

This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.

Vol. XI.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, December 16, 1861.

New Series---No. 49.

MR. W. A. JOHNSTON, OF HALIFAX, N.S. ATTORNEY AND BARRISTER AT LAW. NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. &c.

WILLIAM SANDERSON, Commission Merchant, Wholesale & Retail General Agent, Auctioneer & Broker.

ALFRED PURCHASE, Watch and Clock-maker, Smaardon's Corner.

ALEXANDER MCKINNON, AUCTIONEER AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT.

JAMES MCCOMB, IMPORTER OF CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELLERY.

R. R. MACLELLAN, Artist, GREAT GEORGE STREET.

REMOVAL. DR. GAUREAU has removed to the corner of POWELL and SYDNEY STREETS.

PISCATAQUA Fire & Marine Insurance Co. of Maine. STOCK DEPARTMENT.

NEIL RANKIN begs leave to inform the MERCANTILE and TRADING COMMUNITY of Prince Edward Island.

GLASGOW HOUSE! ESTABLISHED 1868. WE respectfully solicit the attention of customers and the public generally to an EXTENSIVE STOCK OF NEW

FANCY DRESS GOODS, in Evelinas, Reps, Silk Waists, Tweeds, Winceys and Plaids.

MILLINERY, Ladies' Whites, Fancy and Mourning Caps; a large variety in Small Wares and Haberdashery.

Boots and Shoes, Ladies' Misses' and Gents' Rubbers, and Ladies' long Rubber Boots.

STAPLE GOODS in white, grey, striped and other Cotton Fabrics—good value can be had from the fact of our having purchased previous to the rise in the raw material.

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Grand River Wharf, Lot 56. RONALD WALKER. RESPECTFULLY intimates to his Friends and the Public that he has commenced business in the Store lately occupied by Messrs McAulay & Johnston.

NEW GOODS, suitable for the present and approaching seasons, which will be sold cheap for cash.

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EXTRAORDINARY SALE! The STOCK at the British Dry Goods Store to be sold at an ENORMOUS SACRIFICE.

BONNETS and HATS at half price. FANCY BAREGES, from 3/4 per yard.

FLOUNCED BAREGES, 7s 6d, former price 15s. POPLIN ROBES reduced from 45s to 30s

Fancy Muslins, DAMASK FOR CURTAINS, from 1s 2d per yard.

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Tassels, Gimp and Fringes to Match. Tweeds, Doekings and Broadcloths, at proportionate prices.

Shawls and Mantles at cost. ALPACCA COATINGS, from 6/4 per yard.

Gloves, Hosiery, Laces, Small Wares, &c. &c. at a great reduction.

FOR SALE. A VERY SUPERIOR PIANO, made by COLLARD & COLLEARD OF LONDON.

Poetry. THE LEGEND OF EASTER EGGS.

"Dearest papa," says my boy to me, As he merrily elicits his mother's knee, "Why are those eggs that you sell me hold Colored so finely with blue and gold?"

You have heard, my boy, of the man who died, Crowned with keens thorns and crucified; And how Joseph the wealthy—whom God reward, Cared for the corpse of his martyred Lord, And piously tumbled it within the rock, And closed the gate with a mighty lock.

Now close by the tomb a fair tree grew, With pendulous leaves and blossoms of blue; And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast A beautiful singing bird sat on her nest.

Now when the bird from her dim recess Beheld the Lord in his burial dress, And looked on the Heavenly face so pale, And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail, Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang, And out of the depths of her sorrow she sang.

But soon there came through the weeping night A glimmering angel clothed in white; And he rolled the stone from the tomb away, Where the Lord of the Earth and the Heaven lay; And Christ rose in the caverns gloom, And in living lustre came from the tomb.

Now the bird that sat in the heart of tree Billed and cooed and sang; And its heart was filled with a sweet delight, And it poured a song on the throbbing night; Notes chiming notes, till higher, higher, They shot to heaven like spears of fire.

Where the glittering white-robed angel heard The sorrowing song of the grieving bird, And heard of that sweet bird's death and life, That hailed Christ risen again on earth, He said, "Sweet bird, be forever blest, Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest!"

And ever, my child, since that blessed night, When death bowed down to the Lord of Light, The eggs of that sweet bird change their hue, And burn with red, and gold, and blue;— Rejoicing merrily in their simple way Of the holy mark of Easter day.

A POEM FOR NORTH AND SOUTH. BY ALFRED TENNYSON. Of oldest Freedom on the heights, The thunder breaking at her feet; Above her shook the starry lights; She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice, Self-garbed in her prophetic mind, But fragments of her mad voice Came rolling on the wind.

Then stepped she down through town and field, And trod by part to man revealed, The fullness of her face.

Grave mother of majestic fact, From her iso-altar gazing down, Who, God-like, grasps the tripod forks, And King-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth, The wisdom of a thousand years Is in them. May perpetual youth Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine, To mingle with the human race, And turn to scorn with lips divine The falsehood of extremes!

Miscellaneous. DINNER. Somebody has remarked that there is the greatest difference in the world between dining and getting your dinner.

