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, OCTOBER 29, 1866. { NO. 51

Public Lands.

Townships Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 11, 14, 15, 20, 21 and 27.

Notice to the Tenants on the above named Townships, and all persons desirous of purchasing Wilderness Land thereon.

THE COMMISSIONER of PUBLIC LANDS having, under the authority of the Act 16th Vic., cap. 18, completed the purchase of the Estate, late the property of the Messrs. CUNARD, as notified in the "Royal Gazette," bearing date 13th July, 1866, hereby notifies all Tenants and occupiers of Land on the above named Townships, that, in accordance with the 10th section of the said Act, he is now prepared to receive the deposit of the purchase money of their several holdings, *upon producing their leases or agreements* for the same, and that HE WILL ATTEND at the following places, on the days hereinafter stated, for the receipt of such payments, and for the sale of Wilderness Land:

On Tuesday, the 30th day of October next, at 9 a. m., at Mr. Noonan's, Union Hotel, Centreville, for the Tenants on Lot 27.

On Thursday, the 1st day of November, at 9 a. m., at Mr. Henderson's, Lot 11.

On Saturday, the 3rd day of November, at 9 a. m.; and on Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th days of November, at Mr. John Preston's, Tiguish, Lot 1, for the Tenants on Lots 1 and 2.

On Thursday, the 8th day of November, at 9 a. m.; and on Friday and Saturday, the 9th and 10th days of November, at Mr. John C. Keefe's, Commercial Hotel, Alberton, Lot 4, for the Tenants on Lots 4 and 5.

On Monday, the 12th day of November, at 12 a. m.; and on Tuesday, the 13th day of November, at 8 a. m., at Mr. McNaught's, Western road, Lot 6, for the Tenants on Lots 6 and 8.

On Thursday, the 15th day of November, at 9 a. m., and on Friday, the 16th day of November, at Mr. Allen's, Quagmire, Lot 16, for the Tenants on Lots 14 and 15.

On Monday, the 19th day of November, at 9 a. m.; and on Tuesday the 20th day of November, at Mr. Carruthers', Kensington, Lot 19, for the Tenants on Lot 20 and North portion of Lot 21.

And on Wednesday, the 21st day of November, at 12 a. m.; and on Thursday the 22d day of November, at 9 a. m., at Mr. R. Bagnall's, Princetown Road, Lot 22, *for the Tenants on the South portion of Lot 21.*

NOTICE.—Tenants, occupiers of lands, or persons claiming to hold land, must produce their Leases, Agreements, or Titles for the same.

JOHN ALDOUS, Commissioner.

Land Office, October 10, 1866.

Fire! Fire! Fire!

Messrs McKINNON & FRASER'S Carriage Factory,

PRINCE STREET,

RE-OPENED.

THE Subscribers, in announcing the re-opening of their Factory, destroyed by fire in the early part of the Summer, avail themselves of the opportunity of returning thanks for the very liberal patronage extended to them in the past, and to respectfully request a continuance of the same for the future. Their new factory being so large and so well fitted up as to be second to none in Prince Edward Island, and, moreover, a large Stock of the very best Materials used in their trade having been lately received by them from the United States, their facilities for carrying on Business are greatly increased, and they are now prepared to supply

Carriages, Sleighs, &c.,

in as good style as can be got up in the City, and upon as reasonable terms.

Job Work of all kinds in our line strictly attended to.

Painting also done in the best style.

McKINNON & FRASER.

Notice to Debtors.

ALL persons indebted to the foregoing Firm are earnestly requested to make immediate payment of their respective Accounts. The losses sustained by the burning of their Premises demand that these out-standing debts be paid up at once.

McKINNON & FRASER.

Upper Prince Street, Ch'town, Oct 7th, 1866. } 3m

NOTICE.

THE undersigned having fitted up, since the fire, a STORE in DORCHESTER STREET, in the building owned by J. D. MASON, Esq., adjoining the Store of Messrs DAVIES & WEEKS, hereby respectfully informs his numerous customers, in Town and Country, that from and after this date the business will be carried on as heretofore.

B. D. REDDIN takes this opportunity to return thanks to his customers for their past support and patronage, and to solicit a continuance of the same.

B. D. REDDIN.

Dorchester Street, Ch'town, Aug. 6, 1866.

MONDAY AUCTIONS!

Flour, Cornmeal, &c. &c. &c.

THE SUBSCRIBERS will, during the Season, SELL at AUCTION, every MONDAY, at 11 o'clock, on QUEEN'S WHARF,

Flour, Cornmeal and other Goods,

arriving per Steamers from Boston.

CARVELL BROTHERS, Auctioneers.

Ch'town, June 18, 1866.

YARMOUTH STOVES!

JUST RECEIVED by the Subscriber, per Schooner MARY, from Yarmouth, a full and complete Cargo of those celebrated STOVES, consisting of Cooking, Box and Franklin, the character of which is so well known to our Island farmers, to whom they have given such general satisfaction. They will be sold at the usual terms for Cash or approved Notes.

R. J. CLARKE.

Orwell Cheap Store, September 10th, 1866. } isl h

NEW TOBACCO FACTORY.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Citizens of Charlottetown, and the Country in general, that he has opened a NEW TOBACCO FACTORY, on QUEEN STREET, in the premises lately occupied by Mr. WHITFORD, Painter, and situated opposite Mr. WM. SKEESTON'S.

