# 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. XVIII. } CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1868. { NO. 15

**SALE OF FREEHOLD LAND,**

Situated at Stanley Bridge, New London.

TO be Sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, on FRIDAY, the Twenty-first day of FEBRUARY next, (1868,) at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, at the Colonial Building, in Charlottetown, under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the 3rd day of July, A. D. 1866, and made between David Bell, of Township Number Twenty-one, in Queen's County, and Jane M. Bell, his wife, of the one part, and the Honorable William Warren Lord, of Charlottetown, of the other part: All that tract, piece or parcel of Land, situate, lying and being on Township Number Twenty-one, bounded as follows, that is to say: on the South by land now in the occupation of Thomas Bigger, on the East by the shore of Stanley River, on the North by the road from Fyfe's Ferry, and on the West by land purchased by James McKay, containing Forty-eight (48) acres, a little more or less, together with all and singular the houses, buildings and erections thereon, with the appurtenances to the said piece of land belonging or appertaining.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply at the office of the Honorable Joseph Hensley, Charlottetown, or to the subscriber.

W. W. LORD.

Ch'town, Nov. 4th, 1867. isl

**STOVES! STOVES!**

AND

Sheet Iron, &c. Scotch Castings.

ON hand 6 CANNON STOVES, for burning Coal, 12, 14, 16 inch.
12 Square STOVES for burning Wood, assorted sizes.
3 Tons Sheet Iron,
20 do assorted Iron,
1 do do Steel,

For sale Cheap by the Subscriber,

H. HASZARD.

Ch'town, Dec. 9, 1867.

**TOWNEND'S HATS AND CAPS.**

A LARGE STOCK of the above, received ex "LOTUS," from LONDON, of the newest STYLES and SHAPES—

Good Silk HATS, 7s 6d to 14s.
Paris Velvet do, 20s 27s 6d.
Townend's best do, 32s 6d.
Boys & Gent's. FELT HATS, in great variety.

A large Stock of Tweed and Cloth CAPS, And also in Ladies' STRAW HATS, &c.&c.

G. & S. DAVIES.

Charlottetown, June 7, 1867.

**Co-partnership Notice.**

THE SUBSCRIBERS have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of

ALLEY & DAVIES.

OFFICE - - - O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING, GREAT GEORGE STREET.

GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES.

Charlottetown, Oct. 18, 1867. tf

**Great Bargains! Great Bargains!**

Great Reduction in Prices!

**£7000 Worth of Goods.**

THE Subscriber, intending to close his present BUSINESS, has determined on

**Selling off the whole**

of his valuable

**STOCK IN TRADE,**

comprising a general assortment of

Dry Goods, Hardware, Canvas, Cordage, Groceries, Iron, &c. &c,

together with a large and well selected supply daily expected per "Lotus" from London, and other fall ships from Liverpool, thereby making it one of the most valuable stocks ever placed in the market.

On and after the 10th October, inst, the Goods will be sold for a few weeks at GREATLY REDUCED prices such as to induce purchasers. The Stock remaining on hand after that time will be sold at AUCTION, without reserve, on liberal Terms, of which due notice will be given.

H. HASZARD.

Charlottetown, Oct. 7th, 1867. isl

**ERSKIN'S BRAHEE SUGAR POWDERS,**

A Tonic and Unfailing Remedy for

**Rheumatism of all kinds, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica,**

As also for FACE-ACHE, TOOTH-ACHE, EAR-ACHE, COUGHS, and all affections from Colds.

☞ See Lancet, under MEDICAL PATRONAGE.

WM. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Victoria Building, Queen Street, Sept. 16, 1867.

**Insurance! Insurance!**

FIRE & LIFE

**Royal Insurance Company,**

LIVERPOOL, G. B.

**Capital, $10,000,000.**

Annual Income exceeds $3,000,000, and rapidly increasing. Aggregate losses paid in Province of Nova Scotia during last 12 years, *a quarter of a million dollars.*

General Agent for Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island—HUGH HARTSHORNE, Esq, Halifax.

THE Subscriber having been authorized to accept Risks for this Office, in all parts of Prince Edward Island, respectfully intimates that he is prepared to receive proposals in both branches from parties desiring Policies.

The well-known character for promptness and liberality possessed by this Office is the best guarantee to Insurers.

Rates moderate, and every information furnished on application. The Company's blanks will be transmitted on request; and proposals may be sent, post paid, to

JOS. F. ELLIS,
General Com. Merchant and Insurance Agent,
Pictou, N. S.

September 16, 1867.

**NOTICE.**

THE Subscriber having been duly appointed Attorney for the Rev. MALACHIAS REYNOLDS, late of DeSable, during his temporary absence from this Island, requests all persons indebted to the said Mr. Reynolds to pay up their liabilities without delay.

WM. CUNDALL.

Ch'town, Sept. 9, 1867.

**Bank of P. E. Island.**

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FIVE POUNDS per centum on the Capital Stock of the Bank of Prince Edward Island, for the last half year, hath been this day declared, and is payable to Stockholders forthwith on demand.

W. CUNDALL, Cashier.

Dec. 2, 1867. rg

**NEW HERRING!**

FOR Sale, 300 barrels Newfoundland HERRING, (caught this season), just arrived ex schooner "Lily of the Valley," and for sale cheap for Cash or approved credit.

