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.] CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1865. [NO. 2.

NOTICE!

LANDS FOR SALE!

THE subscriber, as the Agent of Sir SAMUEL CUNARD, Bart., The Right Hon. LAURENCE SULLIVAN, 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 & Desirable Building LOTS FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale Two Pleasantly situated WATER LOTS 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.

BY private contract, TWO HUNDRED ACRES OF FREEHOLD LAND, situate on the South Wiltshire Road, Lot 34, 8 miles from the city, about 80 acres clear and in a high state of cultivation, the greater part being limed, and 40 acres which can be easily cleared, and the remainder covered with fence poles, scantling and hardwood 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 Barrack 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 4 chains of the premises, and within 3½ 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.

Valuable Farm for Sale.

TO be sold by PRIVATE CONTRACT, that eligible LEASEHOLD PROPERTY, on Lot 34, known as "MARSHFIELD," containing 260 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. HAYTHORNE.

Marshfield, Nov 28, 1864. tf

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

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

A Freehold Farm far 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

Look out for the Engine while the Bell rings.

ISAAC J. WALDRON,

Queen Street, - - - Charlottetown.

I WISH to inform the public that I have received by late arrivals a further large supply of GLASSWARE, in great variety, which I can afford to sell very cheap, my motto being

QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.

Cutlery:

A large quantity of Cutlery, consisting of:—

Knives and Forks,	Carvers,
Pocket Knives,	Steel Shears,
Steel Scissors,	*Razors,*

at unusually low prices.

All kinds of Brushes, Buckets, Tubs, Playing Cards, a large lot of PAPER COLLARS, in Boxes of Ten each.

☞ KEROSENE OIL, only 4s. per gallon.

ALSO—Watches and Jewellery.

Daily expected to arrive from England over £4,000 sterling worth of assorted CUTLERY.

The above GOODS will be sold wholesale or retail to suit purchasers, at my Store, next door to M. W. SKINNER'S DRUG STORE.

Queen St., Ch'town, Oct. 2, 1865.

N. B.—Country dealers would do well to call and examine my stock.

I. J. W.

1425 PAIRS

Mens', Womens', Misses' & Childrens'

INDIA RUBBER OVER SHOES,

FOR SALE VERY CHEAP AT THE

P. E. ISLAND

Boot & Shoe Factory.

GEO. NICOLL.

Charlottetown, Oct. 9, 1865. 4in

KEROSENE OIL!

In Store, and for Sale low,

20 Bbls. Kerosene Oil.

—ALSO—

WHITE WINE VINEGAR,

Retailing cheap for Cash.

G. D. WRIGHT.

Kent Street, Oct. 9, 1865. h & w 1m

China & Glassware.

2 RICH CHINA DESERT SETS,
1 Do TEA Do
20 doz. assorted GOBLETS & TUMBLERS,
6 plated CRUET STANDS,

Low for Cash at Sales Room

N. RANKIN.

October 2, 1865. Queen Street

FINAL NOTICE.

THE subscriber wishes to inform all those indebted to the Estate of the late PATRICK STEPHENS, Esq., that unless they pay their accounts in full this Fall, they shall be sued for, without any distinction of persons, after the closing of the Navigation. ☞ All kinds of Merchantable Produce taken in payment.

R. J. CLARKE.

Orwell, Sept. 25, 1865.

LONDON GOODS,

Daily Expected per *Urania.*

30 CHESTS and Half Chests PRIME Congou TEA, 20 Bags Patna RICE,
125 Boxes London SOAP,
20 do do DO (very superior)
20 Cases assorted Confectionary, in 2 lb bottles,
20 Casks Carbonate Soda, (baking,)
20 Boxes Fine Starch,
450 lbs Extract of Logwood,
3 Tons London Oakum,
400 Gallons Boiled Oil,
40 Cans White Lead, 50 lbs in each,
8 do Red do
20 do Black Paint,
16 do Green do
8 do Yellow do
160 Coils Manilla Rope, assorted sizes,
60 do Hemp do do do
300 Gross Wine and Beer Corks,
1200 3 Bushel Sacks.

ALSO, Cases assorted Pickles, bbls. Washing Soda, Sardines, Cocoa, Blacklead, Blacking, Ink, Stationery, Composition Candles, Mustard, (in tins) and sundry other articles,

DOUGLAS M. HARINGTON.

Water st., Ch'town, Oct. 23, 1865. 3m

NOTICE.