Having superintended, for the last seven years, the Manufacturing of Tobacco, in the Firm well known as LOWDEN'S, with unequalled success, he will fearlessly warrant his Tobacco as second to none in the Colonies, and would earnestly advise the public to call and judge for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

CHAS. QUIRK.

Ch'town, July 30, 1866. 3m

Great Bargains.

THE Subscriber intending to make an alteration in his business on the 1st of October next, will sell the following articles at the prices named below, viz:—

TEA, 2s 6d to 2s 9d per lb.; warranted good.
SUGAR, 7d per lb.
GIN, 6s 6d to 7s per gallon.
RUM, 4s to 4s 3d do.
BRANDY, 12s. do.
SALT, 1s 8d per bushel.
TOBACCO, 1s 8d per lb.
COTTON WARP, 16s 6d, White.
Do. 19s, Blue.
FLOUR, 40s to 50s per barrel.
GLASSWARE, NAILS, PAINTS and OILS, at a *Great Reduction in Prices.*

HUGH MONAGHAN.

Queen-street, Charlottetown, June 18, 1866. }

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS whose names are Subscribed to the FUND for the RELIEF of the Sufferers at the FIRE in July last, are respectfully requested to pay over the respective amounts to the Treasurer, as the Committee wish to close the Accounts.

WM. DODD.
Sec'y & Treas. Relief Fund.

Ch'town, Sept. 27, 1866. [Oct 1.

NEW GOODS.

EX *Prioress* from LIVERPOOL and other recent arrivals, the Subscriber begs to announce the arrival of a

Further Supply of New Goods,

suitable for the season, in SILKS, DRESS GOODS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, HATS CAPS, &c. &c.

ALSO, 10 Bales Canvass from No. 1 to 8, 10 Pieces Duck suitable for Boat Sails, Sail Twine, Bolt Rope, Pitch, Tar, Oakum, Clinch Rings, &c. &c. Roofing Felt and Pitch.

H. HASZARD.

Charlottetown Sept. 24th, 1866. isl

New Store, Upper Queen Street.

STOVES!

THE Subscriber has received, per late arrivals, a large and varied assortment of

Yarmouth Stoves,

which will be sold at his NEW STORE, Upper Queen Street, cheap for Cash or approved Paper.

H. J. P. TERLIZZICK

Charlottetown, Oct 8. Isl 4m

Notice to Debtors.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the Subscriber are requested to pay their Accounts in full by the first of NOVEMBER next, otherwise proceedings will be taken to recover the same, without distinction. The Subscriber trusts that his losses sustained by the great fire in July last, will make this notice more impressive.

H. J. P. TERLIZZICK.

Ch'town, Oct. 8 1866. isl 2m

Harte's Saponifier,

OR

CONCENTRATED LYE,

Warranted to make Soap without Lime and with little or no trouble.

A large supply of the above valuable article has been just received from the Manufacturer's, at Montreal, and is now on Sale at the Drug and Dispensary Store of Dr. G. W. SUTHERLAND, Corner of Kent and Great George Street. Housekeepers will find it a most valuable requisite.

Charlottetown, Oct. 1, 1866. tf.

Discounting Again!

DEPOSIT YOUR MONEY

WITH

DELANY & BYRNE.

WE want MONEY to pay our Bills, and, in order to obtain it, we will, from this date, offer our entire STOCK of

DRY GOODS,

HARDWARE,

HATS AND CAPS.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Skeleton Skirts,

Etc. Etc. Etc.

At a Discount of Twenty per Cent,

FOR CASH ONLY!

We will give 10s worth of Goods for	8s.
We will give 20s worth of Goods for	16s.
We will give 30s worth of Goods for	24s.

☞ Larger Sums in Proportion.

This is a good opportunity for those who have money to invest it to advantage.

DELANY & BYRNE.

QUEEN STREET.

Opposite Hon. Daniel Brenan's.

Ch'town, August 6, 1866.

JOHN BELL,

MANUFACTURER of Clothing in all its branches, thankful to his friends and patrons for past favors, begs leave to inform them and the public generally, that he is still to be found at his Old Stand on QUEEN STREET, and is prepared to make up all kinds of garments, entrusted to him in the latest style and improvement of fashion.

Terms Cash.

Entrance at the Side Door.

Queen Street, July 9, 1866.

London & Lancashire Office,

CHARLOTTETOWN, Oct. 4, 1866.

AS the "QUEEN" FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY have WITHDRAWN its AGENCY from this Island, J. S CARVELL, Esq. its obliging Representative, has kindly furnished me with a List of the Policies about to expire, I hereby give notice to the assured in the "QUEEN," that upon the expiration of their Policies, upon applying to me, I will accept their risks, upon the payment of the premiums only, without any further charge.

CHARLES YOUNG.
Agent of L & L Insurance Co.

October 8, 1866. 4w

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE FIRE AND LIFE Insurance Company.

Established 1809.

Capital, - - £2,000,000.

G. W. DE BLOIS,
Agent for P. E. Island.

☞ RISKS TAKEN DAILY.

