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.

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☞ THE following Instructions for the restoration of persons apparently drowned, have been ordered by the Right Honorable Edward Cardwell, Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, to be printed and extensively circulated throughout Prince Edward Island:

Treatment of the APPARENTLY DROWNED.

Royal National Life-Boat Institution.

Incorporated by Royal Charter.—Supported by voluntary contributions.

Patroness—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

DIRECTIONS FOR RESTORING THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.

THE leading principles of the following Directions for the Restoration of the apparently dead from Drowning are founded on those of the late Dr. MARSHALL HALL, combined with those of Dr. H. R. SILVESTER, and are the result of extensive inquiries which were made by the Institution in 1863-4 amongst Medical Men, Medical Bodies, and Coroners throughout the United Kingdom. These directions have been extensively circulated by the Institution throughout the United Kingdom and in the Colonies. They are also in use in Her Majesty's Fleet, and in the Coast-guard Service.

I.

Send immediately for medical assistance, blankets, and dry clothing, but proceed to treat the Patient *instantly* on the spot, in the open air, with the face downwards, whether on shore or afloat; exposing the face, neck, and chest to the wind, except in severe weather, and removing all tight clothing from the neck and chest, especially the braces.

The points to be aimed at are—first and *immediately*, the *Restoration of Breathing*; and secondly, after breathing is restored, the *Promotion of Warmth and Circulation*.

The efforts to restore Breathing must be commenced immediately and energetically, and persevered in for one or two hours, or until a medical man has pronounced that life is extinct. Efforts to promote Warmth and Circulation beyond removing the wet clothes and *drying the skin must* not be made until the first appearance of natural breathing. For if circulation of the blood be induced before breathing has recommenced, the restoration to life will be endangered.

II.—TO RESTORE BREATHING.

TO CLEAR THE THROAT.—Place the patient on the floor or ground with the face downwards, and one of the arms under the forehead, in which position all fluids will more readily escape by the mouth, and the tongue itself will fall forward, leaving the entrance into the windpipe free. Assist this operation by wiping and cleansing the mouth.

If satisfactory breathing commences, use the treatment described below to promote Warmth. If there be only slight breathing—or no breathing—or if the breathing fail, then—

TO EXCITE BREATHING.—Turn the Patient well and instantly on the side, supporting the head, and—

Excite the nostrils with snuff, hartshorn, and smelling salts, or tickle the throat with a feather, &c., if they are at hand. Rub the chest and face warm, and dash cold water, or cold and hot water alternately, on them.

If there be no success, lose not a moment but instantly

TO IMITATE BREATHING—Replace the patient on the face, raising and supporting the chest well on a folded coat or other article of dress.

Turn the body very gently on the side and a little beyond, and then briskly on the face, back again; repeating these measures cautiously, efficiently, and perseveringly about fifteen times in the minute, or once every four or five seconds, occasionally varying the side.

[*By placing the Patient on the chest, the weight of the body forces the air out; when turned on the side, this pressure is removed, and air enters the chest.*]

On each occasion that the body is replaced on the face, make uniform but efficient pressure with brisk movement, on the back between and below the shoulder-blades or bones on each side, removing the pressure immediately before turning the body on the side. During the whole of the operations let one person attend solely to the movements of the head, and of the arm placed under it.

[*The first measure increases the Expiration, the second commences Inspiration.*]

*** The result is *Respiration* or *Natural Breathing*; and if not too late, *Life*.

Whilst the above operations are being proceeded with, dry the hands and feet: and as soon as dry clothing or blankets can be procured, strip the body and cover, or gradually reclothe it, but *taking care not to interfere with the efforts to restore breathing*

III.

Should these efforts not prove successful in the course of from two to five minutes, proceed to imitate breathing by Dr. SILVESTER'S method as follows:—

Place the Patient on the back on a flat surface, inclined a little upwards from the feet; raise and support the head and shoulders on a small firm cushion or folded article of dress placed under the shoulder-blades.

Draw forward the patient's tongue, and keep it projecting beyond the lips: an elastic band over the tongue and under the chin will answer this purpose, or a piece of string or tape may be tied round them, or by raising the lower jaw, the teeth may be made to retain the tongue in that position. Remove all tight clothing from about the neck and chest, especially the braces.

