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. XII. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, September 8, 1862. New Series.---No. 35.

The London and Liverpool
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY.

Capital, Two Millions Sterling.

THE Subscriber having been appointed from England the Agent of this long established and well known Company, ranking amongst the first in Britain, is prepared to accept proposals and take risks for insurance on all descriptions of property.

W. A. JOHNSTONE, Agent.

April 7th, 1862.

Hats and Caps,

IN PANAMA, Leghorn, Felt, Tweed and Cloth. The best variety to be found in the city.

BEER & SONS.

Charlottetown, June 9, 1862.

1,500

PAIRS BOOTS and SHOES, in Ladies', Gents', Misses', Youth's and Children's, for sale low by

BEER & SONS.

Charlottetown, June 9, 1862.

DR. HAMMOND JOHNSON
Will VACCINATE at his Dispensary from 11 to 1 o'clock daily.

July 14, 1862.

REFRESHMENT and OYSTER SALOON.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs to announce that he has now OPENED the above SALOON, where he is prepared to furnish every REFRESHMENT of the season.

The Best of Liquors, Refreshments, and Oysters,

served in all styles, in three minutes, constantly on hand.

The SALOON is furnished in a style of convenience and comfort never before attempted in this City, and the Proprietor trusts that his assiduous attention will warrant a share of public patronage in this enterprise.

J. G. ECKSTADT.

Queen Street, Aug. 4, 1862. 1m

ALBERTINE OIL.

THE subscriber has in store 20 Casks ALBERTINE OIL, (made from New Brunswick Coal), which is warranted to burn LONGER and BRIGHTER than any other Oil in the market.

For sale very low.

J. S. CARVELL.

August 11, '62. 6i

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
CLOTH MANUFACTORY,
TRYON.

THE Subscriber, encouraged by the very liberal support received in the Cloth dressing business, begs to inform the inhabitants of P. E. Island that he has imported from the best makers in the United States,

Machinery for Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

and shortly (in addition to finishing Cloth) will be prepared to receive Wool for manufacturing into the various descriptions of Cloth usually made in the Colonies. The charge for Picking, Oiling, Carding, Spinning, and Weaving will be

One shilling and three pence per yard.

Other branches in the same proportion. Wool, which must be washed and dried, may be left with H. J. Callbeck, Sidney Street, Charlottetown, or any of the agents for the Mill, from whom further particulars can be learned.

CHARLES E. STANFIELD.

Tryon, April 21, 1862.

LUMBER.

SPRUCE DEALS and DEAL ENDS,
PINE BOARDS,
Pine Palings
Cedar Shingles,
Sawn do.
Laths and Deal Edging for Sale.

JAMES PURDIE.

Charlottetown, Aug. 12, 1862.

PASTURAGE! PASTURAGE!

GOOD well watered Pasturage, one mile from town. Apply to

GEORGE COLES.

Charlottetown, May 26, 1862.

Scythes! Scythes!!

NASH'S SUPERIOR SCYTHES, 44, 46 and 48 inch. Also, SNEATHS, RAKES, FORKS, &c. &c.

BEER & SONS.

Charlottetown, July 14, 1862.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned hereby cautions all persons from having anything to do with a Note of Hand given by him to one Edward Carragher, Lot 30, for seven pounds, payable on the 1st May, 1863, he not having received value for the same.

HENRY C. YOUNG.

Bonshaw, 14th August, 1862.

Fresh Fruit, Spices, Candied Peels, &c.

RAISINS, Currants, seedless Raisin, Candied Citron, Orange and Lemon Peels, Flavoring Essence; Spices; Whole, Ground and Mixed Pure Durham Mustard; Pickles, and Sauces of all kinds; India Currie Powder; Olives, Capers, Baking Powder; Sago; Tapioca, Corn Starch; Rice; Ground and Whole Barley, Pearl and Patent; Maccaroni, Vermicelli, Farina, Scinala, Salad Oil, White Wine and Cider Vinegar; Bromo, Chocolate and Prepared Cocoa, all of best quality and low prices, just received and for sale at

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

Charlottetown, December 23, 1861.

Grain, Grain.

THE highest price given for BARLEY and OATS at

Coles's Brewery and Distillery.

Constantly on hand at prices cheaper than can be purchased in the Market, the best of Rum, Brandy, Gin, Whiskey, and a superior article of old Malt Whiskey. Also —X, XX, and XXX Ale.

Charlottetown, November 14, 1861.

