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. XII. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, November 3, 1862. New Series.---No. 4

Valuable Freehold Estate
AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE "VICTORIA" STEAM MILL, owned by the subscriber, and situate at the Eastern end of this City.

If preferred, the machinery and mill gear would be sold separately at a very low price, and on time. The engine is of 30 horse-power. The machinery is in good working order, and could easily be removed.

The whole premises, consisting of Mill, Dwelling House, and Outhouse, would be sold at a moderate sum, payable in ten annual instalments, with interest.

For information please apply at the office of CHARLES YOUNG.

Charlottetown, Oct. 20, 1862. Isl 3m

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.

THAT DESIRABLE WATER LOT, in GEORGETOWN, containing half an acre of LAND, with usual privileges, known as No. 1, or POINT LOT. Terms Cash or short time on security. Apply to the Hon. JOSEPH HENSLEY, Charlottetown.

December 2, 1861. tf

Summer Valley FARM
FOR SALE.

A Rare Chance seldom to be met with.

TO be Sold, the Leasehold Interest of the above beautiful FARM, containing about 120 acres of the best land in Prince Edward Island, fronting on the St. Peter's Road, and also on the Hillsborough River, within ten chains of Appletree Wharf, and eight miles from Charlottetown by the road or by the river, subject to the yearly rent of only £5 5s., or about tenpence currency of this Island by the acre, for a term of 999 years; nearly 80 acres thereof is cleared, dyked, fenced and under cultivation, covered with crop consisting of Wheat, Barley, Oats, Potatoes, Turnips, Buckwheat, &c.; the residue is covered with excellent timber (hardwood and soft) of every useful description; there is a comfortable and commodious Dwelling House, 32 x 25 feet, with a frost-proof Cellar underneath, capable of containing nearly 2000 bushels potatoes, with a convenient Draw Well at the door; a large Barn, with Stables, Cowhouses, Granary, gig, cart and harness House, pig and sheep Houses complete, with a walled Cellar underneath the Barn which will hold over 600 bushels turnips; the whole snugly sheltered from the north and west by a beautiful grove of hardwood reserved for that purpose. This Farm possesses many peculiar advantages equalled by none else on the river—commanding a picturesque view of the city and harbor of Charlottetown; there is neither hill nor swamp nor a foot of useless or inferior land on its whole surface. From its contiguity to vast deposits of muscle mud and other manures in the said river, and a reservoir near the shore, in which, with little labour, can be collected and deposited any required quantity of seaweed which floats in abundance into the cove and along the shore of said farm every autumn. The whole of said farm can be manured therefrom. And from its contiguity to the said wharf, a ready market is always open for the disposal of all the products thereof, the undersigned having often shipped 500 bushels therefrom in one day, and frequently £100 worth during the fall shipping. A more profitable, comfortable or commodious location for a gentleman or a good farmer cannot well be found throughout the Island. The terms of sale will be liberal, and made known on application to the Honorable DANIEL BRENAN, Charlottetown, or the owner on the premises, where plans of the same can be seen.

FRANCIS McQUAID.

8th September, 1862. tf

Farm for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale his valuable LEASEHOLD FARM, situated at the head of the east branch of Hope River, adjoining the farm of Mr. Alexander Simpson, Hope River Mills, consisting of 120 acres of Land, 80 acres of which are cleared and in a high state of cultivation, and the remainder covered with a young growth of WOOD. There is on the premises a good DWELLING HOUSE, a new BARN, 30 x 40 feet, and a never failing spring of water.

For further particulars please apply on the premises to CLEMENT CULLEN.

Hope River, Oct. 6, 1862. Isl 4w pd

FOR SALE,

VALUABLE FREEHOLD FARM, in Brackley Point, containing about 90 acres of Land, 70 clear and in a high state of cultivation, the remainder covered with a fine growth of longers. There is an abundance of Salt Mud and Sea Manure on the property, with a good Cottage, 30 x 26 feet, and a Kitchen attached, 12 x 10 feet, well finished, and a good chain Pump at the door, and a good Barn 46 feet long, with or without the Crop. For a summer's residence it is second to none in the country.

TERMS—One-half the purchase money down; the remainder in twelve months. Application to be made to the subscriber, on the premises.

JOSEPH MACKINNON.

June 16th, 1862. 5m

Rare Chance to obtain a FARM!

FOR SALE, Brudenell Point FARM, conveniently situated one mile from Georgetown, containing 200 Acres of LAND, 32 of which are in a good state of cultivation, and the remainder well wooded. There is a good Barn and House on the land and a good well of water. Any quantity of muscle mud and other manures can be procured on the premises. The Subscriber will sell his interest in the above farm very low if applied for immediately.

H. J. RHODES.

Georgetown, Sept. 8, 1862. 2m

Freehold Property for Sale.