TO IMITATE THE MOVEMENTS OF BREATHING.—Standing at the Patient's head, grasp the arms just above the elbows, and draw the arms gently and steadily upwards above the head, and *keep them stretched* upwards for two seconds. (*By this means air is drawn into the lungs.*) Then turn down the Patient's arms, and press them gently and firmly for two seconds against the sides of the chest. (*By this means air is pressed out of the lungs.*)

Repeat these measures alternately, deliberately, and perseveringly, about fifteen times in a minute, until a spontaneous effort to respire is perceived, immediately upon which cease to imitate the movements of breathing, and proceed to INDUCE CIRCULATION AND WARMTH.

IV.—TREATMENT AFTER NATURAL BREATHING HAS BEEN RESTORED.

TO PROMOTE WARMTH AND CIRCULATION.—Commence rubbing the limbs upwards, with firm grasping pressure and energy, using handkerchiefs flannels, &c.: [*by this measure the blood is propelled along the veins towards the heart.*]

The friction must be continued under the blanket, or over the dry clothing.

Promote the warmth of the body by the application of hot flannels, bottles, or bladders of hot water, heated bricks, &c., to the pit of the stomach, the arm-pits, between the thighs, and to the soles of the feet.

If the Patient has been carried to a house after respiration has been restored, be careful to let the air play freely about the room.

On the restoration of life, a teaspoonful of warm water should be given; and then, if the power of swallowing has returned, small quantities of wine, warm brandy and water, or coffee, should be administered. The Patient should be kept in bed, and a disposition to sleep encouraged.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.—The above treatment should be persevered in for some hours, as it is an erroneous opinion that persons are irrecoverable because life does not make its appearance, persons having been restored after persevering for many hours.

APPEARANCES WHICH GENERALLY ACCOMPANY DEATH.

Breathing and the heart's action cease entirely; the eye-lids are generally half-closed; the pupils dilated; the jaws clenched, the fingers semi-contracted; the tongue approaches to the under edges of the lips, and these, as well as the nostrils, are covered with a frothy mucus. Coldness and palor of surface increase.

CAUTIONS.

Prevent unnecessary crowding of persons round the body, especially if in an apartment.

Avoid rough usage, and do not allow the body to remain on the back unless the tongue is secured.

Under no circumstances hold the body up by the feet.

On no account place the body in a warm bath, unless under medical direction, and even then it should only be employed as a momentary excitant.

By order of the Committee,
RICHARD LEWIS, Secretary.
Royal National Life-boat Institution, London, May, 1864. [July 18, 1864. 4w

SUMMER 1864!

Ex Theresa, Edwin & Lizzie, Prioress and Commodore, from England,

THE subscriber HAS RECEIVED his

SUMMER GOODS,

comprising a very general assortment in

DRY GOODS, Hardware, Teas,

and his usual Stock of GROCERIES, DYE STUFFS, SPICES, &c. &c. &c.

The STOCK having been SELECTED by a gentleman who has had over THIRTY YEARS' experience in the P. E. Island business, and purchased on the most favorable terms, he can recommend them to his friends and customers for quality and cheapness—

Embracing the latest styles in

Dress Goods, Mantles, Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, Plumes, Feathers, Flowers, Gloves, Hosiery, Parasols, Sun Shades, Hair Nets, &c. &c.

A large assortment of

Gents' and Boys' Made Clothing,

in COATS, VESTS, PANTS, SHIRTS, SHIRT COLLARS, &c. &c.

Boots, Shoes and Slippers,

in great variety.

HARDWARE:

Cut Nails, from 1 to 4½ in.; Spikes, Wrought Nails, Spades, Hoes, Shovels, Saws, Traces, Chain for Tethers, Whips, Cutlery of all kinds; the T. E. Charcoal Horse Nail, which every Blacksmith ought to have.

Paints, Linseed Oil, Window Glass, Putty, Sole Leather, Whiting, &c. &c. &c.

ALSO,

—CONSTANTLY ON HAND—

Eagleton's WATCH SPRING SKIRT HOOPS,

Hats, Cane and Cane Hoops.