No charge for Transfers, nor for Policies where amount insured exceeds £300 Stg

Sept. 24, 1864. 3m

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

HAVING A LARGE PAID UP CAPITAL,

Accept all Classes of Risks

At Reasonable Rates of Premium.

CHARLES YOUNG, Agent.

October 17, 1864.

R. REDDIN,

Attorney and Barrister-at-Law, CONVEYANCER, &c.

Office: -- Great George Street, Charlottetown.

(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)

September 3, 1866. tf

Sale of Land

In Charlottetown and Royalty,

ON

TUESDAY, the 6th day of NOVEMBER next, 1866.

THE following valuable PROPERTIES will be submitted for Sale at Public Auction, on the 6th day of NOVEMBER next, at ELEVEN o'clock in the forenoon, at the Colonial Building in Charlottetown, the following properties:—

1. The Northern Moieties of Town Lots Numbers 43 and 44 in the Third Hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown, fronting 35 feet and 6 inches on the west side of Hillsborough Street, and extending back at right angles westwardly therefrom 72 feet; there the width increases to 42 feet, and the land runs further back westwardly with the latter depth for the distance of 100 feet, and adjoins the "Examiner" Office on the South,—with the Dwelling House and buildings thereon.

2. Pasture Lots Numbers 438 and 455, in Charlottetown Royalty, comprising together 16 acres of Land, a little more or less, having a foot of twelve chains on the Mount Edward Royalty Road.

On Sale of the above Properties, the purchaser on paying 25 per cent of the Price will be allowed one year for payment of the balance, with interest on Mortgage of the Premises.

For further particulars and terms of sale application may be made to the Subscribers, Trustees for Sale under Deed, dated 7th October, 1864.

J. LONGWORTH, JOSEPH HENSLEY, } Trustees.

Charlottetown, 15th October, 1866.

FOR SALE.

A BRIG of 170 new—240 old—launched in 1857.

Please apply to CARVELL BROTHERS.

Ch'town, Oct. 22, 1866. 2in

REMOVAL.

THE SUBSCRIBERS respectfully announce that

THEY HAVE REMOVED

to the

New "Phœnix Building"

Recently Erected upon the Site of their

Former Store,

where,

With Increased Facilities

for carrying on their Business,

A LARGER STOCK

AND

Better Assortment

than ever before, they

SOLICIT A CONTINUANCE

of the patronage of the Public.

H. E. STARBIRD & CO.

City Hardware Store.

Oct. 8, 1866. 1m

SEWING MACHINES.

ROBERT YOUNG has much pleasure in announcing that he has just been appointed sole Agent for P. E. Island, for the sale of

THE WEED SEWING MACHINES,

and would strongly recommend to all intending purchasers, an inspection of the sample now on his premises, so confident is he that they only require to be seen in operation to be appreciated.

THE WEED MACHINES

are better adapted than any others in the market to the changes and great variety of sewing required in a family. They will sew from one to twenty thicknesses of Marselles without stopping, and make every stitch perfect. They will sew from the finest gauze to the heaviest cloth, and even to stout, hard leather, without changing the needle or making any adjustment of the Machine. Two different sizes of the Machine are manufactured fitted up, plain or ornamental, with or without cabinets, as may be preferred.

These Machines have obtained the highest premiums wherever they have been exhibited in competition with other Machines.

Charlottetown, May 28, 1866. tf

CARD.

THE undersigned having purchased the STOCK IN TRADE from the surviving Trustees of the late JAMES PEAKE, Esquire, deceased, have this day ENTERED INTO CO-PARTNERSHIP, under the name and style of

PEAKE BROTHERS & COMPANY,

and will continue the same Business carried on by the late JAMES PEAKE, Esq.

JAMES PEAKE,
GEORGE PEAKE,
RALPH BRECKEN PEAKE,
THOMAS HANDRAHAN.

Charlottetown, July 14th, 1866. [Aug. 6

LONDON HOUSE!

Established 1820.

1866 SPRING GOODS! 1866

THE Subscribers have now completed their Importations for the Season, per Ships *Undine, L. C. Owen, Lotus, Lillie, Edwin & Lizzie, Ariadne,* and Brigt. *Helen Davies.*

Wholesale and Retail at their usual low prices.

Hhds. and Tierces Bright SUGAR,	Bales Carpets & Woolens
Hhds. Muscovado MOLASSES,	" Striped and Check Shirtings,
Crates Earthenware,	" Bagging,
Chests and half-chests prime Congou TEA,	" 3 and 4 bushel Grain Sacks,
Cases Rubber Boots and Shoes,	Packages assorted Paints,
Cases Ready-made Clothing and Rubber Coats	Hhds Paint Oil,
Cases Millinery,	Casks assorted Cutlery,
" Haberdashery,	Bundles Spring, Cast and Blister Steel,
" Silks and Ribbons,	Tons assorted Bar Iron,
" Linnen Drapery,	Pieces Plough Metal,
" Hosiery,	Packages Nails & Spikes
" Gloves,	" Ironmongery,
" Shawls and Mantles	Sides Sole LEATHER,
" Townsend's HATS and CAPS,	Barrels Currants, Crushed Sugar, Flour, Epsom Salts, Cudbear, Ginger;
" Floor Cloths,	Casks Baking Soda:
Bales Cloths,	Kegs Mustard, Powder;
" White and Coloured Cotton Warp,	Boxes Tobacco, Raisins, Soap, Lozenges, Glass; Bags Pepper,
" Printed, Unbleached and White Calicoes.	Rice; Coils Manilla Rope, &c., &c.

