle leaves at 5 evening.
Saturday, Heather Belle leaves at 5 do

Ch'town to Summerside and Shediac,
Tuesday, Princess of Wales leaves at 7 morning.
Wednesday, " " 4 do
Friday, " " 8 do.

ummerside to Shediac,
Tuesday, Princess of Wales leaves at 11.30 a. m.
Wednesday, " " 8.30 do.
Friday, " " 12.30 do.

Shediac to Summerside and Ch'town.
Tuesday, Princess of Wales leaves at 3.30, p. m.
Wednesday, " " 2 do.
Saturday, " " 2 do.

Summerside to Char'town.
Tuesday, Princess of Wales leaves at 7 evening.
Wednesday, " " 5.30 do.
Saturday, " " 5.30 do.

FARES:
From Charlottetown to Pictou or back, Cabin 12s., Steerage 10s. 6d.
Do. do. Brule or back, Cabin 9s., Steerage 7s. 6d.
Do. do. Summerside or back, Cabin 9s., Steerage 7s. 6d.
Do. do. Shediac or back, Cabin 18s., Steerage 15s.
Do. do. St. John or back, £1 8s. 1½d., or $4. 50c.
Do. do. Eastport or back, £1 17s. 6d., or $6.
Do. do. Portland or back, £2 10s., or $8.
Do. do. Boston or back, £2 16s. 3d., or $9.

Return Tickets to or from Charlottetown and Summerside, 12s., available one week.—Tickets void if parties leave the Island during the time.

Excursion Return Tickets, at one first class fare, may be issued at any Ticket office, to parties of five or more going and returning together, to and from any one station within one week, it being distinctly understood that unless these conditions are complied with the Tickets will be void.

☞ The Steamer "Heather Belle," leaves Mount Stewart Bridge every FRIDAY morning calling at the different wharves on her way up and down the River.

By order,
F. W. HALES, Secretary.
Ch'town, July 11, 1864.

Boston and Colonial Steamship Line.
The Fine Sea-going Steamers
COMMERCE AND FRANCONIA,

WILL run between BOSTON and CHARLOTTETOWN for the remainder of the season, touching at Halifax, Canso and Pictou—one of which steamers will leave south side of T Wharf, Boston, and the other Queen's Wharf, Charlottetown, EVERY MONDAY, AT NOON. Days of sailing as follows:—

THE *COMMERCE,*

Will leave	Charlottetown,	Monday,	August	8th,
Do	Boston,	do	do	15th,
Do	Charlottetown,	do	do	22d,
Do	Boston,	do	do	29th,
Do	Charlottetown,	do	Sept.	5th,
Do	Boston,	do	do	12th,
Do	Charlottetown,	do	do	19th,
Do	Boston,	do	do	26th,

arriving in Port on the next Friday after sailing at or about noon.

THE *FRANCONIA*

Will leave	Boston	Monday,	August	8th,
Do	Charlottetown,	do	do	15th,
Do	Boston,	do	do	22d,
Do	Charlottetown,	do	do	29th,
Do	Boston,	do	Sept.	5th,
Do	Charlottetown,	do	do	12th,
Do	Boston,	do	do	19th,
Do	Charlottetown,	do	do	26th.

RATES OF PASSAGE:

	£	s	d
Cabin to Boston, ...	£2	8	0
Steerage to do	1	16	0
Cabin to Halifax, ...	1	10	0
Steerage to Halifax, ...	1	4	0
Do to Canso, ...	0	18	0
Do to Pictou, ...	0	9	0

For Freight or Passage apply to FRANKLIN SNOW & Co, 4 Commercial-street, Boston, or to
I C. HALL, Agent.
Peake's Building, Water-street.
Charlottetown, August 8, 1864. tf

International Steamship Company.
Two Trips a Week.

THE Splendid sea-going STEAMERS "NEW ENGLAND," ENOS FIELD, Master, and "NEW BRUNSWICK," E. B. WINCHESTER, Master, will leave Reed's Point Wharf on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at 8 o'clock, until further notice.