A VALUABLE FREEHOLD PROPERTY for Sale in Georgetown, viz: Town Lot No. 5, 2nd Range, Letter A, with Dwelling House and other out-Buildings, all in good order and repair,—together with Household Furniture, Kitchen Utensils, &c. &c. The above Property is situated in Water-street, opposite the Store of Mr. L. J. Westaway, and will be offered for sale on the 1st day of NOVEMBER next, if not previously disposed of by private sale.

All persons having any claims against the subscriber will come and have them settled; and all persons indebted to the subscriber will please settle forthwith.

JOHANNA GRIFFIN.

Georgetown, Sept. 22, 1862. 4in

FOR SALE!

200 ACRES of FREEHOLD LAND on Lot 49, twelve miles from Southport, and three miles from Mr. Adams' Post Office, Vernon River, and convenient to Grist and Saw Mills.

The above property is well covered with Hard and Soft Wood. For further particulars apply to the subscriber.

PATRICK CARROLL.

Maple Hill, Lot 49, Sept. 22, 1862.

W. DOUGAN

HAS removed to the Shop lately occupied by W. W. Irving, Esq., Queen Square.

Ch. Town, Oct. 6, 1862.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

THE public are requested to take notice that on and after the 1st SEPTEMBER next, all Letters and Packets posted in any Post Office in this Island, and addressed for delivery in the Province of NOVA SCOTIA, MUST BE PREPAID BY STAMP.

Letters posted unpaid, or partially prepaid, will be forwarded to their destination, but will be subject, on delivery, to a fine of Five Cents, in addition to the Postage due thereon.

L. C. OWEN, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, 15th August, 1862.

GLENFINLAS CLOTH MILLS.

THE subscriber thanks his numerous customers for their liberal support, and would inform them and the public generally that he is prepared to

Full, Dye and Dress Cloth,

with every dispatch consistent with good workmanship, and therefore expects a large increase of patronage.

AGENTS.

Messrs. Beer & Sons, } ..Charlottetown.
G. T. Hazzard & Co. }
Mr. Solomon Mutch.......Southport.
" James Robertson.......St. Peter's Road.
" Edwin Coffin.......Mount Stewart Bridge.
" Patrick Griffin.......St. Andrew's.
" William Sterns.......St. Peter's.
" John Knight.......Souris.
Messrs. McAuley & Johnston..Grand River Wharf.
Mr. William Henderson.......Rollo Bay.
" Alexander McVean....West River, East Point.
" Patrick Kavanagh.......East Point.

JOHN DIXON.

Glenfinlas, Sept. 22, 1862. 6w

Fresh Arrivals.

THE subscriber has received, per recent arrivals:—

50 hhds. choice retailing Molasses
12 do Muscavado Sugar
250 bbls. Flour, Superior, Extra, State and Superfine.
25 bbls. Navy Bread
25 do Onions
15 boxes Cheese
10 casks Kerosene Oil (best)
20 cans do 5 gallons each (do).

To Arrive, and hourly expected—

40 hhds. Molasses
12 do Choice Grocers' Sugar
150 bbls. Flour
50 sides of Sole Leather.

All of which, together with Stock of

Teas, Tobacco, Cigars, Boots, Shoes, &c. &c.

ARE OFFERED AT VERY LOW PRICES.

J. S. CARVELL.

STOVES! STOVES!

JUST RECEIVED, by schooner CECILIA, from ALBANY direct, a large assortment of

Stoves of various Patterns,

among which are the celebrated Magician and Black Diamond COOK STOVES, for burning coal.

For sale by DODD & ROGERS,
At Dodd's Brick Store, Pownal Street.

October 20, 1862. 4i

Flour, Tea, Leather, &c.

For Sale by the Subscriber

LOW FOR CASH.

150 Bbls. Extra State Flour,
100 Bbls. Superfine do
50 do. Pastry do
20 chests superior TEA
50 sides New York Sole Leather
2000 Gunny Bags (cheap bags for grain)
25 Quintals Codfish.

—ALSO—

Just arrived per Brigt. HEROINE—
100 Bbls. "Southern" Superfine Flour
30 sides best New York Sole Leather. (California Hides.)

M. LOWDEN, Peake's Buildings.

Queen-street, June 9, 1862.

NOW LANDING,

Ex Carrie M. Rich, from Boston,

100 BBLS. FLOUR,
100 Boxes CANDLES,
200 Boxes LOZENGES.

J. & T. MORRIS.

September 8.

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as

IMPORTERS & DEALERS

IN

British, French & other Foreign DRY GOODS,

Under the Style and Firm of

VAUX BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

C. C. VAUX.
H. B. VAUX.

Tropolit's Buildings, 152 Granville-street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Sept. 9, 1862.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the undersigned by Note of Hand or Book Account, at TIGNISH, are hereby requested to make immediate payment to his Attorney, Mr. ROBERT BELLIN.

