

I thought of his haughty sister. No matter! She ought to be proud of Lena Grant. That same month, cousin Leonard and I took a long walk one evening; when we returned, I might have said to Lena Grant the very words she had used to me.

"When did you commence loving me, Leonard?" I asked, before we went into the house.

He smiled. "One morning, eight years ago, under the old oak tree that stands in the lane, back of the school-house, did I commence loving you, Maggie White?"

I laughed. "Oh, I know all about it!" And then I told him what had never before crossed my lips.

"Well," said he, "there is one woman that can keep a secret. I believe it now, Maggie."

"Are you not ashamed, Leonard? I have a good will not to have you, because you entertain such a contemptible opinion of my sex?"

"No, you haven't; you couldn't refuse me now if you tried," said the egotistical young gentleman, as he broke the point on my lips with a kiss.

It was the truth, reader—though, of course, I didn't tell him so!

From the Martins of Cro' Martin.—By Charles Lever. A COURAGEOUS IRISH GIRL IN A DILEMMA.

A servant rushing in at the instant, summoned the artist with all speed to Miss Martin's presence. He found her, as he entered, with flushed cheeks and eyes flashing angrily, in one of the deep recesses of a window that look out upon the lawn.

"Come here, sir," cried she hurriedly—"come here, and behold a sight such as you scarcely ever thought to look upon from these windows. Look here." And she pointed to an assemblage of about a hundred people, many of whom were ruddy armed with stakes, gathered round the chief entrance of the castle. In the midst was a tall man, mounted upon a wretched horse, who seemed from his gestures to be haranguing the mob, and whom Crow speedily recognised to be Magennis of Burnagehela.

"What does all this mean?" asked he, in astonishment.

"It means this, sir," said she, grasping his arm, and speaking in a voice thick from passionate eagerness, "that these people whom we see there have demanded the right to enter the house and search it from basement to roof. They are in quest of one that is missing, and although I have given my word of honour that none such is concealed here, they have dared to disbelieve me, and declare they will see for themselves. They might know me better," added she with a bitter smile—"they might know me better, and that I would no more utter a falsehood than I would yield to a menace. See!" exclaimed she, "they are passing through the flower-garden—they are approaching the lower windows. Take a horse, Mr. Crow, and ride for Kiltimmon; there is a police station there, bring up the force with you, lose no time, I entreat you!"

"But how—leave you here all alone?"

"Have no fears on that score, sir," said she proudly; "they may insult the roof that shelters me—to myself they will offer no outrage. But be quick; away at once, and with speed."

Had Mr. Crow been, what it must be owned had been difficult, a worse horseman than he was, he would never have hesitated to obey this behest. Ere many minutes, therefore, he was in the saddle and flying across the country at a pace such as he never imagined any energy could have exacted from him.

"They have got a ladder up to the windows of the large drawing room, Miss Mary," said a servant; "they'll be in before many minutes."

Taking down two splendidly ornamented pistols from the chimney-piece, Mary examined the priming, and ordering the servant away, she descended by a small private stair to the drawing-room beneath. Scarcely, however, had she crossed the threshold than she was met by a man eagerly hurrying away. Stepping back in astonishment, and with a face pale as death, he exclaimed, "Is it Miss Martin?"

"Yes, sir," replied she firmly; "and your name?"

"Mr. Merl,—Herman Merl," said he, with a stealthy glance towards the windows, on the outside of which two fellows were now seated, communicating with those below.

"This is not a moment for much ceremony, sir," said she, promptly; "but you are here, opportunely. These people will have it that I am harbouring here one that they are in pursuit of. I have assured them of their error, I have pledged my word of honour upon it, but they are not satisfied. They declare that they will search the house, and I as firmly declare they shall not."

"But the person is really not here?" broke in Merl.

"I have said so, sir," replied she haughtily.

"Then why not let them search? Egad, I'd say, 'Look away to your heart's content, pry into every hole and corner you please, only don't do any mischief to the furniture—don't let any!'"

