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. XV. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, September 25, 1865. New Series.—No. 43.

Freehold Property for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale, in Clark Street, in the fourth hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown, having a frontage of 64 ft × 80 ft, a little more or less, with a DWELLING HOUSE thereon erected, suitable for two families, with 4 rooms on the first floor and 4 on the second, well finished and lately painted outside, with a new fence and gate to each yard.

If not disposed of on or before the 29TH SEPTEMBER inst, it will on that day, at 12 o'clock, be Sold at AUCTION.

TERMS—One-half the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale, and the remainder may remain over, secured on the Property, for two or three years, as may be agreed upon.

For further particulars please apply to JOHN McKEEVER, on the Premises.

Charlottetown Sept. 4th, 1865. tw

Valuable Farm for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the LEASEHOLD INTEREST of EIGHTY ONE ACRES OF LAND, on Township No. 20, Forty acres of which are under cultivation and the remainder covered with Hard and Soft Wood, unsurpassed in quantity and quality on the Lot. The FARM embraces many conveniences that enhances its value, and makes it attractive to a farmer. The Farm is situated on the Old Town Road, within half a mile of Graham's Road Post Office.

THOMAS LAWLESS.

Old Town Road, July 31, 1865. tf

NOTICE!

LANDS FOR SALE!

THE subscriber, as the Agent of Sir SAMUEL CUNARD, Bart., The Right Hon LAURENCE SULIVAN, and Mr EDWARD CUNARD, has been directed to discontinue the system of LEASING LANDS—heretofore pursued. For the future these lands will be SOLD on the following terms:—A deposit of Twenty-five per cent of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of signing the agreement, and the residue in ten years by equal instalments. The price will be from Twenty shillings (20s) per acre upwards.

Further particulars made known at the Subscriber's office.

G. W. DEBLOIS.

Ch'town, May 15, 1865

Valuable Farm for Sale.

TO be sold by PRIVATE CONTRACT, that eligible LEASEHOLD PROPERTY, on Lot 34, known as "MARSHFIELD," containing 200 Acres more or less, of excellent Land, of which about 150 are under cultivation, and the remainder, for the most part, covered with a valuable growth of Firewood, Scantling and Fencing Poles. The Dwelling House and Buildings are large and commodious, and the land is in excellent condition.

TERMS and further particulars made known on application to the Subscriber on the Premises, or to CHARLES PALMER, Esq.

R. P. HAWTHORNE.

Marshfield, Nov 28, 1864. tf

☞ The lease is for 999 years, and the annual rent is per acre.

A Freehold Farm for Sale.

CONSISTING of 175 Acres of Front Land, in a high state of cultivation, with a good Dwelling House, Barn, Coach House, Threshing Machine, and all other requisites suitable for a Farm. Also, One Hundred Acres of Wood Land in the rear, situate on the south side of Elliot River, about seven miles from Charlottetown, and quite near two public wharfs for shipping produce, &c. The above property is well worth the notice of any person wishing to purchase a good freehold property, being the estate of the late J. C. Wright, Esq. Time will be given for two-thirds of the purchase money. Enquire at the office of Henry Palmer, Esquire, or at the residence of the subscriber, in Prince street.

CATHERINE WRIGHT, Executrix.

Charlottetown, October 6, 1864. tf

FOR SALE.

BY private contract, TWO HUNDRED ACRES of FREEHOLD LAND, situate on the South Wilshire Road, Lot 31. Smiles from the city, about 80 acres cleared and in a high state of cultivation. In a greater part being limed, and 40 acres which can be easily cleared, and the remainder covered with fence poles, scantling and hard wood of the best quality.

There are on the premises a New Dwelling House 28 by 28, a New Barn 56 by 30, finished complete, a Hay House 40 by 22, also a Barn and Dairy, and a never-failing Well of Water at the door, and a stream of water runs through the centre of the farm.

This property is admirably situated, being contiguous to Grist, Saw and Shingle Mills, also to places of public worship, and a school within a chains of the premises, and within 3¼ miles of the North River Bridge, one of the best shipping places on the Island.

For further particulars please apply to HENRY C. DOUSE, on the premises, or to JAMES P. DOUSE.

Charlottetown, August 21, 1865.

N B—This land will be sold in Lots to suit purchasers

Real Estate in Charlottetown FOR SALE.