A. McNEILL, Auctioneer.

Reading Room Building, Sep. 16, 1867.

**A CARD.**

MRS. COMBS desires to intimate to the ladies of Charlottetown, that she has opened a class to teach Wax Work in Flowers, and Baskets. Groups of Flowers made to order.

E. COMBS.

Residence opposite the Catholic Cathedral.

☞ Also, part of a house to rent.

ELEANOR COOMBS.

**LIVERPOOL HOUSE.**

Queen Street.

WILLIAM FULL,

HAS received by Fall Ships from BRITAIN, Steamers from HALIFAX and BOSTON, and other arrivals, his Fall and Winter supply of

**British & Foreign Merchandize,**

Comprising a general assortment of

**Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,**

In all the various departments, which will be sold at the very lowest prices for CASH.

ALSO,

Chests & Half Chests Choice TEA; hhds. Bright Sugar & Molasses; and a choice assortment of Family GROCERIES.

The Public are respectfully solicited to examine the stock, as great bargains for CASH may be expected.

Nov. 25, 1867.

**NEW GOODS**

FOR

**FALL AND WINTER,**

**1867-8,**

AT

*GLASGOW HOUSE!*

THE Subscriber has almost completed his importations for the present and coming Season, which embraces a good assortment

OF

**Dry Goods, Groceries & General Merchandize,**

Which are now on sale, CHEAP for CASH, or the usual terms to wholesale Buyers.

A large stock of American Rubbers daily expected.

FREDERICK LEPAGE.

Nov. 18, 1867.

**Flour, Wine, Spirits, Teas, Groceries, &c. &c.**

THE Subscriber has IN STORE and offers for Sale at his Store in WATER STREET:

| | |
|---|---|
| Bbls. FLOUR, | Cases Confectionery, 7 lb. boxes |
| Casks PORT WINE, | Bales Corks, common |
| Casks SHERRY, | Bales Corks, wine |
| Cases CLARET, | Bbls Washing Soda |
| Puns. Demerara RUM, (strong) | Bbls Baking Soda |
| Hhds. GIN, DeKuyper's | Boxes Liverpool Soap |
| Casks Scotch Whiskey | Composition Candles |
| Casks Pale Brandy | Kegs and Tins Mustard, |
| Do Brown do | Coleman's |
| Cases Brandy | Boxes Coleman's Starch |
| Cases Whiskey, | Tins Sardines |
| Cases Old Tom Gin | Pots Anchovy Paste |
| Chests & half chests TEA | Boxes Black Lead, Nixey's, &c. &c. &c. |
| Bags Rice, Arracon | |

ALSO, ALWAYS ON HAND:

ISLAND MADE WHISKEY, a good article.

DOUGLAS M. HARINGTON.

Water street, Charlottetown, December 30, 1867. 3m

**QUEEN SQUARE HOUSE.**

JUST received, Ex *New Dominion*—
3 CASES LADIES' & CHILDREN'S
WINTER BOOTS & SLIPPERS,
LATEST STYLES.

Ex "ALHAMBRA,"

2 CASES FUR CAPS.

WM. HEARD.

Ch'town, Dec. 2, 1867.

**For Sale**

AT THE

**Establishment of W. W. Lord,**

**BY WHOLESALE!**

MOLASSES in Puncheons, Tierces and Barrels,
SUGAR in Hhds. and Barrels,
FLOUR and INDIAN MEAL,
TEA in Chests and half Chests,
ONIONS and APPLES,
Boxes Ground COFFEE,
Boxes Ground PEPPER,
Boxes SODA and WINE BISCUIT,
Barrels PILOT BREAD,
Bags RICE,
Boxes Liverpool Brown SOAP
Boxes PIPES, 6 gross each,
Any quantity of SALT, by the Bushel or Bag,
HERRINGS in Barrels and half do.
25 Tons common BOLT IRON, ½, ¾, ⅞, a £15 cash,
STEEL, Nails, Spikes and Rope,
Second hand Rigging, Blocks, Sails, Masts, Bowsprit, Patent Iron Work for the Windlass, and Boat for a Schooner of about 60 tons.
500 Tons Round COAL. 50 Tons Small COAL.

Ch'town, Dec. 2, 1867.

**ON SALE**

AT

**The British Warehouse!**

Fancy and Plain Coal Scuttles.
Fancy and Plain Coal Shovels.
Iron Bedsteads and Stretchers.
Umbrella Stands.
Fire Guards. Nursery Guards.
Fancy Fenders for Grates.
Mahogany Poles. Rings and Ends.
Brass Poles, Rings and Ends.
Brass Brackets and Holders.
Brass Stair Rods and Eyes.
And all Furnishing Goods.

W. & A. BROWN.

Charlottetown, Nov. 11, 1867.

**THE FISHERIES, &c.**

**For Sale to the Trade.**

100 BALES first quality Cotton Herring and Mackerel TWINE.
10,000 lbs first quality do do NETTING,
5,000 doz do do do COD LINES,
2,000 doz do do do Mackerel and Pollock Lines,
50 superior do do Stopper and Hauling Seines,
20 do do Light and Strong Mackerel Purse Seines.