Other AMERICAN GOODS daily expected by R. P. CHASE, from BOSTON.

PATRICK WALKER.

Walker's Corner,
June 6, 1864. Vin Pro 2m

RENFREW HOUSE,

Thomas's Old Stand,
Great George Street.

SPRING STOCK COMPLETE!

DELANY & WILSON

BEG to announce that their SPRING and SUMMER STOCK is now complete, and comprises an EXTENSIVE and VARIED ASSORTMENT of

New and Fashionable GOODS,

—IN—

LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS,

BONNETS,	BONNET BORDERS,
HATS,	MANTLES,
FLOWERS,	SHAWLS,
FEATHERS,	Parasols & Parachutes,
RIBBONS,	Muslin & Linen COLLARS,
GLOVES,	DRESS CAPS,
HOSIERY,	TIES & SCARFS,
HAIR NETS,	Black & Colored SILKS,
&c.	&c. &c.

Grey and White COTTONS,

Prints, Ginghams, Regatta and Striped Shirtings, Bed Tick, Jean, Osnaburg, Cotton Warp, &c. &c.

Skeleton Skirts,

CANES, BATTING, WADDING, &c. &c. &c.

Men's Furnishing Goods,

in Cloths, Tweeds, Clothing, Shirts, Ties, Collars, Scarfs, Braces, Gloves, Plus, &c. &c. &c.

Mens' and Boys'

Hats and Caps,

in great variety and newest styles.

Mens' Women's & Children's

BOOTS and SHOES,

at very low prices.

Hardware,

In Cut Nails, Plough Mounting, Steel, Hoes, Shovels, Rope, Oils, Paint, Putty, Glass, Table Cutlery, Weavers' Reeds, Powder, Shot, &c. &c.

Groceries,

Tea, Brown and Crushed Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Candles, Soap, Starch, Rice, Currants, Spices, &c., all warranted of superior quality.

"Renfrew House,"

Ch'town, June 6, 1864. V M I P

THE IMPORTATIONS

FOR

SPRING 1864

ARE

NOW COMPLETED

AT THE

BRITISH WAREHOUSE,

WHERE YOU WILL FIND

An Extensive and General

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All the requisite Articles in

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

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The leading novelties for the Season,

Superior Tea,

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Gents' General Outfits,

HARDWARE and CUTLERY,

Iron Bedsteads,

AND

FURNISHING GOODS,

Purchased on the Best Terms, and selected with the greatest care, and

Sold at the Lowest remunerating Prices.

W. & A. BROWN.

Ch'town, June 20, 1864.

To Shipbuilders.

THE Subscriber HAS RECEIVED on CONSIGNMENT, from ARBROATH, Scotland, a large quantity of SAIL TWINE and CANVAS in assorted numbers from 1 to 8, which will be sold at small advance.

ALSO, ON HAND:

PITCH,	IRON,	PAINTS,
PITCH OIL,	SPIKES,	PAINT OIL,
Paraffine Varnish,	NAILS,	Do. BRUSHES,

H. HASZARD.

Upper Queen Street,
Charlottetown, May 30, 1864.

LITERATURE.

SUNSET ON THE SEA.

Proudly over the rolling waves,
Careered our barque as day was done;
The sky in glorious colours shone,
Around the fast descending sun.
The wind that had most gentle been
Slow murmured forth a sad good night;
Each rising wave like liquid gold,
Shone as it caught the gorgeous light,
The surface had a heavenly glow,
But all was dark and cold below.

The red sun sank into the sea—
So seeming to the vulgar mind;
And purple, grey, and darkened clouds,
Like mourners gathered on the wind;
And night crept slowly o'er the sky,
The billows rose with angry flash;
The breeze awakened now doth rave,
Against our prow the waters dash.
Why grieve, the sun in summer sheen,
Gives glory to some other scene.

The light that turned the waves to gold,
That rolled around our gallant barque,
Was like the fame ambition seeks,
Attained, the prize is cold and dark;
The sun that set within the flood,
And left all nature round us sad,
Passed like the soul from realms of night,
To other scenes where all is glad.
To knowledge, all that is, is bright,
To ignorance, the deepest night.

WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

Ever so many years ago, when the few people who wrote letters were yet hardly used to dating their compositions with 18— instead of 17—, there lived, at the flourishing seaport town of Filby, in Yorkshire, one Jonathan Gale. Mr. Gale was employed in one of the seven dockyards that Filby then maintained, or that then maintained Filby, and was eminently well-to-do and respectable. At the time of this narrative, Mr. Gale must be supposed to have prospered in this life for some forty years, and to have been married somewhere about half that time. Such a hypothesis is necessary in order that there may be no difficulty in the way of introducing Miss Patience Gale, Jonathan's daughter, as a bright, loveable, English girl of seventeen.

Of the many ships of Filby, one good brig was the property of Master Henry Harborough, a kindly and prudent seaman. The skipper of the *Camilla* brig could not have been more than ten years younger than Mr. Jonathan Gale; but for all that, he had won the heart, and a promise of the hand, of Patience Patience was one of those natures who love to cling to something stoutly set. The quiet earnestness and unobtrusive self-reliance of her friend outweighed the more boisterous attractions of a score of younger wooers. Besides, several whaling adventures in the South Seas had made Harborough somewhat of a hero. A hero with a frank, fearless face, strong and tender, and withal steady and sober, is no bad match for any girl, though he be forty instead of thirty.

We have high authority for believing that in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. It cannot be unreasonable to hold that the same phenomena may be observed in a young woman.

Let none, therefore, deem it an exaggerated impossibility that the afore-mentioned Henry and Patience should be described as meeting in the ruins of the old abbey of Filby, on an evening in the May of 18—, to discuss their matrimonial prospects. Let none, however, imagine, from a mention of a meeting in a ruin, that the alliance under consideration was in the least degree clandestine. Henry and Patience had walked boldly forth from the parlor of Mr. and Mrs. Gale, with the full consent and approbation of that worthy couple. So far from Jonathan being a too stern parent, he was possibly too lax. Nevertheless, in one matter he was stern, or firm, or obstinate. Patience Gale should never be Patience Harborough, with his willing blessing, until Henry, the bridegroom, should be able to show fifteen hundred guineas side by side with the dowry he intended for his daughter.

These fifteen hundred guineas formed one subject of the lovers' talk in the ruined abbey. As yet, their existence was only a possibility. Henry did not despair of acquiring them; but he was of opinion that their acquisition would be easier if he were cheered in his work by the smiles of a wife. Patience by no means disagreed with him. But her father was immoveable. Harborough must make more than one other voyage *en garcon*; and this was the eve of his departure. The moon and the ruin and the far sea make up a fine set scene for parting lovers' dialogue. The reader may fill it up at his or her pleasure, only remembering that Henry and Patience really and honestly cared a great deal for one another.

'Patience,' said her lover, pointing over the rippling sea marked with a long tapering stripe of moonshine, 'it looks very bright and kind. It will bring me back to you.'

At last it was time to part. The suitor led the lady to her father's door.

'Good-bye, Henry.'

'God bless you, my girl.'

A close quick embrace, and a smothered sob, and Captain Harborough was off to his boat. The *Camilla* was bound for the South Seas again. With Patience, at home the days and the nights went slowly by. Her thoughts were in the Pacific. When the wind howled over Filby, she trembled for the Camilla. When the sun shown down on the calm sea, she remembered that there were storms elsewhere. Still she did her duties without complaint. And she was not without consolation. Her father fell ill, and grew peevish and fretful. But an old uncle of Harborough's died, and left the captain two thousand pounds. At first old Gale declared that this should make no difference in the sum to be earned; but he was induced at last to say that, as far as he was concerned, the wedding might take place the day after Harborough's return.

So Patience worked and waited. She was gentle to her cross-grained father. She was the kindly friend of scores of the poor. She prayed at church. And she sat a great many more hours than was necessary with a black profile potrait of her absent friend, which hardly did him justice. Icebergs, French cruisers, whales, South Sea Islanders, filled her heart with a thousand terrors. So nine months went by. Then came a letter. Harborough had prospered, and was unscathed. So far from the French having been a cause of loss to him, they had been a gain. He had encountered a privateer, and encountered her successfully. He should sail homewards within three months after the date of this letter. 'And being sure of your true love, I hope and pray that you will be safe when I come to you. The very day after we are home again, Patience, I shall claim you as my wife. Good-by, dearest. Mark Elling, of the City of York, carries this for me. So no more from yours till death. H. HARBOROUGH.'