The produce of the Island will be received in payment, at prices current in Cascumpec. All amounts unpaid on the 15th Nov. next will be passed into other hands for collection.

WM. B DEAN.

Ch. Town, Sept 29, 1862. 4w

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the undersigned by Note of Hand or Book Account, at CAMPBELTON, are hereby requested to make immediate payment to Mr. ANDREW BELL.

All articles usually received at this place in payment of debts will be received at prices current in Cascumpec. Any amounts remaining unpaid after the 10th November next will be passed into other hands for collection.

WM. B. DEAN.

Ch. Town, Sept. 29, 1862. 4w

NOTICE!

To Merchants and others.

THE subscriber will hold an AUCTION on the second THURSDAY in every month, or the disposal of any kind of Merchandize placed in his hands. Goods to be sent to the AUCTION ROOM two days previous to sale. Proceeds will be handed over without delay.

NEIL RANKIN, Auctioneer.

Queen-street, March 31, 1862.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber, having opened an EXCHANGE OFFICE in Water-street, next door to the TERRACE HOUSE, for the purpose of BUYING and SELLING uncurrent Money, is prepared to cash TREASURY WARRANTS drawn in favor of School Teachers, &c.

J. A. DARCY.

Ch. Town, Oct. 13, 1862. I RW 1m

The London and Liverpool FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Capital, Two Millions Sterling.

THE Subscriber having been appointed from England the Agent of this long established and well known Company, ranking amongst the first in Britain, is prepared to accept proposals and take risks for insurance on all descriptions of property.

W. A. JOHNSTONE, Agent.

April 7th 1862.

Queen Insurance Company OF LIVERPOOL.

FIRE AND LIFE!

THE Subscriber, having been appointed agent for the above first class Insurance Company, is prepared to take risks on all descriptions of property.

J. S. CARVELL.

Charlottetown, Feb. 10. tf

[EXTRACTS FROM NEWSPAPERS.]

On reference to a return made to Parliament, and ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 7th June, 1861, it will be seen that the increase of Duty for the year, paid by the "QUEEN," was £2567, being upwards of £1000 more than paid by any other office ever yet established in this City.

[From Gore's General Advertiser, Oct. 24, 1861.]

"Indeed, we believe that we are perfectly justified in saying that no other Company, within the same period, ever attained so large an income in either the Fire or Life Departments as the Queen Insurance Company. In making this statement, we make no exception even in favor of our older local companies, namely, the Liverpool and London, the Royal, and the Lancashire Insurance Companies."

[From the Civil Service Gazette, Nov. 2, 1861.]

"Among these important institutions stands eminent for its solidity, as well as for its success, "the Queen Insurance Company," which last week held its annual meeting of proprietors in Liverpool. A reference to the ample report in another page will fully satisfy every reader of the signal progress made by this association since its foundation. Such success is, indeed, rarely attained; and it attests at once the excellence of its management, and the public confidence in its constitution."

[From the Liverpool Mercury, Nov. 2, 1861.]

"It must be gratifying to the public generally, and especially to the proprietors, to find that its income during the past three years has increased at the rate of £20,000 per annum. We believe that no other Company, within the same short period, ever attained so large an increase either in the Fire or Life Department. This speaks highly for the activity and zeal of the management, while the promptness with which all the claims, arising out of the late disastrous fire in London were met, testifies to their financial ability and the care and prudence which marked the investment of these funds."

LITERATURE.

MATCH-MAKING;
OR
MY AUNT'S STORY.

'I don't approve of match-making,' said my aunt. 'As no one can detect all the minuter shades of character or estimate the force of circumstances in modifying it, there is great danger of turning that which should be the greatest blessing into the deadliest curse. No,' and the speaker drew herself up with an air of satisfaction. 'I never meddled in such affairs but once.'

'And that was—'

'When I was a girl just let loose from school in the heyday of youth and gaiety. I then visited some relatives in one of the Southern States, and met one of the most attractive women I had then, or have since seen. There was about her an indefinable charm, I do not know whether of face or figure. Probably it belonged to both and was the emanation of a brilliant intellect and a pure heart. Her voice was full and flexible, and thrilled the listener like a remembered song. Her conversation, enriched with knowledge culled from the rarest sources and glowing with feeling and fancy, first taught me the beauty and power of that fine and difficult art. At first I looked upon her with admiring awe, afterward I regarded her with a tender worship. She accepted my little tribute of affection and generously overlooked the insignificance of the offering in its evident sincerity. In society she lavished upon me attentions which others sought in vain, and in the comparative privacy of our ordinary intercourse, she treated me with a degree of confidence quite unlike the careless good nature which she usually accorded the girls of my age. At length, when making a morning call upon her, accompanied by my friends, she took me into her dressing-room, that I might talk with her as she worked. For a few minutes I was fairly overwhelmed with timidity, then my bashfulness vanished and I told her about my teachers and school fellows, described the dear home and the dear parents, the merry brothers and sisters, and good Dr. Frederick Harding, the best man in the world except papa, and whom I really loved dearly though we quarrelled almost every day. I happened to look up as I mentioned the latter and fancied I detected a blush on the cheek of my listener. I looked again and decided that the soft bloom was occasioned by the vicinity of the damask curtain, so I went on still more zealously telling how good my friend was to the poor; that he was tender as a woman, yet so firm; handsome, yet a little sad; manly and dignified, yet infinitely winning.'