ARCHIBALD WHITE,
Blacksmith & Carriage Fitter,

RETURNS thanks to the inhabitants of CHARLOTTETOWN, and the Island generally, for the liberal custom he has received for the last eight years, and begs to acquaint them that he is still at the same stand, SOUTH SIDE of KINGS SQUARE, opposite the store of Messrs. BEER & SONS, where he respectfully solicits a continuance of their PATRONAGE.

He is prepared to execute on liberal terms and at short notice—

Forging and Turning for machinery of all descriptions,
Cast Steel Axes, warranted of the best quality.

☞ CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS and SHIP WORK always on hand.

——ON SALE——

A few superior CARRIAGES very cheap, if applied for immediately.

Ch. Town, P.E.I., June 16, 1862. 3m

Notice of Administration.

ALL PERSONS having any Demands against the ESTATE of the late JAMES W. CAIRNS, of Charlottetown, deceased, are hereby requested to furnish the same, duly attested, on or before the FIRST DAY of OCTOBER next.

And all persons indebted to said Estate are required to come forward and settle the same; as, from various circumstances, legal proceedings must be resorted to immediately for collection, without further notice.

MARY CAIRNS, Administratrix.

Charlottetown, May 14, 1862. tf [May 19.

LITERATURE.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

Why come not spirits from the realms of glory
To visit earth, as in the days of old—
The times of sacred writ and ancient story?
Is heaven more distant? or has earth grown cold?

To Bethlehem's air was their last anthem given,
When other stars before the One grew dim?
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison,
Or where exulting martyrs raised their hymn?

And are they all within the vale departed?
There gleams no wing along the empyrean now;
And many a tear from human eyes has started,
Since angel touch has calmed a mortal brow.

No: earth has angels, though their forms are moulded,
But of such clay as fashions all below;
Though harps are wanting, and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow!
Their's was the soft tone and the soundless tread;
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
They stood between the "weeping and the dead."

And if my sight, by earthly dimness hindered,
Behold no hovering cherubim in air,
Yet I doubt not, for spirits know their kindred;
They smile upon the wingless watchers there.

There have been angels in the gloomy prison,
In crowded halls, by the lone widow's hearth;
And where they passed the fallen have uprisen,
The giddy paused, the mourner's hope had birth.

O! many a spirit walks the earth unheeded,
That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a starry crown.

MISS SIMMS.

The little girl was too charming to be resisted. In vain I called to my aid all the gravity and soberness that beseemed my age. In vain I held up myself to myself as a person already within the verge of old fogydom. In vain I propounded and solved elaborate arithemetical problems as to the variable proportions which sixteen would assume to forty advanced stages of life. I know that last sentence is not correctly expressed, but let it pass. Thus stood the case: Charlotte was sixteen and I forty, and I, more than double Lotty's age—almost old enough to be her respectable papa—I found myself irretrievably enslaved by that young person, and trotting captive at her chariot-wheels.—or, more properly, the wheels of her infantine go-cart. I had nursed Lotty, she had ridden a cock-horse upon my knee. I had kissed her moist lips when kissing was a ceremony performed rather for the sake of politeness to mamma than for any pleasantness in itself. I had made Lotty ill with surreptitious sugar-plums; I had presented her with Christmas boxes of the most astonishing toys. I had assisted in the instilling of the alphabet into her youthful mind by means of highly-coloured pictures, in a painful state of alliteration; I had begged Lotty out of the corner, where she stood obstinate, finger in mouth, and with a general humidity of countenance. I had thought Lotty a dirty child when I saw her paddling with her little fat-hands in a puddle, or with traces of lollipops about her innocent mouth. I had execrated Lotty as a nuisance and a bore when she *would* poke her pug nose into my flirtation with Miss Mirables (who married afterwards Lord Methuselah). And at last, it had come to this! We had changed places. I was the child now, and Miss Lotty was mistress over me, and she knew it. She threw me a sugar-plum when she so pleased; she taught me a letter of some sweet sibillating alphabet when she had nothing better to do; she patronized me, and began to take an interest in my temper and morals; she petted me when she lacked amusement, and when she was otherwise engaged gave me to understand in the plainest manner that I was a consummate bore, and an unmitigated nuisance—that I was.

Miss Lotty knew all about it. In vain I tried to treat her as a child. She laughed in my face at the transparent absurdity of the pretence. In vain I affected indifference. She exacted attention, and would not be snubbed. She flirted with small boys for the express purpose of vexing me, and knew that I was vexed, and I knew that she knew it.