These precious lines of great round-hand writing shared the attentions of Miss Gale with the black profile and several other letters from the same writer.

The paper grew worn with perpetual fingering. But Patience had now an occupation immediately connected with her hero. If she was going to be married to him in three months she must be properly supplied with raiment and household linen. So mother and daughter toiled diligently at the fashioning of garments which, were they worn now-a-days, would at once mark the wearers as candidates for Colney Hatch (Lunatic Asylum). And when Patience was busy neither with her outfit nor her poor pensioners, she would wander forth with the escort of her diminutive maid, and indulge in fond retrospect and anticipation under the suggestive shadow of the abbey ruin. The light that streamed through the narrow openings of the long, lancet windows seemed to figure to her the hope that lit her own dull life. And as she gazed over the far sea, she thought again and again of her lover's words uttered on that very spot: 'It will bring me back to you.' She had perfect faith that these words would be fulfilled.

At last the time arrived when the *Camilla* might be daily expected home. Everything was ready for the wedding. Patience was of opinion that it would be unnecessary for her Henry to go to sea again. His little property would go far to maintain them; and he could no doubt obtain occupation in the dockyards. There was a very charming little house just vacated that she was confident would exactly suit such a couple as that of which she hoped to constitute the better half. Of course Captain Henry would agree with her. On that point she never felt any doubt. Of course the statement of that person that he should claim his 'wife' on the day of his arrival was an amatory exaggeration. Sundry forms as well ecclesiastical as civil must be complied with. But the day was to be postponed for as short a time as possible. So Patience had every hope that before the lapse of a month at most she would be a happy bride.

Her visits to her point of observation at the abbey now became more frequent. Every speck that broke the line of the horizon was watched with the intensest interest. At last the long watch was rewarded. On a sunny afternoon in June a brig was described making for Filby, which knowing ones declared to be the *Camilla*. Patience watched it—I beg pardon—watched her growing, her white sails scarcely bowed by the gentle summer breeze. Patience did not wish to exhibit before the loungers of the hill-top the excitement which she could not repress. From the roof of her father's house she could see the advancing brig. Thither she repaired in company with an old telescope of her father's, and glued her eyes on the sea. The *Camilla* sailed on until she was within some mile and a half of the shore. The sheets of canvass suddenly rose in thick folds. The brig hove-to under—but perhaps Patience was not learned in the terminology of rigging; it is her emotions which are being described; there is, therefore, no obligation that the technical details of the heave-to should be given. But let none think the omission is the result of ignorance. Of course not. Well, the *Camilla* hove-to. There was great signalling between the brig and the shore. Dates were given. The state of the tide was told. It may be presumed that Harborough should have known that on such a day he could not enter Filby harbor at such an hour. But it may always be presumed that he was anxious to hear news of folks at home as soon as possible.

The peace of Patience's mind did not depend only on the signal of 'all well.' By the help of the big telescope she could distinctly see her Henry commanding on his deck. His tall, stalwart figure was easily distinguished among the rest. There was Henry, safe and sound. The good girl thanked God for his mercy vouchsafed to her, and a joyful tear impeled the use of the glass. But what was this? The canvass curtains were dropping again, and filling with the lazy wind. The tide would not allow of the *Camilla's* coming into Filby till the next morning. Patience liked her friend all the better, because he would not leave his ship and his men even for her. Still, she had half-expected to see a boat put off from the brig; she had thought that she might hold her treasure in her arms that very day. It would be more tantalizing to wait those eight or ten hours than it had been to wait long months. To see him, and see him sail out of her sight! For the *Camilla* was moving seaward. It was evident that she was going to stand off for the night. Smaller and smaller grew the figures on the deck. Then there was nothing to be seen but the hull and sails. The sun set behind the hills. The *Camilla* was nothing but a darker shadow against the dark bank of the eastern clouds.