'One would almost suppose the good Dr. to be a lover of yours, Florence,' said the lady, interrupting the flow of my eloquence.

'Of mine!' I exclaimed in amazement. 'Why dear Miss Claron, he is double my age, and beside, I am not half good enough for him. Neither is any one else except—except yourself,' and my voice fell to a whisper as I became conscious of the unbecoming freedom I was taking.

'Miss Claron did not, however, appear angry, and by way of showing her how high a compliment I had intended to pay her, I related a host of anecdotes about the Dr. I recounted his devices to raise the spirits of his patients and entice them into the open air, and pictured his adroitness in rendering pecuniary assistance so that the charity was never discovered by the benefitted, until the time of trial had gone by, and their falling fortunes had been retrieved. I dined and took tea with Miss Claron, and thenceforward I was a privileged visitor at all hours. When we were alone, she never failed to lead the conversation to Glencoe and its inhabitants; and with equal certainty, whenever I began I alighted upon the Dr. at last. I thought Miss Claron vastly kind to listen so patiently to my details, and more than once I begged her pardon for their minuteness and number, but it appeared natural, nevertheless, that she should be interested in that which filled my heart so completely.

'The season flew by and the time approached when I was to return North. The morning of the day preceding my departure I spent with Miss Claron, and emboldened by her caresses, I asked, 'Dear friend, why did you never marry? you are surrounded by admirers; how is it possible you have remained single so long?'

'Miss Claron started at the unexpected question, and an expression of pain crossed her face, then she drew me close to her and said, 'I should think my heart-history too simple to interest you were it not that you know so well the only man for whom I have felt any tenderness. I was once betrothed to the Doctor to whom you are so much attached.'

''What could have separated you?' I exclaimed; 'you seem made for each other.'

''My own folly, nothing else,' returned Miss Claron. 'I was born on one of the finest estates on the banks of the James River. The grounds were extensive and under the most perfect cultivation. The house was large and picturesque. It was built of gray stone, and as my father had encouraged the growth of vines and moss, which darkened the windows with their trailing drapery, it looked more ancient than it really was. Here were collected many specimens of art. Among them were copies of the best antique statues, and many fine pictures, while books, from the precious manuscripts of the old times to the latest record of travel, crowded every niche and stood in dense columns on the oaken shelves. There, a motherless child, I lived in profuse seclusion till my sixteenth year. My old nurse still attended me, and though I had a governess, my father despised the ordinary acquisitions of women so much, that he undertook my education himself, and when the care became burdensome, introduced a young man as my preceptor. That man was Dr. Harding. I was displeased at the proposed change, and resolved to be as troublesome and stupid as possible, and thus drive him away. I took my seat near a window on the morning when he was to commence his instructions, determined to spend my time in pulling to pieces the white roses which starred the mass of green without. My father entered with the preceptor. 'Mr. Harding, my daughter.' I rose and bowed, but did not look up, and sinking languidly into my chair, I alternately toyed with a daintily bound annual, and committed my premeditated devastations upon the unlucky blossoms. My father explained clearly what course I was to pursue, and then one topic suggested another, until the two gentlemen were in the midst of an animated literary conversation. My father had the most learning, my preceptor the most fancy and the most skill in the use of words. As they talked, the volume of pretty nothings fell from my hands amidst a shower of rose leaves, and I ventured to look at the young man's face; in an instant my resolutions were forgotten. There was power in his ample forehead, there were fire, and tenderness, and merriment in his full dark eyes. In the presence of such a man I could not play the simpleton, nor the boyden. I could neither be impudent nor sullen. Hour after hour passed by. In vain my father's saddle-horse champed his bit and pawed impatiently at the gate; the dressing-bell rang, but no one heeded the summons; and dinner found me a delighted listener to the most brilliant conversation I had ever heard. Mr. Harding was easily persuaded to accept rooms at our house, and my education went rapidly on. My father, impatient to initiate me into his favorite studies, had pushed me forward too rapidly for the maturity of my mind, so that with the appearance of great progress I had really learned little. Mr. Harding, more observant and more patient, sent me back to the elementary studies, and so thoroughly drilled me upon them that all after effort was easy. My ambition was aroused. To converse upon equal terms with such men as my preceptor was the point at which I aimed. Gradually, as my mind developed and my taste became cultivated, the relation of master and pupil became merged in that of friend. A few recitations were continued, but comparatively little of our time was given to text books. History, biography, poetry, the classic authors of our own and foreign languages, spread around us a world far richer and more glowing than the material one, which yet glowed with a beauty not often surpassed. At first Mr. Harding brought forward his own ample stores of fancy and intellect only, but as I grew more confident, he led me to exercise my own talents, to collect, compare, criticise and comment. He encouraged the wildest flights of my imagination, and then subjected them to a careful analysis, and separated with a delicate but unsparing hand the spiritual from the fantastic. In every way he strove to make my perceptions keen and vigorous, and to give to my mind a robust and healthful growth. Still more unwearied was he in his efforts to develope every noble trait of character and in assisting me to form habits of steady benevolence and active charity. I had never had a brother, and I supposed the regard I felt for him was pure sisterly affection. My father insisted upon his joining us in our walks and drives, and the care of me naturally devolved upon him. It seemed his place to lift me to the saddle, to hand me to the carriage, to seat me in the skiff. It was only courtesy to gather for me the fairest flowers and ripest fruit. How could I dream that it was love which made the courtesy and the blossoms both so sweet?