*Cotton is as cheap as before the war.*

AMERICAN NET AND TWINE CO.
43 Commercial street, Boston.

ISAAC C. HALL, Agent.

Ch'town, December 2, 1867. 4m

**NOTICE!**

**Postage Stamps.**

FROM and after this date Postage Stamps will be sold at this office only between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m.

Persons wishing to post Letters before or after these hours, can procure stamps at the Stores of

| | |
|---|---|
| D. Laird, | H. A. Harvie, |
| E. Reilly, | Mrs. Bremner, |
| Mrs. Stamper, | G. Hubbard, |
| J. D. McLeod, | Theoph. DesBrisay, |
| Jas. DesBrisay, | H. Haszard, |
| G. & S. Davies, | T. O'Connell. |

THOS. OWEN, P. M. G.

General Post Office, Charlottetown, Dec. 7, 1867. rg

**HERRING TWINE.**

WE have a large stock of HERRING TWINE, 2 and 3 thread, extra fine and strong, which we will sell low for CASH.

DAVIES & WEEKS.

Jan 6, 1868. 4m

**MACKEREL.**

WANTED to purchase, any quantity of Mackerel, for which the highest price in cash will be paid.

CARVELL BROS.

July 29, 1867 tf

**Valuable Mill Property for Sale.**

ROGERS' MILLS, Western Road, on Township No. 5. These Mills are in good working order, placed on a good and never-failing stream, with 150 acres of as good Land as this Island can afford, well covered with large Hard and Soft Wood. This Property is invaluable to a person of small capital. There is an industrious and thriving settlement—Bloomfield—fast improving the lands around this property, and Lumber always in demand. There is a Cottage at the Mill, a small clearance of 6 or 8 acres, with a Dwelling House and Stable. The Mill is new, well-made, and double-geared.

Information may be had on application to Mr. Rogers, on the premises; Benj. Rogers and Herbert Bell, Alberton; or to the subscriber in Charlottetown.

I. C. HALL.

January 20, 1868. 2m

**LAND!**

TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION, on the premises, on MONDAY, the 2nd day of March, at 12 o'clock, noon,

**One hundred acres of leasehold Land,**

now in occupation of Ronald Steel, tenant at sufferance to the subscriber; situate on Seal River, Lot 50. The superior quality and unrivalled local position of the above farm are so extensively known and generally admitted, as not to require any detailed description.

Terms made known at Sale. Sale positive.

JAMES B. GAY.

Pownal, Lot 49. January 27, 1868.

**BUY YOUR HARDWARE GOODS**

AT

**W. E. DAWSON'S,**

Who has Imported this Fall, and has on hand, the largest stock hitherto offered to his customers.

Nov. 25, 1867.

**THE NEW SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS.**

THE NEW SERIES OF READING BOOKS, authorized by the Board of Education for use in the PUBLIC SCHOOLS of this Island, can now be had complete at

**HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,**

QUEEN STREET.

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT allowed to Teachers and and wholesale Dealers.

☞ Please send in your orders.

Ch'town, Sept. 30, 1867. tf

**FOR SALE.**

20 Hhds. bright SUGAR,
25 Puns MOLASSES,
100 Sides No. 1 SOLE LEATHER,
80 Bags CORNMEAL,
25 Cases fine old Pale BRANDY,
10 Qr. casks Hennesy's BRANDY,
3 Puns. fine old Demerara RUM.

A. H. YATES.

Telegraph Buildings, Water Street, June 10, 1867.

**SUPERIOR PHOTOGRAPHS.**

Old Stand, Great George Street.

GEORGE P. TANTON returns thanks for the liberal patronage which he has received during the past eighteen years he has been in business. His Rooms having recently been closed while being re-fitted and improved, he would now respectfully announce that his GALLERY is again RE-OPENED for TRANSACTING BUSINESS.

With increased facility in his operating department, a careful selection of pure chemicals, and a strict attention to business, he hopes still to give greater satisfaction than he hitherto has done.

CARTE DE VISITE taken in the best styles, at two Dollars per Dozen.

All other styles at the lowest rates.

☞ Rooms open in winter at 8 o'clock, a. m, in summer at 6 a. m, and continued until sundown.

Charlottetown, Jan. 13, 1868. 2m

**To the Public.**

AUCTION SALES continued every FRIDAY and SATURDAY EVENING, from 7 to 10 o'clock, at the Subscriber's Auction Rooms, Reading Room Building.

Goods of every description received and sold to order. Terms Cash. Sale positive. No reserve. Auction sales of Horses, Cattle, Farming Implements, New and Second-hand Furniture, Stoves, &c., attended to on market days, in front of the Market House, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

A. McNEILL, Auctioneer.

Reading Room Building, November 18, 1867.

☞ Ample room for the reception of all kinds of Goods, both at Auction Rooms in Reading Room Building, and at Wareroom in Market House basement.

A. McNEILL.

**HERRINGS. HERRINGS. HERRINGS.**

NOW being Landed from Sch. *Commerce*, from Bay of Islands, Nfl'd.:

**300 Bbls. Fat Herrings,**

a very superior article, and sold cheap for Cash or approved credit.

ALSO ON HAND,

**3,000 Bushels of Liverpool SALT,**

which will be sold cheap for Cash.

