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 4, 1865. New Series.---No. 40.

NEW SPRING GOODS AT THE

Renfrew House,

Great George Street,

(*THOMAS'S OLD STAND.*)

DELANY & BYRNE

HAVING completed their SPRING IMPORTATIONS, beg to call the attention of their Town and Country Customers to their

STOCK OF

Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS,

COMPRISING

Cotton Warp, Grey and White COTTONS, Striped Shirtings, Printed Cottons, Bed-Tick, Osnaburg, Denims, Flannels, Towellings, Table Cloths, &c.

Ladies' Dress Goods,

Newest styles.

Shawls, Mantles, Bonnets, Hats, Feathers, Flowers, Ribbons, Parasols, Gloves, Hosiery, &c.

SKELETON SKIRTS,

Boots and Shoes,

Superfine Cloths, Doeskins, Tweeds, Ready-made Clothing, Under Clothing, Shirts, Collars, Ties, Scarfs, Handkerchiefs.

Rubber Coats and Caps.

Men's and Boys'

STRAW, FELT and TWEED HATS, in great variety.

MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTH CAPS,

HARDWARE.

Plough Mountings, Rope, Glass, Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil, Putty, Window Glass, Weaver's Reeds, Shovels, Hoes, Traces, Wool Cards, Tea and Table Spoons, Knives and Forks, Best AMERICAN CUT NAILS. (all sizes.)

GROCERIES.

TEA (a superior article), Brown and Crushed Sugar, Rice, Starch, Soap, Tobacco, Indigo, Blacking, &c. &c. &c.

All of which they offer at the *Lowest Prices* for CASH.

Charlottetown, May 29, 1865.

LONDON HOUSE.

ESTABLISHED 1820.

1865! SPRING! 1865!

BY the Ships *Udine, L. C. Owen* and *Edwin & Lizzie*, from Liverpool; *Urania*, from London; *Helen Davies*, 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.

Ch'town, June 5, 1865.

NEW GOODS

BY THE

Recent Arrivals from Britain.

THE Importations for SPRING 1865 being now COMPLETED at the

BRITISH WAREHOUSE,

BRITISH & FOREIGN

we solicit the attention of the public to our Stock of

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.

ARRIVAL OF

NEW GOODS

AT

Bell's Clothing Store,

QUEEN STREET.

THE subscriber has the honor to announce to his numerous customers in town and country, that he has just received, per 'UNDINE,' a

NEW and SELECT

Stock of Goods,

suited for the PRESENT and COMING SEASON, and which he is confident will give satisfaction in

Style, Quality and Price.

to all who may favor him with their orders.

JOHN BELL, Merchant Tailor.

May 22, 1865. tf

RECEIVED by the Spring Ships from England, and for Sale *Cheap*—

20 Tons Iron,

12 Bundles Sheet Iron,	12 Boxes Tin,
3 " Galvanized Do	42 Bdls. Steel (in spring.
236 pieces Plough Metals,	cast, shoe & blister.)

195 Bags Nails and Spikes,

1 cask Chain Traces,	1 cask Files,
1 " Sad Irons,	1 " Screws,
1 " Zinc,	1 " hook & eye Hinges.

134 Kegs Paints,

1 cask Vices,	1 cask Bolts and Nuts,
3 pairs Bellows,	1 case Saws,
3 Anvils,	1 " Slates,

380 Gls. Paint Oil,

1 cask Shot,	1 Bag Curled Hair,
1 case Rifle Cartridge,	1 bale Shoemaker's
1 " Percussion Caps,	Hemp,
50 coils Cordage,	12 dozen Scythes,
	3 barrels Putty,

15 Casks and Cases

General Hardware Goods.

ALSO,

Barrels Washing Soda, Kegs Baking Soda, Boxes Soap, Boxes Pipes, Bags Walnuts and Filberts, Cases Confectionery, and

General Groceries.

W. E. DAWSON.

June 5th, 1865.

OUR SPRING

Importations

Per *L. C. OWEN* and *UNDINE*,

ARE NOW READY FOR

INSPECTION & SALE.

BEER & SONS.

Ch'town, 15th May, 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 27.

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,			$5.00
Do	Miramichi,	do	6.00
Summerside to Richibucto,		do	3.50
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 6d, 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 within 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.

To Consumers of Gas.

THE Directors of the Charlottetown Gas Light Company will loan, FREE of CHARGE, a few Patent Gas Cooking Stoves. Consumers desirous of proving these most desirable and economical Gas Ranges are requested to make an early application at the Gas Works, as only a limited number will be disposed of. By order,

WM. MURPHY, Manager.