"I was about to ask your assistance, sir, but your council saves me from the false step. To one who professes such wise advice, arguments like these would not be most distasteful; and yet let us see if others may not be of your mind to." And steadily aiming her weapon for a second or two, she sent a ball through the window, about a foot above the head of one of the fellows without. Scarcely had the report rung out and the splintering glass fallen, than the two men leaped to the ground, while a wild cheer, half derision, half anger, burst from the mob beneath. "Now, sir," continued she, with a smile of a very peculiar meaning, as she turned towards Merl—"now, sir, you perceive that you have got into a very indiscreet company, such as I'm sure Captain Martin's letter never prepared you for; and although it is not exactly in accordance with the usual notions of Irish hospitality to point to the door, perhaps you will be grateful to me when I say that you can escape by that corridor. It leads to a stair which will conduct you to the stable-yard. I'll order a saddle horse for you. I suppose you ride?" And really the glance which accompanied these words was not a flattery.

However the proposition might have met Mr. Merl's wishes, there is no means of knowing, for a tremendous crash now interrupted the colloquy, and the same instant the door of the drawing-room was burst open, and Magennis, followed by a number of country people, entered.

"I told you," cried he rudely, "that I'd not be denied. It's your own fault if you would drive me to enter by force."

"Well, sir, force has done it," said she, taking a seat as she spoke, "I am here alone, and you may be proud of the achievement!" The glance she directed towards Merl made that gentleman shrink back, and eventually slide noiselessly from the room, and escape from the scene altogether.

"If you'll send any one with me through the house, Miss Martin," began Magennis, in a tone of much subdued meaning—

"No, sir," broke she in—"no, sir, I'll give no such order. You have already had my solemn word of honour, assuring you that there was not any one concealed here. The same incredulous disrespect you have shown to my servants. Go wherever you please; for the time you are the master here. Mark me, sir," said she, as half-crest-fallen, and in evident shame, he was about to move from the room—"mark me, sir, if I feel sorry that any one who calls himself a gentleman should dishonour his station by discrediting the word, the pledged word of a lady, yet I can forgive much to him whose feelings are under the impulse of passion. But bow shall I

speaking my contempt for you—and she turned a withering look of scorn on the men who followed him—for you, who have dared to come here to insult me—I, that if you had the least spark of honest manhood in your natures, you had rather died than have offended? Is this your requital for the part I have borne amongst you? Is it thus that you repay the devotion by which I have squandered all that I possessed, and would have given my life, too, for you and yours? Is it thus, think you, that your mothers, and wives, and sisters would requite me? Or will they welcome you back from your day's work, and say: 'Bravely done? You have insulted a lone girl in her home, outraged the roof whence she never issued save to serve you, and taught her to believe that the taunts your enemies cast upon you, and which she once took as personal affronts to herself, that they are just and true, and as less than you merited.' Go back men," added she, in a voice trembling with emotion—"go back, while it is time. Go back in shame, and let men ever know who has dared to offer me this insult!" And she hid her face between her hands, and bent down her head upon her lap. For several minutes she remained thus, overwhelmed and absorbed by intensely painful emotion, and when she lifted up her head, and looked around, they were gone! A solemn silence reigned on every side; not a word, nor a footfall, could be heard. She rushed to the window just in time to see a number of men slowly entering the wood, amidst whom she recognized Magennis, leading his horse by the bridle and following the others, with bent-down head and sorrowful mien.

"Oh, thank heaven for this!" cried she passionately, as the tears gushed out and coursed down her face. "Thank heaven, that they are not what others call them—cold hearted and treacherous, craven in their hour of trial, and cruel in the day of their vengeance! I know them better! It was long before she could sufficiently subdue her emotion to think calmly of what occurred. At last she betrougled her of Mr. Merl, and despatched a servant in his pursuit, with a polite request that he would return. The man came up with Marl as he reached the small gate of the park, but no persuasions, no entreaties, could prevail on that gentleman to retrace his steps; nay, he was frank enough to say, 'he had seen quite enough of the West,' and to invoke something very unlike a benediction on his head if he ever passed another day in Galway.

Correspondence.

CANADIAN POLITICS.

CHATHAM, CANADA WEST, 14th June, 1856.