OUR Country Customers will please take notice that the WHOLE AMOUNT of their respective accounts will be required this Fall. Those who have not received their accounts will please call for the same.

BEER & SONS.

Oct. 30, 1865. 2m

Sugar! Sugar!

LANDING, ex *WILLIAM,* from HALIFAX—

5 Hhds. Bright Porto Rico SUGAR.

J. S. CARVELL.

Oct 30, 1865. isl & pat

TO THE TENANTRY OF P. E. ISLAND.

THE Legislature, during the late Session, having passed "An Act to assist Tenants in the purchase of the Fee-simple of their Farms," by advancing to the Tenant ONE HALF of the amount agreed upon by the Proprietor and Tenant, as the Purchase Money of his Farm—

The Commissioner of Public Lands hereby gives notice to all tenants

desirous of availing themselves of the privilege of the above recited Act, that he is now prepared to ASSIST SUCH TENANTS in the purchase of their Farms, as in manner and extent provided under such Act.

FORM OF APPLICATION and full particulars may be obtained at the office of Crown Lands, Colonial Building, Charlottetown.

JOHN ALDOUS,
Commissioner.

Public Lands Office, May 8, 1865.

YARMOUTH *IMPROVED STOVES.*

THE subscriber has this week received from the Factory, a full and complete cargo of those celebrated

Cook, Box and Franklin STOVES,

Ex Schooner "Blue Wave." Those STOVES cannot be beat for

Durability, Neatness and Economy,

and are the only Stoves imported here that give general satisfaction, and are now offered for sale

Low for Cash, Merchantable Produce, or Twelve months' credit on approved Notes.

☞ A good assortment of Fall and Winter Goods

R. J. CLARKE,

Oct. 16, 1865. *Orwell Cheap Store.*

JUST ARRIVED!

Stoves, Stoves, Stoves.

THE Subscriber has just received from the FOUNDRY—

A Cargo of Improved Stoves,

—CONSISTING OF—

The celebrated FARMERS' COOK, PARLOR, BOX, and other **STOVES,** Per Schr *Blue Nose,* from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

These Stoves can't be beat for

Neatness, Strength, Heat, Comfort, Economy and Terms.

Persons wanting to purchase will please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

H. J. P. TERLIZZICK.

Ch'town, Queen-st., Sept. 4, 1865. rw 3m

NEW GOODS

BY THE

Recent Arrivals from Britain,

THE Importations for SPRING 1865 being now COMPLETED at the

BRITISH WAREHOUSE,

we solicit the attention of the public to our Stock of

BRITISH & FOREIGN MERCHANDIZE,

Now Open for Inspection,

comprising all the

Requisite Articles for family use.

in

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods and Groceries, &c. &c. &c.

W. & A. BROWN.

June 5, 1865.

SMALL PROFITS.

THE subscribers have just received, per Schrs. *Nassau* and *Mary & Charles,* from the Best Foundries in the UNITED STATES,

1000 *STOVES,*

with the Stock formerly on hand, will make the largest and best Stock of Stoves ever imported into P. E. Island, comprising in part of the celebrated

Waterloo, Broadside and Magician

COOK STOVES,

FOR WOOD, and

Black Diamond, Magician and Victoria

COOK STOVES,

FOR COAL.

Franklin, for Wood and Coal,

Bedroom Cannon STOVES,

Ship's Cook and Cabin **STOVES.**

—ALSO—

BOX STOVES,

suitable for Churches, Schoolhouses, Workshops, etc.

All of which will be sold

At the Lowest Possible Prices,

for cash or approved credit, by

DODD & ROGERS,

Dodd's Brick Store, Pownal Street.

Ch'town, Aug. 7, 1865.

Labrador Herring for Sale.

122 BBLS. No. 1 HERRING,
13 Half Bbls. do do
40 Bbls. No. 2, do do

JOHN S. PURDIE.

Charlottetown, Jan. 30, 1865. tf

POETRY.

A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

I love to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft gloom of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And like a dream of beauty glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst.

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining
To light the gloom of Autumn's mouldering halls,
With hoary plumes the clematis entwining,
Where o'er the rock her withered garland falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning;
Beneath dark clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams, through their fingers raining,
Bathe the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist winds breathe of elasped leaves and flowers,
In the damp hollows of the woodlands sown,
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers
With spicy airs from cedern alleys blown.