THAT VALUABLE PROPERTY called the Tremaine Property, being Lots Nos 18 and 19, in the first hundred of Lots in Charlottetown, situated on Water street, and extending back to King street, with Dwelling House thereon, occupied by Mrs. Birnie

ALSO,

The Real Estate called the Bartlett Property, being part and parcel of Town Lots Nos. 45 and 46, in the third hundred of Lots, having a frontage of 200 ft on Hillsborough street, and extending back 123 ft, with Dwelling House thereon suitable for two families.

The above Properties are offered together for £1,750 P. E. Island Currency.

The trade of Charlottetown is now extending and increasing so rapidly that both of these properties are enhancing in value daily. £1000 may remain on Mortgage. Apply in Halifax forthwith, personally or by note, for information or reference, to C. MURDOCH, Attorney for WILLIAM MURDOCH.

Halifax, N. S, June 26, 1865 3m

Valuable & Desirable Building LOTS FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale Two Pleasantly situated WATERLOTS in Georgetown, with Water Privilege to the channel, adjoining the Common at the eastern part of the Town. Also, several BUILDING LOTS in different parts of Charlottetown. Terms liberal.

GEORGE COLES.

Charlottetown, 6th March, 1865

FOR SALE, OR TO LET,

THAT BEAUTIFUL STAND for business, situated at ALBERTON, now in the occupation of the subscriber, consisting of THIRTEEN ACRES OF LAND, with comfortable DWELLING HOUSE, WORK SHOP and other Out houses. About eight acres of the above land is cleared and in a high state of cultivation. There is a good ORCHARD, full of thriving trees.

The property is too well known to require any further description, and will be Sold or Let on reasonable terms. Please apply at this Office, or on the premises to JOHN KEEFE.

Alberton, Aug. 28, 1865. 6m

Jeff. Davis will be pardoned

I. J. WALDRON,

Main Street, next door to M. W. Skinner's Drug Store,

OFFERS for sale, FOR THIRTY DAYS ONLY, all his extensive stock of Glassware, Brooches of all kinds, Boots and Shoes, Fancy Work Boxes, Elastic Suspenders, Soap, Superior Honey Dew Cavendish Tobacco, at Wholesale or Retail, Walnut Writing Desks, LAMPS IN VARIETY.

One of the Largest and Best Assortment of Jewellery and Watches ever offered in this market.

100 Bbls SUPERIOR FLOUR,
50 Chests BEST TEA.

All kinds of LINEN PAPER COLLARS, very cheap, and a variety of other articles.

Country Dealers will find it to their advantage to inspect this Stock of Goods before making their purchases elsewhere, as they will be sold at unusually low prices for cash.

Ch'town, P. E. I. July 3, 1865. tf

NOTICE.

WILLIAM A. LOCKERBY, of this City, who I advertised as my Agent is not authorized from this date to transact any business on my account. Parties owing for STOVES will please call and settle for the same at the Subscriber's Office. EDWARD TAYLOR,

July 19, 1865. Office, Water St

Spring 1865!

LONDON HOUSE.

NEW SPRING GOODS,

CHEAP FOR CASH!

H. HASZARD would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally that he HAS JUST RECEIVED a large and well selected

SPRING STOCK

OF

London, Manchester, Glasgow, Bradford and Birmingham

GOODS,

comprising all the articles required for a general STOCK, in

Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, &c

In the latest styles and newest fabrics of

Dress Materials, Mantles, Shawls, Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Ready-made Clothing, Cloths, &c.

All of which will be sold at the

Lowest Prices for Cash.

Charlottetown, May 15, 1865

LONDON HOUSE.

ESTABLISHED 1820.

1865! SPRING! 1865!

BY the Ships *Undine, L. C. Owen* and *Edwin & Lizzie*, from *Liverpool*; *Crania*, from London; *Helen Dallas*, from Barbadoes; *City of Bath* and *Commerce*, from Boston; and *China*, from Liverpool, the subscribers

Have Completed THEIR

IMPORTATIONS

FOR THE SEASON,

which having been bought on the BEST TERMS they are enabled to offer at

EXTREMELY LOW PRICES,

For Prompt Payment.

☞ Wholesale buyers supplied as usual

G. & S. DAVIES

Char'town, June 5, 1865.

P. E. ISLAND Steam Navigation Co's. Steamers

Princess of Wales and *Heather Belle*.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT,

Commencing Monday, May 22.

The Steamer 'Princess of Wales'

LEAVES Charlottetown for Summerside, Shediac, Richibucto, Chatham and Newcastle, every MONDAY night, at eleven o'clock, reaching Shediac in time for the morning train on Tuesday.

Leaves Shediac, for Richibucto, at nine o'clock on TUESDAY morning, and Richibucto for Chatham and Newcastle, at one o'clock same day, arriving at Chatham and Newcastle same evening.