Ch'town, June 19, 1865.

TESTIMONIALS.—REPORT OF COMMITTEE OF HOTEL PROPRIETORS, PUBLISHED IN GUYER'S PROGRESSIVE AGE, CHICAGO, ILL.—We, the undersigned, present by invitation, yesterday, to witness the operation and working of the new principle of gas used for cooking purposes, were present during a series of experiments, in our view fully calling out the utility of these Stoves. As the result of actual experiment the following was performed:—

Beefsteak was cooked in four minutes, its juices and flavor retained; and, further, the claim of the inventor abundantly sustained, by this process tough meat is rendered tender and delicious.

Quail were, in two instances, broiled in five minutes, and that to a turn.

Bread cut fresh from the new loaf was delicately browned in two minutes.

In each case these viands would be pronounced deliciously and thoroughly cooked. In the case of the meats, the exterior surfaces were coagulated and rendered firm; the substance of the whole, when cooked, retaining their juices and flavor.

In neither nor any case was there the faintest perceptible flavor or odor of gas in or about the Stoves, or in the food when cooked. We regard the process as entirely superior and successful.

SAMUEL HAWK, Richmond House.
GEO. H. FRENCH, } Briggs House.
W. F. TUCKER, }
J. W. HUMPHERY, Massosoit House.
A. M. STODDARD, Revere House.
JOHN WRIGHT, "Anderson's."

The cost of cooking by this method we append as made up from careful tests yesterday, accepted but not tried: 12½ lbs. bread cooked in 42 minutes, consuming 4 cubic feet of gas, cost 1 cent. 2 lbs steak broiled in 5 minutes, consuming ¼ of a cubic foot of gas, cost ¼ of a cent. 1 quart water boiled in 9½ minutes, consuming 1 cubic foot of gas, cost ¼ of 1 cent. 24 breakfast biscuit baked in 12 minutes, consuming 1 foot of gas, cost 2½ mills.

Having frequently examined the mode of action of SHAW'S STEAK-BROILER, I have been led to the conclusion that the tissues and integuments of tough meat are ruptured and broken through the effect of highly heated, even red hot steam, of which this gas-flame is highly composed. At the first instant this steam penetrates and scalds the meat, and the subsequent browning retains a portion of the water formed, with the juices produced.

The gas-flame, as obtained in the devices of Mr. Shaw, is the purest flame which art affords; and there is nothing present, as vapor of gas, which can give odor to, or any way interfere with the production of the delicious flavour of broiled meat.

This apparatus secures the greatest economy of time in cooking steaks; it renders the toughest meat more tender than in any other mode of broiling it, and, with the simple noting of time, enables the cook to produce with certainty any gradation of effect.

Respectfully,

A. A. HAYES, M. D., State Assayer.

16 Boylston Street, Boston.

From WILLIAM M. LORING.

W. F. SHAW.—The Gas Cooking-Range and the Gas Heating-Stoves of your invention, which I have used the past four years, I can unhesitatingly say have given me perfect satisfaction; and I can confidentially recommend them, as I have found them, to be the most economical and convenient cooking and heating apparatus I have ever met with.

In the Gas Cooking Range, the quality of the food is most surprisingly improved. The juices of the roasted meat are all retained, so that they do not appear to lose any of the weight. In the course of a season, this saving amounts to quite an item in the economy of this mode of cooking, as it is a well known fact that meats lose much of their weight when cooked in the ordinary coal range even.

Respectfully yours,

Boston. WM. M. LORING.

From D. B. COOK, 111 Lake st., Chicago.

I regard W. F. Shaw's Patent Gas Smoothing Iron" as one of the greatest inventions of the age. It is all you claim for it,—novel, economical, and exceedingly convenient.

The much-dreaded "ironing day" is welcomed with pleasure wherever the Gas Iron is used; and no housekeeper will consent to be without it after giving it a trial.

Yours, &c. D. B. COOK.

From Mrs. W. W. Everts, Chicago.

It is with pleasure that I give my testimony to the great value of the Gas Stove you are now offering to the public. The Stove for ironing I regard as a desideratum long needed in housekeeping.

The fatigue and exhaustion occasioned by many hours spent at the ironing-table, in a room heated to the ordinary temperature, is all spared by using your stove, which heats the irons quickly, and leaves a comfortable room.

This stove is equally successful as a broiler.—Much more might be said in simple justice to this great invention were it necessary.

Yours respectfully, Mrs. W. W. EVERTS.

Register Grates.

JUST RECEIVED, a large assortment of REGISTER GRATES and MANTLES, a very choice lot.

DODD & ROGERS.