W. B. DEAN.

Dec. 23, 1867. 3m

**CORNS and WARTS**

ARE permanently and effectually Cured by the use of

ROBINSON'S

Patent Corn Solvent.

For sale by

W. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, December 23, 1867.

**Yarmouth Stoves.**

THE Subscriber has JUST RECEIVED, ex Schooner 'M. E. BANKS,' direct from YARMOUTH, his USUAL SUPPLY of those

Celebrated Cook and Box Stoves,

which will be sold cheap for Cash or approved Joint Notes.

R. J. CLARKE.

Orwell, October 14, 1867. tf

**PAPIER MACHE GOODS.**

WORK BOXES,
WRITING DESKS,
CARD BOXES,
NETTING BOXES,
PORT FOLIOS, &c. &c.

WHITE WOOD BREAD PLATTERS,
BUTTER COOLERS, EGG STANDS, &c.

and a variety of other articles just suitable for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS & NEW YEAR GIFTS,

AT

HARVIE'S BOOK STORE,

Dec. 23, 1867. Queen Street.

**School for Little Girls,**

**In connection with the Charlottetown Academy.**

TERMS per Quarter of Eleven Weeks, commencing from day of entrance, Tuition in English £1. French £1. Music £1 10s.

TERMS, in all cases payable in advance. A quarter's notice required previous to the removal of a pupil.

For further particulars apply to

MRS McDONELL,

Jan. 20, 1868. Great George Street.

**Charlottetown Academy for young Ladies.**

TERMS, including Board and Tuition in English, French, and Music, £12 10s per quarter, payable in advance. Day pupils £5 per quarter. Vocal Music, German and Drawing, extra. A quarter's notice required previous to the removal of a pupil. For further particulars, apply to the Principal, Mrs. McDONELL, or to the Rev. D. Fitzgerald, Rector of Charlottetown, P. E Island.

N. B. French, German, and Drawing Classes open to young ladies who are not pupils in the Academy. Instruction in Music £3 per quarter.

October 21, 1867.

## LITERATURE.

### UNDER THE ICE.

Under the ice the waters run;
Under the ice our spirits lie:
The genial glow of the summer sun
Shall loosen their fetters by-and by.
Moan and groan in the prison cold,
River of life—river of love;
The winter is growing worn and old,
The frost is leaving the melting mould,
And the sun shines bright above.

Under the ice—under the snow.
Our lives are bound in a crystal ring;
By-and-by will the south wind blow,
And the roses bloom on the banks of spring.
Moan and groan in thy tetters strong,
River of life—river of love;
The nights grow short—the days grow long,
Weaker and weaker the bonds of wrong,
And the sun shines brightly above.

Under the ice our souls are hid;
Under the ice our good deeds grow;
Men but credit the wrong we did—
Never the motive that lay below.
Moan and groan in thy prison cold,
River of life—river of love;
The winter of life is growing old,
The frost is leaving the melting mould,
And the sun shines warm above.

Under the ice we hide our wrong—
Under the ice that has chilled us through;
O, that the friends who have known us long
Dare to doubt we are good and true!
Moan and groan in thy prison cold;
River of life—river of love;
The winter has grown worn and old,
The roses stir in the melting mould;
We shall be known above.

### MARY.

Soft lying
Where the sighing
Of the wintry wind is loud;
She is sleeping
In the keeping
Of her little snowy shroud.

In the silent chambers lonely,
Sits the mother all the while,
Thinking of the eyes that only
Looked upon her but to smile.

Broken hearted
Hope departed
From the sunlight of her sky—
For she never
Thought that ever
Aught so beautiful could die.

Sunny tresses
That she presses
To her broken heart to-day—
Softly, lightly,
Daily, nightly,
Brightly ye were wont to play.

Oh, the mother's heart is breaking,
She can neither smile nor speak,
For the roses know no waking
On her little darling's cheek.

She is staying,
She is praying,
Where diviner breezes blow—
She is singing
To the ringing
Of the angel lyres, I know.

### MR. & MRS. SMITH'S HEADACHES.

A LESSON FOR SOMEBODY.

Such a headache as I have! groaned Smith, as he entered the breakfast-room, with his hair rumpled, his chest collapsed, and his back rounded out in the shape of a letter C. Such a headache!

Perhaps it was the cake you ate before going to bed, remarked his wife as she poured out the coffee.

Cake? there's nothing more wholesome than cake before going to bed, especially plum cake, answered Smith dropping into a chair.

Mrs. Smith, feeling indisposed at that matutinal hour for an argument, assented.

Try a little tea, suggested she.

Tea? an old maid's remedy; no tea for me.

Well, coffee.

I don't think I want anything, groaned Smith. Oh, dear! I'am going to have a day of it.

Mrs. Smith had it at her tongue's end to say:—

Well that is the usual result of having a night of it; but she closed her teeth and bit off the exasperating and truthful rejoinder.

Isn't this room awful hot? asked Smith, opening six doors, without waiting for her reply, which if uttered, would have been that she was shivering with the draughts.

Then seating himself at the table:

I think I will have tea, Mrs. Smith; it will be sure to upset or cure me; it don't matter which, he adds, with a despairing groan; and I may as well eat a piece of beefsteak while I'am about it—in for a penny, in for a pound—oh dear!

