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. XVI. 1 CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, MARCH 26, 1866. 1 NO. 20

CITY ACCOUNTS.

City of Charlottetown in Account with Benjamin DesBrisay, Treasurer.

Dr.

Mayor's and Police Department.

	£	s.	d.	
To Mayor's Salary,	50	0	0	
" Recorder's "	94	3	4	
" Treasurer's "	25	0	0	
" Clerk's "	110	0	0	
" Marshal's "	65	0	0	
" Police Constables,	300	0	0	
" Clothing for do.	58	12	7	
" Boots do.	9	18	0	
Costs in suit against Edw. Gay,	1	3	6	
Repairs of Stoves,	2	0	4	
Coal,	16	9	9	
Edward Shea, Services as Constable,	2	16	0	
John Hatch, Crier,	1	10	0	
Geo. White, services to Police,	0	12	0	
Arch. McNeill, Reporter,	10	0	0	
Cash Box for Treasurer,	1	0	0	
Repairs of Roof of City Hall,	6	4	9	
Civic Elections,	5	0	0	
Incidental Expenses,	18	3	11	
				777 14 2

Fire Department.

	£	s.	d.	
Repairs Engine House,	13	8	10	
Paid for care of Apparatus,	7	10	0	
Repairs of Engines,	18	12	7	
Rent of Engine House, King Square,	4	0	0	
Painting Engine House, Union St.,	7	10	0	
Repairing Do	7	15	3	
Rent Engine Room, Grafton St.,	10	0	0	
Services of Clerk,	10	0	0	
Wm. B. Allin,	2	16	6	
R. Brecken, one year's rent,	6	0	0	
Pipe for Water Tank,	2	2	0	
Painting Apparatus,	7	9	10	
Repairing Water Tank,	3	7	6	
Fire Companies,	101	13	0	
Incidental Expenses,	10	0	0	
Painting doors,	2	0	0	
Rent premises, Grafton Street,	10	0	0	
Premiums for No. 3 Company,	4	10	0	
Repairs of Engine No. 2,	12	0	0	
				240 15 6

Board of Health.

S. Barnard,		2 11 0

Flour Market.

To rent paid Henry Haszard,		12 0 0

Assessment.

To John E. Lockhart, Collector,		63 5 0

Printing and Stationery.

	£	s.	d.	
Catherine N. Stamper,	2	6	7	
J. Barrett Cooper,	26	7	10	
George Bremner,	2	0	6	
Edward Whelan,	2	2	6	
John Ings,	3	12	6	
David Laird,	1	1	10	
Edward Reilly,	0	12	0	
				38 3 9

Meat Market.

George Lewis, Clerk,		28 14 6

City Loans.

	£	s.	d.	
Paid Debentures Nos. 10 and 11,	100	0	0	
" Interest on Debentures,	66	10	6	
				166 10 6

Streets and Squares.

		£	s.	d.	
	Repairs of Implements,	6	3	9	
	John Williams, quarter's salary,	7	10	0	
	Convicts, breaking stone,	7	12	0	
	Stone Ballast,	8	9	0	
	Plough Sock,	0	10	0	
April.	Labour on Streets,	19	4	0	
May.	Do.	15	7	6	
	2 new Bridges,	6	6	7	
June.	Labour on Streets,	90	15	9	
July.	Platforms,	2	10	6	
	Watering Streets,	0	12	0	
	Labour,	30	4	9	
Aug.	John Penpraise,	11	18	6	
	Labour,	46	19	6	
Sept.	Benj. Williams, quarter's salary,	7	10	0	
	Labour,	48	5	9	
Oct.	Stone Ballast,	3	2	2	
	Platforms,	2	17	0	
	Labour,	7	10	0	
Nov.	Removing fence, Queen Square,	6	0	0	
	Stone Ballast,	1	6	0	
	Labour,	21	19	0	
Dec.	Benj. Williams, qr. salary,	7	10	0	
	John Williams, bal.	4	11	9	
	Material for crossings,	3	12	6	
	Repairs of Implements,	1	9	6	
	Labour,	37	15	3	
					407 12 9

Pumps and Wells.

	£	s.	d.	
Robert Percival, contractor,	80	0	0	
Sinking two Wells,	32	5	0	
Repairing Pumps and cleaning Wells,	22	2	0	
				134 7 0

Assayer Weights and Measures.

	£	s.	d.
John P. Tanton,	14	15	6
Gas Light Company,	116	4	0
New Market House,	600	0	0
Deposited in Bank,	660	0	0
Balance,	65	9	10
	£3328	3	6

Cr.