Dodd's Brick Store, Pownal street, August 11, 1865.

LITERATURE.

THE EXILE'S PRAYER.

[In his work on the Mind, Dr. Rush mentions the fact, attested by clergymen of his acquaintance, that the aged foreigners whom they attended generally prayed on their death beds, in their native language, though in many cases they had not spoken it for fifty or sixty years.]

He speaks! The lingering locks, that cold
  And few and gray, fall o'er his brow,
Were bright with childhood's clustered gold,
  When last that voice was heard as now.
He speaks! and as, with flickering blaze,
  Life's last dim embers, waning burn,
Fresh from the unsealed fount of praise,
  His childhood's gushing words return.

Ah! who can tell what visions roll
  Before those wet and clouded eyes,
As, o'er the old man's parting soul,
  His childhood's wakened memories rise!
The fields are green and gladsome still
  That smiled around his sinless home,
And back, from ancient vale and hill,
  Exultant echoes bounding come!

He treads that soil, the first he pressed;
  He shouts with all his boyish glee;
He rushes to his mother's breast;
  He clasps and climbs his father's knee;
And then the prayer that nightly rose,
  Warm from his lisping lips of yore,
Burst forth, to bless that evening's close
  Whose sleep on earth shall break no more.

Dark though our brightest lot may be,
  From toil to sin and sorrow driven,
Sweet childhood! we have still in thee
  A link that holds us dear to heaven!
When Mercy's errand angel's near.
  'Tis in thy raiment that they shine,
And if one voice reach Mercy's ear,
  That blessed voice is surely thine!

God of his fathers! may the breath
  That upwards wafts the exile's sigh,
Rise, fragrant, from the lips of death,
  As the first prayer of infancy!
Frown not, if through his childhood, back,
  The old man heavenward seeks his way;
Thy light was on that morning track,
  It can but lead to thee and day!

IN CHARGE OF TREASURE.

AN EAST INDIAN STORY.

In the old Company's time, before railways had lightened the labours of the Anglo-Indian to the extent they have now, we unfortunate subs were kept perpetually going on duty from one end of Bengal to the other, till the habit became such second nature, that one was scarcely able to appreciate the change when promoted to the luxury of settled quarters. I had just arrived from one of these expeditions at Christmastime, and promised myself a week at Calcutta during the races, when the route came, and I was once more ordered to proceed in charge of treasure for the payment of troops at a station some considerable distance up the country. There was no help for it; my liver, a splendid ally occasionally, refused to do anything for me just then—the medical people affirmed I was in robust health; at a time, too, when a little sallowness of complexion, or a well-furred tongue would have been the most inestimable benefits nature could have bestowed.

I started by the Barrackpore Railway. In the same carriage with me was a fellow-passenger in the person of a coloured gentleman, who was proceeding to Calcutta also. Unlike our own men, long, solemn, and bearded, with an eye-glass and a lisp, this was a neatly-shaven, smiling, incessantly chatting dandy; a turbaned, ringed, scented-lemon-coloured, kid-gloved, agate-headed-sticked, European-coated paragon of smartness, with such a glossy appearance that you felt inclined to rub gently against him, in the hope of catching some of the iridescent superfluities he abounded with. He was, moreover, unceasing in his civilities and courteous expressions. Did I smoke? He had an undeniably choice Havanna he could offer me. I was proceeding to join my regiment he supposed. No? Ah, then engaged upon a special mission, doubtless. Was my destination far? Agra, Cawnpore, Meerut? Should I pass near Bithoor? He had a great friend there, the Nana—Nana Sahib, quite European in his tastes and habits. Would I pardon his curiosity, that he might offer me his services. Carrying treasure, was I? Really; and then, with an access of polite attention, the native gentleman threw his cigar out of the window, and leaned forward to learn the precise destination of my rupees and mohurs. Durwah, was it? How fortunate! I should pass the vicinity of another very particular friend he had, Maun Singh. I must call upon him; I must tiffin with him; I must dine with him. Maun Singh would regard me as his most especial and distinguished guest: saying this, the native gentleman drew from a small pearl-case an enamelled card, on which was inscribed, in English characters, "The Rao Sahib." Pencilling a few words in Hindustani beneath this, he presented it to me, with an urgent request that I should make it available in forming the acquaintance of his hospitably-disposed friend, Maun Singh. Shortly afterwards, we arrived at Calcutta, when, after further complimentary expressions, the Rao Sahib stepped into a palkee, waved a graceful salaam, and departed.