Leaves Newcastle, for Shediac, at four o'clock on WEDNESDAY morning, calling at Chatham and Richibucto on way down.

Leaves Shediac for Summerside and Charlottetown, on WEDNESDAY afternoon, at half-past two o'clock, immediately on arrival of the Train.

Leaves Charlottetown for Pictou every THURSDAY morning, at half-past nine; returning, leaves Pictou for Charlottetown, at 12 o'clock same night.

Leaves Charlottetown for Summerside and Shediac, every FRIDAY morning at half past eight o'clock.

Leaves Shediac, for Summerside and Charlottetown, at half-past two every SATURDAY afternoon, arriving at Charlottetown at half-past ten same night.

The Steamer 'Heather Belle'

Leaves Charlottetown for Pictou every MONDAY morning at half-past nine.

Leaves Pictou same evening—on arrival of Mail, about six o'clock—for Charlottetown.

Leaves Charlottetown for Brule every THURSDAY and SATURDAY mornings, at five o'clock; returning to Charlottetown same evenings, immediately after arrival of Mail at Brule, at about five o'clock in the evening.

Steamer 'Heather Belle' also runs to Mount Stewart, Bridge and Rocky Point, on the Hillsborough River, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY—being Market days.

FARES:

From Charlottetown to Pictou, or back—Cabin 12s, Steerage 10s. 6d

Charlottetown to Brule, or back—Cabin 9s, Steerage 7s 6d

Charlottetown to Summerside, or back—Cabin 9s, Steerage 7s 6d

Charlottetown to Shediac, or back—Cabin 18s, Steerage 15s

Charlottetown to Richibucto, or back,		$7.00
Do	Miramichi, do	6.00
Summerside to Richibucto,	do	5.50
Do	Miramichi, do	4.50
Shediac to Richibucto,	do	2.00
Do	Miramichi, do	3.00
Ch'town to St. John, or back—	£1 8s 11d, or	4 50
Do	Eastport, do	1 17s 0d, or 6 00
Do	Portland, do	2 10s 0d, or 8.00
Do	Boston, do	2 16s 3d, or 9.00

FARES—FREIGHT.

Charlottetown to Summerside,		1s per barrel bulk.	
Do	Shediac,	1s 6d	do
Do	Richibucto & Miramichi	2s 3d,	do
Shediac to Richibucto and Miramichi,		1s 6d,	do

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

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

SEASON TICKETS may be purchased at Office for individuals or families.

By order,

F. W. HALES, Sec'y.

Charlottetown, May 29, 1865

MAILS.

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

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

For NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA, and the UNITED STATES via Shediac, on MONDAY evening at 8 o'clock, and on FRIDAY morning at 8 o'clock.

L. C. OWEN, Postmaster General.

General Post Office,
Charlottetown, Aug. 28, 1865.

1865.

International Steamship Company.

THE Splendid Sea-going STEAMER "NEW BRUNSWICK" E. B. Winchester, Master, will leave Reed's Point Wharf every MONDAY, at 5 o'clock p. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston, until further notice.

FARES:

From Charlottetown to Eastport,	$5.50
" " Portland,	8.00
" " Boston,	9.00
By Steamer and Railway to Boston,	10 00

All Fares and Freights payable in New Brunswick currency. J. S. CARVELL, Agent.

July 27, 1865

Removal!

THE Royal Agricultural Society's Store and Office are removed to the lower end of Pownal Street, two doors south of the Hon. ROBERT HUTCHINSON'S Store. (See Sign over the door.)

J. D. HASZARD, Sec'y.

September 4, 1865.

Wanted Immediately!

TEN Healthy, Active Well recommended GIRLS to work in a FACTORY at Newburyport, Massachusetts. For particulars apply to

I. C. HALL

Agent Boston & Colonial Steamship Line.

Charlottetown, July 24.

LITERATURE.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Since the publication of "The Bridge of Sighs," by Thos Hood, we (Montreal *Gazette*) have seen nothing to equal the following poem in point of smooth versification, flowing rhythm and touching pathos. The plaintive wail of woman's lost honor will bring tears to every sensitive breast. The author and subject of the piece was an actress of some reputation in the States, and who formerly lived in St. Louis in great style and magnificence. She was connected by marriage with some of the first people of the country, and to those who knew her, the poem will be doubly attractive; a woman of great genius and surpassing beauty, fallen from her proud estate, paints her own soul and lets the world see the remorse written upon it in such terrible letters:

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet.
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along;
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go
Whirling about in the maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by;
It lights on the face, and it sparkles the eye!
And the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How wild the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye;
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go.
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by,
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell like the snow-flakes from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth of the street,
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat,
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever may buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead;
Merciful God, have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!
Father,
Mother,
Sisters, all,
God, and myself, I have lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will make a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh;
For all that is on or above me I know
There is nothing that's pure as the beautiful snow

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain,
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan,
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,
To be, and so die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

HIRED "TO PLAY."