DEAR EXAMINER.—The present session of our Canadian Legislature appears now to be drawing to a close. Indeed we have rumours to the effect, that as soon as the necessary arrangements are made, and urgent business disposed of, we may expect a dissolution of the present House: and then for the excitement of a general election. The opposition, numbering now half the members of the House, have intimated that, if ministers will but promise to dissolve the Assembly at the end of the session and call an early general election, they will throw no obstacles in the way of having the absolutely necessary business completed, and indispensable legislative enactments carried into effect. And here I may venture to remark, that never, since the days of Colbourne and Bond had, has this province witnessed such parliamentary scenes as have transpired during the session now about to close. The death-grasp with which the late coalition has held on to the treasury boxes is truly astonishing. We, in the back-woods here, are accustomed to look up to men filling the high offices and occupying the important positions of advisers to Her Majesty's Representative, expecting to find them men of unscathed integrity and spotless fame, removed far above low selfishness and considerations of bribery and gain; and associate them with what may have fallen under our notice of the highly honorable; and keenly alive to the least evil imputation being cast upon their motives; in short, men of chivalrous independent stamp; governing the people not with the view to further their own private and selfish ends, and line their pockets with the people's money, but, on the contrary, with a desire to carry out the wishes of their constituents—to develop the resources of the country, by projecting and carrying on grand national improvements—to destroy the existing pernicious government patronage, so neutralizing to the effects of representative institutions—to throw overboard all class legislation—and to give the people of this province that full measure of liberty and self-government to which their intelligence, enterprise and perseverance most undoubtedly entitle them. But what do we find? A coalition ministry formed and brought into power by the influence of (the now) Sir Francis Hincks—the administration of whom was brought to disgrace, ruin and downfall by the money-grasping, speculating proclivities of its members, and the use of their power and patronage—nay, even the provincial and local funds (instance Toronto debture job)—to building up for themselves fortunes; thus casting a lasting stain upon the very name of reformers. We see, I say, a coalition ministry rising after this Hincks administration, rendered necessary, not as, say Hincks and the Hincksites, to forward useful legislation upon the "great questions demanded by this province," but with the view of keeping out of office the true reformers of Upper and Lower Canada. The administration is formed of Upper Canada Tories, who agree to turn their backs upon all their former professions and advocacy of conservatism, and give the lie to the speeches and actions of a whole lifetime; in short, "how to public opinion," as Sir Allan MacNab hath it, of the professedly Lower Canada reformers—who are nearly of the same kidney as Upper Canada Tories—and the Hincksites of Upper Canada—the *moderes* of reform and liberalism—all huddled and bundled together, and all generalised by Francis himself, and carrying out the measures he had intended to complete, had not his rotten cabinet tumbled about his ears. But Sir Francis must leave. Victoria hath need of Francis at Barbadoes. No sooner is he out of sight of this "ere Canada," where he "stood up and flourished, and got himself great power to reign," than his sheep—the *moderes*—are scattered. Yes, "great power!" For the Tories of Upper Canada, who voted to break down his former administration, and one of their number who lately pronounced him and his confederates as "steeped to the very lips in corruption"—now, just before the formation of the coalition, sit "cheek by jowl," and take "sweet council together." Sir Francis on his part offering the support of the Hincksites of Upper Canada, and terrifying the so-called reformers of Lower Canada by threats that, if they and the Tories did not coalesce with the Hincksites to carry out his former policy, he and his party would go over to Brown and fanaticism, so called—the unholy alliance is completed at Hincks's beck and nod, and Brown and fanaticism are in opposition. Sir Francis gets a whitewashing committee appointed, and verily they do their work well. These men who a month ago said "steeped to the lips in corruption, thou art the man, Sir Francis!" lay it on thick and white, and off he goes to Barbadoes, thoroughly cleansed and absolved from all sins Canadian! But thy mantle, Sir Francis, on whom hath it fallen? None, none accounted worthy to wear it. Enquiry into Lower Canada outrage—the Duval case and Corrigan murder—defies that coalition of thy building! Grand Trunk schemes, without thy financial presence, fail and come to naught! Thy precious *moderes*, thy Hincksites, hath no leader! Oh, Sir Francis, they have surely eaten of the tree political that thou forbade! Their eyes are opened! They have gone over to Brown and fanaticism!