In what manner, or at what precise time she left off being a child, and began to be a woman I do not know. She passed out of the nursery by no sensible transition and took to her Missdom quite naturally. Juliet of the house of Capulet, brought out by her provident mother at the age of fourteen, did not assume her new honours with a more perfect coolness.

This, then, was the state of the case. I who had overlived all my youthful heart-weakness, who prided myself on being safe henceforth from the subtlest fascinations of the female sex, fell into captivity at the hands of a little girl just out of the nursery. Having struggled in vain, I succumbed, and began to think seriously whether sixteen and forty were after all such incompatible ages. It was not quite a case of January and May. If I had been sixty, and a lord, there would have been nothing unusual in the notion. If I had been a widower, and possessed of a daughter a little older than Lotty, the match would have been perfectly *en regle*. The difference was on the right side. It was not as bad as if I had married my first love, who was forty when I was sixteen.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.

So I ceased to compare myself with the small boys with whom Lotty flirted. I turned a blind eye on the budding obesity of my figure, and began to consider the matter as an accomplished fact.

Miss Lotty had an aunt—a very respectable person—of mature age. Miss Simms was the name of this lady, and Miss Simms and I had always been great friends. She was a gushing person, strongly sympathetic, and given to the study of the minor poets of the last generation. We had often exchanged sympathies, had often discoursed together on the affections after a diluted Platonic manner, and she was accustomed to apply to me for explanations of namby-pamby passages of her favourite poets.

Miss Simms occupied that place in the family which maiden aunts so often fill. To make things generally pleasant, to be a general go-between, the friend of everybody, the deliverer of messages, the arranger of the delicate amenities of social life—such was Miss Simms' mission.

Her age was certainly verging towards fifty. She was well-preserved; had expressive eyes, hair scrupulously neat, but very thin, white, angular hands, a sweet, faint smile, and a purring sort of voice.

I respected Miss Simms immensely. I had a great friendship for her. The idea struck me that I would make her my confidant with regard to Lotty. She was the very person for a confidant. I could not, for the life of me, have broken the subject to papa or mamma. Lotty was a child to them still, and I felt that it would scarcely have seemed more ridiculous to them for *me* to confess a tender passion for the infant in long clothes than to hint the state of my heart towards Lotty. I had determined to make some move, and the aunt appeared to me the very medium through whom to make it. The familiar friend of Lotty, to whom that little maiden confessed all her innocent secrets—the companion and fellow-counsellor of Lotty's parents—this aunt was just the confidant I wanted.

But, beyond this, I felt sure that the state of the case had not altogether escaped the sympathetic penetration of Miss Simms. That faint smile of hers, that wistful look in her fine eyes, a playful shake of the head sometimes, the pressure of a kind hand—these signs had not been lost upon me. Often, when my eyes had been following against their will the graceful buoyant figure of Lotty, recalled, they would meet the eyes of Miss Simms; and as I smiled and half-blushed at being thus caught, Miss Simms would smile and half-blush likewise. Often, when I had been leaning over Lotty at her book, admiring the downward contour of the soft cheek, or the luxuriance of the glossy hair, lifting my eyes, they would again meet Miss Simms' eyes, and Miss Simms would turn her head away with an expression of countenance which spoke volumes. Once, when I was shaking Miss Simms' hand on departure, I could not restrain myself from whispering 'Qu'elle est charmante?' Why I spoke in French I cannot tell. Miss Simms' knowledge of that language was imperfect, while Lotty's exceeded my own—so that it could not have been an aside from Lotty. But such French sentences are generally spoken without any satisfactory reason why they should not be uttered in English. However, to my exclamation, Miss Simms had rejoined, 'Hush!' with an upraised bony finger, and an arch smile.

In breaking the matter to Lotty's aunt, then, I did not anticipate very much difficulty. She certainly had observed my admiration of her niece; and even had it been otherwise, the ready sympathy of this kind, estimable woman would have interpreted my meaning from a word or look.

I chose my time. I was copying some music for Lotty. Lotty and her mamma were going forth on the business of card-leaving.

As I took them down to the carriage, Lotty said:

'You *will* finish my music?' And she made the prettiest beseeching *moue*, and lifted up her face, just as when a child she had lifted it up to be kissed. 'We shall soon be back, and you can stay to dinner. You *must* stay to dinner. The evenings are so dull and stupid, and then you can sing that duet with me. Now, go back and finish the music. You and Aunt Sarah can talk poetry, you know, till I come back.'

Yes, Miss Lotty, I had that very intention of talking poetry with Aunt Sarah—the sweetest poetry in the world—yourself the theme.