We had lived more than a month under the same roof before I met her; but without having heard her voice, it seemed to me, in some way, that I knew Amelia Weston intimately. Night after night when I came home tired to my lodgings and used to sit idly gazing in the fire, and thinking over my day's work; the same patient hand at the same hour, would begin its practice, and continue it—I know not till what hour of the night!—till long after midnight certainly, for once or twice, when I returned from the theatre between twelve and one o'clock, a light still burned in her room and Miss Weston's piano was still 'going,' as the servant of the house used to term it when, in a depreciating way, she apologized to me for the nocturnal habits of my fellow lodger.

I don't think I ever heard a more sympathetic touch than hers. Under ordinary circumstances, a professional person practising for an evening for four or five hours a stretch in the room immediately beneath you is not a thing to be desired; but in whatever mood I was, however tired, however depressed this girl's playing soothed me; yes, whether she played a commonplace set of quadrilles or waltzes, or worked out, over and over again, a passage in some exquisitely graceful little reverie or nocturne of her own composition. I think it must have been the delicate finish, the sense of unwearying patience in all she did that gave an infinite pathos to her performance, for she was not at all a fine, nor even I dare say, a good second-rate musician. At all events, and however it might have affected higher judges, her playing touched me singularly, and strung, as I have said, alone of an evening gazing wearily at the fire and listening to her I used often to think: "Patient artist, whomsoever you may be I know you and feel with you. Work, hope deferred, courage scant acknowledgment of your claims. * * * * * You and I speak the same language. Our ways in the world lie wide apart, and ye are our feet treading the same long and uphill road. Patient artist, you and I are akin."

I felt this, and liked to indulge the feeling, and, fancifully, to make out Miss Weston's history, and even the color of her eyes and hair; but I purposely abstained from seeking to meet her, or even to ask any question regarding her from the servant of the house. I was old enough to know the value of any pretty little fancy that my brain might amuse itself with, and wise enough not to court dissipation of even in the most unimportant illusions of life. No doubt, if I came to know this neighbor who charmed me so in the spirit, I should find her, in the flesh, a common sort of young woman enough, with large hands and defective aspirates, who would give me a card setting forth her abilities as professor of music, and request me to recommend her among my friends. The secret of retaining a sentiment of interest in our fellow creatures is to imagine much and know little concerning them. Let my fellow-lodger remain unknown to me even by sight, so that I might be able to listen to her playing with pleasure, even if we remained under the same roof for years. A friendly hand, a congenial family mind, would speak to me every night, just as long as the artist herself remained invisible—no longer, probably.

But I was wrong. I saw poor Amelia, and my vague intangible interest became of the strongest I have ever felt at first sight, and for an utter stranger. It happened thus. Two or three friends were dining with me one December night—a bitter cold night it was, I remember—and knowing we should be late, I sent the people of the house to bed, promising to see myself to the fastening of the street door when my friends left me. I did so, considerably after midnight, and then having a heap of papers to wade through, and feeling no inclination for sleep, made a blazing fire, and sat myself down to work. About an hour and a half later, at half-past two A.M., that is to say, I was startled by hearing a ring at the front door bell. 'Well I sat up,' I thought. Here is one of the second-floor lodgers dependent upon his latchkey, and carefully bolted and barred out by my hand.' And wishing to save the delinquent alike from the bitter cold of the night air and from the landlady's wrath should he ring again and rouse her, I lit my bedroom candle, ran quickly down stairs, and opened the door.

The ghost of a girl's face met my sight.

'The latch was down and I was obliged to ring,' said a hoarse, tired voice. 'I hope I haven't kept any one up'—and then the girl started back on seeing a stranger, and the blood rushed up violently into her death white cheeks. 'I—I beg your pardon sir,' she stammered. 'I have been attending a party in Cavendish Square, and as I was so close, I ran home on foot. Susan forgot I was out, I suppose, and put the latch down.' And then she begged my pardon again, with a kind of mingled pride and humility that touched me more than I can say.

This then, was my patient, unknown artist. The roll of music that she held in her ungloved hands her plain black dress, her desperately tired face, would have told me her story in a moment, even if she had not made use of the words, 'attending a party.'