G. & S. DAVIES.

Charlottetown, June 4, 1866.

MAILS.

THE MAILS for GREAT BRITAIN, the WEST INDIES, and NEWFOUNDLAND, will, until further notice, be made up and forwarded from the General Post Office, Charlottetown, every alternate MONDAY morning, at nine o'clock.

SUPPLEMENTARY MAILS will also be made up and forwarded the following WEDNESDAY evenings, at 8 o'clock, viz:

Monday, October 22,	Wednesday, Nov 7,
Wednesday, " 24,	Monday, " 19,
Monday, Nov. 5,	Wednesday, " 21.

P. DESBRISAY, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, Ch'town, Oct. 22, 1866. }

LITERATURE.

AN APPLE GATHERING.

I plucked pink blossoms from mine apple tree,
And wore them all that evening in my hair;
Then, in due season, when I went to see,
I found no apples there.

With dangling basket all along the grass,
As I had come I went the self same track;
My neighbours mocked me when they saw me pass
So empty-handed back.

Lilian and Lilias smiled in trudging by,
Their heaped-up basket teased me like a jeer;
Sweet voiced they sang beneath the sunset sky,
Their mother's home was near.

Plump Gertrude passed me with her basket full,
A stronger hand than hers helped it along;
A voice talked with her through the shadows cool
More sweet to me than song.

Ah, Willie, Willie, was my love less worth
Than apples with their green leaves piled above?
I counted rosiest apples on the earth
Of far less worth than love.

So once it was with me you used to talk,
Laughing and listening in this very lane;
To think that by this way we used to walk
We shall not walk again!

I let my neighbours pass me once and twice,
And groups; the latest said the night grew chill,
And hastened; but I loitered, while the dews
Fell fast I loitered still.

SELF-RELIANCE.

When clouds are lowering o'er thee,
And in loneliness and sorrow
Thou canst see no star before thee
Heralding a bright to-morrow;

Let no coward thought persuade thee
To resign a glorious strife;
Ask no human friend to aid the
In the battle-field of life.

For in the chamber of thy soul
Where, perchance, they've slumbered long,
Thou hast still supreme control
O'er an army brave and strong.

Hope and energies are there,
High resolve and mighty thought,
Brother! why with these despair?
Nobler allies never fought.

Onward, then, without a fear—
Rest not, faint not by the way;
God will make the star appear,
And usher in a brighter day.

GHOSTS' GARMENTS.

"I calculate from a slight but smart glance at your physical peculiarities that you don't believe in ghosts, youngster."

Now, besides being called "youngster"—a thing very irritating when you can catch hold of your moustache without disfiguring your upper lip—there is something very irritating to an Englishman in being thus summarily and personally addressed by an entire stranger. We, the only occupants of a first-class carriage on the North-Western Railway, had only just emerged from the first bridge after leaving Euston square station. I, with a dignity which would convince most people of my majority, drew myself up to my full height (and I sit high, though not at all on account of the shortness of my legs), and replied that I was glad that so short an acquaintance had been sufficient to assure him of my freedom from any such ridiculous superstition.

"Ha!" said the stranger, with a strong nasal twang, "so that's how the land lies, is it? Wal! then I reckon that the sooner you begin to believe, the better, and if you've got such a thing as a cigar about you, I'll commence your eddication at once."

"Thank you," said I; "here is a cigar, but I prefer my present state of ignorance and incredulity."

"Very well rounded that, for a youngster," retorted my tormentor. "Dr. Johnson did not make his dixionary for nothin', I see; but still, as long as you don't believe in ghosts, your eddication ain't the thing quite, neither."

By this time he had selected the biggest cigar from my case, had lighted it with a match which he struck on his trousers, and had begun to smoke it, rolling it from one side of his mouth to the other, and regarding me with a cool impertinence which stifled me with indignation.

"Wal!" he continued, after a puff or two, "it's a rank Britisher, is this cigar; but it was the best you'd got, so I won't grumble. Now stick another in your own mouth, and then I'll begin your eddication."

I had intended to smoke, and I was not to be stopped by any false notion of dignity; so I did as he requested, and resigned myself to my fate. No sooner had I done so than he exclaimed, "Now, that's what I call comfort!" smacked his legs and his fingers, and evinced such a high state of hilarity, that I began to be afraid I was locked up with a lunatic.

Hoping at least to draw off his attention from my personal appearance, by inducing him to begin a story at once, I nodded, and he commenced.

"Wal, I'm only a-thinkin' which of 'em it shall be. I've got one story as kills outright; but I want to cross to-night, and being found with a corpse might be inconvenient, so I'll let you off that. I've another, as mostly brings on fits; but this carriage is narrow for fits. And I've another, as completely takes away the breath, 'cept the story's told slow, which I ain't clever at. And I've another—well, you're a good natured fellow, you air, and I'll tell it to you; it's only dangerous in heart disease."