Beside the brook, and on the umbered meadow,
Where yellow fern tufts deck the faded ground,
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow,
The gendon nods, in downy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft, fringed lids the bee sits brooding,
Like a fond lover loth to say farewell—
Or, with shut wing, through silken folds intruding,
Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hillside lonely,
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,
Silent as a sweet, wandering thought, that only
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

The scentless flowers in the warm sunlight dreaming,
Forget to breathe their fullness of delight,
And through the tranced woods soft airs are streaming,
Still as the dewfall in a summer night.

CHARITY.

When you meet with one suspected
Of some secret deed of shame,
And for this by all rejected
As a thing of evil fame:
Guard thine every look and action,
Speak no word of heartless blame,
For the slanderer's vile detraction
You may soil thy goodly name.

When you meet with one pursuing
Ways the lost have entered in,
Working out his own undoing,
With recklessness and sin:
Think, if placed in his condition,
Would a kind word be in vain?
Or a look of cold suspicion
Win thee back to truth again!

There are spots that bear no flowers,
Not because the soil is bad,
But the summer's genial showers
Never make their blossoms glad.
Better have an act that's kindly
Treated sometimes with disdain,
Than, by judging others blindly,
Doom the innocent to pain.

LITERATURE.

A GRASS-FIRE ADVENTURE.

Three different fires, from as many quarters, were reddening the evening sky, as I and my two brother officers, and the detachment of soldiers under our command, looked forth from our solitary little outpost on the banks of the great Fish River.

Within the last few days the Caffres had burst in force upon the colony, making their track by fire and assagai. The company of Cape Mounted Rifles, who completed our slender garrison, had been sent to the colonists' aid, while we infantry, as being unfitted for such duty, were left to hold the post. But our hearts were with our suffering countrymen; and it was not until those war-lit flames had died away, and the patrol had returned from its midnight round, that we committed our little citadel to its sentinels' charge, and retired to our barracks, which, built in a hollow square, formed also the post's outer wall, its only additional defence being a row of palisades.

Yet no apprehension for our own safety troubled even the faintest hearted woman within the gate; and we could scarcely believe our senses, when, shortly after, we were awakened by the harsh shriek of the Caffree war-cry; and rushing out, found ourselves beset by a horde of skin-clad warriors, who, concealed by the darkness, had crept, snake-like, along the ground, until, when close at hand, they had bounded to their feet, and, with quivering assagais and discordant yells, thrown themselves against our defences, hoping to carry them by surprise.

Failing in this design, they fled, though only, as it proved, beyond rifle rangle; for daylight revealed us girt round by a belt of foes outnumbering us by twenty to one. At once we divined the truth, that our assailant was some border-chief, who, during friendly visits to the post, had detected its weak points, especially that worst and greatest, the want of water, all we used being brought from a neighboring ravine, between which and us the Caffres clustered thickest. It was soon evident they had decided not again to attack the post, but resting on their arms to wait the time when we should either perish by thirst within our walls, or fall by their assagais without.

There was, indeed, but little hope it would be otherwise. There were none among those lonely hills to bear to Graham's Town the tidings of the seige, and days would elapse ere our next mail was due. Our only chance, and that a faint one, was, that some inadventure of the Caffres might enable one man to steal through their lines, and hasten in quest of aid. As senior subaltern, I claimed this duty: but so closely were we invested, that I almost despaired of ever executing it.

With unspeakable anxiety we watched, while our small stock of water waxed hourly lower. Despite our utmost care, it was all but gone, when, on the third night, a brilliant meteor, darting across the sky, was overtaken by a second, which appeared to the eye to shatter it into atoms. A shout of triumph from the besiegers greeted this infallible omen of success; and in further demonstrations of joy, dancing and music soon filled the Caffre camp, hundreds of feet beating time vehemently to their owners' guttural strains, while the winding of buffalo-horns and booming of calabash-drums swelled the whole into a deafening din.

Here was the long-sought oppartunity; and followed by the good wishes of my companions, I started on my hazardous enterprise; bending almost double as I crept cautiously on from the cover of one hillock to another, when some fire flashed brighter across my way, or group drew unusually near, sinking to the earth with bated breath, yet ever seeking for some unguarded spot by which I might pass out. But it was not until many a danger had been narrowly escaped, that a break was found in the living cordon, and still gliding on between the ridges, I left the Caffre circle behind, and rejoiced to find myself free to seek for my comrades' help and rescue.