Returned to Miss Simms and the music-copying, I made a crotchet—'Miss Simms,' I said — then two semiquavers and a rest, then three black bars—

'Miss Simms,' I said, 'I hope you will not see anything absurd in what I am about to—to—to lay before you—' *crescendo*, written in neat italics.

'My heart—'

'Dear me!' cried Miss Simms.

'My heart, my *dear* Miss Simms, may be of a soft and foolish texture—yes, texture.' (I had screwed myself up to the mark, and chose my language with deliberation.) 'It may be soft, I say, but, upon my soul, I do not think it is. I think no man, the most insensate, could have seen daily, as I have seen, this sweet girl' (*con molto spirito*) 'and have resisted her attractions. It does not lie within the power of human nature to resist them.'

I was silent for a few minutes, and steadily continued my copying. I had determined to discuss the subject in the calmest and most reasonable manner. I confess the dots were scarcely circular, and the strokes scarcely straight, but I completed a most prodigious series of running notes *ad libitum* before I recommenced. I dared not look at Miss Simms.

'That there is disparity in age I cannot deny. Some people would call it a great disparity—'

'Sir!' cried Miss Simms, with some warmth.

'Yes, my dear madam, I am not surprised at that tone. But I feel that I must bring this into prominence, and consider it judicially. I am not a young man. I cannot hide it from myself, even if I would—I am no longer young. Perhaps I have an appearance of age, a gravity, beyond my actual years. I entreat you not to forget that point—it is a point that we must fully grasp—and I wish to impress it on your mind that I have thoroughly weighed this, and thrown every possible argument into the scale that opposes me. This is but just.'

'I think enough has been said on that part of the subject,' Miss Simms interrupted me. 'You lay too much stress on this point, and must be labouring, I think, under some strange misconception. After all, what does age matter—a few months more or less. It is the heart, my dear sir, the heart; the sympathy of affections, the reciprocity of ideas, the congeniality of sentiments—'

'It is like you to say so,' I exclaimed. 'I appreciate your kindness. We are old friends, Miss Simms—'

'Friends of long standing,' Miss Simms agreed, correctively.

'Friends of long standing. I knew that you would understand me. I felt that you were the best person, the only person, to whom I could first break this delicate subject. I knew that you would meet me halfway.'

* * * *

I had all along persevered in my music-copying. I knew that I was making the most astounding blunders, but that was of little consequence. If I left this accompaniment I felt that my voice would break down too.

'My dear Miss Simms,' I went on, 'I know that your present hesitation proceeds from the best of motives. Do not think I am flattering you, when I say that to your influence I attribute much of the exquisite purity of your charming niece.'

This was not quite true, but I saw that a compliment would be well-timed.

'She is a good child,' said Miss Simms.

This sort of thing may be continued *ad libitum*, through as many pages as my reader pleases. In the heat of my oratory I flung aside my pen, and strode to the fireplace by which Miss Simms was sitting. My oratory must have been moving. Miss Simms was in tears when I next came to a pause.

She lifted her tearful eyes for a moment to mine, as I stood upon the hearth-rug close by her side.

'Oh spare me!' she said. 'This tumult of feelings—so painful and yet so delicious! I am but a weak, girlish thing' (she giggled hysterically). 'Leave me alone, now. Some other time—some other time. I have been expecting this. I knew it must come.'

'You *had* discovered my secret, then,' I said. 'I knew you had. Long ago, Miss Simms, long ago—did you not?'

'I could not be blind,' she said. 'Maiden modesty is very innocent; but could I help seeing?'

'Ah!' I exclaimed. 'And there is hope for me?'

'What can I say? Do not press me.'

'I entreat you. Say, at least, there is not despair.'

'No, do not despair,' she said. 'I do not wish that.'

We were silent for a minute or so. Miss Simms spoke first.

'You will speak to my brother!' she said, covering her face with her hand.

'Certainly. That is my intention, if you tell me I may do so. Do you think I may?'

Miss Simms looked at me between the fingers of the hand that covered her face.

'Yes,' she said. 'I *think* you may.'

I deliberated.

'My dear Miss Simms,' I said. 'I can never sufficiently repay the kindness — the sympathy, the great sympathy — you have shown to me to-day. I am going to take advantage of this sympathy—'

'*Sir!*' cried Miss Simms.

'Yes; gratitude consists mostly in taking advantage of the people who are kind to you. I am going to ask a still greater favour of you. Will you break this matter to your brother? Will you hint my feelings to Lotty?'

'I see no occasion for that! Why to Lotty?'

'Well; I respect your prudence. No doubt you are right. To your brother, then?'