"My heart is perfectly sound," I said, in as steady a voice as I could assume.

"Wal, then? Here goes. About two months ago I was travelling by express from Dublin to Cork, meanin' to cross to my native land, in a sudden burst of affection towards an old uncle o' mine who I heerd was about to leave this world for a better; and I was a-moralising on the shortness of life, and consoling myself with reflections on the admirable arrangements of Providence, which don't allow rich uncles to take their ile springs with 'em, when I had the most extraordinary adventure with a faymale ghost that I remember in all my experience.

"I was all alone in the compartment with my luggage, which consisted of a male portmanteau, a faymale trunk and a bandbox, as I had promised my old woman to bring her some finery from Paris. The bandbox was none of your pasteboard flimsies, but a true Parisian, made of shingle;—so I wrapped it up in my travelling rug. I put it under my head, and I went fast asleep. I'm a sound sleeper. Many a time have I gone to sleep when poggy-fishing, and slept all night in spite of the bulfrogs a-leaping and a-croaking all over me, but I never had such a restless nap in my life as in that compartment. First of all I had a tickling in my nose, as if a drunken centipede was a-trying to open his door with a toothpick. In the ensuing irritation I lifted my head, when—whist! went my travelling rug. Still, I didn't rouse up definite, but snored on. Presently, the irritation increased, and I lifted my head again, when, away went bandbox and all. I said to myself, 'Now they'll be satisfied, I hope' (for I knew it was ghosts, fast enough, being used to 'em); and sure enough, whatever it was left me alone for awhile; I only heard a noise in my sleep like a mouse in the faymale trunk. Presently, however, I come aware of pinchin' going on in various portions of myself. I am averse to pinchin', natural, and I twitched and twitched, determined to sleep it out. But the pinchin' increasin' from the desultory to the vicious, I knew it wasn't any good, so I opened my eyes and sat up, and, bless my soul, if there wasn't a faymale figger of exceeding beauty dressed complete in my wife's garments. Parisian bonnet with yaller ribbons, bright-green velvet jacket trimmed with red gimp, blue slippers and pink silk stockings, complete! And if I didn' stare, why this cigar's tobacco, that's all!"

He paused a moment, and looked at me with a most evil expression of enjoyment; I let his impertinence pass without the smallest remark, and he continued:

"Wal, I wasn't skeered a fig, but looked at her fixed, took out a pipe (I smoke pipes usual), and asked her if she objected to my lightin' up? 'Not a bit,' she answered, quite pleasant, and she smiled, opening her lips, through which I saw the back of the carriage."

"The back of the carriage?"

"Yes. Ghosts is hollow, and got no teeth, no bones, no hair, nothin' but flesh and skin, and only the very outside o' that; a sort of nothing without innards. If she hadn't had my wife's bonnet on, her head, with the compartment light over it, would a looked like the globe of a paraffine lamp afore it's lit; but when the mouth's shut, you can't see through; it's only semi-transparent, like ground glass, and if it hadn't been one of those new-fangled hats, like a captain's biscuit with strings, I could only a seen the cushions at the back through a chance chink in the straw. As it was, I saw three buttons and puffs *complete*."

"Nonsense," I said. I was delighted when a question suggested itself which I thought would prove a poser to the man. "But," said I, "if ghosts are made of such slight material, how can you account for your friend's supporting the weight of the bonnet with 'yaller' ribbons, the velvet jacket with the gimp trimmings, and the rest of it?"

"Very clever for you, youngster. That was what had precisely puzzled me about ghosts for a long time, as it has puzzled most incred'lous writers on the subject, old and new. Ghosts of clothes, they says, air ridiculous, and so I thought; though, being natural of a religious temperament, I didn't say so, and if clothes ain't ghostly, they can't be real, 'cause the immaterial couldn't support a paper bonnet, let alone crinoline. Such was the state of my feelin's on the subject, when this lady figger started 'em from their dormant apathy. 'Here's a chance of settling the question,' says I to myself, 'as may never occur again. Here's a faymale ghost, as I knows a ghost, 'cause I've seen the buttons of the carriage through her bump o' philoprogenitiveuess, and she's wearin' clothes, as I know—all real and material clothes, because I've paid to the tune of five hundred dollars for 'em, and this here immaterial ghost is wearin' these material clothes, as well as if she was made of Bessemer steel. Here's an opportunity,' paid I, 'of asking a question——' "

"Now then, my friend," said I. "I am impatient to hear the answer." For there was a want of alacrity in his tone, and a falling off in his spirit, and he had taken his cigar from his mouth and was studying the ceiling; all of which, I thought, betokened that either his invention or his memory was failing him.

"Wal," he replied, "there is one lesson I have never forgot, 'cause I had to write it seventy-seven times in one mornin', at the age of six: it was Patience is a *Virteu*, and the sooner you lay it to heart, the better for your wife, if you ever have one; which, looking consumptive, you won't, perhaps, so it don't matter much."

I again took no notice of his gross want of delicacy.