FARES:
From St. John to Eastport, ... $1 50
" " Portland, ... 4 00
" " Boston, ... 5 00
By Steamer and Railway to Boston, .. 6 00
☞ All fares and freights payable in New Brunswick currency.
J S. CARVELL, Agent.
April 16, 1864. tf

On Consignment.

TO ARRIVE per Schr. *Adino* from HALIFAX—
15 Hhds. Bright Sugar,
10 Tierces do do,
20 Puncheons Molasses,
10 Chests Tea,
10 Bags Rice,
40 Bundles Oakum.
For sale low. P. W. HYNDMAN.
August 29, 1864. 5in

STUBBS HOTEL,
(Opposite the Custom House)
146 Prince William street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
JAMES McINTOSH, PROPRIETOR.
August 29, 1864. 1y

FOR SALE!
300 BBLS. No. 1 Superfine CANADA FLOUR,
150 Bbls No 2 DO DO
10 Puns Muscovado Molasses,
Bags Liverpool Salt,
Boxes Tobacco, 10s,
Bbls choice Biscuit,
Cases Claret, 'Mentferrand.'
J. ROBERTS ECKART,
Telegraph Building,
June 27, '64. 6m Water-street.

LITERATURE.

"DON'T CARE."

Old Don't Care is a murderer foul,
And a murderer foul is he—
He beareth a halter in his hand,—
And his staff is the gallows-tree;
And slyly he follows his victim on,
Through high degree and low,
And strangles him there, when least aware,
And striketh the fatal blow—
Hanging his victim high in the air,
A villain strong is Old Don't Care!

He looks on the babe in his mother's breast,
And blighteth that blossom fair,
For its young buds wither, and fade and die
'Neath the gaze of Old Don't Care;
And in place of these there springeth up
Full many a poisonous weed,
And their tendrils coil round the victim's heart
A lank and loathsome breed,
Blighting the spirit young and fair:
A villain strong is Old Don't Care!

He meeteth bold manhood on his way,
And wrestleth with him there,
And he falls a sure and easy prey
To the strength of Old Don't Care;
Then he plants his foot upon his victim's breast.
And shouts with demon joy,
And treadeth the life from his panting heart,
And exulteth to destiny:
Crushing bold manhood everywhere,
A villain strong is Old Don't Care!

THE SOURCE OF SONG.

How, when the dart my bosom rends,
You ask, can I then sing and jest?
How, when my grief all bounds transcends,
Can lays of love flow from my breast?

Once on the bosom of a lake,
A snow-white swan swam quietly;
No song did then the silence break
Of that translucent summer sea.

At early dawn, in tranquil eve,
She floated free—and then took wing
To seek in flight a brief reprieve,
But silently:—she could not sing.

Yet, when her heart the arrows stung,
And agonies of death wore strong,
What she in joy had never sung,
She then pours forth—her first, last song.

MISTAKEN HONOUR.

While a student in the city of Berlin, whither I had gone to finish my education I became acquainted with a fellow student, by the name of Jules Langheim. From the very first we were friends, and we knew it. There are some natures that come together as two parts that have been separated. We meet in reality as strangers, but seemingly as if we had known each other all our lives. Each feels as if he had a claim upon the other, and the other upon him. This is true relationship—not of body, but of soul—and is as much superior to blood as spirit is to matter. Our brother in the flesh, born of the same mother, may not be our friend; but he whose inner being blends with ours, can be relied upon in the darkest hour of tribulation.