This was my patient artist; and she had been doing about the dreariest work—picking oakum perhaps excepted—that woman's hands are ever called upon to do; 'playing' for a dance. Anything so haggard as her face, I do not remember to have seen. Her features looked drawn and old (she was about two-and-twenty;) great *listre* circles made her dark eyes look unnaturally large and melancholy, her poor little fragile hands had the inexpressible nerveless look of utter bodily prostration. When I had shut the door and lighted a candle that was ready for her at the bottom of the stairs, I remarked that I hoped her fire was still alight. On such a night as this, a cup of hot tea or coffee was the best thing to take on coming in out of the cold; and I was just going to offer to make her one at my own fire, when she interrupted me with a tone of infinite gentleness, and yet that told me she did not require my help.

'Susan is very thoughtful and always puts everything ready, if I like to make a fire, but to-night I am really not cold, only tired.' (tired!—God knows she was that,) 'and wishing sleep. Good night, sir, and thank you very much for coming to let me in?' And then she took the candle from my hand and with a pretty little gesture, very friendly, but not without a certain pathetic dignity, poor child! bade me good night, and passed on into her room.

By eight next morning she was giving a lesson to a pupil, the only house pupil she had, who came to her three times a week at that hour, because Miss Philips, our landlady did not like anything 'professional' going on under her roof.

'I should have mentioned to you' said Miss Lucinda Philips, lingering after depositing my weekly bill upon the breakfast table, and evidently wishing to explain away the occurrence of the night, 'I should have mentioned our having a professional person in the house when you took the apartments only that we know Miss Weston's habits are so quiet that she isn't likely to disturb any one. As to her troubling you last night, it was the merest accident, I can assure you, sir. She was playing for a young people's party at Mrs Bartels, in Cavendish Square, and as the night was fine, and the distance so short, she thought she might as well save her cab-fare by walking home. I told her how imprudent it was, this morning, and she regrets as much as my sister and I do, that you should have the annoyance of opening the door for her.'

The Misses Philips were sisters of middle age and staunch propriety, and their establishment was a private house—that is to say, a card printed 'Apartments' was always kept in the stationer's window round the corner, not their own, when their rooms were vacant. How did the Misses Philips, residing in their own private house in Hadley street—a portion of which they happened to find too large for their own use, they said,—come to take a 'professional' person under their own exclusive roof? I hazarded the surmise, delicately, to Miss Lucinda, and after some hesitation, and, it is unnecessary to add a little superfluous verbiage got at the romance such as it was, of my fellow-lodger's life.

In the first place, she was a married woman, only her husband being a gentleman of family, according to Miss Lucinda, and so, of course, averse to anything professional, it was considered best for the present that she should retain her maiden name. In the next she had a child, whom she maintained with some poor relatives in the country. And lastly, it was evident—though, true to the instincts of her sex, Miss Lucinda at heart was quite upon the captain's side—that most of the results of those patient hours' work those early lessons and midnight vigils, went to support an idle dissipated husband, who neglected, and affected to be ashamed, of the faithful hands that worked for him.

'It has been an unfortunate story altogether, sir,' said Miss Lucinda, 'and though I don't deny the captain's gay, and goes about to races and such things, and spends every farthing he can get out of her on himself and his own pleasures; still, every one must allow it is a hard thing for a gentleman of family, to be brought to see his wife work. He says himself he'd never have had to leave the army, if he had not married, and perhaps he wouldn't; but as it took all her little fortune of two thousand pounds to pay his debts, and as he was obliged to sell his commission to save himself from going to jail, I can't myself say that I think it was altogether his wife who ruined him. However that may be, ruined he was. His friends—and he's got the very highest connections—refused to help him any more; and Amelia, with a baby six months old, and very weak in her own health, way thrown, you may say, upon the world; for the captain, poor gentleman, he was cut up about all, that he went off abroad with what little money they had to Baden, I think it was—for the summer. It was then Mrs. Fitzgerald took to music as a profession. Her own friends were too poor to help her much as to money, but from one to another they recommended her on as a teacher and when the captain came home at the end of a twelvemonth he found her maintaining herself and the baby.