'Had not *you* better do that. It is so very awkward.'

'My dear Miss Simms, oblige me in this. I shall be eternally indebted to you.'

Miss Simms gave me her angular white hand. She looked up into my face with an expression of most intense sympathy.

* * * *

My readers, I have no doubt, see clearly the fix I had got myself into. Will they believe me when I say that I had no notion of it myself! A pre-occupied man assimilates every word that is spoken to the subject of his own pre-occupation. When he enters into tender confidences, he speaks in ambiguously bashful hints, not in that precise language wherewith he would draw up his will. Do you remember the scene between Belise and Clitandre in 'Les Femmes Savantes?'

'Souffrez,' says Clitandre.

'Souffrez, pour vos parler, madam qu'um am ant
Prenne l'occasion de cet heureux moment,
Et se decouvre a vous de la sincere flamme....'

'Ah! tout beau;' cries Belise.

Of course she applies the words of Clitandre to herself—what woman would not do so?

I left the house with a feeling of the greatest satisfaction. The first move had been made, and made, I could not but flatter myself, with consummate address, and with a success equal to my highest hopes. This good, kind aunt of Lotty's, I was deeply grateful to her, and determined that I would make her a handsome present on my wedding day.

Everything went well.

The next morning I received a letter from Lotty's papa.

'I *can* have no objection, if you have none,' he wrote. 'I consent gladly to receive your visits at my house on the footing you desire. Come and dine with us at six, and we will talk it over.'

Miss Simms, how could I feel sufficiently grateful to you! Every difficulty was cleared at once from my path. I saw now how foolish had been my self-depreciatory doubts on the subject of age. My budding obesity no longer gave me a pang. Did Ophelia find Hamlet the less attractive for his fatness?

And Lotty—what did Lotty think of all this? How would she meet me under these new relations? I painted for myself the most delightful picture. The sweet bashfulness, the maiden coyness, the blushes of the charming face, the beatings of the pure little heart, the downcast eyes, the trembling lips. Ah, me!—away with such remembrances!

I confess I was slightly nervous as I knocked at the Simmses' door. There was a smile on the flunkey's face and an alacrity in his manner as he let me in. I saw that he knew all about it. What can wo hide from these omniscient flunkeys?

Miss Simms happened to be upon the stairs.

'How can I thank you?' I said, grasping her hand with the warmth of friendship. The flunkey had disappeared.

'Oh, Henry!' Miss Simms gasped.

Her feelings were too much for her. What a good heart this woman had to be so moved by the happiness of others. She clung to my hand, to my arm, to my shoulder, for support. She raised her eyes to mine, her face to mine—her lips; by Jove, I thought for a moment the good creature was going to kiss me. Her attitude was the very attitude of Helena lifting beseeching lips to Bertram. 'What would you have?' quoth he. She answers:

Something, and scarce so much: nothing, indeed.
I would not tell you what I would, my lord—'faith, yes;—
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not *kiss*.

But I did gently sunder myself from the weight of Miss Simms without any osculation.

'And how is—is—is *she?*' I said. 'She is not unfavourable, I hope, towards my suit?'

'*She* is only too much blessed!' Miss Simms replied, with a smile, in which archness blended with sympathy. 'Can you doubt it for a moment?'

At last I managed to reach the drawing-room door. Miss Simms would have me enter without her, for what reason I could not understand, but she professed to be too bashful, and said:

'It would look so odd for us to enter together.'

I was certainly very nervous. It cannot be expected that I should now relate accurately all that was said to me, and all that I said in return, when at the time itself I had no very clear notion of that same.

I stammered some sort of vague thanks and gratitude to Lotty's papa; and he said something about congratulating me in return, and then by mutual consent we suffered the conversation to turn on different subjects. Lotty's mamma helped me out of the difficulties of conversation as only a woman's fluent tongue can.

Lotty was not in the room.

Soon Miss Simms entered; and afterwards Lotty.

The expression of Lotty's face surprised me — and her manner still more. There was an angry flush upon her cheeks, a flashing fire in her eyes, an obstinate firmness about her red lips—very different from the signs I had expected to read upon that fair face. When I shook hands with her, she just gave me the tips of her fingers for the fraction of a moment, and pulled them away with a jerk.

'I hope, Lotty,' I whispered, 'that *you* have no objection to receive me in the new character which I take upon me here for the first time?'

'*Me?*' Lotty said. 'Why, on earth, should *I* have any objection? I wish you joy, I'm sure.'