		£	s.	d.
1865.				
Jan'y 1.	By Balance in hand,	10	6	9
	" Amount from Assessment,	925	4	0
Dec. 31.	Fines and Costs, Police Court,	208	15	0
	Fees from Mayor's Court,	60	0	0
	Commutation Money,	33	0	0
	Dog Tax,	23	4	0
	Licenses.			
	Tavern,	222	16	3
	Store,	49	0	0
	Auctioneer,	90	0	0
	Truck,	46	0	0
	Exhibitions,	6	12	0
	Coal Meters,	15	0	0
	City Seal,	9	2	6
	Meat Market returns,	114	19	2
	City Wharfs,	201	4	0
	Weigh Scales,	28	4	4
	Grant for Common,	10	0	0
	Legislative grant towards Market House,	1000	0	0
	Debentures—City Loans,	260	0	0
	Weights and Measures,	14	15	6
		£3328	3	6

BENJAMIN DESBRISAY, Treasurer.

Audited and found correct, 8th March, 1866.

A. Mitchell, } Auditors.
Neil Rankin, }
John Morris, City Councillor.

Municipality of Charlottetown.

EXPENDITURE, 1865.

	£	s.	d.
Hon. T. H. Haviland, Mayor,	50	0	0
John Lawson, Recorder,	94	3	4
Benjamin DesBrisay, Treasurer,	25	0	0
Peter Macgowan, Clerk,	110	0	0
Angus MacLeod, Marshal,	65	0	0
5 Police Officers,	300	0	0
John E. Lockhart, Collector of Taxes,	63	5	0
George Lewis, Clerk Meat Market,	28	14	6
Pumps and Wells,	134	7	0
Gas Light Company,	238	14	0
City Loans,	£67	9	6
Fire Department,	240	15	6
Printing and Stationery,	38	3	9
Streets and Squares,	407	12	9
Rent of Flour Market,	12	0	0
John P. Tanton, Assayer,	14	15	6
Board of Health,	2	11	0
Police Clothing and Boots,	68	10	7
William Dwyre, coal,	16	9	9
Archibald MacNeill, Reporter,	10	0	0
John Hatch, Crier,	1	10	0
Repairs of City Hall,	6	4	9
Incidental Expenses,	19	3	11
Plan for New Market House,	10	0	0
City Elections,	5	0	0
Constables' extra services,	4	11	6
Repairs Stoves,	2	0	4
	£2036	2	8
Balance,	31	14	1
	£2067	16	9

REVENUE, 1865.

	£	s.	d.
Assessment,	925	4	0
Commutation,	33	0	0
Dog Tax,	23	4	0
Rent of Wharfs,	210	0	0
Tavern Licenses,	222	16	3
Store, do.	49	0	0
Auctioneer, do.	90	0	0
Truck, do.	46	0	0
Meat Market,	114	19	2
Weigh Bridge,	28	4	4
Police Court,	208	15	0
Mayor's Court,	60	0	0
Assayer of Weights and Measures,	14	15	6
City Seal,	9	2	6
Exhibitions,	6	12	0
Coal Meters,	15	0	0
Arrears of Wharfage,	1	4	0
Road Correspondent,	10	0	0
	£2067	16	9

Dr.

		£	s.	d.
1866. Jan. 1.	To Balances due by the City:			
	Hon. T. H. Haviland,	20	16	8
	Debentures,	1270	0	0
	Interest on do.,	33	9	0
	Gas Light Company,	122	10	0
	Mark Butcher,	10	0	0
		£1456	15	8

Cr.

		£	s.	d.
1866. Jan. 1.	By Balance in Treasurer's hands,	£65	9	10
	Balance rent of Wharfs,	115	0	0
	Bank,	60	0	0
	Treasury Warrants,	200	0	0
	Balance,	1016	5	10
		£1456	15	8

		£	s	d
1865. Jan. 1.	To amount of City debt,	1047	19	11
1866. "	By Balance as above,	31	14	1
		£1016	5	10

New Market House.

Dr.

	£	s.	d.
To paid Contractors on account,	£600	0	0
Balance in hand,	400	0	0
	£1000	0	0

Cr.

	£	s.	d.
By Legislative grant,	£1000	0	0
By Balance,	400	0	0

T. H. HAVILAND, Mayor.
PETER MACGOWAN, City Clerk.

After Reciprocity.—After March 17th the present United States Tariff will apply on all articles hitherto free under the treaty. The following is the tariff on the leading commodities between the two countries:—

Wheat	20 cents per bushel.
Corn	12 " "
Oats	12 " "
Rye	15 " "
Barley	15 " "
Beans and Peas	10 per cent. ad val.
Flour	20 "
Ashes	15 "
Lumber	20 "
Staves	10 "
Hides	10 "
Flax	$15 per ton.