the whole of them resign. Decidedly the so-called reformers who entered that coalition ought to resign as a matter of decency, when the support of the party that placed them in office is withdrawn; but they all resign in order to throw Sir Allan overboard. With unprecedented impudence back they come to the Assembly. Yes down come the same men with the exception of Sir Allan; and the leader of the new government, (John A. McDonald, now premier), has just said: We return as we were, with the exception of Sir Allan, with whom the Upper Canadian reformers could not act in the government. Oh, Hon. John A. McD., surely thy impudence is scarcely equalled in any other way than by thy treachery! But who comes in the place of Sir Allan, said to be so obnoxious to Upper Canada reformers? Philip M. Vankoughnet, a Toronto Tory, a barrister of good abilities, but the rankest Tory in Canada, appointed to the Executive without a seat in the Assembly, (so like the days of *good old Toryism*), with Colonel Stephen Paschal Tache, a member of that irresponsible body of venerable old women, the Legislative Council, a Lower Canada Tory Hincksite, and every thing to suit the times and keep office. This (S. P. Tache) is the cabinet-maker to His Excellency Sir E. Walker Head. Mr. Attorney General Drummond, of Lower Canada, begins "to observe the signs of the times," and withdraws from the new government, because as he says they will not give him as formerly the leadership in the house. Drummond and his friends, McNab and his friends, go into opposition.

The new administration who profess to be no-Tory, no-radical, no-party, but simply and modestly assume the convenient name of "the government of Canada," dare not now provoke a vote of want of confidence as before, when they wanted to get rid of Sir Allan. But it is moved, and for a week a fierce debate is kept up for the purpose of having the no-party, no-policy government assert the course intended to be pursued. Now the division takes place in a full house. The bribery, by way of office-giving and promising, and money bribes for individual members and their localities, excite disgust from "Gaspé to St. John's." "The Government of Canada" are voted confidence by a majority of four in the whole house; but have an Upper Canada majority against them of fifteen. Do the Upper Canada reformers of the present government resign? No, No! They are no more reformers, they do not now as formerly hold their seats. With respect to their *modere* brethren out of the ministry, they are no longer the *moderes* who resigned as "matter of delicacy," they belong to "the government of Canada" party now. You see, Sir Allan is out-driven from office, to gratify private pique only. Truly a grand shuffle, as said Colonel Rankin, in which the king of trumps (Sir Allan) had been shuffled out, and all the knaves kept in. The coalition, once beaten as formerly was the case, and a Tory government in its purity impracticable, the only correct way was to call in the opposition. The opposition by the next election, mark me, will number two-thirds of the house. You may say, Brown and his party are extreme. Why do twenty Catholics of the "young Canada" party go with him in all his motions? They desire no extras for their church. They go for destroying church and state connection, just as much as Brown. Although strict Catholics, they vote with him. They are right in this church and state matter, and are the only true liberal party in Lower Canada, with which Upper Canada liberals can consistently coalesce and carry on a government, suited to the views of a majority of Canadians. This "young Canada" party is sometimes, as you may observe, called *rouge* and republican *rouge* in contempt. Their principles are politically just, and must eventually, in connection with Brown and his party, rule this country, Toryism, church-stateism, reformo-renegadeism to the contrary notwithstanding. \* \* \* Excuse the length of my communication. Wishing the *Examiner* and its spirited proprietor every success they deserve, allow me to subscribe myself,

Yours, very truly, MONS PAYS.

THE EXAMINER.

CHARLOTTETOWN, JUNE 30, 1856.

CENTRAL ACADEMY.

THE half-yearly examination of the pupils at the Central Academy was held on last Monday. During the past term the number on the roll has exceeded one hundred. It will be seen from the synopsis laid before the Trustees, and which we here publish, that the number of classes is very great: yet from the range of subjects taught, as well as the difference in ages and capacity of the pupils, we dare say it could not well be otherwise. Indeed the Academy seems to have reached that point in all educational establishments at which a farther increase of pupils adds little or nothing to the labours of the masters, as it would be difficult to find a youth who would not find his exact level in some of the classes actually taught at present. In the higher departments of Greek and Latin there are not many; but those that are, translate and analyse in a manner which bears testimony at once to the talents of the pupils, and the scholarship and zeal of the master. The country students who have obtained the scholarships, have advanced as far as the fifth book of Caesar's Commentaries, which they read and construe with great accuracy; in Mathematics, as far as quadratic equations inclusive; some progress in Geometry, and can do anything within the reach of plain Trigonometry. Five of them have been successful in English Composition. This assuredly is great progress in eighteen months. The very highest departments of Mathematics—the Calculus and Physical Astronomy—none have ever yet reached in the Academy; indeed we question whether any have in the Lower Provinces, nor is it likely that any will until a scholarship be founded for that express purpose, and to be competed for by those only who have completed the junior Mathematics. In English Composition several pieces of great merit were read by the successful competitors. In the way of written translation, the best piece was by Master George Hodgson. It was a history (*Memoires de Tous*, vol. 6.) of the celebrated forgery on the banks of England, Vienna and St. Petersburg, attempted to be practised, (and in the case of the two latter banks with complete success), by the French Republican Government towards the close of the Revolution. We should like to see this piece published; but that it would be likely to prove more useful to forgers than to bankers.