'Well sir,' proceeded Miss Lucinda pathetically, 'of course it was a great come down, a very great come down, for a gentleman to find his wife going from house to house as a music mistress but, bit by bit she brought him round to consent, provided—poor fellow—that she would take her maiden name again so as to run no risk of disgracing him or his connections; and this she has done from that time, about two years ago, till now. The way she came to live with us was, a lady of our acquaintance recommended her to us as a very quiet person, who desired the advantage of a residence in a respectable neighbourhood for the purpose of prosecuting her labors as a music teacher, it being considered a disadvantage for her to live in a poor part of the town, and through the recommendation of relations of the captain's, for he quite keeps up a number of the best society still—my sister and I were induced to let her have our smallest down-stair set. The lady who recommended her hadn't an idea that the young person she was befriending was the captain's own wife, nor had we either, of course. But the first night she came, poor thing, she called my sister and me into the room and told us the whole story. She had been advised not to do so, she said, but she would not live in our house a day and deceive us, Capt. Fitzgerald was her husband. He was above her in birth, and now that she was obliged to earn her bread, they thought it wiser for a time that she should take her maiden name again, especially as the captain's London friends believed her to be dead.

'But I am not dead,' she said, trying to smile, and then ending by bursting into tears. 'I'm his wife, and some day when I am richer, we shall all live together again and have our own house.' And then she told us about her child, sir, and how it would be brought to see her, if we would allow it sometimes; and gave us references, if we wanted to ascertain the truth of the story, which we've never done or wished to do,' added Miss Lucinda warmly. 'The next time the captain called, my sister told him we were aware how matters stood, and the captain behaved most beautiful, sir! Miss Lucinda almost wept. 'And he took my sister's hand, for he's no more pride than if one was nothing.—and his first cousin an Honourable, and his aunt married to a peer of the realm—and said, he should look upon us both as sisters, and that he recommended his dear Amelia to our sacred care till then we had had our doubt as to keeping the young person, for charity is one thing, and respectability's another; but the moment the captain spoke so honourable, we left what our duty was, and we've kept it. His wife might owe us a twelve month's rent, and neither I nor my sister would so much as name it to her. Poor gentleman, we know ourselves what it is to be reduced in rank.'

I enquired what the captain was like, as I should wish to recognize him if we ever met, and was answered by an ecstatic catalogue of male charms from Miss Lucinda. Captain Fitzgerald was, she averred, the gentleman all over; had long fair whiskers, an eye-glass, a good six feet one at least, without his boots and had quite a military air. 'And how he dresses, so poor gentleman, I don't know!' added Miss Lucinda mysteriously, 'for he says he's always unfortunate at bets and cards too, and that none of his friends ever help him with a shilling. However, one thing's certain, Mrs. Fitzgerald is making much more money since she has taken to play at balls ten shillings a night, as she says, is princely pay compared to lessons.'

I was at a little Christmas evening party a few nights later at the house of one of my oldest friends, and in a hired musician of the evening I recognized my fellow lodger. In her Cinderella black dress and with her pale worn-looking face, the brave little woman seemed fairer to me than any of the flushed, wreathed, and white-muslined angels of the party.

Her physique had the same character as her playing. Beauty of feature she had not; but there was a look of quiet strength about the clear cut lips, and deep set iron grey eyes, which riveted you strangely and instantly to her face. And her hair in itself was a beauty! Such a mass of naturally waved gold brown as it was drawn with careless grace from her broad forehead and twisted in a thick coil about the little classical head. There were many Parisian wreaths, and a great deal of lovely Parisian hair, worn by the twenty or thirty young ladies in my friend's drawing room; but none of the female *coiffures* there seemed to me at all to compare with Amelia's simple bands of waving gold.

Did her husband think so too? I wonder. For reader, her husband was there—*there*, dancing to his wife's music, and looking as unconcerned a fine gentleman as you ever saw in your life. I was standing close beside the piano when Capt. Fitzgerald's name was announced, and for a moment I noticed that the time varied ominously in the waltz Amelia was working under. Then she rallied—I imagine it was not the first meeting of this kind between this husband and wife—and played on steadily and without flagging, through the remainder of the immutable twenty-one dances.

Only once I saw her eyes fixed upon her husband's face. It was in a gallop, and Capt Fitzgerald was dancing with a tall and stately young woman, in white tulle, and crowned with roses—Miss Barbara Ashton, the belle of the room. Just as they were whirling past the piano, it occurred, I conclude, to Miss Ashton that the music was not fast enough for her taste, for she looked up softly into her partner's face, and then requested him to bid the young person amend her time. And her partner obeyed her. He stopped (with the urbane air of which Miss Lucinda had spoken) and said, 'A little faster if you please,' his arm still encircling the lovely Barbara's waist. And then Amelia looked at him. Heaven grant no woman may ever look at me with eyes like those! And still, poor child, it was a look of love.