''Amidst our happiness my father was summoned to Europe, and to relieve the tedium which his absence would occasion, he invited to our house a cousin, named Amelia, whom I had never seen. As Mr. Harding could not with propriety remain with us during my father's stay abroad, he removed to an adjoining village, and I was thus thrown entirely under her influence. She was an elegant looking girl, polished in manner, and thoroughly versed in the ways of the world. I did not love her, but I yielded to her. My readings with Mr. Harding, regular at first, were at length interrupted, my poor pensioners received my little bounty through other hands, and the homes of poverty and suffering were almost forgotten.

''Occasionally, roused to a sense of my wrong doing, I went the rounds of my humble friends, but my heart was not in the task, and quickly wearied of it. This was what Amelia desired. She loved Mr. Harding and intended to win him from me. She attracted company to the house and compelled me to receive, not only polished women and educated men, but idlers, also, who would never have presumed to intrude upon my father. At first I was indignant, but flattery is welcome to the ear of youth, and I was dazzled by a life so varied and so new. By every art Amelia awoke my incipient vanity, then, when she seemed most anxious that I should captivate all hearts, and had persuaded me to a boating excursion, a pic-nic, or a drive with some attractive cavalier, she stole away to my cottagers and ostentatiously performed the duties she had induced me to neglect. Mr. Harding seldom came to the house, and when he did, Amelia contrived to keep us apart. Sometimes she accounted for my non-appearance by hinting that I was absorbed in a more favored friend, sometimes by asserting that I found an hour of rational conversation too tedious for endurance. So the winter passed away, and the summer was in its prime. I had been hurried from one gaiety to another, and intoxicated with the glitter of society, I had scarcely given a moment to serious thought. One day, it seems as if it were only yesterday, I suddenly entered the library and discovered Amelia in my own study chair, with Mr. Harding beside her. The latter rose, and said, gravely, 'May I see you alone, Miss Claron? I have frequently sought the privilege, but it has been constantly denied me. The day is fine,' he continued, 'let us walk to the Oak-glen.'

''I assented gladly, and we were soon on our way. Ah! how I wished that we had never been separated, that Amelia had never come! We talked for a while upon indifferent subjects, then we began to contrast the present with the past. How gently Mr. Harding remonstrated with me on the course that I was pursuing, how clearly he pointed out the misery it would entail on me, how truly he described the death of all generous affections, the extinction of all generous sentiments, which it would occasion. I wept freely, and when we left the glen we were betrothed lovers. Alas! had I only resisted the tempter. For a time I did so. True, I was obliged to receive many guests, but I went out less frequently, and I resumed to some extent my old occupations. But Amelia was on the watch. She contrived every species of interruption, and gradually re-awakened my interest in the diversion which she planned. I was the centre of admiration, and I allowed myself, despite my better judgment, and despite the restless uneasiness which I felt, to be drawn into the vortex. Mr. Harding's visits became brief and unfrequent. As I was no longer at ease with him, I scarcely regretted it, and though I made many resolutions of amendment, they were vague and ill kept. Amidst this wretched vascillation I received from him a letter full of tenderness, indeed, but restoring me to freedom. He would not, he said, ask for a parting interview lest the remembrances of the past should prompt me to renew ties which were evidently irksome. That letter brought me to my senses. I saw clearly the sacrifice I had made to secure a momentary pleasure. I longed to confess all, yet I dared not trust myself. 'Alas!' I said, 'I am so weak, so frivolous, it is better doubtless as it is.' Where Mr. Harding had gone, I could not discover, and I returned with redoubled weariness to my accustomed round. The following spring I received intelligence of my father's death abroad. I was completely overwhelmed. I had looked forward to his return with intense eagerness, for until this unfortunate journey we had seldom been separated even for a day. A long, long illness followed, and when I recovered I dismissed my cousin, reduced my establishment, and endeavored to drown the reproaches of conscience in severe and unremitted study. I failed signally. The effort impaired my health, and my physician imperatively commended change of scene. I placed some poor relatives in charge of my paternal home, and came here to grow old among strangers.'