Our stables and horses were in the Caffres' possession; but a few miles distant was a spot where the spare Cape corps horses pastured, and thither I hastened in quest of one. Catching the most powerful among them, I speedily equipped him with a bridle and a rug-saddle, brought wrapped around me from the post on purpose; then mounting, I took the way to Graham's Town, as a measure of prudence, avoiding the path across the hills, and travelling through labyrinths of intersecting ravines and valleys.

This route considerably increased the distance, but well my new steed served me, threading devious breaks in the thorny jungle, fording rushing water courses, and pushing through steep, rocky defiles, where a single false step would have cost our lives, until, ere four hours were elapsed, nearly half our journey was accomplished. My hopes of success were assuming certainty, when some indistinct sound seemed to mingle with the echo of my horse's foot-fall, and in dread of lurking Caffres, I spurred on faster. But the sound soon swelled into a dreary howl, and then a loud burst of hysteric laughter, and looking round, I beheld, through the darkness, two fiery orbs, and at once knew that a hyena, that dangerous and wily brigand of the woods, was on our track.

There was no longer need for spur or rein, for, conscious of his danger, my steed bounded fleetly on, but, fresh from his lair, the wild beast's pace was swifter, and each minute he seemed to gain upon us. I did my utmost to scare him off by shouts and yells; and, at the risk of rousing the Caffres, I fired my pistols, but all in vain, unhurt, undismayed, and resolute, our pursuer still held his way.

Suddenly a second voice joined in chorus, and two more flaming eyes glared on the night. Another hyena had joined the chase, and, to my consternation, I perceived that our peril was more than doubled, for the presence of each other seemed to animate the fierce creatures to yet stronger efforts. I knew that lonely travellers had often been similarly beset; and the remembrance of their adventures was far from cheering. Meanwhile, shrill neighs of terror burst from my horse's lips as he still plunged madly on; momentarily, more audible grew the headlong rush of the hyenas through the tangled grass, while their reiterated cries rang in our ears like peals of mocking laughter.

It was a race for life or death, and the odds were evidently against us. Nearer and nearer drew our fell followers, as they strove to outstrip each other; nearer and nearer, yelling, howling, laughing at our heels, as if we had been demon-chased.

At length, with a longer bound, and a higher leap, the former sprang to my horse's haunches, holding on by his enormous claws, and, quick as thought, his companion followed. A loud, wild, shriek, quivering through the woods, told the poor creature's agony, as waxpent, wounded, and overpowered, he fell heavily to the ground, his inexorable foes still clinging to their prey, and rolling in fierce struggles over him, while, with a thrill of inexpressible horror, I found myself sharing the general downfall.

For a moment I lay stunned and half insensible, hopelessly awaiting my expected doom; but in another, to my infinite amazement, I discovered that I had been thrown to some distance by the shock; and rising, found myself not only unhurt, but in no immediate danger, the hyenas having neither eyes nor ears save for the victim whose blood they had tasted. It was a horrible scene, and I hastened to terminate it by a brace of bullets. My hapless stead's last breath ebbed as I released him; and with sincere regret for his fate, yet duly and truly thankful for my unhoped-for escape, I turned away to hasten on my important journey.

But travelling on foot, I made disheartenningly little progress. The valleys, too, generally lay at angles with my route; and whenever I was compelled to cross the shoulder of a hill, or corner of a plateau, some blackened ruin or abandoned weapon was sure to meet my view, impressing the continued necessity of caution. Thus it was past mid-day, and I was still some miles from Graham's Town, when, rounding a rocky ledge, I came suddenly in sight of a large body of Caffres, encamped in the valley below. Some expedition was evidently at hand, for each man was sharpening his assagai, or looking to the flint-lock of his rifle; while in the midst, clad in a leapord skin karosse, and vehemently harranguing his countrymen, was the well-known chief, Tyalie, whilom the frequenter of mess and ball-room, but now the colonists' most bitter enemy.

In all haste, I retreated, but unfortunately not unseen; for instantly the whole force rose in hot pursuit, while a hue-and-cry rolled up the hill, which awakened a hundred echoes. But it was nothing to the outburst of baffled rage with which, on reaching the summit, the Caffres found that, comparatively fleet of foot, I had escaped to the hill beyond. Rifles and assagais were freely discharged across the intervening ravine, but the bullets fell wide, the flying spears short; ponderous knobkerries whirled and whistled through the air, yet with a like ill-success; and then, as if exasperated by failure, rose a deep, fiendish howl, heralding a second flight of assagais, and no words can express the extent of my dismay to perceive that each shaft was tipped with fire, an unerring indication that the most fearful device of Caffre warfare was about to be put into execution against me.