"Wal, you're beginning to learn, I see," he went on, "so I'll humour you. 'Feminine sperit,' said I, 'would you oblige me and the live world in general by informin' me how it is you appear in clothes?' 'It's like your impudence to ask the question,' she replied, turnin' green—which is ghost for blushin'; 'you wouldn't dare put the question to a live lady; but all of you on that side of the dust seem to think a sperit hasn't got any feelings whatever. I've heerd questions asked, when I've been forced to lay up a while, as made me ashamed of ever havin' lived.' 'I m sure I beg your pardon,' said I, feelin' very small lager indeed, 'but I meant no harm. P'raps I should a said, how do you manage to bear the weight of 'em?' 'Why, do you think we haven't any strength,' she said; 'then how do you imagine we turn tables?' 'Trew,' I answered, feeling I had met my match for the first time in my life, 'but that didn't occur to me.' 'Shake hands, if you doubt me,' said she, holding out as pretty a little gloved hand as it ever was my fortune to see. Now it's rather a ticklish crisis in a man's existence when a ghost asks him to shake hands, but I wasn't going to be afraid of a human soap-bubble, especially being faymale, so I shook hands with her, and got such a grip as I never had, except from Heenan. 'Now,' she said, a-holding out the pretty hand again, 'give a poke at that with your finger.' I giv' a poke, and the glove tumbled all of a heap on the floor, as if I'd knocked it off a peg; and there was five as pretty little bare, white, semi-transparent fingers as were ever manufactured out of opal glass. Wall I was skeered a little at that, though I might a known how it would be if I'd a reckoned; and I said, handing her the glove, which she put on all at once without unbottonin', 'Excuse me asking an impertinent question, but where on earth do you inflated nothings get your strength from?' 'Will!' she answered, with another smile, 'will and sperit!' 'Oh, indeed,' said I. 'And what might you mean by sperit?' 'Sperit,' she replied, 'is a kinder gas, which blows us out to shape, like *balloons*.' 'Oh, indeed,' says I. 'You'r blown out like *balloons*, air you?' 'Yes,' she says, 'we air; and if you don't break your *film*, which you can't when we don't wish, we are as strong as you felt just now.' 'Oh, indeed,' said I, not understanding quite puspicuous, 'and when I knoked that glove off just now, did I break the *film?*' 'I *rayther* guess you did,' she said; 'its only just healed up.' 'Then, madam,' said I, thinkin' I'd caught her tripping, for these ghosts, most of 'em, lie like everlastin', 'if your blown out like a *balloon*, how is it you didn't collapse right away? It wasn't *will*, was it?' 'No,' she answered, quite ready, 'I'd given that up; its the nature of the sperit not to.' 'How so?' said I, thinking it rather a faymale reason. 'Why,' she said, 'sperit and air is like ile and water, and won't mix; you can stir 'em as hard as you like, but they won't mix.' 'Oh, indeed!' said I again, puzzlin' my head for another question. For mind you, youngster, whenever you meet with a ghost, ask 'em questions, and never leave off. They're compelled to answer them out of politeness, and I will say ghosts are pretty mannered as a rule. But once let 'em out of harness, and they always run to their own stones, like a horse to his stable, and there's no stopping 'em; and of all bores, I guess a ghost's life tops 'em, there all so long and dreffal melancholy. But she was politeness itself, was this young sperit. Seeing me a-puzzlin' what to say next, she asked me with unusual delicacy whether I had any more questions to ask her, and just at that moment one rushed into my head with such an impetuosity as knocked my pipe clean out of my mouth. 'Wal, as you ask me,' I said, 'I have just one or two or so. You were speakin' of lying up in a table. What did you mean by that? Were you sick?' 'No,' she said, 'that isn't the reason; we sperits are never sick. *It was because I hadn't any clothes on.* I was lying spread out most uncomfortably in the woodwork of this kerridge, till you was asleep, and I could dress myself.' 'Why didn't you get into one of the cushions?' said I. 'There wasn't room,' she answered; 'these cushions on this are all loose and I couldn't get into two without solution of continuity, which is dreadfully painful for a ghost, and very dangerous. Why, I remember a friend of mine who did that, and the passengers took one of the cushions to play cards on, and then another, each giving up his seat in turn; and what with changing partners, and putting down the cushions the wrong way, and one thing and another, one half of him didn't know where the other had got to, and, as they both began searching one for the other at the same time, they were near a week before they got together, and then he kicked himself three times in the eye before he found the join.' 'Wal,' said I, ready with another quesiton this time, 'are all ghosts equally ill-provided with clothing?' 'All,' she replied, 'except those that are buried in clothes, and *they* don't last long. Ghosts used to go about in their winding sheets, but it won't do now. A young ghost soon learns that. I had mine torn to rags the first night, and had to get into my own tombstone—the greatest indignity a ghost has to suffer. And even them that have dresses haven't the right sort. A friend of mine was buried in her bridal dress; but she got so chaffed about it, that she left it off after a week.' 'I suppose you can find clothes generally, can't you?' said I. 'Yes, if a ghost is not over-particular and not *lazy*,' she answered. 'You see, we only want them at night, not being visible by day, even to one another; but it's very awkward sometimes when we are obliged to put on the clothes you livin' bein's have just taken off, for if you want them in the night we have to evacuate in a hurry, and creep into any refuge we can find, and that's the explanation of many of those stories of crockery falling down—not but what some ghosts like a bit of mischief sometimes, but they are the worst sort. Now, I remember——' 'Excuse me,' said I, interrupting her, 'but what do you mean by *lazy* ghosts?' 'Them that don't care about going about decent,' said she; 'they are the sort that mostly fills your furniture. *They* don't care, as long as they are safe in the leg of a table, and they have no sense or decency whatever; they crowd together anyhow, and never put on clothes from one year's end to another. They have greatly increased of late, having got a new pleasure in duping the living; but they are down upon by all respectable ghosts, and they go by name of *casuals*.' 'You are a respectable ghost, I presume?' said I. 'Of course I'm respectable,' she replied. 'I allus go about at night well dressed, if I can; but allus dressed. Not but what I am put to straits occasional. The other night I was staying, on bisness, at an old castle on the Rhine, and there was no faymale wardrobe there whatever; but I found a chest up-stairs full of queer old dresses, and I had to fix myself up in them as best I could. I met the old baron as I was a-goin' down stairs, and nearly frightened him into fits. I saw he sent an account of it to a paper, in which he swears he had a visit from his great-grandmother. How I laughed to be sure, for my bisness had nothin' to do with the old gentleman at all.' '*Bisness?*' I says, catching a clue. 'Do you have bisness?' I saw I had made a mistake at once as she began shakin' her head from one side to the other like a pendulum turned the wrong way up. 'Ah,' she said, 'I have; but our bisness is punishment. We have to go about all over the world, tracin' the history right away threw, of all our sins. Some of our sins die out at once, but some little things we never think twice of at the time of committin' go rolling on like snowballs for ever. I've only two left now. One of them is a lie I made a child of mine tell to get me out of a scrape with his father, which has already led to two murders, a suicide, and frauds without number; I don't know when that will die, but it's not active at the present moment. The other, on which I'm travelling now, is in consequence of the way I left my property. I left it to a distant relation, who was a spend thrift, and every penny he spent ill, I have had to watch the effects of; but it's pretty well worn out, as a great deal of it has passed into charities, which relieves me. Indeed, the last evil done with the money was by the housekeeper of that baron on the Rhine. The son of the man the property was left to, is now dying of gout, the produce of port wine bought with part of his father's fortune. I must be in at his death, and then I think there'll be only seven and sixpence-half-penny left.' 'Where are you off to now?' I asked her. 'To Americay,' she answered. 'But what brings you here in this carriage? I thought you sperits had a quicker way of transit.' 'By day we fly through the air, being invisible, but not by night; and the man whose death I am to be in at, will die before morning. By night we are obliged to travel dressed, and so can only go by mortal conveyances.' 'But how ever will you get to Americay in that time?' 'Ah, I forgot to mention it, but we can go by telegraph. I should have gone the whole way by telegraph, but the line between Dublin and Valentia is brok. *Now*, how ever, I guess I can go through. Just be good enough to turn your face aside one moment.'