'The day after I listened to the narrative, I left for the North, with my head full of a little plan for the re-union of my friends, which I resolved to put in execution as soon as possible. I commenced the very day of my arrival. Miss Claron had given me a brooch which had been a favorite with her before she discarded ornaments. It was a cameo cutting of the head of Plato, and was the work of a master. The broad, thoughtful brow; the soft curve of the quiet eye; the sweet serene mouth, reminding one of his deep and hopeful philosophy—were all there; and this beautiful presentment of the greatest and best of heathen teachers had already led me to attempt the study of his works. It was far too choice in my eyes for ordinary wear, but on the evening of my return I fastened it to my cape, and then laid out on the parlour table the various gifts which I had received from my southern friends. The Doctor called as I had expected, and I exerted myself to the utmost to interest him in the people whom I had met, and the events which had occurred during my absence. In the course of the conversation I exhibited my souvenirs. There were choice engravings, illustrated books, pressed flowers, and mosses from the shrines of eastern travel, with many trifles for personal adornment, in which the Doctor took a genuine interest, even down to the embroidered kerchiefs, whose light tracery of vines and blossoms he examined with amusing gravity. 'But, after all,' I said, when the last toy had been laid aside, 'this is my most valuable as well as beautiful memento,' and I took the brooch from my cape. The doctor started and grew pale. 'Who gave you this?' he asked in a voice which, unconsciously to himself, was surcharged with feeling.'

''Miss Virginia Claron,' I answered as innocently as I was able. 'You ought to know her, doctor,' and then I sketched her as she appeared to me, touching lightly upon her external attractions, still more lightly upon the admiration which she excited, and dwelled at length upon the perfection of her womanhood.'

'I saw nothing of the doctor for two days, a circumstance that by no means surprised me. I did not doubt that I had re-awakened memories which he had long ago taught to slumber, and yearnings which he had jealously repressed. Neither did I doubt that he was trying to decide whether he would again crush with iron will the love which had so unexpectedly re-asserted its power, or whether he would apply all the resources of his manhood to realize the bright dream of his youth. But two days seemed a long time to me, and I ran over to Maplegrove, ostensibly to ascertain if the garden was really so much more thrifty than mine as its owner pretended, for we were rivals in the charming art of horticulture, and quarrelled with and aided each other most assiduously from March to November. I found the doctor at home, and we walked up and down the gravel paths in our old fashion, until, finding a moment when his back was toward me, I unfastened the cameo, which I had worn for the purpose, and quietly slipped it into a bunch of tulips. As soon as we were a proper distance from the bed, I mentioned my loss, and an opening having thus been effected I again pictured my friend with as much warmth of appreciation as the most ardent lover could desire. I did not fear for the safety of my brooch, for the garden gates were always locked, and I intended that it should remain in its flowery bed until I should see signs of an approaching storm. But the doctor could not rest. Every moment that he could spare from his duties he devoted to the search, and the following morning he restored the ornament enclosed in one of the finest of jewel cases, set with pearls.

'September came, the cool, delicious September, and the Dr. announced his intention of travelling for a week or two. The summer, he said, had been unusually oppressive, his patients numerous—in short he needed recreation. Perhaps he did, though in truth I had never seen him so full of innocent merriment. The fortnight appointed for his absence flew by, four, five, six weeks also, yet no tidings were received of him. People grew uneasy and fell ill, it appeared to me, through pure fear of doing so. Nothing else was spoken of in the village. I had felt sure of my friend's destination from the first, but even I grew impatient like the rest. At last a double letter arrived for me bearing the well-known post mark. The outer one was in the Dr.'s massive chirography, the inner one was more delicately traced, and both were so cordial, so irresistibly kind, that my vexation vanished. Miss Claron wrote of her perfect happiness, which she was good enough to impute in no small measure to myself, but the Doctor only commissioned me to [illegible] might please me to do with the furniture that would be immediately forwarded. The letters had been delayed on the way, and the next morning there came velvet carpets, embroidered muslins and rich brocades, rosewood and marble in the prettiest shapes, servers, porcelian, and antique silver, beside great quantities of glossy linen, heavy blankets, and countless etceteras to facilitate domestic operations. Prouder and more delighted I could not have been had everything belonged to me, and no bee was ever more busy than I during the week that followed. Its close brought the time fixed for the arrival of the wedded pair. A dozen times I surveyed the toilette service of the bride, and retouched the superb bouquets which had been sent from miles around. Why don't they come? I asked myself once and again: but when the twilight deepened, and the lighted lamps sent their glow through wreath and vase, and flashed over the mirrors, which reflected all my leafy glories, I was entirely content. By and by there was a tramping of horses on the carriage path. A tall, elegant man half lifted a lady from the carriage. A burst of clear glad laughter, a warm caress, the cordial grasp and cordial greeting of the Dr., and then Virginia Claron Harding was installed the worshipped mistress of Maplegrove.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