I went up, later in the evening to the lady of the house, and carelessly mentioned the captain's name. Who was Capt. Fitzgerald, and had they known him long? I did not remember seeing him at any of their parties before.

'Well, in a certain way, we have known him a long time,' she answered. 'He was in the same regiment, you know, with my brother Frederick, and that brought him a good deal about our house when we lived at Brighton, and, the—th was stationed there. What he has been doing for the last two or three years, nobody knows. He got into terrible difficulties some time ago, had to leave the army, and went wrong altogether—made a low marriage, in short—but as one sees him out again known and alone, most likely his wife is dead, or has left him. Capt. Fitzgerald is not all a person I admire, or would encourage about my daughters,' she added, 'but he dances so beautifully that Alice would have him invited, and as we met him at the Dacres last week, it shows there can be nothing very, very wrong about him now, for you know that old Lady Dacres is so particular in these matters.'

I left London late on the afternoon of the next day, and as I was getting into my cab at Miss Phillip's door, had a kind little farewell nod from Amelia. Her unusually pale face was all lit up and flushed with smiles; a sturdy yellow-haired boy had got his arms tight around her neck, and the silhouette of the captain's profile—long whiskers, eye glass and all—was dimly discernable in behind the window curtain. It was a New Year's day; so I concluded that this man was rendering his wife supremely blessed by condescending to eat his turkey and plum pudding in that humble room. Would Amelia have loved him better, had the captain been an honest man, a plain, hard working, simple hearted fellow, denying himself to keep her and her child in comfort, slaving day after day, and night after night—as I have known many to do—and considering himself amply rewarded if by an extra work of his, he could satisfy her caprice for a dress, or a trip to the sea; or a velvet suit for the child?

I am unable to answer that question satisfactorily; I only know how well it is for men that there are so many Amelias in the world!—*Chamber's Edinbar Journal.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

A TURKISH BATH.

A New York lady gives the Cleveland *Herald* the following description of a Turkish bath:—

"We go down a flight of stairs, open a door to the right, and enter the Frigidarium, which, to translate to your unaccustomed ears, means a nice, comfortable room filled with easy chairs, and lined around with little curtained apartments, which are dressing rooms, ten in number. You enter one of these apartments, disrobe yourself of your attire, and take upon you the bath robe, which is a single garment of rectangular shape and Turkey red hue, known as a "Cummerbank." This is tied artistically over the right shoulder, passing under the left one, and descends about to the knee; thence you proceed to the next room, the Tepidarium. As you open the door the air within seems hot as an oven; but don't shrink back; you have not reached the hottest place yet; and in a moment or two the sensation is pleasant. You seat yourself on a softly-cushioned lounge; an attendant wets your head in cold water, and wraps your forehead in a wet towel, places a tub of warm water at your feet, and having immersed your feet therein, you lay your head back, fold your hands and begin to feel at peace with all the world, and with the soft light from the stained glass windows upon your eyes, feel as if it would be the easiest thing in the world to go to sleep. Soon the preeipiration begins to start, and we are conducted by our attendant from luxurious warmth to luxurious hotness, into what you learn to be the Sudatorium, meaning in a free translation, the hot place. You are stretched upon a couch, a sheet thrown over you, and the air envelopes you like a liquid element, warm, delicious; and there you lie till bathed in a profuse prespiration, and you are wet with tears of sweat. Then you are laid upon a champooning bench in the middle of the room, and your limbs and body rubbed and kneaded till all the old skin is gone, and every joint is limber, while pains and aches flee to parts unknown. A sponge-bath of soap-suds and a shower-bath, the temperature gradually lessened from warm to cool, a brisk rubbing with a cotton sheet, and you go back to the Frigidarium, cool a little, then to the Tepidarium, where for the first time you feel that it deserves its name, from its contrast to the hot air that you have been in. But a good, motherly, soft woollen blanket keeps you warm, and you sit in one of the easy chairs till you feel ready to go back to the every day world, once more fresh with vigor and life."

A MAN MURDERED BY WOMEN.—We are in receipt of a letter from Iowa Point, Kansas, which gives details of a murder committed in Oregon, Holt County, a few days ago. It appears that Thomas Wilson, an industrious, well-behaved man, and a weaver by trade, had worked at the woollen mills of Watson & Sons in Oregon, for five years or more, frequently visiting his wife meantime, who lived at Iowa point, six miles distant. She was violent and vicious in temper, but during his visits would conduct herself with some forbearance until she got possession of all the money he had made. She would then beat and maltreat him until he returned to work. At last the citizens of Iowa Point compelled her, on account of her general scandalous course of life, to leave the place, and she retired to Oregon. Here she renewed her assaults upon her husband, and at last, by the aid of another woman, who was a companion of her dissolute life, she beat him until his leg and skull were fractured, and he died of his wounds. Mrs Wilson has been indicted for murder in the first degree and sent to jail to await trial. Her confederate in crime fled the town, and has not yet been arrested.