My first duty was to report myself at Fort William, where I received all final orders, and was duly invested with my charge, which I found already packed, and guarded by a company of sepoys, awaiting my arrival to proceed on the ensuing day. That last night I spent at the mess of the —th; but the jovial anticipations my companions indulged in of the coming Christmas called forth more acerbity than sympathy from me; so I retired early, and went to bed with a strong impression that I was the worst used and most unlucky fellow in the Honourable Company's service. At gun-fire the next morning we prepared to march: the treasure-boxes were placed on hackeries, or native carts, and behind them followed the sepoy guard, in charge of a subahdar, or native officer; whilst I, in a one-horse buggy, brought up the rear. For a certain distance, our route lay by the Grand Trunk Road, so that from meeting *dak* travellers by day, and resting at dak bungalows by night, the monotony was somewhat lessened and relieved. At last, however, this began to fail; travellers became "few and far between;' and of the eternal fowls, eggs, and beer, which appeared to form the "stock" resources of all the dak bungalows, I soon grew heartily tired. Sometimes I improvised a picnic, and entertained all the crows, minars, and sparrows of the neighbourhood at a succulent banquet of bread-crumbs, fowl-bones, and biscuits, and then, stretched on my charpoy, under the shade of a mango-tree, I forgot all my troubles in the fumes of a good cheroot. With the sepoys, time assumed a livelier relation. After the halt had been called, and their rations disposed of, they scattered in groups as their inclinations led them. Some played upon the sitarre or tomtom; others gambled at percheese, a game similar to lotto; whilst the more serious ranged themselves round the subahdar, who read aloud in sonorous tones passages from the *Bagh o' Bagh*, a Hindu work of celebrity, which he delivered with considerable unction.

One evening, whilst engaged in this manner, a sepoy, running towards me, suddenly reported that a sahib was in sight, and coming down the road. Before I had well prepared to receive the stranger, a horse galloped up, and a lusty voice hailed me.

'Hulloa, old fellow! where are you going, and how are you off for quinine? I'm Tod Shinar.'

He might have been the Old Man of the Mountain as far as my knowledge of Tod Shinar was concerned; but he proceeded to inform me that he was one Dr. Shinar, on his way down the country in charge of invalids, whom he had left a few miles behind.

'They are all down with intermittent fever,' he added; 'rains, heat, and miasma have done their work; and the worst of it is, we haven't a grain of quinine left. I have sent three times back to quarters for a fresh supply: the first coolie returned with poppy-heads; the second time they sent me beer; and the last one brought enough lint to supply a regiment: so now, as it's useless troubling the noodles, I'll forage for myself, and levy black-mail on every traveller who has a grain in his medicine-chest.' Dr. Shinar, with undiminished volubility, then inquired my destination, what duty I was upon, and finally, whether I intended to hang out at any places on the way. 'You'll find some of the Baboos hospitable fellows,' he said; 'their curries are unexceptionable, and really the wines haven't a bad brand either.'

I had never before been in the direction, and the new one I was about to answer, when suddenly the card I had been furnished with for Maun Singh recurred to my mind, and I inquired if he knew such a name in the neighbourhood.

'Maun Singh; well, yes; you'll reach his bungalow in another march. He's not such a bad fellow, though there are some queer whispers about at times; but what's scandal but the delectable condiment which makes this a palatable world;' and so saying Todd Shinar cantered off. Anything promising a change in the dull routine of our journey was scarcely to be despised. I directed the subahdar, therefore, to halt the men when we should approach the bungalow in question; and on the following evening, towards sunset, we drew near a stately European-looking house, discernable through a vista of palm and mango trees, which my sub informed me was the residence of Maun Singh. We halted at a species of lodge, similar to those we see at Park entrances in England, and here we were received by a Sikh, with an enormous beard, to whom I delivered the card of the Rao. Then, after a short delay, the gates swung open, and we were admitted. Passing through an avenue of tamarind topes and orange groves, interspersed with groups of the cocoa-nut, palm, and mango, we came to the outer entrance or compound of the dwelling. Several broken statues lying about, together with a fountain that had evidently seen better days, presented a somewhat dilapidated aspect; but before I had time for a lengthened survey, Maun Singh himself advanced to greet me. He was about the middle stature, profusely affable in his demeanor and address, with small piercing eyes, and an elastic smile. He wore the losely-fitting muslin robe and pointed oriental slippers of the country; and as I alighted from the buggy, received me with a species of exuberant cordiality. I must be fatigued and thirsty. 'Ho! bearer, brandy pawnee for the sahib.' The refreshment came grateful to my thirsty palate as a draught of nectar; and then my host, unmindful of the injunctions of the Shasters, quaffed in my honour a libation himself; after which, leading the way, he escorted me to the house.