I think I'll come and sit in your room Mary, said Smith to his wife, after the tea and breakfast had gone down. It looks nice and pleasant here, and I like to stay with you when I have the headache.

Mary turned her back, that he need not see the smile lurking round her mouth at the conclusion of his sentence, and brought a pillow to the sofa for his disorganized head.

Not that—no, not that; it will only hurt my head, oh dear! Mary (solemnly), do you know I think I made a mistake in eating that beefsteak.

Mary, with a heroism which place her name in Fox's Book of Martyr's, did not reply:—

I knew it at the time, Smith, and my only chance of preventing you from eating was to refrain from asking you not to eat: I didn't say so.

Mary, said Smith, as she seated herself at her sewing, don't you think I would feel better if I had a jug of boiling water at my feet!

Perhaps you would, said Mary, dropping her spools, thimole and buttons on the floor, to hunt up the jug and hot water herself, for Smith had the opinion that a wife should attend personally to these things, although three great servants might sit sucking there thumbs in the kitchen, or cooking their heels upon the range.

Mary, asked Smith, after this arrangement had been carried out, don't you think this bottle might be pushed a little closer? I don't feel it except on one foot.

Yes, said Mary, dropping her work once more. Is that right?

Oh, yes, answered Smith, rolling his left eye in ecstacy, as the heat penetrated the soles of his feet; how nice it is to have you round when I am sick.

The same funny look came again round the corners of Mary's mouth, but Smith, bless his obtuse soul, didn't see it.

Mary, said Smith, I think I could go to sleep now if you would close these curtains and things, and carry that bird down stairs and shut out the light.

Yes, said Mary, and I'll take my sewing into the next room.

Do, said Smith.

And gathering up her work-basket and Smith's pants, that had several vital buttons missing, which he wished replaced, Mary departed.

Mary, said Smith, suddenly appearing at the door of the room where she had seated herself, with his hair rampant, and blanket shawl sticking to his back, its no use. I don't feel a bit better. I am sure I don't know what to do. Do you really think it was the cake.

Mary's patience was waning. I know it, John—it always makes you sick. Don't you recollect I asked you not to eat it at the time!

Well, all I can say is, said Smith, I don't believe. Oh, dear, where is the morning paper?

That was another way of asking Mary to read them to him, which she did and without saying, as Smith did on similar occasions:

Oh, there's nothing in the papers this morning but the same old tariff discussions; in fact they are quite dull, perhaps you can pick out something for yourself.

At twelve o'clock Smith sank into the arms of Morpheus, and slept till three; but, alas, waking, begged for his wife and a wash bowl. Both were forthcoming, as also the expected result. The rest of the day, till dark, the blinds were opened and shut; the bottle was on and off duty, and Mrs. Smith staid by to see him be sick. About seven in the evening he despairingly signified his wish to retire, adding:

I suppose, of course, you don't feel sleepy at all?

No, said Mary, looking from the window at a very lovely moon that was rising, no not very.

Well, said Smith, don't come if you don't want to, but I can't sit up any longer, and I have an idea I shall get to sleep.

So Mary went to bed with her bearded baby.

A week had elapsed. Smith was in good health and spirits. He could smoke. The whole world wasn't a charnel-house after all Mary was flat on her back with a nervous headache.

Sick? asked Smith.

Shocking pain in my temple, said Mary.

What a pity! said Smith, paring his nails at the window without turning his head. It's going to be such a lovely day—quite like spring. Have you the least idea where my grey pants are?

No, said Mary, faintly, feeling for the pillows, I think in the closet.

So—strange, said Smith about those gray pants, I don't think they've worn very well, do you? And do you know about the milk bill whether it is right or not? And, by the way, did my shoes come home last night? and has that man been to fix the front door?

My head aches so bad, said Mary, that I can't remember anything. Biddy will tell you.

Well, I'm sorry for you, said Smith, tying his cravat at the glass. The very best thing for you is to keep quiet, and I'll take myself out of the way. Sleep is the thing for you. So Smith put on his heaviest pair of boots and went all over the house, and let the doors bang, whistled the Stars and Stripes, ate his breakfast and then came up to her to discuss the respective claims of pork and beef and chicken for that day's dinner, closing by another recommendation to keep quiet and not bother herself about anything.

No better? asked Smith, reproachfully, at six o'clock that evening. I thought you'd be well certainly by this time, after a day's quiet. Quiet, she had the whole kitchen retinue after her all day, asking more questions than there are in the Assembly's catechism, and the front door bell ringing as if by order of the fire department; but she had said nothing at all about that; if she had Smith would have replied with that lordly wave of his hand, with which men dispose of such matters; you shouldn't allow such trifles to trouble you.

No better, then? Smith inquired as if in gratitude to him he really deserved a modification of her former reply—no better? Well, sleep, after all, is the best thing; and, as I can't do anything for you, I think it is such a lovely night that I will stroll out awhile. There, there, patting the end of the blanket, go to sleep now. And close upon his retiring heels she heard the thundering bang of the front door.