PUNCH ON THE BLACK ELECTOR.

A PLEASANT PROSPECT FOR OUR AMERICAN FRIENDS.

The newly-constituted Elector, Sambo, is sitting on a stump, and playing the banjo. Enter an American gentleman, Mr. Rufus X. Smart.

Mr. Smart.—Well, Mr. Sambo, how do you do?

Black Elector (with dignity).—Massa Sambo am berry well, tank you, Sar.

Mr. Smart.—Glad to hear it, Mr Sambo; rejoiced to hear it. Hope your crop's coming on well.

Black Elector—Pretty well, Sar. Dis white trash ain't no good much at work, but we'll soon kick 'em into a better knowledge ob tings, and ob deir privileges in serving a kind coloured genelam.

Mr. Smart.—They ought to be glad to take your money, and do your work, Mr. Sambo. By the way, you must mind and exercise your rights as a citizen.

Black Elector—Hate exercise like the debbil, Massa. What's your name, Sar? What for you obtrude on a coloured genelam taking his music lesson?

Mr. Smart.—No intrusion, Sir, I trust. My name is Rufus X. Smart, and I am a friend of the Honorable Rummy Buster, who hopes to have your distinguished support at the coming election.

Black Elector.—Sar, if you cheek dis nig—dis colored genelam—you'll make 'quaintance wid him boot on your dam skin. What you mean, Sar?

Mr. Smart.—No anger, Mr. Sambo. The Government of this almighty and everlasting country has thought proper, in its extraordinary enlightenment, to invest you with the franchise. You understand, I am sure. It has given you a vote.

Black Elector.—Dat a lie, Sar. It hab give me nuffin of de kind. Where is it? Dere's my house. I gib you leave to go into a coloured genelam's house and look. If you find de vote, bring it here de minit.

Mr. Smart.—I have not made myself quite clear.

Black Elector.—You seem a stupid hoss, dat's clear—yup, yup, yup, yup.

Mr Smart (aside).—I'd give five dollars fo five minutes leave to canvass him with this strip of hippopotamus. I'd obtain a genuine expression of his sentiments.—My dear Mr. Sambo, you are a gentleman of America.

Black Elector.—Ah! now you talk sensitive Sar, quite sensitive, and me proud to know you. Sit down, Sar, and don't be bashful, we are all alike and equal—all cakes out of the same oven, only de colored genelams a cake which am better done. Like cake and molasses, Sar?

Mr. Smart.—Delight in it, I assure you, Sir.

Black Elector.—Den steal some, come to me, and I'll lend you a stool to eat him on. Yup, yup, yup, yup.

(Sings) Massa's name Manasses,
Hugly little Jew,
Steel him prime molasses,
Put him in a stew,
Jiggle, jiggle, jump across,
Dat me sorry flue,
Den dis nigger steal a hoss,
And off to Carolina.
Jiggle, jiggle, &c.

[*For ten minutes, with banjo accompaniment.*

Mr. Smart.—Admirably clever, Mr. Sambo. I have heard nothing so good at the theatre. You would realize fifty dollars a night on the stage.

Black Elector—Dem low dem actors, Sar. And dey am tied to the clock, obligated to go and sing whether in the humor or not, and whether 'em drunk or sober. Dat a slavery which no colored genelam could submit to, Sar.

Mr Smart.—You are right, Mr. Sambo, and I am truly glad to hear you proclaim such unhesitating enmity to tyranny of every kind. I am sure, therefore, that you will give your vote to my friend, the Honourable Hominy Buster, whose maxim is that freedom should roll over the Universe like the boisterous air, and be bound only by the firmament and by the ecliptic.

Black Elector.—You talk jolly well, Massa. You make dam good pious preacher, Sar. Tand up on dat stump and preach and dis colored genelam give you half a dollar.

Mr Smart.—I'll come to-morrow, and do it for nothing; to-day I have an engagement, and I must go; for I am not like you, Sir, a free and unfettered gentleman who can do as he pleases, and who has no master but himself.

Black Elector.—Dat berry eligant complimen, Sar, Massa Tart, and dis here coloured genelam am equil in politen se. You shall hab his vote when you can find it about