As an illustration of the influence of cookery, I will mention an anecdote which you may have stumbled on yourself.

Of course there is much more to be said about dinner. When I first formed this dinner paper? The greedy debauch—the prolonged civic feast—the sudden, but complete meal, quite French, the which is provided at Macoon, for travellers between Paris and Geneva, or Marseilles, where you find the cork of your bottle of wine ready drawn, and see the last plate or two of soup poured out as the train arrests itself, and the guard says "Macoon," "vingt minutes!"

There is nothing in the world, my good friend, which you could so ill afford to lose. You don't care what you eat? You don't care to have every spit, range, and pot pass out of creation, and to die of scurvy!

Second-rate cookshops have a wonderful power of developing goodness; every item shines. The very hungry, however, who go there generally need a good deal of food. I mean physically, but make fat and warthog. I confess, though, that an hearty fat man is the other day remark how Green's livers are so blabber to produce "carbon." I could not help saying (to myself, of course) that he was a great medical authority that they probably ate because they could not get anything else. I am a great believer, nevertheless, in nature as guide and caterer in eating. Some may say, however, that it is not the food that counts, but the way in which it is eaten. I believe that the palate is the truest regulator of our diet. What we like best agrees with us best—in moderation—there is the rub. Dainty dishes are sometimes abused, because they tempt us to eat too much. Their distinctness is not their defect. The same bulk of any food would disagree with us much more than the same bulk of any food. Some people, indeed, profess that they don't care to eat what they eat. They are generally mistaken; but if you, all I can say is, they ought to be ashamed of themselves. To eat superiorly to one of the senses God has given us is questionable, but to change oneself to be really insensible is unnatural. Don't care what they eat! Take an extreme case. There must be something wrong about a man who would munch with uniform indifference a pine-apple or a carrot. There, however, the professor does not seem to care for delicacies, but to take what is offered to him. I believe that they don't care for what other people eat, delicacies, having themselves a particular appetite for and enjoyment in testing some vulgar dish—such as sheep's head and trotters. In fact, their best generally ends in establishing only the coarseness of their own taste. It would be curious—yes, instructive—to inquire how far superior help to educate and civilize a people. Man has been defined as a cooking animal. Delicacy in eating accompanies other refinements. How far is it the cookery the measure of a nation's worth? I leave my readers to pursue these thoughts, noting myself one apparent good result from dainty and expensive feeling. Every fruit and vegetable sold at a large price is a reward of skillful scientific gardening. Did no one care for every early pear, or what not, probably few or none would be grown. Butting against a serious man, what is his strongest support if there were no non-ferments? Think how much stimulus is given to gardening as well as to cookery by an elaborate and expensive meal. A dinner at so many guineas a head represents genuine talent and work in professions, though it may imply some sensibility in the guests. In forming a fair judgment on the matter we must consider those who produce, quite as much as those who consume. If, as Sydney Smith says, the object of a dinner is to give a man what the newspapers call "recherche entertainments" may be classed with political power, and the Ministerial Fish-dinner measure the strength of the cabinet.

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Charity dinners are, though not exclusively, yet eminently English. There is first, the fact of dinner on which to build, around the floating philanthropy gathers, and which it develops itself. The feeder of the hungry must first be fed himself. There is, I say, first the realization of the charity in company with the word "dinner," then the actual influence of the food upon the donor. The old Madras—the mellow speech of the honorable chairman—the donation of the well-to-do—I had better be honest—the curtain lecture. But I must have

come, though I might say much more. The subject is endless; every one is more or less a competent critic. I have been too bold to write on such a theme.

Courteous reader, in rising from the table, let me express a hope that you see a very great difference between "dining" and "getting your dinner." May you never sit down to eat without an appetite,—may you never hunger without being able to do so.

HOW THE GOAT CAME.—"That pain which you do feel in the joint of your great toe," quoth Monsieur Gout, "has, you flatter yourself, become rather less since 8 o'clock, when you took your last dose of colicium. Quite a mistake, my dear son! The member is, if anything, more swollen and inflamed than before. Observe now—I will take the liberty of inserting this little awl, just by the way of proving. Ah! it makes you wince! A very good sign that, however, since it proves that there is no ground for apprehending immediate mortification. Now, do you know why it is that your toe is so singularly sensitive? I'll tell you. You remember, three years ago, ordering a batch of Burgundy! Previous to that time you had been in very good health, for you had plenty of occupation and little leisure for gluttony or wine-bibbing; your means were limited, and during the holidays you took a sufficiency of pedestrian exercise. Really in those days I never expected to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance. I considered you just the kind of fellow likely to become an ornament of the Alpine Club. But your estimable uncle, old Jones, the stockbroker—bless you, I knew him very well indeed! many a time have I chatted to him when he was roaring like an aggravated bullock—your old uncle Jones, I say, died and left you his money—you are not going to sleep, are you? Well, I call that rather unhandsome treatment, considering that I have taken the pains to come here and bear you company. A slight touch of the pincers may, however—ah! all's right again; you are as lively as, a snapping turtle!"