After divers and many comparisons between male and female headaches, and the seeming incongruity in the male mind for the same course of treatment for both, Mrs. Smith fell asleep, to be woke about twelve by Smith, who thumped up stairs in his boots, made a raid after the corkscrew in the closet and at a particular tumbler of particular shape he wanted in connection with it; and advised her as to the efficiency of sleep in cases of female headache; then filled the house with the nauseating fumes of tobacco at an hour when it was impossible to air it. Then Smith went to bed, and slept the sleep of the just, with not a glimmering of an idea that he was one of the most selfish and unloving husbands.

Indeed had his wife questioned it, he would have pointed her to a long column in the daily papers, where accounts are given of those husbands who make it a practice to crack their wives' skulls once a week, and placing his arms akimbo, with a stern look and with his nose close to her face, would have asked: What if she had such a husband as that?

### THE GERMAN COURIER'S STORY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I took an engagement once, with an English gentleman, elderly and a bachelor, to travel through my country, my Fatherland. He was a merchant who traded with my country, and knew the language, but who had never been there since he was a boy—as I judge, some sixty years before.

His name was James, and he had a twin-brother John, also a bachelor. Between these brothers there was a great affection. They were in business together at Goodman's Fields, but they did not live together. Mr. James dwelt in Poland Street, turning out of Oxford Street, London. Mr. John resided by Epping Forest.

Mr. James and I were about to start for Germany in about a week. The exact day depended on business. Mr. John came to Poland Street—where I was staying in the house—to pass that week with Mr. James But he said to his brother on the second day:

'I don't feel very well, James. There's not much the matter with me; but I think I am a little gouty. I'll go home and put myself under the care of my old housekeeper, who understands my ways. If I get quite better, I'll come back and see you before you go. If I dont feel well enough to resume my visit where I leave it off, why you will come and see me before you go away.'

Mr. James, of course, said he would, and they shook hands—both hands, as they always did—and Mr. John ordered out his old-fashioned chariot, and rumbled home.

It was on the second night after that—that is to say, the fourth in the week—when I was awoke out of my sleep by Mr. James coming into my bedroom in his flannel-gown, with a lighted candle. He sat upon the side of my bed, and looking at me, said:

'Whilhelm, I have reason to think I have got some strange illness upon me.'

I then perceived that there was a very unusual expression in his face.

'Whilhelm,' said he, 'I am not afraid or ashamed to tell you, what I might be afraid or ashamed to tell another man. You come from a sensible country, where mysterious things are inquired into, and are not settled to have been weighed or measured—or to have been unweighable or unmeasureable—or in either case to have been disposed of for all time—ever so many years ago. I have just now seen the phantom of my brother John.'

I confess that it gave me a little tingling of the ear to hear it.

'I have just now seen,' Mr. James repeated, looking full at me, that I might see how collected he was, 'the phantom of my brother John. I was sitting up in bed, unable to sleep, when it came into my room in a white dress, and regarding me earnestly, passed up to the end of the room, glanced at some papers on my writing desk, turned, and still looking earnestly at me as it passed the bed, went out at the door. Now, I am not in the least mad, and am not in the least disposed to invest that phantom with any external existence with myself. I think it is a warning to me that I am ill; and I think I had better been bled.'

I got out of bed directly and began to get on my clothes, begging him not to be alarmed, and telling him that I would go myself to the doctor. I was just ready, when we heard a loud knocking and ringing at the street door. My room being an attic at the back, and Mr. James's being a second floor in the front, we went down to his room and put up the window, to see what was the matter.

'Is that Mr. James?' said a man below, falling back to the opposite side of the way, to look up at us.

'It is,' said Mr. James; 'and you are my brother's man Robert.'

'Yes sir. I am sorry to say, sir, that Mr. John is ill. He is very bad, sir. It is even feared that he may be lying at the point of death. He wants to see you, sir. I have a chaise here. Pray come to him. Pray lose no time.'

Mr. James and I looked at each other, and he said:

'Whilhelm, this is strange. I wish you to come with me.'

I helped him to dress, partly there, and partly in the chaise; and no grass grew under the horses' iron shoes between Poland Street and the Epping Forest.

Now, mind! I went with Mr. James into his brother's room, and I saw and heard myself what follows.

His brother lay upon his bed, at the upper end of a long bed-chamber. His old housekeeper was there, and others were there; I think three others were there, if not four, and they had been with him since early in the afternoon. He was in white, like the figure—necessarily so, because he had his night-dress on. He looked like the figure—necessarily so, because he looked earnestly at his brother when he saw him come into the room.

But when his brother reached his bedside, he slowly raised himself in bed, and looking full upon him, said these words:

'JAMES, YOU HAVE SEEN ME BEFORE TO-NIGHT—AND YOU KNOW IT!'

And so died!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE DUKE OF KENT IN CANADA.

At a meeting of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, last Wednesday evening, Hon. Mr. Chauveau in the Chair, Dr. Anderson read his paper on "The Life of the Duke of Kent in Canada." The doctor read many pleasing incidents in the life of the Prince, when a young and inexperienced man he was stationed at Quebec; also some of a painful character, but all of which were creditable to head and heart. The most thrilling was one extracted from the Quebec *Gazette* of the day, which the doctor prefaced, as follows:—

"The dissatisfaction which had originated among the men of the Royal Fusiliers at Gibralter, and which led to their removal to Canada, does not appear to have diminished, and punishments were of frequent occurrence with certain hardened offenders, among whom at length a conspiracy was formed. The mutineers proposed to break out of the barracks, to seize the Prince, the General, and all the officers in the Chateau, and on non-compliance with their demands, they were to be put to death, after which the mutineers proposed to escape by crossing the river.