The vestibule and rooms through which we passed exhibited the same neglected and incongruous appearance I had at first been struck with: gilded chairs and faded damask couches, cracked mirrors, and cabinets inlaid with pearl, were strangely ranged together, whilst upon the walls the same contrast was apparent. The *chefs-d'œuvre* of some of our best masters were mingled with the commonest works of art. A marble bust of Nelson stood side by side with a plaster of Paris cast of Shakspeare; a Turner hung suspended next some daub in water-colours; whilst a carefully-finished engraving of the Queen found companionship with some woodcut prints representing London actors of a past age in 'their favourite characters'—completing altogether a striking picture of luxury on its last legs. Having regaled myself with that indispensable luxury of hot climates, a bath, *connor* was announced to be ready, and I found a substantial repast awaiting us in the banquet-room. Here again the same absence of uniformity displayed itself—soups, fish, curries, meat, fruit, bon-bons, ice, and *entrees* of ambiguous name and doubtful nature were crowded together with an indifference to taste that would have shocked the sensibilities of Francatelli. There was, however, no lack of beer, clare', and brandy; and as conventional forms were not a *sine qua non* with me, from the melley I made a hearty meal. As the bottle replaced viands, my host inquired whether I liked dancing.

'You English,' he said, 'dance with your own or other men's wives, and make it a great fatigue, but we lie under the punkahs, smoke our hookahs, and enjoy the nautch without such useless exertion.'

Here, doubtless, was an opportunity I had long wished for. Hitherto, my experience of the nautch had been limited to the baggy, unwashed, slatternly-looking damsels who dance at the fetes of Calcutta Baboos. But now I had an excellent chance to witness the real article, the nautch in perfection. Upon mentioning this to Maun Singh, he at once, with evident pleasure, acquiesced in my desire; adding, that he had one dancer of great skill, a girl named Lulu, whom he had purchased for four hundred rupees of an Afghan merchant. Orders were then given for the spectacle; and we adjourned to a larger room, furnished with a railed platform at one end, upon which the dancers were to appear. Hookahs were then brought; and reclining upon the easy couch, I prepared to enjoy the amusement in store with no little zeal and anticipation. Some half dozen girls soon entered, fancifully if slenderly attired. One of them, more richly ornamented than the others, attracted me. This I learned to be Lulu, the girl already mentioned by my host. Her muslin dress glittered with spangles of gold; she had also bangles of gold upon her ankles, and bracelets upon her wrists, which flashed and sparkled in the quick movements of the figure. The nautch began by a slow monotonous step, gradually increasing till it assumed a celerity rarely exhibited at home, as the girls passed and repassed each other in the dance. There were none of the *pirouttes* or *poses* so much relied upon by our *coryphees* of the footlights, but a graceful, gliding, quickening motion, altogether pleasing in the effect produced. Suddenly it changed, and Lulu, gazing fixedly at me, slowly tottered forward, and with every semblance of fatigue, sank upon the stage. Then another girl, stealthily advancing and retreating, lightly hovering for a moment round her, drew forth apparently a poniard, and plunged it into the other's breast.

The incident was so like reality in its execution, that I had started from my seat, when my attention was arrested by Maun Singh; his hookah had fallen down, and his whole features were convulsed with passion, while turning fiercely to the khansamah in attendance, he uttered some directions in Hindustani, which I knew had reference to the scene we had just witnessed. At the same moment, whilst he was thus engaged, Lulu bounded quickly forward, and threw at my feet a flower, which I had time to snatch up and conceal, without exciting any observation. The mere fact of receiving a flower may not ordinarily seem a significant matter, but

In eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And tell in a garland their loves and cares;