Lotty carried her little nose high in the air, she tossed her head, she gave utterance to a short, sharp laugh, and looked very much as if she were going to cry. Her manner was most perplexing. Who can interpret the signs of a woman's face, or predicate the way in which she will act under any given circumstances?

'Henry,' said a mild, purring, sugary voice; 'Mr. Jones, I mean—I beg your pardon.'

I crossed over to Miss Simms. She motioned to me to take the chair beside her. I sat down. Lotty remained at the window. Her papa and mamma entered into private and engrossing conversation. Miss Simms and I were, to all intents and purposes, alone together.

Dinner was announced.

Even while I was looking round for Lotty, Miss Simms had seized my arm.

I went down the stairs in a hideous dream—that clinging, angular hand was a special nightmare upon me.

My place at the dinner-table was changed. From the time when Lotty used to appear at dessert-time in a clean white frock and blue sash, her place had always been by me. Now, I and Miss Simms were placed together on one side of the table, and Lotty alone on the other side.

I was perplexed and miserable. Some shadow of the truth—not as yet the terrible truth itself—began to fall upon me.

How I got through that dinner I cannot tell. The chief remembrance I have of it, is of the expression of Lotty's face. It was precisely the same look that I had seen on it half-a-dozen years before, when a new doll which I had presented to Lotty had been taken away from her in punishment of some childish peccadillo.

I remember that we had champagne, as upon some gala occasion. Lotty's papa drank Miss Simms' health and my health together in a humorous manner.

I was in a ghastly dream. Whether I knew the truth or did not know it I cannot tell. The dinner was over at length—the wine was put on. The ladies drank their one glass and left us.

As I opened the door for them Miss Simms whispered: 'Do not be long.'

We filled our glasses with claret.

'My dear fellow,' said my host, 'this little affair has given me the most entire satisfaction. I had not a suspicion of it. My sister Sarah, though I say it, who shouldn't, is a most estimable person, a capital housewife, good-tempered, and you and she have always got on very well together in your tastes for poetry and so forth. Ages not unsuitable. You are no longer a chicken, my dear fellow, and if she has a year or two the advantage of you, why that is your affair, not mine. That is a matter of taste. Of course you know that her little property amounts to a mere nothing. She has lived with us now for a number of years, and, upon my soul, I shall be sorry to lose her. But we must not be selfish in this world. Yes, I am convinced that Sarah will make you an excellent wife.'

'Sir!' I gasped, 'there is some terrible and fatal mistake!'

'Mistake, sir,' cried my host fiercely; 'what do you mean?'

'Your sister is a very respectable person,' I stammered; 'but I never had the remotest idea of—of—'

'Of what, sir?'

'The remotest idea of asking her to be my wife.'

'Jones!' he said, solemnly, 'I always took you to be a man of honour. The feelings and affections of a woman are not to be played with in this atrocious manner.'

Everything swam before my eyes, the room turned round—the world was resolving itself again into chaos—the final collapse of all things was at hand.

Like Shylock, flung from the height of my certain hopes to ruin irretrievable and blank despair, I turned sick and faint.

'I pray you give me leave to go from hence.
I am not well.'

I rushed from the room—from the house.

That same night I took my passage on board an Ostend steamboat, and floated in the darkness down the Thames, an exile from my native land.

A MODEL BISHOP.