"It is difficult to say," says the Quebec *Gazette*, of the 28th March, 1793, "whether the folly or the atrociousness of the plot was the greatest; for the smallest reflection might have satisfied them of the impossibility of effecting their escape. Yet, it can hardly be doubted, that had they once taken the first step, their desperate situation would have led them to the commission of as much mischief as in the moment might have been in their power. Fortunately the plot was discovered, the conspirators were arrested, tried and convicted, and the sentences of the General Court-martial were as follows:—John Draper, *death*, by being shot. William Rose, *five hundred* lashes, James Lanergan, for want of sufficient evidence, acquitted. Timothy Kennedy, *guilty—seven hundred* lashes. Sergt. T. Urgton, released (from a belief that the evidence would not be sufficient to convict him,) insisted on a trial, and was found guilty of a knowledge of an intended mutiny, and was sentenced to be reduced to the ranks, and to receive *four hundred* lashes. Draper was ordered for execution on Tuesday, the 2nd April, but having made application for a week's respite, it was granted.

"On Tuesday, about 10 o'clock, Draper was brought out from the barracks dressed in grave clothes, walking behind his coffin, which was covered with a pall and carried by four men. The troops under arms marched slowly before—the music followed, playing dirges suitable to the occasion, and a vast concourse of spectators attended. When this affecting procession reached the place of execution, and the convict had prepared himself to suffer, declaring to the last that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge, and when the critical moment was arrived that was to have launched him into eternity, he was thus addressed by Prince Edward:—

"'Draper—You have now reached the awful moment, when a few minutes would carry you into the immediate presence of the Supreme Being. You must be conscious of the enormity of your guilt, and that you have not the least right to expect mercy. I, as your commanding officer, am entirely prevented from making any application whatever in your favor, there being, from various circumstances of the case, no one opening that could justify me in that station, in taking such a step. However, as the son of your Sovereign, whose *greatest prerogative is the dispensation of mercy*, I feel myself fortunately able to do that, which, as your Colonel, the indispensable laws of military discipline rendered it impossible for me even to think of. In this situation, I have presumed to apply to the King's representative here, for your pardon; and I am happy to be authorized to inform you that my application has been successful. Major General Clark, in consequence of my warm prayers and entreaties, has had the goodness, by his acquiescence with my wishes, to enable me to prove both to you and the public, that though your atrocious machinations were chiefly directed against my person, I am the first to forgive you myself, and to obtain for you His Majesty's mercy. May you take warning by this awful scene, and so conduct yourself, that by the *remainder of your life you atone for* your past crimes; and that I may not hereafter have occasion to repent having now being your advocate.'

"The effect produced on the mind of the unfortunate man, who could then have nothing but death in view, as well as on the feelings of the spectators, may be easier conceived than expressed."

All the facts stated tend to place the character of the Prince in Canada in a very favorable light, which was increased by the reading of letters which he had addressed to Colonel DeSalaberry, of Beauport. If any reliance was to be placed on the public journals of the time, and the numerous addresses which had been presented to him, his sojourn in Quebec must have been characterized by *everything* that was amiable and calculated to benefit and elevate the community. He alluded especially to his enlightened effort in the cause of education, and to the circumstance of his being the originator of the first "Free Sunday School" in Quebec. This did not proceed from the mere passing impulse of generous youth, for age did in no degree diminish the warmth of his affection or the steadfastness of his friendship, and he continued, to the close of his life, a warm promoter of any scheme for the advancement of his fellow-men, and for the relief of the distressed, and an earnest advocate of a conciliatory and just policy towards Canada.

A WORD OF KINDNESS.—Witty sayings are as easy lost as the pearls off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a lovely flower.

### AN ARAB'S IDEA OF WOMEN.

Sir Samuel Baker, in his new book entitled "The Nile Tributaries and the Sword Hunters of the Hamran Arabs," says:—

The sheik laid down the law with great force, "that a woman was of no use when she ceased to be young, unless she was a good strong person who could grind corn and carry water from the river;" in this assertion he was seconded, and supported unanimously, by the crowd of Arabs present.