Fanned by their swift passage through the air, the spears came quivering down like fiery serpents but a few yards from me. The long praire-grass, dried almost to tinder by the tropical sun, smoked and crackled beneath their glowing trail; and in another moment a dozen fires were sparkling and leaping along the ground, raising an impassible barrier between me and my pursuers; but, at the same time, menacing me with a fate more terrible than any of their weapons could inflict, and before which even the peril of the past night grew faint and dim. I had but one resource—to turn and flee before the incompatable foe; but when gaining the ascent, I gave a momentary glance behind, I was well-nigh appalled, for the conflagration had already spread and stretched into a wide field of flames, reddening the steep hillsides, devastating the ravine to its central stream, and rushing on my track like a fiery tide. The whole wilds on my side of the valley would shortly be ablaze with one of those terrific grass-fires which in that dry climate a single spark will suffice to kindle, and which, teller than a man, rage unchecked and uncheckable over vast tracks of country All I could do was again to flee; but my breathless race was no more for life, but to delay the death no human effort could finally avert. It was a frightful doom to anticipate; and as I still toiled through the cumbrous grass, visions of my distant home and its loved inmates, thoughts of the beleagured comrades whose fate would be scarce less miserable than mine, pressed on me with inexpressible distress and pain.

Meanwhile, stronger, louder, and fiercer, the mighty conflagration swept on, running in fiery streams along the parched up herbage, igniting the thickets, exploding in volleys of sparks from out the brushwood, and rolling along in thick clouds of smoke. Quaggas, antelopes, hares, nay, even snakes and lizards fled before its scorching breath, and despairing and weary, I followed in their rear. Suddenly, through the circling smoke, I perceived one of those strange crater-like mounds of rock so frequent in the African wilds. Could I but gain its shelter, my case might be less desperate; and with renewed energy, I strove to reach it; but my strength was almost gone; my breath came fast, and my feet faltered in their eager course, while the flames rolled after me with redoubled speed, and more than once I felt as if I must yet sink to the earth, and yield passively to the fate whose only consolation was, that it would be brief as terrible. No words can tell the intense suspense of those few minutes—the swift rushing blasts of heated air, the swelling tumult of the following surges, telling how near grew the destroyer, while yet far ahead was the little ark in which there might be safety. At length, just as the flames touched my heels, I gained its base; to scramble up the rugged ascent was the work of a moment, then panting and prayerful, I sank down into its hollow basin, as I hoped, saved.

And so it proved. The fire swept and surged around the stony islet, scathing its guardian aloes, devouring the sparse herbage in its interstices, and almost suffocating me with its dense masses of smoke, then passed on in its devastating career until it should be stopped by some interposing stream. Ere long, the denuded ground cooled sufficiently, and descending from the mound, I soon reached Graham's Town, whose rampart of rocky hills protected it from danger. The following night I formed one of the five hundred men who relieved the besieged outpost, and escorted its inmates back to safety, lighted on our way by the Caffre-lit flames of our recent home and of all our worldly goods. Many, since then, have been the perils of my military life, but none recall a more thrilling memory than those of the journey ending with that Grass-fire Adventure.

UNITED STATES NEWS.

CRIMES OF A GUERILLA.

Champ Ferguson, the guerilla, who was executed at Nashville, made a confession to the local editor of the Nashville *Despatch,* in which he refers to the case of every individual he is charged with taking their life one by one. Ferguson, by his own confession, was a reckless dare-devil. He owns to the killing of sixteen persons, but denies the other charges against him. One of his old friends, Wood, he met in the road and shot him. Another had said he would kill him, and to settle the matter, Ferguson went to the house, found the wife of his victim, who was sitting at the door peeling apples, went in, found the person he was in search of in bed, and shot him twice. He confesses to shooting a boy and stabbing him after he fell. Most of the persons who were killed he speaks of either as "seeking my life," or as "bloody-minded, mean scoundrels, who deserved to die." He said he was yet a rebel and would die a rebel. He justified most of his assassinations as fair acts of war. He professed a firm belief in God and the future, and said that death had no terror for him, nor had he any regret in leaving life except that he left his wife and daughter without a dollar. A fair sample of his confession, which is two columns of the Despatch, may be seen in the following paragraph: "I killed Elisha Kogier, and done a good trick when I done it. He watched my house day and night, and sometimes until he was nearly frozen, to get to kill me. He was a treacherous dog and richly merited his fate." A number of very affecting stories are told in connection with his death. Mrs. Ferguson and daughter were with the prisoner until the last moment of his stay in the cell. The daughter, who is described as a beautiful girl of 16, sobbed out in parting with her doomed father, "Farewell, my poor, poor papa!" Ferguson met death with fortitude. When he approached the scaffold, he cast his eyes upward, as if to see what it looked like, and then mounted the stairs with a firm step, and turned to the spectators. He recognized several familiar faces in the throng and politely bowed to each of them. He appeared like a man who was about to make a speech on some leading topic, and had simply paused to refresh his memory. He was in excellent health, and looked as well, perhaps, as he ever did in his life. He was anxious that his body should be delivered to his family, which was promised should be done. Ferguson was 44 years old.—*American paper.*