The duty on Wool is as follows:—

When costing 12 cents or less per lb.	3 cents per lb.
When costing over 12 cents, and not over 24 lbs.	6 "
When costing over 24 cents, and not over 32 lbs.	10 " and 10 per cent. ad val.
When costing over 22 cents	12 cents per lb, and 12 per cent. ad val.
On the Skin 20 per cent. *ad valorem.*	

—*Canada paper.*

The Fool and his Money.—The lucky miner hastens down to Victoria or San Francisco, and sows his gold broadcast. No luxury is too costly for him, no extravagance too great for the magnitude of his ideas. His love of display leads him him into a thousand follies, and he proclaims his disregard for money by numberless eccentricities. One man who, at the end of the season, found himself possessed of £30,000 or £40,000, having filled his pocket with twenty-dollar gold pieces, on his arrival at Victoria proceeded to a "bar-room" and treated "the crowd" to champagne. The company present being unable to consume all the bar-keeper's stock, assistance was obtained from without, and the passers-by compelled to come in. Still the supply held out, and not another drink could any one swallow. In this emergency, the ingenious giver of the treat ordered every glass belonging to the establishment to be brought and filled. Then raising his stick, with one fell swoop, he knocked the army of glasses off the counter. One hamper of champagne, however, yet remained, and, determined not to be beaten, he ordered it to be opened and placed upon the floor, and jumped in, stamped the bottles to pieces with his heavy boots, severely cutting his shins, it is said in the operation. But although the champagne was at last finished, he had a handful of gold pieces to dispose of, and walking up to a large mirror, worth several hundred dollars, which adorned one end of the room, dashed a shower of heavy coins against it, and shivered it to pieces. The hero of this story returned to the mines the following spring without a cent, and was working as a common laborer at the time of our visit. A freak of one of the most successful Californians may be appended as a companion of the story just related. When in the height of his glory, he was in the habit of substituting champagne bottles — full ones, too — for the wooden pins in the bowling alley, smashing batch after batch with infinite satisfaction to himself, amid the applause of his companions and the "bar-keeper."

Stewart Richer than Astor.—A New York correspondent writes: "The A. T. Stewart broil has developed the fact that he is the owner of more real estate than Billy Astor. Besides owning nearly all of Bleecker street from Broadway to Sullivan, he owns the Metropolitan Hotel, for which he receives $100,000 per annum rent, and two immense Italian marble stores, wholesale and retail, both worth, at the least calculation, $1,000,000, and blocks of brown stone fronts in the upper part of the city scattered from Fourth to Sixty-ninth street. His future residence, nearly finished, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth street, is the finest building of the kind on the Western continent, outstripping the famous mansion of Dr. Townsend. The stairways alone will cost over $60,000, and the stuccoes are estimated at $275,000. The front is of the finest Parian marble, and I am told that there is not a brick in the whole building, the foundations being coarse grained marble, and the chimneys or flues being uniquely constructed of the finest marble slabs. The carving of the marble columns is said to be of the richest descriptions, and the graining of the building, it is said, will cost over $80,000.

The Chincha Islands, lying off the Peruvian coast, do not exceed in extent two and a half square miles; yet for years past they have supplied cargoes of guano to an average of four hundred ships per annum, with a freightage of not less than $9,000,000, the value of such cargoes in Europe being upwards of $30,000,000 in gold. They are, moreover, more densely populated than any others of like extent, having upwards of 2,000 residents, about 600 of whom are Chinese laborers in the employ of the government contractor for the loading of the shipping.

Early rising gives long days, invigorating light in abundance, and healthy cheeks. This beautiful passage from Bulwer's Caxtons is worthy of perpetual remembrance:—"I was always an early riser. Happy the man who is! Every morning day comes to him with a virgin's love, full of bloom and purity and freshness. The youth of nature is contagious, like the gladness of a happy child. I doubt if any man can be called 'old' as long as he is an early riser and an early walker. And youth! — take my word for it — youth in dressing-gown and slippers, dawdling over breakfast at noon, is a very decrepit, ghastly image of the youth which sees the sun blush over the mountains and the dews sparkle upon blossoming hedgerows."

LITERATURE.

COLDSTREAM.

A large party is assembled to celebrate the feast of St. Partridge at Ravelstoke Hall, an old country-house about two miles distant from the north-west coast of Devon. The various branches of English society are very fairly represented by its component parts. There are two peers, three members of the lower house, some guardsmen some undergraduates, a clergyman, and a lieutenant in the navy. But our hero is not a representative man; yet he belongs to a class which, called into existence by the accumulated wealth of the nineteenth century, is ever on the increase.

Frederick Tyrawley resembles Sir Charles Coldstream, inasmuch as he he has been everywhere, and done everything; but he is by no means used up, and can still take an interest in whatever his hand finds to do. Nor is his everything everybody else's everything. It is not bounded by Jerusalem and the pyramids.