The warnings that the nineteenth century is sinking into its afternoon thicken about us. A venerable tradition of the last age has just faded away with the all but nonagenarian Primate of All Ireland. The influence and popularity of Primate Beresford, viewed in connexion with the dignity which he filled for forty eventful years, testify to qualities which would probably be little understood by the Englishman who is unversed in the difficulties of such a position. A member of a family inured to rule at the cost of fierce opposition, and the chief dignitary of a religious establishment representing the minority of the population, who had occupied his post during the days of emancipation and reform, of Ribbonism and of famine, was just the man, had he been unwise or unworthy, to have concentrated on himself the hatred of a nation. Yet the late Primate, who never compromised a conviction and who never forgot the responsibilities of his position, had achieved the respect of men of all opinions in a bitterly distracted country while holding captive the affections of all who had to do with him. He owed his singular popularity to a rare combination of all those qualities which conciliate jarring interests, accompanied by the absence of those characteristics which, while they sparkle, often repel. The Primate will not have left his mark upon theological literature—therefore he has not earned the vengeance of any discomfited controversialist. He never strove to force conviction by oratorical power—so his tongue never made scars in any man's self-opinion. He was simple in his tastes, self-denying in his habits, and affable to every one; yet there was about him in all his movements that indescribable air of the *grand seigneur* which never can be imitated where it does not exist by nature. His singularly handsome person was no doubt of great advantage to him, symbolising, as it should, the man and the office. It was a usual remark in London, whenever in his stronger days he appeared in public, that the Archbishop of Armagh, with his thin erect figure, his pale finely chiselled face, and his clear blue eye, embodied as no other man the ideal bishop—Christian priest, ruler, and gentleman. He ruled by his majestic presence and his unspotted character, by his tolerant wisdom and by the exhibition of a self-mastery which had moulded a character naturally impulsive into an equal tenor of unruffled kindness, by the stately hospitality with which he adorned his prince-like position, and by the breadth of his munificence. His Cathedral Church of Armagh, restored by his bounteous and watchful care, and at an expense of more than £30,000, from a condition of squalor next door to ruin, will be a monument of his vigilant stewardship—the more remarkable because previously to the Cathedral restoration movement in England. Nor was he satisfied with having re-established the external fabric, for, with the aid of a zealous precentor, he boldly innovated upon Irish prejudices, and organized the daily choral service on a footing of efficiency which might put many English dignitaries to the blush. Every institution in his Cathedral city—the King's School, the Hospital, the Library, the Parish schools—owed its existence to him, or was largely benefited out of his ever open purse. Whenever a subscription for any church or charitable or patriotic object was started in Ireland, the Primate's name stood always foremost. The new public school of St. Columbia near Dublin received its thousands at his hands. The campanile of Trinity College, Dublin, is his gift. When any movement for some good object was made in England, even to England the streams of his munificence largely flowed.

But his bounty was not confined to largesses in which his name appeared. It was a common and a dearer pleasure to him to minister in secret to the necessities of the penniless and the destitute, and to eke out the subsistence of the hard-worked curate. How many the clergy are whom his hand has fed and clothed—how thoughtfully, how delicately, and yet how wisely he administered his relief—never will be known till the final day of reckoning. The last thought of business which occupied his mind on the day of his death was to make provision that the curates whom he had aided should not be deprived of their year's stipend owing to his loss. When he had done this, he only thought of his soul. Of a very affectionate nature, and greatly enjoying cheerful society, he yet was never married, and so the means of doing public good were never wanting. He was peculiarly susceptible of the spirit of relationship, and he possessed an unusually large number of kinsfolk to share his affections, while the strength of his clan feeling was shown in the peculiarity, that, while conforming in all other things to the strictest episcopal *regime*, he never would abandon his family livery for the regulation purple. In spite, however, of what might seem a natural proclivity, both of temperament and of position, he made it the rule of his life to resist that besetting temptation of all, and especially of Irish prelates—nepotism. The plodding curate without connexions was as sure of something more substantial than mere sympathy, while the high-born incumbent had no complaints to make of the Primate's courtesy, although he found that his confidence varied according to the recipient's deserts. His prime had been passed during the rough fierce times which preceded Catholic Emancipation, when the country was torn to pieces by the tremendous faction fights of Whig and Tory, Catholic and Protestant. Yet the Archbishop lived on terms not merely of official communication, but of friendly intercourse with successive occupants of the Roman Catholic See of Armagh. For Dr. Croly in particular he entertained a sincere regard. It was no common act of moral courage on his part which made him at past eighty years of age come forward to testify to the irrefragable logic of facts by accepting the National system of education as inevitable for Ireland. We do not choose to recall the unmanly attacks which bigots did not blush to make upon that venerable man. The storm recoiled upon the heads of the zealots who could not or would not see things as they are; and in the meanwhile, the Primate by this act of Christian patriotism had made a long onward step to the pacification of his country.—*Sat. Rev.*