In conclusion, we have only to add that most of the classes have been determined from a Register, in which is marked the place each pupil may occupy on the last day in each week, during the term.

SYNOPSIS OF MIDSUMMER EXAMINATION, 1856.

- 1st Greek Class—George Hodgson.
1st Latin Class.
Horace, } not sufficient competition.
Livy, }
Caesar, } James McNeill, 1st.
} Murdoch Nicholson, 2d.
} Archibald Wright, } equal, 2d.
2d Class Arithmetic.—Jas. McKenna, 1st. Daniel Egan, 2d.
2d Class Arithmetic.—Allan Simpson, 1st. Alexr. McLellan and Wm. Dalgleish, equal, 2d.
3d Class Arithmetic.—undecided.
4th Class Arithmetic.—Henry Barnard and George Matthew, equal, 1st. Peter McNeill and Joseph Stentford, equal, 2d.
Latin Grammar.—Murdoch Nicholson, 1st. Jas. McNeill, 2d.
Trigonometry.—James Robertson and James Brehaut, equal, 1st. Daniel Egan, 2d.
Algebra.—James Brehaut, 1st. Archibald Wright and Daniel Egan, equal, 2d.
1st Class Dictation.—Daniel Egan and James McKenna, equal, 1st. Allan Simpson, Wallace Owen and Bernard Reddin, equal, 2d.

- 2d Class Dictation.—Henry Green, 1st. Wm. Lydiard, 2d.
1st Class Carpenter's Spelling.—John Handrahan and Daniel Egan, equal, 1st. Bernard Reddin and Alexr. McLellan, equal, 2d.
2d Class Spelling.—Ilen. Barnard & Joseph Stentford, equal, 1st.
Donald Ross, George Longworth and Rich. Passmore, equal, 2nd.
3d Class Spelling.—Joseph McDonald, 1st. John E. Brown and Robert Foyster, equal, 2nd.
1st Reading Class.—undecided.
2d Reading Class.—John Handrahan and James McKenna, equal, 1st. Daniel Egan & William Hodgson, equal, 2nd.
3d Reading Class.—William Dawson and Jesse Gidley, equal, 1st. Simon Crabb and Henry Green, equal, 2nd.
Geography, 1st Class.—John Handrahan and Wm. Hearts, equal, 1st. Daniel Egan & William Hodgson, equal, 2nd.
Geography, 2nd Class.—Charles Hughes and John White, equal, 1st. Bernard Reddin and Henry Green, equal, 2nd.
1st Class English Composition.—William Heartz and William Dalgleish, 1st. James Brehaut & Archibald Wright, 2nd.
2nd Class.—Allan Simpson and Henry Davies, 1st. James Welsh and Morton Lydiard, 2nd.
3d Class.—Wallace Owen and John White, 1st. David McGill and Henry Green, 2nd.
1st Class English Grammar.—James McKenna and Daniel Egan, 1st. Jesse Gidley and Allan Simpson, 2nd.
2d Class.—Henry Barnard & Joseph Stentford, 1st. Donald Ross and Richard Passmore, 2nd.
Recitation.—Alexander McLellan & George Alley, 1st. John White and Daniel Egan, 2nd.
Writing.—Alexander McLellan & John Dalgleish, 1st. Wm. Dalgleish and Henry Green, 2nd.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE!