POLITICAL SERMONS.

The clever article that follows is extracted from a London periodical; but its application touches all localities.

The clergy often seem to us unreasonably blamed, and more is asked of them than they can give. People complain that their discourses are all in the clouds—that they abound in generalities—that they repeat phrases awful in themselves, but wearisome from frequent use. We ask them to come down to the earth, to kiss it, and gain strength from the embrace—to address themselves to our real wants—to speak of real vices and sins—to answer and sympathize with real honest doubts, and not to foist on us the inanities of the idiotic mock skeptic of the pulpit. But let us suppose that a clergyman is willing to follow this advice, and sets himself to grant our prayer. He thinks what practical application of his great truths he can make. How is he to find a special illustration of what he means? It is scarcely to be wished he should preach at individuals. He cannot decently illustrate the history of the Prodigal Son by unmistakeable allusions to a notorious scapegrace in the squire's family, nor can he in so many words bid the doctor's wife go and sin no more. Nor is it easy to attack the habits of classes which he may think call for censure unless these habits are avowedly sinful, in which case no one will plead guilty to them. If he only disapproves of what society considers innocent, he must be either very vague or descend to details which are of a very paltry kind, and as to which much debate is possible. A general denunciation of a love for dress comes to nothing. Every woman tries to persuade herself that she only dresses as becomes her station. To be impressive, a clergyman would have to say exactly what he meant. He must describe the articles and fashions of dress to which he objects; and this he cannot do if he wishes his congregation not to laugh.

A man who sees this, and who honestly wishes to give his discourse a practical application, may very naturally turn with great satisfaction to the field of general politics. Of course he does not trouble himself with small matters. They would present the very same difficulties which small or local topics would present. A man can scarcely take a passage from the Gospels as his text, and proceed to argue from it either for or against the registration of land. But politics always presents an abundance of general topics which may be easily treated as matters of principle, and which yet have an interest sufficiently immediate to make any discussion of them seem practical. The preacher, for example, seizes on some such topic as the civil war in America, or on our treatment of the Chinese; and if he has a strong opinion either way, he can put it into the language of religious dogmatism with the greatest facility. If we adopt the theory of sermons being good according as they embody an application of good truths to points of temporary interest, we cannot see that the preacher could do much better.

What, then, is the objection to these political sermons? We do not pretend to object to them very strongly, for if the preacher is an educated and a moderately cautious man, they are rarely offensive, and they are certainly much more entertaining than the ordinary discourses. At the worst, it is only like hearing some one read out a second-rate newspaper; and we generally gain a sense of the existence of great principles at the bottom of things, although we may dissent from the particular application. Although we may, for instance, differ from the preacher in our views as to America or China we may yet leave our pews with an increased sense of the sinfulness of unnecessary bloodshedding. Still, the main objection to these sermons is a very strong one. It is, that the preacher almost unavoidably creates a confusion between the sacred authority of the great truths he teaches and his own views on a debateable point of current history. He probably is scarcely conscious how much he himself is the victim of this confusion, and how strongly he cherishes the belief that his view ought to be treated with almost absolute respect because he is a clergyman, and because the topics on which he ordinarily discourses ought unquestionably to be treated with absolute respect. He scarcely thinks, and scarcely wishes his congregation to think, that his views are no better than the views of a layman. Yet, as a matter of fact, there is not the slightest reason why they should be so. The abstract principles of right and wrong are almost always conceded in political discussion—it is only the application that is disputable. The clergyman's opinion has, like the opinion of any other man, the value which it may derive from good sense and feeling, foresight, and, above all, critical, quiet, laborious investigation of the facts. A layman and a clergyman would both agree that it is wrong to spill unnecessarily the blood of Chinamen. But the whole [illegible] this valuable, its utterer cannot refer to general Christian principles. He must show that he has a knowledge of the facts—of the actual course taken by the Generals—the course prescribed by the Ministers at home. He must convince us that he has as accurate a conception of the present position of affairs in China, of the aims and means of the rebels, and of the resources and policy of the Imperial Government, as an Englishman whose information is only at second hand can be expected to have. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the preacher of the political sermon knows no more of the subject than what every one may know who reads the *Times*. His views are only the reflections of an impulsive outsider, who makes up his view at once on the case as presented to him, and who immediately dresses up this hasty view in religious language.