Mr. Tyrawley has fought in more than one State of South America, and has wandered for more than two years from isle to isle of the Pacific. A mysterious reputation hovers round him. He is supposed to have done many things, but no one is very clear what they are; and it is not likely that much information on that point will be obtained from him, for he seldom talks much, and never speaks of himself. His present mission appears to be to kill partridges, play cricket, and dress himself. Not that it must be supposed that he has ever been in the habit of wearing less clothing than the custom of the country in which he may have been located required; but only that at the present time he devoted much attention to buff waistcoats and gauze neck-ties, braided coats, and curled moustachios.

Such as he is, however, he is an object of interest to the feminine portion of the party at Ravelstoke Hall; for he is rich and handsome, as well as mysterious, and he cannot be more than two-and-thirty. And the ladies at Ravelstoke outnumbered the men, for although it is still rare for the fair sex to participate actively in the saturnalia of the partridge-god, they will always be found hovering in considerable numbers on the outskirts of the feast; and the varieties of the British lady are fairly represented.

There are some mammas with daughters to marry, and there are some daughters with a mamma to prevent marrying again — which is, perhaps, the most difficult thing of the two, as she has an income of her own. There are blondes and brunettes, and pretty brown-haired, brown-eyed girls, who hover between two orders, and combine the most dangerous characteristics of both, who can wear both blue and pink, and who look prettier in the one colour than they do in the other; but who always command your suffrage in favour of that which they are wearing when you look at them.

And there is Constance Baynton, with gray eyes and black hair. And the nicest critic of feminine appearance might be defied to state what she had worn, half an hour after he left her; for no one can ever look at anything except her face.

Yet Constance is three-and-twenty, and still unmarried. Alas, what cowards men are. The fact is that Constance is very clever; but as Mrs. Melish (the widow) says, "not clever enough to hide it."

Is she a little vexed at her present condition? Certainly she does not exhibit any tendency to carry out Mrs. Melish's suggestion, if it has ever been repeated to her. The young men are more afraid of her than ever; and certainly she does say very sharp things sometimes. Especially she is severe upon idlers, the butterflies of fashionable existence. She appears to consider that she has a special mission to arouse them; but they do not appear to like being lectured. With the young ladies she is a great favorite, for she is very affectionate; and though so beautiful and distinguished, she has proved herself to be not so dangerous a rival as might have been expected. Indeed, it has happened, more than once, that male admiration, rebounding from the hard surface of her manner, has found more yielding metal in the bosoms of her particular friends. Besides, she is always ready to lead the van in the general attack upon the male sex when the ladies retire to the drawing-room.

Not that she ever says anything behind their backs she would not be ready to repeat to their faces; but in that course probably she would not meet with such general support.

In Mr. Tyrawley she affected to disbelieve. She stated as her opinion to her intimate friends, that she didn't believe he ever had done, or ever would do anything worth doing; but that he plumed himself on a cheap reputation, which, as all were ignorant of its foundation, no one could possibly impugn.

There is reason to believe that in this instance Miss Constance was not as conscientious as usual, but that she really entertained a higher opinion of the gentleman than she chose to confess. He certainly was not afraid of her, and had even dared to contradict her favourite theory of the general worthlessness of English gentlemen of the nineteenth century. It was one wet morning when she had been reading Scott to three or four of her particular friends—it must be remembered that she read remarkably well—that she began to lament the decline in the chivalry. Tyrawley was sitting half in half out of range. Perhaps she talked a little at him. At any rate he chose to accept the challenge.

"I cannot agree with you, Miss Baynton," he said. "It is true we no longer wear ladies' gloves in our helmets, nor do we compel harmless individuals, who possibly may have sweethearts of their own, to admit the superiority of our lady-love at the point of the lance; but of all that was good of chivalry, of courage, truth, honour, enterprise, self-sacrifice, you will find as much in the nineteenth century as in the twelfth."

He brightened up as he spoke, and it was quite evident that he believed what he said, a circumstance which always gives an advantage to a disputant.

More than one pair of bright eyes smiled approval, and Miss Constance saw a probability of a defection from her ranks. She changed her tactics.

"You are too moderate in your claims for your contemporaries, Mr. Tyrawley. If I remember right, modesty has always been considered the qualification of a true knight."

"I am not afraid to speak the truth," he replied; "your theory would have been more tenable before the days of the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny; but the men who lit their cigars in the trenches of the Redan, and who carried the gate of Delhi, may bear comparison with Bayard, or Cœur de Lion."

"Oh! I do not allude to our soldiers," said she; "of course, I know they are brave; but,"—and here she hesitated a moment, until possibly piqued because her usual success had not attended her in the passage of arms, she concluded—"but to our idle gentlemen, who seem to have no heart for anything."