ABOUT 3 o'clock on Saturday morning the unusual and fearful alarm of the fire bells aroused our fellow citizens from their slumbers, and the premises of Mr. James Scantlebury, Wheelwright, &c., Kent Street, were soon discovered to be the scene of disaster, which—especially the buildings in the rear—were totally enveloped in flames before the engines and fire companies had been brought to the spot. The utmost exertions were used to save the buildings in the immediate vicinity, and these exertions proved successful to a very great extent, for only two or three dwelling houses were destroyed in addition to the workshops of Mr. Scantlebury, where the fire originated. The conflagration was not subdued until about six o'clock, when five or six buildings, containing much valuable property, had been laid in ruins. We are not in possession of the full particulars regarding the losses sustained; but Mr. Scantlebury, who is an industrious, enterprising mechanic, has suffered to a very great amount; it is roughly estimated that £3000 will barely cover his loss—there being an insurance on the property for only £600. It is stated that the fire commenced in that part of the premises where Mr. Scantlebury's steam engine was in operation. It was very providential that little or no wind prevailed while the fire lasted, for had there been anything like a breeze to fan and spread the flames, several valuable and handsome buildings in the immediate neighbourhood must have fallen a prey to the devouring element.

THERE has been little or no news of any consequence received by the Colonial and American mails of the past week. Some of the elections in New Brunswick have taken place, and the candidates returned are, in a majority of instances, opposed to the continuance of the Prohibitory Liquor Law, which was declared to be the cause of the appeal to the country—so that there is every chance the Lieut. Governor will be sustained in the hazardous step taken by him in dissolving the Assembly in opposition to the advice of his late Council, in order to ascertain if the people of the Province would permit such an arbitrary and oppressive enactment to remain on the Statute Book. The people have decided against it, and the humbug is doomed there as well as every where else.

THE business of the Supreme Court, during the past week, has been confined chiefly to the trial of petty larceny cases, and some unimportant civil suits. We stated last week that one of the libel cases was abandoned, or rather postponed, for the present. In the other, a very untenable and silly excuse is raised for putting it also off, the grounds of which we will review at some length in our next No. "Our friend the Judge"—(confound the man!)—did not come down from Canada, to give his valuable testimony to "our character," and therefore any excuse is better than nothing for putting off the trial. Very like another "white feather."

"A querist" had better put his impertinent question to D. Maclean; he can best inform him whether the Judge's name is or is not Lynch.

UNITED STATES.

REVOLUTION IN SAN FRANCISCO. FULL PARTICULARS OF THE MURDER OF THE EDITOR OF THE BULLETIN AND THE EVENTS WHICH FOLLOWED. (Special Correspondence of the N. York Times.) SAN FRANCISCO, May 20, 1856. We are in the midst of a revolution which will be recorded as one of the most remarkable in the annals of history—what was designed, and is destined to effect a most important change in the social, moral and political character of the State.

THE MURDER. On Wednesday afternoon last, at about 5 o'clock, the whole city was roused by the report that James King of William had been shot dead in the greatest business thoroughfare of the city, by James P. Casey, a Sing-Sing convict. Casey was known as a successful ballot-box stuffer—so successful, that on counting the votes in his Ward, it was found he was elected one of the Supervisors of this county by a large majority, although he was not even known by the voters as a candidate. He was also well-known as the man who had been engaged in a murderous affray growing out of one of these political operations. His name was a prominent one among the many hundreds of gamblers and shoulder-strickers that have always ruled this city, and the houses of every harlot opened, as if by magic, when his well-known knock echoed through its walls.

Would you believe it, when I tell you that James P. Casey was also known as the proprietor and ostensible editor of a Sunday paper, the Times, which paper assumed great respectability, and had hundreds, ay, perhaps thousands of influential supporters? It is too true. What fear had he, then, with all that has embodied the power of this city in his favor, and with the knowledge that no man of his class had ever been punished for murder in San Francisco—what fear had he of the law's retributions? The only danger to him was that of instant execution at the hands of the people. But this was provided against. His friends stood around him, and a carriage was ready to bear him to the jail, which it was supposed would be an ark of safety to him. But Casey wofully miscalculated the spirit and courage of the better portion of our people.

GREAT EXCITEMENT AMONG THE PEOPLE. It can scarcely be said that there was any excitement among the people. At least there was no sudden outbreak—no ebullition of feeling that would naturally follow such a monstrous outrage on a citizen so deep in the affections of the people. And every man's eye flashed when he spoke of it, and every man's countenance expressed a settled determination to avenge Mr. King's wrongs and the wrongs that have been heaped