Jules Langheim was worthy of the friendship I gave him — the love I felt for him. He was a noble fellow—*open, candid*, high-spirited, and generous to a fault—in every respect the very soul of truth and honour. How I loved him even from the first! and how that love grew by what it fed upon, till at length it seemed as if his existence was necessary to mine! as if the world would be a blank without him! Often, when pursuing our studies together, did I find myself, with book neglected, sitting and gazing upon his handsome form and manly face—with its broad, high brow, finely-chiseled nose, firm set mouth, and well-rounded chin—and only made conscious of my contemplation, perhaps, by the sudden lifting of his large, deep, blue eyes to mine, as if his soul had been touched by the magnetic current passing to and fro between us. As a natural consequence of this affinity, our intimacy soon became such, that each made a confidant of the other, and revealed his most secret thoughts as freely as ever did devout believer to a father confessor. At that time we were both young and ambitious, the great world was before us, we had influential friends and high expectations, and many a bright dream of our supposed golden future did we pursue together, till in fancy we stood on the very summit of fame and happiness. Alas and alas! that it was only a dream!

One evening, on returning from the opera, whither I had gone alone — an unusual thing, my friend being pre-engaged for a party at whist—I found him slowly walking up and down the room, looking very pale, and evidently more disturbed in mind than he wished to have appear.

'My dear friend, what is the matter?' was my first eager question.

'I fear I have some unpleasant news for you,' he said, turning and throwing himself into a large arm-chair. 'Upon my honor, Frederick Delorme,' he continued, as I stood half aghast with evil expectation—my soul, as it were, by a kind of presentiment, grasping the future with a shudder—"deeply as I regret what has occurred and is about to happen, I feel it more on your account than my own!'

'Speak, Jules!' I cried; 'what is it?'

'Over the card-table to-night I had an altercation with Adolph Bergner, and one word led to another, till at last, in a moment of unguarded passion, I gave him the lie direct.'

'Well?'

'His friend has called upon me since, and I have referred him to you. I did not know what hour you would return, but I requested him to drop in at half-past eleven. It now wants five minutes of the time.'

'Gracious Heaven, Jules, you must not fight!' I exclaimed.

'How, as a man of honor, can I avoid it?'

'Can the matter not be settled by mutual friends?'

'I fear not. He accused me of cheating, and I called him a liar. Until his charge is withdrawn, mine must hold good; and I am much mistaken if he is the man to permit a reconciliation by any such means.'

'But notwithstanding this, my dear friend you must not fight!' I persisted. 'Think how much more you stake than he. He is a mere adventurer, in one sense, with nothing to lose but his life; while you have a character and high hopes, which will be blasted by this one act even should you escape with life. You know our late college regulations will expel you, and the criminal law will have you at its mercy!'

'Still, what am I to do, my best of friends?' said Langheim, with a troubled look. 'If I decline to fight I shall be branded as a coward and never more be able to hold up my head among my comrades and fellow students.'

'Still, what am I to do, my best of friends?' said Langheim, with a troubled look. 'If I decline to fight, I shall be branded as a coward and never more be able to hold up my head among my comrades and fellow students.'

'It is a hard case!' I groaned; 'either horn of the dilemma is bad enough, Heaven knows; but still, let the result be what it will, I must insist that you do not give your adversary a meeting. If merely your life was at stake, Jules, much as I love you, I would not council you as I do; but to see your reputation blasted at the very outset of your career, would break my heart. No, no, my friend, there must be no meeting—you must summon up all your moral courage and refuse to go out!'

Jules Langheim started up, and with pale cheeks, knitted brows, and clenched hands, rapidly paced up and down the room, some eight or ten times. Then hastily seating himself at his writing desk, he seized a pen, dashed off a few lines, and folded, sealed and superscribed the note.

'There, Fred, you have your wish granted—to you only, of all men on earth. I shall not be disgraced by a duel—there will be no hostile meeting between Bergner and myself. When his friend calls, give him that note as your answer, and with that your part in the affair will cease.'

I grasped his hand, and, with tears in my eyes, said:

'Courage, my noble friend! courage! It is a great sacrafice for you to yield this point to me, I know; but I trust you will be rewarded as you deserve!'

He turned away in great agitation, and at the same moment there came a tap at the door.