"I did so, and I heard a rustle of drapery. After waiting a minnte, I looked;—and darned if my wife's togs weren't lying all in a heap on the floor, and not a ghost of a ghost to be seen. I will say that for her, that, except the gloves were a bit stretched, the clothes weren't damaged a cent. Now, youngster, this is my Station, and if you don't believe in ghosts by this time, it's my opinion you never will."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CAUTION.—We mention the following as caution against the bad habit which many girls and young ladies are addicted to, of placing pins and needles in their mouths while engaged in sewing. Miss Mattie J. Bigelow, daughter of George Bigelow, Esq., of Skowhegan, has been in poor health for two years past, and at times raising considerable blood and suffering severe pain in her lungs. Last fall she went west, and stopping on the way with some friends was so low in health that her life was almost despaired of. She recovered, however, and on arriving in Iowa was very feeble for some time. At length a sore gathered on her side, from which great difficulty was experienced, until it broke, and a needle came from it. The physician who attended her gave it as his opinion that the needle had passed through both lungs, thus causing the severe pain and ill health. She is now doing well, with a prospect of regaining her health.—*Maine Farmer.*

The gambling house reporter of a New York paper gives a faro record thus:—"A well known newspaper publisher and politician has lost over a quarter of a million of dollars. A paymaster in the army was a defaulter to the amount of $42 000, lost in the same way. A well known Californian has about $60,000. A well known citizen of Jersey City, doing a large manufacturing business, was completely ruined within a short time at the faro table. A young man, keeping books in Williamsburg, became a defaulter of $12 000. He was the only support of an aged mother, and was obliged to flee his home. A man, for over twenty years in the employ of an express company, and having the unbounded confidence of his employers, took to gambling, and in an evil moment, to get money to play with, robbed his employers, was detected, sent to the States Prison for a term of years. A young man came into possession, on the 12th day of May last, of $56,000, and to day he has not got a dollar, having lost all at the gaming table."

The standing armies of Europe amount to about six millions of men. What is it that this statement really means? Setting aside the agonies of maiming and of death, the tears of forlorn women, the desolation of households, and the hideous passions which wake up upon the battle field, what is the actual material loss to humanity which is involved in the fact that six millions of men devote their lives to the business of war? It means that something very like the whole adult male population of Great Britain are withdrawn from the production of the materials of comfort and enjoyment, and make it the work of their lives not merely to cease from the production of what is essential to the well-being of their fellow-creatures, but to train themselves to inflict the utmost possible destruction of everything that may stand in the way of conquest.