THE NEW ROYAL MAUSOLEUM AT WINDSOR.—The mausoleum now in course of erection in the Royal grounds, Frogmore, and which is intended to receive the remains of the late Prince Consort, is situated about 100 yards from that of the late Duchess of Kent. A more secluded spot could not have been selected, the site being surrounded by many different species of flowering shrubs and trees of a large growth, while close by is a beautiful specimen of the deciduous cypress, the dark shades of which will contrast well with the stones of the tomb. The building is being erected from the designs and under the superintendence of Mr. A. J. Humbert, the architect, and consists of a central cell with four transepts branching north, south, east, and west, with a porch adjoining the western transept. The whole floor is supported by brick vaults of massive work, while at the same time form chambers, with loopholes for the purpose of ventilation and the prevention of damp rising from the superstructure. They are entered by a small flight of stone steps. The central cell will be lighted by three light semi-circular-headed windows in the clerestory, which will be externally decorated with Aberdeen granite shafts and heads. The copper roof of the central cell (which is octagonal on plan) rises from the wall heads to the apex with a flat pitch in the manner of an Italian campanile, and will be surmounted with a gilt cross. Under this roof will be the sarcophagus for the remains of the Prince Consort. The reclining statue of the Prince will be executed by Baron Marochetti. The four transepts are square on plan, are lighted by windows similar to those in the clerestory of the central cell, and will have pedimented copper roofs. The porch, which will be entered by a handsome flight of stone steps, will be lighted with circular-headed three-light windows, with shafts and heads of Guernsey granite, and the front will be supported by monolithic granite columns, similar to those already finished in the mausoleum of the Duchess of Kent. The whole of the exterior will be decorated with Aberdeen and Guernsey granite, and with red Mansfield and various other stones. The interior will be in different coloured marbles and stone. The building is in the Italian style, reminding one of the campanilli at Pisa. As the erection stands upon a base of concrete, 6 feet in thickness, there is very little probability that the symetry of the mausoleum will be marred by settlements. The erection which is 70 feet in length and the same in height, will be adorned by several statues. The foundation stone, which was laid by her Majesty the Queen, bears the following inscription: —"The foundation stone of this building, erected by Queen Victoria, in pious remembrance of her great and good husband, was laid by her on the 15th day of March, A.D. 1862. 'Blessed are they that sleep in the Lord.'" The builder is Mr. George Dines; the erection being under the supervision of Mr. Thomas, the clerk of the works.

THE HANDBOOK OF SOVEREIGNS.—The *Almanach de Gotha* presents this year some curious discrepancies worthy of note. It preserves in their places the States of Italy which have been annexed to the Piedmontese Monarchy, and yet admits the kingdom of Italy, saying, "Victor Emmanuel takes, by the law of the 17th of March, 1861, the title of King of Italy." In addition, full details of the new provinces are given in the statistical part. But, on the other hand, it admits some new States not before recognized by the *Almanach*, such as the Republic of Hayti, the Kingdom of the Sandwich Islands and the Empires of Japan and China. In the Sandwhich Islands, the King named Alexander Giholiho Kamehameha IV., is declared to be 26 years old, and married to an American lady, Miss Roker. His son has the title of Prince of Hawai, his brother is generalissimo, and his sister Prime Minister! He has a Council of State, three ministers, and a marshal, a receiver-general, and a supreme court. The majority of the European States have representatives there. The kingdom forms four insular provinces, peopled by seventy thousand inhabitants. The oldest sovereign in Europe is still the King of Wurtemburg, 80 years of age, and the youngest Prince of Reusee-Greiz, 15½ years old. The Sovereign who has reigned the longest is the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, who came to the throne 59 years ago, while the most recent is the Sultan. The work also gives a list of the different Orders—134 in number—of which six are for women.

The State possessing most is Bavaria, which has 11; then Spain and Austria, which have 10, Russia eight, and Portugal and Sweden six. The Italian Revolution suppressed six Orders in Naples, one in Modena, two in Parma, and five in Tuscany.

"I'LL KEEP 'EM AWAKE."—Near Newark, New Jersey, lived a very pious family who had taken an orphan boy to raise, who, by the way, was rather underwitted. He had imbibed very strict views on religious matters, however, and once asked his adopted mother if she didn't think it wrong for the old farmers to come to church and fall asleep, paying no better regard to the service. She replied she did. Accordingly, before going to church the next Sunday he filled his pockets with apples. One bald-headed old man, who invariably went to sleep during the sermon, particularly attracted his attention. Seeing him at last nodding, and giving nassal evidence of being in the "land of dreams," he hauled and took the astounded sleeper with an apple square on top of his bald pate. The minister and aroused congregation at once turned around and gazed indignantly at the boy, who merely said to the preacher, as he took another apple in his hand, with a sober, honest expression of countenance, "You preach, I'll keep 'em awake."—*Balt. American.*

A clever Yankee alluding to the well-known line, 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form,' makes a 'guess' that the Glass in question must have been the lady who wrote a celebrated cookery-book under the name. The 'mould' he explains by saying it must mean an ice, or jelly, or pudding or blancmange, or any other kind of 'mould' you like—all of which goes far in his opinion to prove what a very clever fellow Shakspeare was. Not only did he know everything that went before him, and a great deal more, but he could also anticipate coming events.

A WILD IMAGINATION.—"I do not say," remarked Mr. Brown, "that Jaggs is a thief; but I do say that if his farm joined mine I would not try to keep sheep."