Whereabouts was I? Oh, I remember. Old Jones left you his money, and you determined to take your ease. No one can blame you for that. What's the use of fagging to make more when you are in possession of a cool £4,000 a year, and may indulge in a shooting-box and hunters? But you could never make up a respectable bag on the moors, and on horseback you were anything but a Ducrow. You preferred living in town, took chambers in the Albany, gave nice little recherche dinners, and laid in that stock of Burgundy to which I have already alluded. It was of a fine vintage, strong and heady, and made the blood circulate in the veins like lightning. To it I attribute the honour of our first introduction, though port and claret, not to mention saucy kind of delicious entremets, did undoubtedly contribute to lessen the distance between us. Then you took to late hours, hot rooms, and eccentric, almost justly included in the catalogue of fashionable peccates; and our acquaintance, at first only slightly, has now ripened into permanent friendship. But I really must not allow my feelings to divert me from the scientific purpose for which I have visited you tonight. Don't be afraid! I shall lay aside awl and pincers, and vary the experiment by injecting a few drops of molten lead between the flesh and the bone. Ha! what an enervating state, and may I say, you are in a perfect healthy state, and may last, you for the next twenty years if you don't force me to get into your stomach. By the way, what a silly proverb that is against pushing things to an extremity. It is with the extremities that I always make a point of dealing in the first instance, and I take it that very few people would wish me to depart from the practice. What is it that you say? You wish that I would go to the devil. Pardon me for hinting in reply that you are both rude and unresponsible. I am here, as you well know, in consequence of your indiscretions."—Blackwood.

HOW EMINENTLY SUCCESSFUL MEN MARRIED EARLY.—A long roll of poets, lawyers, statesmen, divines, and men of science could be given, all of whom married before they were thirty. Two laureates, Southey and Coleridge, married very young indeed. Francis Beaumont married at 27, and the immortal bard linked his fortunes with Anne Hathaway's before he was 15. Family cares did not obscure the poetic genius of either Coleridge or Campbell. Jeremy Taylor rose to eminence despite an early marriage; and, the same object, notwithstanding, such men as Oliver Cromwell, Napoleon, and George Washington, could dare the stupendous ventures by which they moulded the world's destinies. Erasmus Cooper's industry was not impaired by a marriage at 22; and James Watt had energy and boldness left, after an early union, to coöperate and carry almost to perfection that triumph of mind over matter. Of great lawyers, men whose opinions passed with the weight of statutes, there are comparatively few who did not marry early. Eldon, Erskine, Abinger, each had his wife before his beard could have been well grown, and yet the world has known for more learned jurists. Lord St. Leonards and the Bishops of Oxford, Canterbury, Leicester, and Exeter, have, among others, been able to rise to great preferment, notwithstanding their early participation in nuptial happiness.

SHARPS AND FLATS.—The philosophical teacher in *Candida* laid it down as an undeniable proposition that nothing that existed among mankind was without its peculiar use, nor without the adjunct best calculated to display its capabilities. Legs, said Dr. Pangloss, were clearly made to wear breeches; so there are breeches. The nose was given a bridge to support spectacles; accordingly we have spectacles. Natural philosophers have, in like manner, declared that no animal has been created that has not some smaller animal also made to be its prey and support. Pheasants eat worms, and man eats pheasants; so also sharpers are made to live upon flats, and flats are born for the especial purpose of feeding and maintaining sharpers. As there are many races of sharpers, so also are there several distinct species of flats. Here is the lame horse dealer, there is also the country gentleman who leaves his check as a deposit while he is trying the lame horse, and returns to the stable to find the seller flown and the check presented. There is the skittle sharp; born for his support there is the countryman, who has come to see the sights of London, and who is lucky enough to meet with a friend who is acquainted with them all, and whose only failure consists in finding that what used to be a rifle-ground is now a skittle alley. Thirdly, there is the fortune-hunting sharp—this last being usually a foreign noble,—and for his support are reserved certain ladies of a certain age, with strong appetites for husbands and a comfortable sum in the Three per Cent. One of the last-named fity-natched pairs have this week had their tale of true love brought before the public through the somewhat unseasonable medium of the old Bailey.

A CURIOUS LAMP.—This gull possesses a singular amount of oil, and has the power of throwing it from the mouth when terrified. It is said that this oil, which is very pure, is collected largely in St. Kilda by catching the bird on its egg, where it sits very closely, and making it discharge the oil into a vessel. The bird is then released, and another taken. The inhabitants of the Faroe Islands make a curious use of this bird when young and very fat, by simply drawing a wick through the beak, and lighting it at the end which projects through the beak. This unique lamp will burn for a considerable period.—*Routledge's Natural History.*

CRINOLINE.—The large tub hoop made its appearance in the reign of Queen Anne. The apology was its coolness in summer, by admitting free circulation of air. Crinoline says:—"It was no more a petticoat than Diogenes' tub was his breeches." Swift says, in one of his letters to a friend in Ireland:—"Have you got the *whalebone* petticoat amongst your yet? I hate them; a woman may here conceal a moderate gallant under them." Henry IV. of France, it is well known, was saved from assassination by hiding himself under his Queen's Margaret of Valois' hoop. "Everything, however preposterous," remarks Mr. James Bruce, "may be made useful."