Tyrawley smiled. "Possibly you may judge too much by the outside," he said. "I am inclined to fancy that some of those whom you are pleased to call idle gentlemen would be found to have heart enough for anything that honour, or duty, or even chivalry could find for them to do."

"I hope you are right," said Miss Constance, with a slightly perceptible curl of her upper lips, which implied that she did not think so.

Tyrawley bowed, and the conversation terminated in a few minutes afterwards; when he had left the room, the conversation of the young ladies was interrupted by Master George Baynton, aged fourteen, who suddenly attacked his sister.

"I think you are wrong, you know, when you call Tyrawley a humbug."

"My dear," said Constance, with a start, "I never said anything so ru—"

"Well, you implied it, you know, in your girl's words, and I think you make a mistake; for he can shoot like one o'clock, never misses a thing, and I hear he can ride no end. He was rather out of practice in his cricket when he came down; but he is improving every day. You should have seen the hit he made yesterday—right up to the cedars."

"Do you think there is nothing else for a man to do but ride, and shoot, and play cricket?"

"Oh! that's all very well; but you should hear what Merton, our second master, says; and a great brick he is, too. 'Whatever you do, do it as well as you can, whether it is cricket or verses.' And I believe if Tyrawley had to fight, he'd go in and win, and no mistake."

"Ah!" said Constance, with a sigh, "he has evidently—what is it you boys call it?—tipped you, isn't it?"

Indignant at this insult, George walked off to find his friend, and have a lesson in billiards.

The day lingered on after the usual fashion of wet days in September in full country houses. There was a little dancing after dinner; but all retired early in hopes of a finer day on the morrow.

Tyrawley had some letters to write, so that it was past two before he thought of going to bed. He always slept with his window open, and as he threw up the sash a fierce gust of wind blew out his candles, and blew down the looking-glass.

"Pleasant, by Jove," he soliloquized. "I wonder whether it smashed—unlucky to break a looking-glass—I'm hanged if I know where the matches are; never mind; I can find my way to bed in the dark. What a night!" as a flash of lightning illuminated the room for a moment, and he bent out of the window. "The wind must be north-west. Cheerful for anything coming up to Bristol from the southward. I wonder what a storm is like on this coast. I have a great mind to go and see. I shall never be able to get that hall door open without waking them up; what a nuisance!—Stay, capital idea! I'll go by the window."

Before starting on his expedition, he changed the remains of his evening dress (for he had been writing in his dressing-gown) for flannel shirt and trousers, whilst a short pea-jacket and glazed hat completed his array. His room was on the first floor, and he had intended to drop from the window-sill; but a branch of an elm came so near, he found that unnecessary, as springing to it he was on the ground, like a cat, in an instant. He soon found his way across the country, "like a bird," to the cliff. The sea for miles seemed one sheet of foam.

But a flash of lightning discovered a group of figures about a quarter of a mile distant; and he distinguished shouts in the interval of the storm.

He was soon amongst them, and he found that all eyes were turned on a vessel which had struck on a rock, within two hundred yards of the cliff. It was evident that she would go to pieces under their very eyes.

"Is there no way of opening communication with her?" he asked of an old coast-guard man.

"Why, ye see, sir, we have sent to Bilford for Manby's rockets; but she must break up before they come."

"How far is it to Bilford?"

"Better than seven mile, your honour."

"If we could get a rope to them, we might save the crew!"

"Every one of them, your honour; but it ain't possible."

"I think a man might swim out?"

"The first wave would dash him to pieces against the cliff."

"What depth of water below?"

"The cliff goes down like a wall, forty fathom, at least."

"The deeper the better. What distance to the water?"

"A good fifty feet."

"Well, I have dived off the main-yard of the *Chesapeake*. Now, listen to me. Have you got some light, strong rope?"

"As much as you like."

"Well, take a double coil round my chest, and do you take care to pay it out fast enough as I draw upon it."

"You won't draw much after the first plunge; it will be the same thing as suicide, every bit."

"Well, we shall see. There's no time to be lost; lend me a knife."

And in an instant he whipped off his hat, boots and pea-jacket; then with the knife he cut off its sleeves, and the rope passed through them, that it might chafe him less.

The eyes of the old boatman brightened. There was evidently a method in his madness.

"You are a very good swimmer, I suppose, sir?"

"I have dived through the surf at Nukuheva a few times."

"I never knew a white man that could do that."

Tyrawley smiled. "But whatever you do," he said, "mind and let me have plenty of rope. Now, out of the way, my friends, and let me have a clean start."