'It is Sweitzen—Bergner's friend!' he said. 'I will go out.'

He seized his hat, wrung my hand with a nervous grasp, and passsd the second in the door-way, with a slight salutation.

With Sweitzen my business soon ended. I handed him the note for Bergner, and told him the decision of Langheim would be found in that. He replied that such a proceeding was irregular — that, being the representative of the principal, the note, no matter what proposition it contained, should have been addressed to him. I rejoined that I believed I had nothing further to do or say in the matter; and the interview abruptly closed.

After Sweitzen had gone, I anxiously looked for the return of my friend. One, two, three hours passed, and still he did not come. I remained up all night, in anxious hope; but he did not return. Perhaps I would meet him at morning prayers! But no—to my great distress, he was not among the assembled students. I made many eager enquiries, but no one had seen him.

I took a long walk through the city to cool my fevered brain, and was returning to my room, an hour or so later, when some one hurried up behind and tapped me on the shoulder. I turned and confronted a stranger, in the plain garb of a peasant.

'Beg your honor's pardon!' he said; 'but might your honor be a student in the college you?'

'Yes.'

'Perhaps your honor might tell me, then, how quickest I can find a gentleman named Frederick Delmore?'

'It is my name!' I exclaimed, feeling my blood take a fresh leap at the hope of hearing from Jules.

'It is curious,' returned the countryman, beginning to unbutton his coat, 'that I should have run after the very gentleman I wanted, to ask him where he might be—ha! ha! ha! Well, your honor must know that at daylight this morning, just as I was coming out of my house, a gentleman rid up on a panting horse, and, handing me a letter and ten thalers, made me swear to deliver it before night; and thinking it must be something consequential, I ran in, snatched a piece of bread, and here I be.'

'Well! well! the letter! the letter?' cried I.

'Yes, your honor, here it be,' returned the man, thrusting his hand into his bosom and bringing it forth.

I seized it, recognized the writing, tore it open, and read the following with feelings better imagined than described:

October 11, 4 o'clock, A. M.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—Forgive me for paining your noble heart! for having concealed from you my real design! In declining to fight my adversary, I felt that honor demanded from me a proposition requiring at least as great a risk of life, if not of reputation. You remember you said you would permit the risk of life, providing character were not involved. I acted on this, and wrote Bergner I would not fight him, but would decide by lot which of the two would put an end to his own existence, I followed his friend to his lodgings, and we speedily agreed upon the terms. We drew lots, and it was my misfortune to be doomed. According to the compact I am to die to-day before sunset, in the little village of Neuf, thirty miles from the capital. You will probably find my body at the only inn the place contains. Do not mourn too much for me, my best of friends; and may God help you and forgive me! It is fate, you see! I have made the best disposition I could, in the short time allowed me, of the property I possess, and you will find my testament at the notary's. Time presses me. I write in haste, with a burning brain. You know my feelings towards you, and why attempt expression of words? I will only add, God bless you! God bless you ever! Farewell!

Your dying friend,
JULES LANGHEIM."

On reading this, I was so shocked, so overpowered, so stupefied, that for some minutes I could not act. My brain swam, and the letter before me seemed to take the color of blood. I roused myself at length, with the hope of being yet in time to save my friend, and leaving the countryman staring after me. I hurried to the proper authorities, and got permission to use the government post horses. In a few minutes more I was on the road to Neuf, the postilion urging the gallant beasts forward at the extreme speed allowed by law. Had the rate even been a mile a minute, I should have fancied it the snail's pace, so eager was I to reach forward and snatch my friend from the jaws of death. But our speed was not a mile a minute—scarcely one in five—and hours dragged on, that seemed ages before my straining eyes beheld a small cluster of houses, that the postilion declared was Neuf.

'On, for the love of God!' I cried; 'straight to the inn!'