and this one I recognized as a token that some danger was impending, and that a friendly warning had been given me. The nautch now appeared to be ended, and Maun Singh, having recovered his habitual smiles, expressed a hope that I should sleep in the bungalow that night. He had a room provided purposely for European guests, and it would be an agreeable change from the charpoy of my tent. I declined, however, this further proffer. The incident of the nautch, the hint implied by Dr. Shinar, together with the decaying aspect of everything about me, aroused my suspicions, and made it probable that the contents of my boxes had excited the cupidity of Maun Singh, who might not hesitate to attempt their appropriation. Then, as he found my resolution fixed, and that I intended to proceed at sunrise in the morning, he informed me of a nearer path cut through the jungle, which would be more direct; adding, that a coolie should be ready at daybreak to guide us by the route in question. Thanking my entertainer for his hospitality, and distributing some *backsheesh* to the servants, I then returned to the compound where my tent, pitched within a short distance of the hackeries, placed them completely under my observation. Everything seemed orderly and tranquil; the arms were piled, the cattle lashed together, and nothing but the tramp of the sentry placed over the treasure-boxes, and the distant howling of some pariah disturbed the silence of the night. Still, I found it impossible to sleep; a vague sense of uneasiness stole over me from time to time when I recollected the nautch-girl and the symbol I had received. Restless with thinking, I at last rose, and as I glanced through the opening of the tent, an object met my gaze that tended still more to confirm my apprehensions. Standing near the hackeries, in close conversation with the sentry, were two men. One of them, by his dress and figure, I felt little doubt was Maun Singh; and in the other, to my intense surprise, as he turned round, and the rays of the moon fell upon his features, I recognised no less a personage than the Rao Sahib, to whose introduction I was indebted for my present situation. That he should be here at the same time, and his presence hidden from me, more than ever increased my doubts that some treachery was intended with reference to the treasure and myself. For the moment I thought of raising an alarm, and calling up the men, but this, I reflected, would be an incautious and unsoldierly proceeding, when at present I had no tangible proofs to be guided by. Examining my arms, therefore, and placing everything in readiness, I remained watching through the night till day broke, banishing with it all fears, and making me somewhat ashamed of the feelings my imagination had conjured up.

In a short time, we were again ready for the road; the cattle were harnessed, and the men had fallen into marching order, when the guide mentioned by Maun Singh the previous evening introduced himself, and offered to conduct us by a path which would shorten our route by at least several miles. Of this I gladly availed myself, and with the guide in front, we once more started on our way. The new road, however, soon appeared less desirable than the old one; fallen trees impeded our progress as we advanced; deep ruts and uncleared brushwood added further obstacles; still we pushed on, and at last, as the hot sun glared out, fatigued by the jolting of the buggy and the absence of rest during the preceding night, a drowsy torpor overcame me, and I fell into a deep slumber. How long I slept, I know not; but I was abruptly startled into consciousness by loud shouts and exclamations, the flash of firearms, a sharp stinging pain in my right shoulder, followed by a heavy blow from behind, which at once stretched me senseless. From that moment, I remember nothing; a long void succeeded; and when at last I returned, as it were, to life, I found myself lying in a large chamber, with a man standing by my side gazing intently in my face. 'Ah, we shall do now,' he said, as I opened my eyes and endeavoured to speak. 'Not a word, my dear fellow; but swallow this, and then tumble off to sleep again.' By this time I had recognized Shinar, and feeling the wisdom of his advice, after taking the draught, I fell into a refreshing and lengthy sleep. When I again awoke, the room was empty; but in a few minutes Dr. Shinar entered. 'Where am I? What has been the matter?' I enquired.

'Well, at present you are at Maun Singh's; and the matter is, you have had a bullet through your shoulder, and a nasty little knock upon the head, which, if nature hadn't blessed you with a very thick one, might have finished your promising career, my friend.'

'But the boxes?' I ejaculated.

'Have disappeared,' said Shinar; 'and at present we've no clue either to the robbers or the missing treasure; but I've sent an account of the affair to the nearest station, so, in a short time, we may expect down troops, though our host, who, by the way, appears terribly shocked, assures me his men are out in all directions endeavouring to trace the rascals, so there's nothing to be done but wait.'

Soon followed Maun Singh himself, expressing his sorrow at what had taken place. Robbers, he said, rarely penetrated so far, and although the broken nature of the ground precluded much evidence of the route they had gone, still he was not without hope that the miscreants might yet be found and brought to justice. If Shinar had conceived any suspicions of our host, he at any rate said nothing, and, when we were again alone, briefly narrated the chance that had so opportunely brought him to my aid. Passing in the vicinity of the jungle, he had been startled by the firing of musketry; and as he was a business man, never omitting an opportunity where his professional services might be of use, and thinking very possibly there was a 'case' at hand in this instance, he at once started in the direction from which the noise came. Upon reaching the spot, however, the conflict had ceased, and only the *debris* remained. Several sepoys were lying dead; the hackeries and boxes had been carried off; and close by the broken buggy he discovered me, stretched senseless from a blow on the head, which he unnecessarily repeated, only the thickness of my skull had protected from a fatal result. As my wounds were not of a very serious nature, I soon advanced towards convalescence, and began to await, with some impatience, the event of a dispatch sent off by Shinar.