THREATENED NEGRO INSURRECTION.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 21.—The leading planters of Northern Louisiana, the Red River, and Ouachita county more particularly, have addressed a petition to Gov. Wells and General Canby, asking military protection against the threatened uprising of the negro population. The newly emancipated slaves have there been taught by negro troops encamped among them and by fanatical negrophilists, that on and after Christmas Day the rich lands, then held to be abandoned, were to be distributed among them. They were taught, moreover, that Government would then distribute agricultural and mechanical tools among them; supply them with horses, mules, and other draught animals; fit them out with a year's clothing, and food enough for both man and beast to last a planting season. These were the lessons taught the freedmen by such fanatics as the Rev. Calahan, but of which they have been promptly disabused by military orders and circulars, since the removal of the Bureau Commissioners, and the consequence is a threatened negro uprising. The petitioners therefore ask Gen. Canby to send "honorable and reliable agents among the black population to convince them that they need not hope for a distribution among themselves of the property of their former masters, and that any attempt on their part to take forcible possession of this property will be met by prompt and condign punishment. Should these or similar measures be adopted, we hope to avoid the evils above mentioned; otherwise we believe that terrible scenes will transpire in North Louisiana at the close of the year."

This petition is signed by twenty-nine of the most prominent citizens of the county in which the Rev. Calahan and other negro fanatics lately operated. These gentlemen, also, say that in some way or other the negroes have become well supplied with arms, while those of the white population have been taken away from them; that the newly emancipated slaves have been nightly drilled in great numbers on the plantations, that they utter the most atrocious threats; and that many people are preparing to leave their homes on or before Christmas Day, to avoid violence, rape and murder. "We, therefore," say they to the Governor, "call upon you as the Executive of the State and as our lawful protector in this our hour of peril, for that assistance and support which will enable us to protect our property, our wives and our children, against the outrages which we have foreshadowed. Give us arms and ammunition and authority to organize ourselves for self-preservation. Let the Militia be permitted to organize under officers of their own selection or such United States officers as the Military officers may select, we care not which; and we ask that this be done at once, so as, if possible, to overawe the coloured population and thereby avoid the effusion of blood and all the horrors of a cruel insurrection."

AN INFERNAL MACHINE EXPLODES.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—At 11½ o'clock this forenoon an explosion occurred in front of the Wyoming Hotel, 333 Greenwich street, shattering the front of the hotel and breaking nearly all the glass in the windows of the buildings opposite and along the square where the hotel is situated. Two men were killed and nine persons wounded. A short time ago a guest of the hotel left a box as security for his bill, and promised to call soon and redeem it. The box was placed in the baggage room in charge of the porter. This morning smoke was seen issuing from the box, and it was taken by two men and carried to the sidewalk Just as they had reached the edge of the sidewalk, the explosion occurred, killing the men carrying the box, and doing the damage above mentioned. The police have arrested all persons stopping at the hotel, and the matter is now under investigation. The explosion was very loud and attracted the attention of persons a mile distant from the scene of its occurrence.