Fatal miscalculation! In my terrible anxiety to reach Neuf before my friend should put an end to himself, I overlooked the fact, that, if living, my arrival in such a public manner, would attract his attention, and hasten him to the commission of the deed, since it was not his design or desire to have it prevented. Had this occurred to me on the route, I should have entered the village in a very different manner, and perhaps my friend might have been living now.

On reaching the inn, with a thundering clatter, that drew the whole village out to look at us, I leaped to the ground, seized the astonished landlord, and demanded to know if there was a stranger from Berlin under his roof.

'Yes!' he answered quickly, catching some of my wild excitement; 'a handsome young man—a thief, or robber, may be—or ——'

'Quick! Quick!' I interrupted! 'show me to his room!'

We rushed away together. I espied an axe, and seized it as I passed. On arriving at the room door, and finding it fast I shouted:

'Jules, for the love of God, do nothing rash! It is I—your friend—Delorme; come to my arms and be saved!'

'Federick, farewell!' cried a tremulous voice in reply; and at the same moment I heard the sharp report of a pistol.

With one blow of the axe I split down the door, and rushed in. There lay my friend, in the last quiver of life—a ghastly spectable—shot through the temples! With a shriek of anguish, I threw myself down beside him; and from that time, for several hours, I have now no distinct recollection of what took place.

Alas and alas! poor Jules Langheim! He was the victim of mistaken honor. He went early to his eternal account, and left many friends to mourn his loss; and one, at least, to weep for him through the long years of a since unhappy life.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SYSTEMATIC FLIRTS.—If young ladies who pride themselves on their skill and tact in the art of flirtation could only hear all that is said of them behind their backs, we think they would renounce their meretricious blandishments forever, and blush, if not past that wholesome indication of shame, for the false part they had so far played in society. The practical flirt is looked upon by all young men, save those green enough to be her victims, merely as a trivolous piece of human trumpery, with whom it may be well enough to while away an idle hour now and then, when nothing better in the way of amusement offers. She is freely discussed in club room conversation, and at the bars of hotels, and her tricks of fascination are the subjects of the coarsest jests. She is looked upon as an actress, without the excuse of a passion for the stage, or of necessity, for her miserable dissimulation. Instead of the respect with which all honorable men regard true women, she earns for herself their contempt, while the good and amiable of her own sex look upon her with loathing. Of obtaining a desirable husband she has not the slightest chance, and the probability is that she will either die unmarried or accept, as a dernier resort, some wretch who will avenge upon her by his brutality the deception she has endeavored to practise upon better men. In either case she will deserve her fate. We would advise any young lady, who is inclined to flirtation, to ask some old jilt who has been through the mill whether she thinks that sort of thing *pays* in the end.

CANNING'S ORATORICAL POWERS.—Speaking one day of the fine edge of Canning's humor, he observed, "You see the joke sparkling in his eyes before he gives it utterance. It appeared to me to furnish a sort of intellectual parallel to the natural fact that light travels quicker than sound—you behold the flash before you hear the report." On an other occasion he said there were moments when Pitt and Fox carried their auditors along with them with a power that at the time appeared irresistable; "but," added he, "so varied are Canning's qualifications—such his eloquence, wit and humor, and so striking his figure and manner, that I really must account him on the whole as perfect an orator as I have ever known. Ah!" said he, "Canning is now at the top of everything, and he is about to marry his daughter into one of our noble families — and Mrs. Canning will become a peeress—and—then—the bubble will burst."—*Harford's Recollections of Wilberforce.*

As a gentleman was passing along Fifth street Cincinati, he passed a place where some boys were playing marbles. One of them, in shooting his marble, cleverly put it under the gentleman's foot. The gentleman slipped and tumbled against a lady, also passing, precipitating her along with himself upon a large hog, who was examining the gutter geologically for *debris*. The hog, frightened out of his propriety, bolted off, and run between the legs of another gentleman, who, in falling, drew the string of a kite from the hands of a boy The kite of course fell, and in falling frightened a span of horses attached to a wagon in an alley near by. The horses ran down the alley. A man was building a fire in a carpenter's shop, by which they passed, started up to see what was the matter, and in doing so dropped his lighted match among the shavings. A fire was the consequence. The engines assembled, and in the hurry consequent upon the alarm, a man fell in the track of one of them, and had his arm broken, which ended this budget of accidents for the day. Is the boy who shot the marble responsible for all the consequent damages?