Time passed slowly, and little occurred to relieve the tedium of the days. Of Lulu I neither heard nor saw anything; and when Shinar once ventured a hint that a nautch would enliven the dull hours of the evening, Maun Singh affected not to understand him. One night, finding the heat and mosquitoes combined an insuperable obstacle to sleep, we lighted our cigars, and strolled into the garden of the bungalow. Shinar was commenting upon the convenience of native compared with European methods in the erection of the bungalows, when we came to a *ty khana*, or vault, usually attached to dwellings of this character. 'Here now,' he said, pointing to the opening, 'is precisely the place to perpetrate what you would call a 'dark deed' in. What do you say to explore it? Shall we take a trip?' Saying this, he detached a lamp, hanging near, and led the way down the vault. The steps terminated in a low chamber, about thirty feet in length, and half as many broad. At the upper end, a large ledge protruded from the wall, on which were ranged a number of small lamps, similar to those placed in the tombs of Moslems. The surface of the wall under this ledge appeared quite new; but while observing it, a shout from Shinar interrupted me. 'Here's a well; what can they want with wells here? I nearly floundered into it.' Continuing the scrutiny, my eyes were attracted by something which glittered in the plaster of the wall, and as I pulled it, large portions of the clay yielding, I drew forth, to my increasing wonder and amazement, the spangled hem of a woman's dress. Calling to Shinar, whose surprise equalled my own, we each worked away at the cavity; and in a few minutes more, to our horror and consternation, a human body fell forward on the earth. There were bangles upon the ankles and bracelets on the wrists; and as the long black hair glanced aside from the face, in the still discernible features, I recognised the nautch-girl, Lulu. She had been walled up alive! Appalled by the terrible sight before me — the fate of her whose warning I had such good reason to remember—for the moment, all my senses were paralysed by the ghastly spectacle. Shinar, however, whose nerves were not so easily affected, had recommenced demolishing the wall, and now, suddenly seizing my arm, he pointed to a new object, which at once engrossed every faculty of the mind. Within the niche from which we had exhumed the body, placed side by side, and to all appearance intact, were the lost chests — the much coveted treasure-boxes plundered from me. For a moment, our astonishment checked all utterance, and then Shinar was the first to speak.

'We have learned so much,' he said, 'that if we are discovered, we are dead men. What shall we do?' Flight seemed the only thing; a desire to repossess the chests was strong within me, but heavy, cumbrous, and unwieldy, they presented a difficulty that appeared insurmountable.

'I have it!' ejaculated Shinar. 'Quick! there's the well; now, then, work as you never did before!' and saying this, he seized the nearest box, and by dint of our united strength, we removed it from the cavity to the well, where it dropped with a dull heavy splash to the bottom. Perspiring and fatigued, we toiled on; and in less than an hour the last chest had been consigned to its hiding-place in the waters, and effectually concealed for the present.

'Now, then, for the stables!' said Shinar, as we stood breathless and heated with our late exertion. 'Maun Singh boasts a little in horseflesh, and to-night we must put it to the test.'

Then cautiously remounting the steps, we stood once more in the night-air. Everything seemed quiet, and we were congratulating ourselves there were neither dogs nor stragglers about, when making our way towards the stables, we came in contact with a *syce*.

As the man approached, we seized him, and gagging his mouth and tying his arms with his turban, and his feet with his pygammahs, we left him on the ground. Then having selected the two best horses in the stable, we silently saddled, and mounting them, rode forth. As we passed the bungalow, the window was suddenly thrown open, and in an instant more lights began to move rapidly to and fro.

'Now for it!' shouted Shinar, and putting spurs to our horses, we dashed up the avenue. At the lodge-gate, the Sikh rushed out and attempted to oppose us, but Shinar beating him down with the butt of his whip, cleared the barrier, an example followed by myself, and then turning to the right, we thundered up the Darwah road. Long and furiously for life we galloped, without drawing rein; and not till day began to break did we feel all chances of pursuit were over, and that we were safe. I had now some leisure to think over the events that had recently transpired, and as I pondered, connecting link with link, the entire plot grew terribly distinct. My meeting with the Rao, and careless mention of the object of my journey, together with his secret appearance afterwards at the bungalow to which he had introduced me, made it palpable that he had been a confederate in the whole affair. Then, again, the warning I had received from Lulu, which had not escaped the penetration of her master, accounted fearfully for that deed in the recesses of the ty-khana. The boxes must have been placed there but as a temporary measure, destined, when the investigation should have subsided, to recruit the finances of Maun Singh. That we should yet capture the scoundrel, I ardently trusted; and our joy was considerable when towards the close of the day the sound of a cavalry bugle broke upon our ears, and in a few minutes more we met a squadron of dragoons, accompanied by a magistrate, on their way to Maun Singh's, as Shinar had requested. Our story was soon told, and then no delay was made in pushing forward. When, however, we reached the bungalow, it was deserted, and few traces of its late occupants remained. For some months, Maun Singh, in the fastnesses of the Sunderbunds, contrived to elude pursuit, till the mutiny broke out, when he joined the enemy, and was finally hanged beside the Mogul rebels, the day Sir Archdale Wilson entered Delhi.