Now it was always a common practice among the Arab women, when they called upon my wife, to request her to show her hands; they would feel the soft palms, and exclaim in astonishment, "Ah! she has never ground corn!" that being the duty of a wife unless she is rich enough to possess slaves. Sheik Achmet requested me to give him some account of our domestic arrangements in England. I did this as briefly as possible; explaining how ladies receive our devoted attentions, extolling their beauty and virtue, and, in fact, giving him an idea that England was Paradise, and that the ladies were angels. I described the variety of colours; that instead of being dark some were exceeding fair; that others had red hair; that we had many bright black eyes, some irresistible dark blue; and at the close of my descriptions I believe the sheik and his party felt disposed to emigrate immediately to the chilly shores of Great Britain; they asked, "How far off is your country?" "Well," said the sheik, with a sigh, "that must be a very charming country; how could you possibly come away from all your beautiful wives? True, you have brought one with you; she is, of course, the youngest and most lovely; perhaps those you have left at home are the old ones!" I was obliged to explain, that we are contented with one wife, and that, even were people disposed to marry two, or more, they would be punished with imprisonment. This announcement was received with a general expression of indignation; the sheik and his party, who a few minutes ago were disposed to emigrate and settle upon our shores, would now, at the most, have ventured upon a return ticket. After some murmurs of disapprobation, there was a decided expression of disbelief in my last statement. "Why," said the sheik, "the fact is simply impossible! How can a man be contented with one wife? *It is ridiculous, absurd!* What is he to do when she becomes old? When she is young, if very lovely, perhaps he might be satisfied with her, but even the young must some day grow old, and the beauty must fade. The man does not fade like the woman; therefore as he remains the same for many years, but she changes in a few years, nature has arranged that the man shall have young wives to replace the old; does not the prophet allow it? Had not our forefathers many wives? and shall we have but one? Look at yourself. Your wife is young, (and here the sheik indulged in compliments), but in ten years she will not be the same as now; will you not then let her have a nice house all to herself, when she grows old, while you take a fresh young wife?"

I was obliged to explain to the sheik, that first, our ladies never looked old; secondly, they improved with age; and thirdly, that we were supposed to love our wives with greater ardour as they advanced in years. This was received with an ominous shake of the head, coupled with exclamation, "Mashallah!" repeated by the whole party. This was the moment for a few remarks on polygamy; I continued, "you men are selfish; you expect from the women that which you will not give in return, constancy and love; if your wife demanded a multiplicity of husbands, would it not be impossible to love her? How can she love you if you insist upon other wives?" "Ah!" he replied, "our women are different to yours, they would not love anybody; look at your wife, she has travelled with you far away from her own country, and her heart is stronger than a man's; she is afraid of nothing because you are with her; but our women prefer to be far away from their husbands, and are only happy when they have nothing whatever to do. You don't understand our women; they are ignorant creatures, and when their youth is past are good for nothing but work. You have explained your customs; your women are adored by the men, and you are satisfied with one wife, either young or old; now I will explain our customs. I have four wives; as one has become old, I have replaced her with a young one; here they all are (he now marked four strokes upon the sand with his stick). "This one carries water; that grinds the corn; this makes the bread; the last does not do much, as she is the youngest, and my favorite; and if they neglect their work, they get a taste of this!" (shaking a long and tolerably thick stick). "Now, that's the difference between our establishments; yours is well adapted for your country, and ours is the best plan for our own."

### TERRIBLE DOMESTIC TRAGEDY IN ST. ALBANS.

At about half past twelve o'clock, p. m, on Saturday, the 4th inst., John Bishop, a young married Englishman, went home from the works of the St. Albans Foundry Company, indulging in a high-wrought fit of frenzied jealousy against his young and really beautiful wife; which it seems, had not the slightest possible foundation in fact, but was conceived while in a state of maddened intoxication. Bishop immediately commenced a dispute, very violent in its character, with his wife, who, at the moment, was reclining upon a bed, also occupied in part by her invalid sister. Bishop charged his wife in the most opprobrious terms with an unhallowed intimacy with Mr. Peter Ward, the owner of the house in which Bishop resided, and the occupant with his (Ward's) family of the lower part thereof. The unworthy assailment was denied in the spirit and terms in which a faithful wife would naturally deny such wicked and baseless assertions, which womanly denial seemed all the more to heighten the obdurate and unrighteous frenzy of Bishop.

At this point Mrs. Ward, wife of Peter Ward, referred to, appeared suddenly on the scene from down-stairs, whereupon Bishop became more demented, and at once most violently directed his groundless suspicions to Mrs. Ward and her husband in connection with his wife. While Mrs. Ward was denying the impeachment, her husband, attracted by the noise and vociferations made by the maniac Bishop, ascended the stairs and confronted the embittered parties. This appearance of Ward, against whom Bishop's suspicions and charges were the strongest, served apparently to irritate the lunatic beyond all measure and forbearance. He instantly turned for his pistol. Mrs. Ward at the same time fleeing from the room, and fully recognizing the terrible situation forced her husband back with her down the stairs, telling him that Bishop would surely kill him. At this fearful moment of irresponsible frenzy three pistol shots were heard in rapid succession, whereupon the terror-stricken Wards gave a public alarm, as they saw Bishop's wife, fearfully wounded, covered with blood and agonized with fright, rushing past them to a friendly neighbouring residence for assistance, where she sank down overcome by the ghastly tragedy and its bloody surroundings. Bishop upon securing his pistol, and in the sudden absence of the Wards, had turned instantly upon his wife, and fired two shots into her person as she still sat partially reclining upon the bed. The first ball passed through her wrist and the side, so to speak, of her breast, finally lodging in the folds of her dress. The ball from the second shot entered her right jaw, just as she was fleeing from the room for assistance. Seeing that she had fled and successfully eluded his murderous intentions Bishop instantly turned the pistol to his own head and discharging the third shot sank immediately to the floor, and, after an hour of utter insensibility, died without a struggle. Mrs. Bishop has rallied somewhat from her wounds; but at this writing it is not believed she can possibly survive.

PRINTING ONE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.—An extraordinary discovery has been made of a press in India. When Warren Hastings was Governor General of India, he observed that in the district of Benares, a little below the surface