ANOTHER GREAT CRIME IN LONDON.—Another horrible crime has been committed in London. A man named Brown, a carpenter, living in the vicinity of King's-cross, had a quarrel with a woman with whom he cohabited. They lived very unhappily, and the neighbors were constantly pestered with the disturbances caused by them. On one of those occasions Brown seems to have inflicted such injuries on the wretched woman as to cause her death. But he suffered her body nevertheless to remain in the house; he lived under the same roof, and taking his meals and going to bed as unconcernedly as usual. As the process of decomposition went on, the offensive effluvium alarmed the district, until at length the room where the dead body lay was opened, and in an adjoining room the body of Brown was found suspended from a rope. During the preceding Sunday one of the lodgers in the house asked Brown to have his dinner with him, and the invitation was readily accepted notwithstanding that the body of the murdered woman lay up stairs to confront and appal him.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

It comes! The gushing wealth descends!
Hark! how it patters on the leaves!
Hark! how it drips from cottage eaves!
The pasture and the clouds are friends—
Drop gently, gently rain!
The fainting corn stalk lifts its head,
The grass grows greener at thy thread,
The woods are musical again;
And from the hill side springing,
Down comes the torrent singing,
With grateful nature in accord,
A full-voiced anthem to the Lord,
To thank him for the rain.

Artemus Ward says:—"I went to Washington, and put up at a leading hotel, where, seeing the landlord, I accosted him with 'How d'ye do, squire?' 'Fifty cents, sir,' was the reply. 'Sir?' 'Half a dollar. We charge twenty-five cents for *looking* at the landlord, and fifty for speaking to him. If you want supper, a boy will show you to the dining room for twenty-five cents. Your room being in the tenth story, it will cost you a dollar to be shown there.' 'How much do you ax a man for breathing in this equinomikal tavern?' sed I. 'Ten cents a breath,' was the reply.

The Richmond *Enquirer* estimates that sixty thousand people of Virginia, which number is one-sixth of the whole white population, are dependent on public charity for support. In Richmond alone there are forty-five hundred such, retaining an expenditure of $500,000 per anum.

An enthusiastic crowd of 5,000 persons lately inaugurated at Dublin a statue of Daniel O'Connell—four days afterwards another enthusiastic crowd at Belfast, celebrating the anniversary of the Siege of Londonderry, burned him in effigy.

The French blockade of Mexican ports was raised on the 17th ult., and all the ports from Campeachy to Vera Cruz, and from thence to Matomoras, are open.

In Siam, the King terminates his dinner with an entertainment in the open air. This consists either of the baiting of a tiger or the impalement of a missionary. Nice place that, to expound the prophets.

New York is building another seven-story hotel.

THE WAR IN THE STATES.

FIGHT FOR THE WELDON RAILROAD.

Special Correspondence of the Washington Chronicle.

THE YELLOW HOUSE, Aug. 20.

Here is a summary of the movement which gave us possession of the Weldon railroad.—Thursday morning the fifth corps marched to the left. Their destination was the present position; the object of the march, destruction to the railroad communicating with North Carolina. The small command of cavalry in advance captured or drove off every rebel this side of the road. Very few shots were exchanged. A few cavalry videttes only opposed our progress. If a surprise was designed it could not have been more successful. Griffin's division first reached the road, and immediately began to tear it up, making breastworks of the rails and sleepers. At this place the command halted for rest and refreshments. Near noon the rebels made their appearance. Mahon's and Heath's divisions were rushed upon the double quick. They attacked us instantly, impetuously. Ayer's division seemed about to be overwhelmed, when Hoffman's brigade of the 4th came bravely upon his left and ordered the rebels stout resistance. The Purnell Legion, composed of Marylanders, for a moment received the heaviest portion of the shock, but soon recovered from the momentary confusion into which they were thrown. Crawford upon the right and Ayers upon the left now advancing their line simultaneously, swinging it around and forward so as to take longer and stronger grasp upon the road, for which the enemy now exhibited great anxiety.