A NOVEL ILLUSTRATION OF THE TELEGRAPH.—A most ludicrous conversation took place a few weeks ago in a small village near Paris. Two peasants were discussing about the war between Austria and Prussia, when one of them remarked that he could not understand how messages could be sent by the electric telegraph. His companion, after having tried to make him comprehend the manner in which the telegraph works, at last, struck with a bright idea, exclaimed:

"Imagine that the telegraph is an immense long dog—so long that its head is at Vienna and its tail at Paris. Well, tread on its tail, which is at Paris, and it will bark at Vienna. Do you understand now, stupid, what the telegraph is like?"

"O, yes," replied the other. "I have an idea now what the telegraph must be."

A Mrs. Hayes, residing at Humboldt, near Milwaukee, was attacked by a fiend named Bere, with a scythe, and so terribly cut that she died in a few minutes. Previous to attacking Mrs. Hayes he had cut a dog completely in two belonging to her.

A young woman in Memphis took arsenic and died. Why, is shown in this note which she left addressed to Oscar Willis, a minstrel; "O, Oscar! my darling, my darling! how can I leave you? O, Oscar! my heart is bursting, I know you do not love me any more; I think I am in your way, so I will put an end to my life by taking poison. Good by, my darling. God only knows how I love you. May we meet in heaven, never to part, is my prayer. God bless you through life, and may you be happy. Think of Jennie sometimes, will you, dear? Send my trunk home. Good by, forever.—JENNIE WILLIS."

SUICIDE IN JAPAN.—A curious illustration of the curious fashions of Japan is furnished by the misfortunes of Kubota Sentaro, lately in command of the Japanese garrison of Yokohama, and, it would appear, a young man considerably in advance of his fellows in intelligence. It seems that he had trained a body of about 1,200 troops on the European plan, first having translated the British drill book, and for this, although permission had been given in another instance, he was degraded without warning, his house given up to loot, and his property confiscated. The unfortunate man attempted to commit harikari, but was prevented by his friends, and the government, indignant that he should try to commit suicide without permission, ordered him to be beheaded.

A LOVELY PRISON.—One of the boys who had been arrested for stealing, and confined in a cell in the New York Toombs over night, came before the Criminal Court, Thursday, with his *face gnawed and bitten in a dozen places by rats.* He was confined in a cell with seventeen other boys, and he said there were in the cell "more than a thousand rats more than so long," (indicating about a foot and a half,) "and three other boys were bitten, also. The rats eat our clothes and hands and feet and faces; we could not sleep, we had to fight the rats all night."

Americans are said to be disgusted at the small space allowed them at the Paris Exhibition, and think of getting up a show of their own.

The New York *Tribune* says that carbonic or phenic acid, a new product obtained from the distillation of coal, is the most powerful disenfectant ever discovered, and that with this and sulphurous acid, cholera has been entirely controlled the present season in the city of New York, and with it the rinderpest has been almost subdued in England.

It is the hardest duty required of us to be patient in tribulation. He who can keep just as contented under blows as under gifts; who can praise God in the clouds as well as in the sunshine; who is always the same, unmoved and calm, come what will, so long as the message is from God,—that man is very nearly, if not quite a saint.

By a singular coincidence the European summer of 1766 exactly resembled that of the present year. Lord Chesterfield, writing to his son on the 1st August, 1766, said: "There has been no summer so wet within the memory of man; since March we have not had one single day without rain."

The New York *Round Table* publishes a startling article upon drunkenness among women. It says the vice is prevalent among fashionable ladies, and that some of the most elegant of them will pass this summer not at Saratoga or Newport as usual, but at an asylum for inebriates. The writer intimates that the vice of fashionable drinking is not more prevalent among the gentlemen of this country; that certain dressmakers make it a point to furnish their customers with drink, while in some stores bottles of wine are also kept on hand for lady shoppers, and in others the merchants allow their boys to go to the nearest bar-room for liquor when ladies desire it. Whiskey and brandy are the favourite drinks of these ladies, and as some of the saloons they frequent do not have these liquors on the bill of fare, a neat little sign—"if you do not see what you want, ask for it," gives the hint to the initiated. In dressmakers' bills the significant item "small trimmings" often covers up the expense of liquors which the lady has ordered through the modiste who panders to her vitiated taste; while at the watering places a bribe to the waiter procures a secret supply of liquors which, by the connivance of the landlord, is charged as "extra luncheons." It is asserted that girls of eighteen, daughters of most respectable New York merchants, have been seen grossly intoxicated in Broadway stages and upon the public streets, and that no superiority of intellect or social position is sufficient to guard a lady against this vice.

Some one makes the following statement:—"The latest Masonic statistics reports there are over one million three hundred thousand brethren in the mystic tie in the world, and five thousand lodges scattered all over the world—in Europe, Asia Africa, North and South America, Oceanica and the Indian Archipelago.

The following copy of a written notice appears in a Western paper: "Lost or strayed from the subscriber, a sheep all over white, one leg was black and half his body. All persons shall receive five doll's to bring him. He was a she gote."