If he did this avowedly, there would be no great harm done. He might openly say in the pulpit, 'I have been thinking over the Chinese business. I know nothing about it myself, and have had no leisure to read anything more than what most of you have read in the *Times*. The subject is almost new to me, and I have only the vaguest conception who the Taepings are or what they want; but, taking the facts as they are stated in what I have read, it occurs to me that a religious man would clothe the view of these facts that seems to me neutral in some language such as that I am going to submit to you.' He might say this, and then no one could suppose that he wished to dress out his little private opinion with something of the dignity he derives from his office. He might do it; but he is not in the least likely to do so, for it is improbable that he has distinctly realized to himself that his opinion has no special value because it is his. But a large portion of his congregation, if the question is a fairly debateable one, realize at once that there are two sides to it. It is only those who already agree with him, or who never think at all, that would take the clergyman's opinion on trust. The rest criticise it. They have probably heard and read it often before, and have perhaps discovered very satisfactory reasons why it should be rejected. They therefore feel a natural irritation that what they think an unsound political opinion should be announced from the pulpit as a divine truth. They may very probably follow the example of the clergyman, and confess this casual personal opinion with the great truths he is sent to teach, and a feeling of distaste for religion is very naturally the sequel of their disapproval of the conclusions to which the clergyman has come on so very secular a subject as the tenure of certain towns in China.

Of course a national event that raises no controversy is an excellent subject for a sermon. A preacher would have been a very cold exponent of the religion of love and sympathy who had nothing special to say on such occasions as the Indian mutiny or the Prince Consort. But sermons on such occasions are not what we mean by political sermons. It is only very rarely that such occasions happen, and then the feeling they awaken is universal. But a political sermon attempts to deal on religious principles with the debateable affairs of current politics. It aims at applying the great truths of religion to the consideration of something which has an immediate and practical interest. It does this, but it does it at the cost of mixing up religious certainties with the uncertainty of an opinion formed by a man not particularly likely to form a correct one.

THE SPLENDOR OF A BUDDHIST TEMPLE.—A traveller writes to the *Straits Times* an account of a journey through Siam, in which he describes a gorgeous Buddhist Temple, in Aynthia, the old, and now ruined capital:

'The temple itself was very grand, of immense size and height, marble pillars supporting the roof, the walls literally covered to the height of about twenty feet with gilded niches, containing figures of Buddha. There must have been thousands of these little idols, and the value may be judged on reflecting that all these images, from the largest, measuring sometimes 120 feet in length, to the very smallest, are made of clay incased in copper and that again covered with a layer of pure gold.' Of another he says: 'Inside and outside, the building itself, you would say, was made of gold and precious stones; but the articles of ornament which you find inside, there is no mistake about. There is a massive silver mat of nearly half an inch thick, entirely covering the floor, with vases of solid gold, chandeliers, images of Buddha, all made of pure, massive gold; the curtain surrounding the shrine is cloth of gold; the walls themselves, plated with gold thick as ship's yellow metal, form a splendid contrast to the flimsy gimcrack decoration of the smaller temples, which line the banks of the river.'

The *Times* says, 'We fear such wealth as this may prove too much for French cupidity. Already the French in Saigon have had a diplomatic dispute with the Siamese King as to the possession of part of Cambocia.'

AN EDITOR'S OPINION ON EDITING.—Before you go for an editor, young man, pause and take a big think! Look around and see if there is not an omnibus to drive—some soil somewhere to be tilled—anything that is reputable and healthy, rather than going for an editor which is a poor business at best. We are not a horse, and have consequently not been called upon to furnish the motive power for a threshing machine; but we fancy that the life of an editor who is forced to write, write whether he feels right or not, is much like the steed in question. If the yeas and nays could be obtained, we believe the intelligent horse would decide that the threshing machine is preferrable to the sanctum editorial. The editor's work is never done. He is drained incessantly, and it is no wonder that he dries up prematurely. Other people can attend banquets, weddings, etc., visit halls or dazzling lights, get inebriate, break windows, lick a man occasionally, and enjoy themselves in a variety of ways, but the editor cannot. He must tenaciously stick to the quill. The press, like a sick baby, mustn't be left alone for a minute. If the press is left to run itself, even for a day, some absurd person indignantly orders the carrier boy to stop bringing "that infernal [illegible]