At last we hold the Weldon Railroad. That night, Thursday, we built breastworks of soft mud. All night the rain fell drearily. Next day, until ten o'clock, there was very little firing. Between 10 and 11 a. m., the enemy left the line in front of the Veteran Reserves. A brisk skirmish ensued, which lasted about half an hour, and then died out. It was noon. Gen. Wilcox's division of the 9th corps had taken up a position near the woods, upon the extreme right of the line. Gen. Bragg's brigade of the 4th division was already advanced as skirmishers; then came Crawford's division; Wheelock's brigade in the centre, Lyle and Hartshorne with their respective brigades, on either side. At this point ran the railroad. Upon the other side was Ayer's division and the 2nd brigde of Cutler's division, Griffin's and the balance of the 4th division following. Between 4 and 5 o'clock the enemy came upon Wilcox with fearful force. Volley succeeded volley, but failed to destroy the impetus which the rebels had acquired in their run. Hartrauft, on the right, and Humphrey, on the left, had their brigades closely united, and successfully resisted and foiled every effort of the assailants to penetrate their front. This was but the precursor of the coming conflict, A simultaneous attack was made upon our entire front. Every battery in position roared forth its dreadful, direful notes. Great dark, threatening clouds began to gather, and the white smoke of the battle field gently ascended in pillow-shaped wreaths to plead and propitiate. Soon the rain began to drop upon the hot heads of the combatants, and the roar of men's cannon vied with the rumbling of Heaven's artillery. Fifty sharpshooters, belonging to the 7th Indiana, were swept from sight in less time than it takes me to write this. The rebels had forced their way through the skirmish line, and were deploying right and left, to come down on Crawford's right and Wilcox's left.

Here the fight thickened; men grew desperate and drew strength from the frenzy which the battle created. Gen Bragg's brigade was forced back, and the rebels rushed upon Lyle, threatening to devour everything. The Veteran Reserves were swept from sight, after doing fearful execution with their new Spencer rifles. Col. Hartshorn, commanding brigade, was captured; Col. Carle wounded and captured, and near 200 men from this brigade are missing. Gen Potter brought the 2nd division, 9th corps, upon the right of Wilcox. Gen. White soon took position still further to the right. This was early in the engagement. These troops had just performed a wearisome march over soft roads, yet they entered the fight immediately with cheerfulness and courage, holding their place upon the right with great stubborness. The 50th regiment of Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers captured a stand of colors from the 47th Virginia. Emblazoned upon its red, white and red folds were inscriptions of thirteen engagements, in which the regiment had fought—from Bull Run down to Mine run. About this time Major Belcher, commanding the 8th Michigan, was killed, and Major Hart, commanding the 51st Pennsylvania, wounded. A short distance to the left the 104th New York captured a stand of colors and some prisoners. The rebels penetrated our front and poured in upon the flanks of the different commands. Men began to come to the rear, with weapons in their hands. Gen. Hayes, who connected with Crawford at the railroad, was roughly handled. He was lately dubbed Brigadier Gen., and commanded the regular brigade in Ayer's division—Hayes was carried off and a number of his troops. We receded from the cloy banks hastily thrown up in a night. If they were of any protection they were lost.

The battle assumed the appearance of a *melee*. Every one seemed to fight to kill.—Darkness was stealing over the field of battle. The rebels strewed the ground. Here and there they lay as when killed, their long hair dabbled in the mud, their gray clothes dripping with blood. Being the assailants they suffered severly. We lost most in prisoners, they had many killed and wounded Beauregard's men had concentrated with