SENTENCE OF HENRY WIRZ.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7, 1865.—The President has approved the sentence upon Henry Wirz, viz., to be hanged by the neck till he be dead, and has ordered it to be carried into execution on Friday, the 10th day of Novr., 1865, between the hour of 6 in the morning and 12 o'clock noon.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.—Yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock, Gen. Auger, commanding the department of Washington, accompanied by Major Russell, Provost, and Capt. George R. Waldbridge, commandant of the Old Capital prison, proceeded to Capt. Wirz's room, and having informed him of his unpleasant errand, read to him the death sentence and the time fixed for his execution, viz., Friday next, between the hours of 6 A. M., and noon. The prisoner listened to the reading with much apparent composure. When Gen. Augur asked if he had anything to say, he replied: "I have nothing to say, except that I desire to state to you that I am innocent of the charges brought against me." Having been asked about his wife, he remarked that she was in Kentucky, and could hardly come here in time. Besides, he did not wish her to experience the trouble in which she would be plunged at seeing him in his extremity. The prisoner made a request that the Rev. Father Boyle and Louis Schade, Esq., of his counsel, should be sent for, which was granted. Before the officers retired Capt. Wirz is represented as saying: "I have been persecuted, and if there is such a thing as a spirit coming back to earth, I will come back to earth, I will come back to persecute those who have perjured themselves to hang me."

To-day Father Boyle, who had previously visited him during his imprisonment, was in attendance, and talked long and earnestly with him in reference to his spiritual interests. In the afternoon Mr. Schade called to see the prisoner, who informed him that last night he slept better than he had at any time since he was brought to Washington. He was glad to be out of suspense. He had desired to know his fate, and three days ago he prepared a letter to be sent to President Johnson, requesting his decision at once to relieve him of all anxiety as he has made up his mind to suffer; but his anguish was now over, and he had no fear of meeting his Maker, knowing that he was to be made a victim for the deeds of others. He felt resigned, and believed that in all instances justice would be done him hereafter. He stated that Father Boyle had asked him to forgive all who had testified against him, and whom he (Wirz) said had perjured themselves in his case. Wirz replied that though he was given up to die he could not conscientiously do so, as he was opposed to his lips uttering a sentiment of forgiveness that did not come from his heart.

Mr. Schade asked Capt. Wirz if he desired any money, he being in feeble health, and fed on prison fare. The prisoner said he had only three days to live, and $3 would be sufficient, which amount Mr. Schade handed to the officers.

A dreadful accident occurred in the vicinity of Brandenburg, Ky., last week. The children of a family named Paugett went into the woods adjoining the house, to gather walnuts. While gathering the nuts one of the boys found an iron ball, as he thought, and called the others to see the prize. The children concluded to take the ball home, which they did, and while examining it in the yard, a few yards from the house it exploded. There were nine children gathered over the shell at the time of the explosion, all of whom were wounded. Several lost their arms and legs, and were so mutilated that they could barely be recognized. The father, who was several yards off, and wholly unaware of the acts of the boys, and knew nothing of the ball they had brought home, was also hit by the pieces of the shell and very badly wounded. It is supposed that the shell was thrown from the gun of the Home Guards, from Leavenworth, Ind., at the time of the Morgan raid. It was a percussion shell, and had lain in the woods unexploded ever since. The children in their thoughtlessness, and wholly unaware of the terrible nature of the ball, were endeavoring to crack it, and thus caused the catastrophe.

Horace Greely, who has recently made a long journey through the Western States, says, in regard to the employment of laborers:—"We could hear of no dearth of employment anywhere. We doubt that there are one thousand men looking for manual labor in the two States of Wisconsin and Minnesota, which together have about one million inhabitants. An average mechanic receives in Central Minnesota the price of three bushels of wheat, or fifteen bushels of potatoes, for a day's work; a common laborer is paid the price of two bushels of wheat or ten bushels of potatoes; and there is work for more men than can be had. We do not believe there were one hundred men looking for work or wanting it in the two cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, with a joint population of 20,000."

The Chicago *Tribune* expresses its views of public men in the following elaborate simile:—"If President Johnson is at the brakes, and Sumner is at the driving-wheel of the train of progress, Wendell Phillips performs the double function of the Drummond light and the cow-catcher. We judge him to be more effective, however, in knocking cattle off the track than in casting a strong light forward into the darkness. It is a necessary consequence of his position and functions that he should occasionally hit some perfectly respectable gentleman, and leave only an interesting family of widow and orphans to mourn his untimely loss."

John J. Burkholder, his three daughters, two sons and two sons-in law, living at and near Altoona, Pa., have all been convicted of stealing from the cars of the Pennsylania Railroad Company. By means of a freight key, which one of them obtained as an employee of the road, immense quantities of goods were stolen from the cars during the past year. One thousand dollars' worth were found at the home of the sons-in-law, and large quantities were discovered concealed about the house, barn and grounds of Burkholder, who owns a large farm, and was in no necessity of resorting to this mode of making a living.