He walked slowly to the edge of the cliff, looked over to see how much the rocks shelved outwards; then returned, looked to see that there was plenty of rope for him to carry out, then took a short run, and leaped as if from the springing-board of a plunge-bath. He touched the water full five and twenty feet from the edge of the cliff. Down into its darkest depth he went, like a plummet, but soon to rise again. As he reached the surface he saw the crest of a mighty wave a few rods in front of him—the wave that he had been told was to dash him lifeless against the cliff. But now his old experience of the Pacific stands him in good stead. For two moments he draws breath then, ere it reaches him, he dives below its centre. The water dashes against the cliff, but the swimmer rises far beyond it. A faint cheer rose from the shore as they feel him draw upon the rope. The waves follow in rapid succession, and he dives again and again, rising like an otter, to take breath, and making very steadily onward, though more below the water than above it.

We must now turn to the ship. The waves had made a clean breach over her bows. The crew were crowded upon her stern. They hold on to the bulwarks and await the end, for no boat can live in such a sea. Suddenly she is hailed from the waters. "Ship-a-hoy!" shouts a clear voice, which makes itself heard above the storm. "Throw me a rope or a buoy!" The life-buoy was still hanging in its accustomed place by the mainmast. The captain almost mechanically takes it down, and, with well-directed aim, throws it within a yard or two of the swimmer. In a moment it is under his arms, and in half a minute he is on board.

"Come on board, sir," he says to the captain, pulling one of his wet curls professionally. The captain appeared to be regarding him as a visitor from the lower world; so, turning from the crew, he lifted up the rope he had brought from the shore. Then, for the first time, the object of his mission flashed upon their minds, and a desperate cheer broke forth from all hands, instantly re-echoed from the shore. Then a strong cable is attached to the small rope and drawn on board—then a second—and the communication is complete. But no time is to be lost, for the stern shows signs of breaking up, and there is a lady passenger. Whilst the captain is planning a sort of chair in which she might be moved, Tyrawley lifts her upon his left arm, steadies himself with his right by the upper rope, and walks along the lower as if he had been a dancer. He is the first on shore, for no sailor could leave until the lady was safe. But they soon follow, and in five minutes the ship is clear—five minutes more and no trace of her is left.

Ravelstoke Hall has been aroused by the news of the wreck, and Mr. Ravelstoke has just arrived with brandy and blankets. Him Tyrawley avoids; and thinking he can be of no further use, he betakes himself across the country once more, and by the aid of the friendly elm, regains his chamber without observation.

The lady whom Tyrawley had deposited in a cottage, with a strong recommendation that she should go to sleep immediately, was soon carried off in triumph by Mr. Ravelstoke to the Hall, and welcomed by Lady Grace at half-past three in the morning. There were very few of the guests who slept undisturbed that night. The unusual noise in the house aroused everybody, and many excursions were made in unfinished costume to endeavor to ascertain what was going on. The excitement culminated when the miscellaneous assemblage who had conducted the captain and some of the crew to the Hall, after being well supplied with ale and stronger liquids, conceived that it would be the correct thing to give three cheers at the hour of half-past five.

It was then that Lord Todmulton, an Irish peer, labouring under an erroneous impression that the house was attacked, was discovered on the landing place, in array consisting principally of a short, dressing-gown, flannel waistcoat, and a fowling-piece.

Breakfast that morning was a desultory meal. People finished and talked about the wreck, and begun again. At last the captain appeared, and though almost overwhelmed by the multiplicity of questions, nevertheless, between the intervals of broiled ham and coffee, he managed to elucidate matters a little.

Then came the question, "Who is it who swam to the vessel?" Tyrawley had only been at Ravelstoke a few days, and was a stranger in the neighborhood. None of the servants had reached the coast till it was all over, so there had been no one to recognize him.

"I scarcely saw him," said the captain, "but he was a dark, tallish man, with a great deal of beard."

"Was he a gentleman?" asked Miss Constance Baynton, who had been taking a great interest in the whole affair.

"Well, d'ye see, Miss, I can't exactly say, for he hadn't much on; but if he isn't, he'd make a good one—that I'll go bail for. He's the coolest hand I ever saw. Stay! now I think of it, I shouldn't wonder if he was a naval one, for he pulled his forelock, half-laughing like, and said, 'Come on board, sir,' to me, when we pulled him up."

"Perhaps it was Rutherford," said Mr. Ravelstoke, naming the lieutenant in the navy; "he is tall and dark."

"And he has been letting his moustache grow since he came on shore," observed a young lady.

"Where is he?"

But Mr. Rutherford was gone down to the cliff, to inspect the scene of the disaster.

"Begging your pardon, sir," said the butler; "it could not have been any gentleman stopping in the house, for the door was fastened till the people came down to tell you of the wreck."