Some time afterwards, I happened to be on duty with my regiment at C———. The troops were drawn up under arms, for a terrible lesson was that day to be impressed upon the natives—two of the rebel leaders were to be blown away from guns. Amid solemn silence, the condemned men were brought forth; and as they were being tied, in the features of the one nearest, though writhing and distorted at his impending fate, I recognised my former acquaintance and *ci-devant* fellow-traveller, the Rao Sahib.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CHOLERA.

The disease which has been spreading death and desolation throughout Egypt, and is now on the march, by a North Western course, through Europe, seems to have taken its rise in a comparatively small mass of putridity in Egypt or Asia Minor. The origin was contemptibly insignificant compared with the awful consequences produced. The little cloud no larger than a man's hand has extended its limits until it embraces the whole heavens. The latest advices show that the cholera had reached Ancona in Italy; it had been in Malta and is now at Gibraltar. It is expected in France, and all Paris was in consternation. The English authorities are preparing for its reception. The Privy Council, through their Lord President, have addressed a circular to all the outports and some of the towns in Britain. The President states that, according to the latest information, the cholera is on the decline, yet he points out the extreme importance of guarding against its approach. Says the London *Daily Telegraph*:

"It is not deemed necessary, however, to subject to the restrictions of quarantine such vessels as come from the countries in which the malady is prevalent: nor in the present state of things, do we think that so serious an interference with the interests of trade is requisite. But the Privy Council most wisely suggests that provision should be made in every port for the gratuitous reception and medical treatment of any seamen who may, on their arrival, be suffering from cholera. If no such accommodation should await them, they are sure, in the words of the circular letter, to seek an asylum in the low and dirty lodging houses of our seaport towns; and once lodged there, the disease is certain to radiate towards districts in which there would be otherwise little or no danger of its breaking out. The lanes and the alleys of our large cities are at all times the hotbeds of epidemics, and it is to them we must specially look on the present occasion. There is no time to lose; those which have not been rigorously inspected already should undergo a minute scrutiny without delay. This is no season for procrastination—for trusting to what is foolishly called good fortune — for relying on the chance that the danger may be less than people imagine. The pestilence may not reach us; but, if it do, it will be here soon. We may be unable to keep it from our shores; but we are at least able, if it should touch them, to circumscribe the area of its ravages and lessen the severity of its strokes. *This, however, is a task that does not fall on the authorities alone but one in which all of us must take his own part. Let every man set his own house in order*," &c., &c.

This is the advice tendered in England by a leading organ of public opinion, and generally acquiesced in by the other influential journals—and it must be borne in mind that the ordinary sanitary regulations are quite as stringent as in any other part of the world.

WASHINGTON JUSTICE.

The New York correspondent of a London paper cites two remarkable trials in Washington as fair examples of the demoralization produced in the minds of the people by the usurpations and lawlessness of those in power, and by a long and inhuman war against their fellow citizens, and against the privileges once conferred upon him by a common constitution. He commences with the case of Mrs. Surratt, who was tried before a military commission, which he reviews at some length; but as our readers are familiar with the circumstances of this trial, it is unnecessary to make further mention of them here. Its disgraceful features are fresh in the minds of all. The other case which this correspondent reviews is that of Miss Harris, who some time ago assassinated Mr. Burroughs, a clerk in the Washington Treasury Department. Her trial was to have taken place in April last, but it was postponed from time to time, and only had came on when the conspiracy trial had closed, and Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Atzerott and Harrold had been hanged.

In regard to the trial of Miss Harris, the correspondent says:

"Eminent lawyers arrayed themselves upon the side of the defence—among others, Congressman Voorhees, of Indiana. The case came before Judge Wylie, in the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia. The prosecution proved the murder clearly and satisfactorily. The defence submitted the plea of insanity as a bar to conviction. The judge Wylie, displayed the most shameful sympathy for the prisoner, sustaining frivolous objections urged by the counsel for the defence, and refusing to admit evidence as to Harris's past character, or the character of the woman with whom she had associated. The testimony of obscure physicians was taken with regard to the alleged insanity of the accused, and as to the causes which would induce insanity. One doctor swore that certain maladies peculiar to women might cause insanity, and that the prisoner was subject to one of these physical derangements. The brother of the murdered man being called as