While a party of gentlemen were soundly asleep in their rooms at an hotel on Broad street, in Richmond, Va., an adroit thief entered through a window, and, at his leisure, "went through" the entire party. From one he took $420 in greenbacks and a massive gold watch; from another $59 in greenbacks, a fine coat and other articles of wearing apparel; and from the others money and other valuables, in all amounting to upwards of $1500.

The Springfield Republican narrates a curious railroad accident, which occurred at Clinton, Conn., a few days ago. An express train was approaching, when a cow, annoyed by a small dog, dashed on to the rails. When the train had passed, the cow lay with her head cut off, and the little dog, with his tail cut off, sat between the rails looking after the retiring cars with a face indicative of the most intense astonishment and disgust.

The steamer *Republic,* which sailed from New York on the 18th ult. for New Orleans, was wrecked off the coast of Georgia, on the 25th. It is feared that a considerable number of lives have been lost.

A Nashville paper tells an extraordinary story of an occurrence at the seige of Atlanta, Ga. The city had become accustomed to the bombardment, business and pleasure were suspended, and dullness reigned. Some officers, to relieve the monotony, arranged for a masked ball at one of the hospitals. One lady who attended, was murdered by an officer of high rank, but his name has never been revealed. She was found strangled, and an inquest was held and several parties implicated in the crime. The evacuation of the city, however, interrupted the course of justice, and the tragedy passed into a whisper and mere gossip. The Confederate Major-Gen. Wharton, whose name has somewhat become associated with murder, was not in Atlanta at the time. Most of the officers and many of the ladies who attended that ball are now in their graves, and the murderer probably will never be judged on earth.

In New York Court recently the prisoners' box opened, when two females appeared at the bar. The first was a stout, full-faced woman, of somewhat coarse appearance, and probably about thirty-five years of age; the second was a child of about eleven years, with a beautiful and innocent looking countenance. Her features were almost perfect in form, and her hair hung down in golden ringlets over a neck as fair as the snow drift. They were mother and daughter. The clerk, in the usual commonplace manner, said: "You are jointly charged with stealing twenty corsets, the property of ——. Are you guilty or not guilty?" The mother answered "Guilty." The daughter said, "I know nothing about it." Judge Kelly said, "Remand the mother. Let the daughter go." Here a gentleman stepped up and said, "Your Honor, the daughter is just as guilty as the mother." The Judge replied, "Well, sir, what can be done about it? The child was acting under her mother's instructions, and is not responsible to the law." At this moment the officers attempted to remove the mother, but the child clung to her with the utmost tenacity. She shrieked in the most distressing manner, saying, "I must go with my mother! Mother, darling, I won't leave you." Her cries were heart-rending, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the crowded court-room. But she was separated, and the parent removed.

SKETCHES OF THE LATE LORD PALMERSTON.

HIS DYING MOMENTS.

(From the London Telegraph.)

Latterly the gout had sadly troubled him, but he was not suffering from that when the fatal week began. It was from an inflammatory attack of the bladder that the Premier died. He was driving out on Thursday last, near Brocket Hall, and he had been warned to take great care of himself; but, feeling over warm with the precautions adopted, he imprudently exposed himself to a chill, and returned to his house in such a state that collapse ensued, and but for the presence of a physician it is possible that he would have died within two hours. He recovered, however, from that, but lay in his bed very weak and very much changed, for the affection mounted to the ducts and kidneys, and the secretions being suspended, the blood was becoming poisoned. Still his superb constitution gave hopes, especially when the difficulty of respiration became less, and on Tuesday afternoon a favorable bulletin was issued; but at night his condition suddenly grew much worse, and it was soon apparent that the end approached. His state of mind up to the last remained unclouded; he was in full possession of his faculties and suffered very little pain. But there came a lassitude over him which prevented any effort or wish to converse. Questions put to him were either disregarded or answered by a look or sign. A silence, half imposed by weariness, half of his own inclination, possessed him. On the day before his death, however, when in a doze preceding the last change, his mind was evidently still amid his old associations, for he was heard to murmur, as in a dream, "The treaty with Belgium! yes, read me that sixth clause again." But at the last a perfectly peaceful demise crowned the long and serene healthfulness of his life; he sank away gently, flickering a little, like an expiring lamp, and then "went out."