At this moment—half-past ten, a m—Mr. Tyrawley walked in to the breakfast table. He was got up, if possible, more elaborately than usual.

"Now, here's a gentleman, captain, Mr. Tyrawley, who has been all over the world, and me with some strange adventures; I'll be bound he never saw anything to equal the affair of last night."

"You'd a nearish thing of it, captain?" inquired Tyrawley, speaking very slowly. His manner and appearance quite disarmed any suspicion the captain might have had of his identity.

"Five minutes more, sir, and Davy Jones' locker would have had us all. Begging your pardon, Miss," apologizing to Constance.

The captain had already repeated the story a reasonable number of times, and was anxious to finish his breakfast. So Miss Constance gave it all for the benefit of Mr. Tyrawley, dressed in her own glowing periods.

Tyrawley made no observation upon her recital, but took a third egg.

"Well, Mr. Tyrawley," said she at last, "what do you think of the man who swam out to the wreck?"

"Why, I think, Miss Baynton—I think," said he hesitatingly, "that he must have got very wet, and I sincerely hope he won't catch cold."

There was a general laugh at this, in which the captain joined; but it is to be feared that Miss Constance stamped her pretty foot under the table.

Tyrawley turned, and began to talk to Mrs. Mellish, who was sitting on his right.

As he was speaking, the door on his left opened, and Lady Grace Ravelstoke entered with the lady passenger. The lady heard him speak—and there are some voices which a woman never forgets—and the dangerous journey over the rope had not passed in silence.

She laid her hand upon his arm, and said, "Oh, sir, how can I thank you?"

Tyrawley rose, as in duty bound, saying "Do not speak of it. I did not know, when I came off, that I was to have the pleasure of assisting you."

But the astonishment of the captain was beautiful to behold.

"Why, you don't mean to say——Well, I never;—dash my wig—well I m——Here, shake hands, sir, will you?" And he stretched across the table a brawny hand, not much smaller than a shoulder of mutton.

The grip with which Tyrawley met his seemed to do a great deal more to convince him of his identity than the lady's recognition of their preserver.

The day was as wet as the preceding. Half an hour after breakfast, Mr. Tyrawley lounged into the back drawing-room. There sat Miss Constance Baynton, and by the singular coincidence which favours lovers or historians, she sat alone.

Now Constance had made up her mind that she was bound to apologise to Mr. Tyrawley for her rude speeches of yesterday; she had also decided that she would compliment him on his gallant conduct.

She had, in fact, arranged a neat, quiet, cold, formal and appropriate form of words, in which she would give her views expression. And how do you think she delivered them? She got up, said "Oh, Mr. Tyrawley!" and burst into tears.

If a proud woman's pride is a shield to thee, O man, as well as to her, against the arrows of love, remember if ever she throws it away—after she has compelled you to acknowledge its value—you are both left utterly defenceless.

Frederick Tyrawley capitulated at once. They are to be married this month. And if Mr. Tyrawley does not, at some future time, achieve a reputation which no mystery can cloud, it will not be Mrs. Tyrawley's fault.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

THE POLITICAL ASPECT AT HOME.

It would be a useless task to attempt to guage with anything like accuracy the political situation at home from anything thus far developed in the Parliamentary business. The danger the Ministers have been in from the lukewarmness with which their Reform Bill has been received, is sadly and painfully aggravated by the temporary enactment which it has been found necessary to apply to Ireland. The Lord Lieutenant, a young man, and apparently not over-judicious, had, it seems, represented to the Imperial authorities that matters were assuming so alarming an aspect in the Fenian circles as to make it necessary for him to get a suspension of the writ of *Habeas Corpus.* A similar representation was made in 1848, when Lord Clarendon was at the head of the Irish Government, and the announcement of the suspension of the writ hastened the conspiracy of that period to a crisis. Three weeks from the date of it, the cabbage garden revolution had began and had ended. It may be different now. Lord Wodehouse may have been unnecessarily alarmed at the Fenian enterprise, or, on the other hand, the organization may be much more powerful than has ever been supposed. The conditions altogether may be changed. Indeed, if we are to judge by the loudness of the bluster here, the circumstances *are* very much changed. There was a gathering in one of the east-side City Parks here on Sunday of fully a hundred thousand men, to celebrate the suspension of the writ of *Habeas Corpus* in Ireland. Against the warnings of the Roman Catholic Archbishop and his clergy, the *masses* turned out as they have seldom turned out before, and from all accounts, the demonstration amounted to a great deal more than a mere flux of Irish oratory. The Fenian Republic bonds were for sale, and the investment in these was somewhat liberal. If this means anything, it means some sort of an aggressive attack on British territory. It is getting too late in the season for any effective raid to be made in Upper Canada. But the Lower Provinces, especially New Brunswick, are still liable to become the theatre of an invading expedition of greater or less account; and we think the Provincial authorities will not be justified in neglecting to look at the matter as one of proximate belligerency in some shape. A feint of war at least *must* be made to enable the originators of the swindle to keep up the appearance of earnestness. Money must be had, and to get money in sufficient abundance to meet the views of the Fenian chiefs, it is now necessary to show some *signs of fight* as well as figures of speech.

We notice that Mr. D'Arcy McGee's name has been forged to give circulation to a letter addressed to Doran Killian, the Fenian Finance Minister. Mr. McGee, of course, was prompt in exposing the forgery. Our conclusion, meanwhile, is, that raids into New Brunswick will shortly be attempted.—*Scottish Am. Journal, March 10.*

BURIED ALIVE.—EXTRAORDINARY STATEMENTS.

The French Senate, on Tuesday, discussed a petition calling for further precautions against the possibility of people being buried alive on the supposition that they were dead. The petitioner asked for the adoption of a system prevalent in some parts of Germany, the application of the test of electricity and the deposit of the coffins for a certain time, before the final interment, in vaults open to medical inspection. Viscount De La Guerroniere, who presented the report of a committee on the petition, said that the subject had been very often considered, that the precautions prescribed by the Code were quite sufficient, and that the proper course on the petition would be to pass to the order of the day, *i. e.*, to reject it. Cardinal Donnet, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, opposed this conclusion, and, in a speech which made a great sensation, adduced many instances within his own knowledge of people certified dead by authority who turned out to be alive. He remembered a case when he was a young priest, of an old man who lived 12 hours after the legal warrant for his burial was issued. In another case, at Bordeaux, a young girl was certified to be dead. He (M. Donnet) providentially came to the house just as she was about to be screwed down. He conceived doubts about her dissolution, spoke to her in a loud voice, and had the inexpressible happiness of hearing her answer. That woman, who belonged to one of the most respectable families at Bordeaux, was still alive, a wife and a mother. He would mention another case yet more striking. In 1826, a young priest, preaching on a hot day in a crowded church, suddenly fell down unconscious. He was taken home and laid out for dead. A medical certificate of his death was given, and preparations were made for his funeral. The bishop of the cathedral in which he had been preaching came to the foot of his bed and said a *De Profundis.* The measure of his coffin was taken, and he, alive all the time, heard the orders given for his burial, and was not able to protest against them. At length the voice of a friend of his boyhood produced a magical effect upon him, and he awoke. "That priest," said Cardinal Donnet, "is now, at the distance of forty years, alive; he is here among you a member of this Senate, and he now supplicates the government to frame better regulations so as to prevent terrible and irreparable misfortunes." (Great sensation.) Several other senators mentioned cases of suspended animation, and asserted that the number of corpses found in coffins, which had unquestionably moved after burial, led to the conclusion that burial of living persons must be far more frequent than was supposed. The Senate was so struck with the arguments brought forward, that, in spite of a speech by President Royer, contending that the existing regulations were as perfect as could be, it overruled the report of the committee, and voted that the petition should be referred, as worthy of consideration, to the Minister of the Interior.

The latest advices from Australia state that the House of Assembly of Victoria has been dissolved, as the only means of cutting the knot or removing the dead lock between the two Houses of Parliament. It is stated that great dissatisfaction at this act of ulterior recourse was felt in Melbourne. An exciting election contest was anticipated, and it was considered not at all improbable that when the newly elected House assembles, the difficulty may be found as serious as ever.

Chicago was the rendezvous, last week, of a large number of gamblers, pimps, roughs and sporting rowdies, from the cities both east and west, to attend a brutal dog fight, the champions representing that city and the city of Boston. The contest lasted two hours and a half, whereupon the representatives of humanity present, in full sympathy with caninity, opened fight No. 2, which abounded in a free use of fists, cutlery, and glassware, and winding up with a raid on an adjoining hotel. Unfortunately all the crowd survived "to fight another day."

The Quebec *Mercury* says that Mr. Galt's announcement that the tariff is to undergo complete revision, and that it will be adjusted to stimulate the great agricultural interests of the country, is one of great importance. The Finance Minister wishes to make Canada at once the cheapest country in the world for the labor and capital of foreign lands. This implies a reduction of impost duties to the lowest point compatible with revenue considerations; and it may be held to foreshadow a more liberal land policy, such as public sentiment is tending to force on the Government.

"Grandfather," said a saucy little boy, "how old are you?"—The old gentleman, who was much under the ordinary size took the child between his knees, and said, "My dear boy, I am seventy-five years old; but why do you ask?" The little fellow replied, "Well, it appears to me you are remarkably small of your age."