Patience came down into the house.

'Mother, dear, I think I shall go to bed. I must be up very early, you know. They can be in by six o'clock; and I should like to watch them from the down.'

So the happy girl shut herself up with her thoughts—that night the pleasantest possible companions. The profile portrait met with little attention. The image suggested by the telescope was far more satisfactory. The letters were turned over once again, and confided to their resting-place with a happy kiss. Of course Patience could not sleep. She lay in a dreamy reverie, her thoughts wandering backwards and forwards between that brig at sea and the outlines and the noises of her room and the night. The rumble of each rare vehicle seemed very loud. The cries of revelling sailors seemed shriller than on other nights. The sea surely sounded more harshly than it did an hour ago. The low, grating murmur of the calm seemed to have given place to the quicker, angrier noise of taller breakers. And hark! What was that! The shutter, too loosely fastened back to the wall, banged suddenly on the window-post, and shook the little panes. The wind was rising. But it was hardly likely to be much. It was so still at sunset. And perhaps it would bring in the *Camilla* all the more quickly. Patience dozed. She was unconscious for an hour and a half or two hours, and then was roused again. There was more noise now. The wind was shrieking up the street, and the roar of the sea was deep and loud. The girl sprung from her bed, and looked from the window. The night was very dark. The roaring of the gale was enough to drown every sound of passers by. But the street was deserted; more deserted than the streets of a seaport usually are, even in the dead of night. The men of Filby were all down at the port.

Patience grew very white. A strange terror numbed her limbs. Then she went to the door of her parent's room, and, as she walked gently in, she said:

'Mother, do you hear the wind?'

'Hush! my child, don't wake your father. I hear. We must be still and wait, dear. Let us hope the best. It is very wild outside?'

'Mother, I am going out; I shall—'

'Out, child? you cannot! you must—'

'No, mother, I cannot wait. Hark? Peggy can go with me to the port. I must see and hear for myself.'

Mrs. Gale rose from her bed and tried her best to move her daughter's will. But a wierd resolution had set the lines of that gentle face. It was very white, and very sad, but very firm. The two girls went bravely down to the port; it was dark; a thin rain hissed along with the gale. Fishermen, sailors, dockyardmen, and many less professional inhabitants were groped along the quays. Nor were women wanting to the crowd; but their wan and tearful faces told of more than curiosity as the motive of their coming. What was the latest news; Two fishing-boats had gone to pieces on the rocks; one had just got across the bar; it was about three o'clock; the dawn would soon be breaking. Had anything been heard of the *Camilla*? Nothing. The men looked on Patience with a tender and respectful interest. More than one knew why she was out that angry night. The morning light spread over the east, and the fury of the storm abated. When the sun rose over the horizon, it seemed to struggle to burst the black bank of clouds. Wider and wider grew the clefts of blue. At five o'clock the scene was one of the fairest that is to behold anywhere—a storm dying in sunshine. Great piles of white clouds, thick, massive, and of ever shifting shape, rolled over the heaven. Nearer the horizon the same mighty mountains of vapour rested in darker groups. The waves that had loomed so threatening in the darkness now seemed the very personification of strong, joyous life. On they surged in quick succession to the shore, some soaking the crags for many yards above the beach; some trying hard to rend the plank of the jetty from its huge cramps, and force it upwards. All nature seem to shake with boisterous laughter. Of what account in the face of such a scene of life were the half-dozen corpses from the fishing boats broken in the bay? or the dull stupefying misery of one young girl?

For where was the *Camilla*? the *Camilla* was nowhere to be seen.

Patience had watched the dawn of day and the sinking of the tempest. She stood on the port stiff and cold, and watched for four weary hours. Rough men, who knew her father and herself, stood round her as a little body-guard, kindly and reasonably offering such comfort as they could. There was danger, no doubt; but there was hope. Harborough was a skilful seaman. It was by no means impossible for him to have kept his vessel clear of the shore. The *Camilla* was perhaps quite safe. Patience looked up with listless, uninterested eyes. Something at her heart told her the *Camilla* was lost. She did not know. There was no certainty. But she dared not hope.

The hours went on, and Patience was induced to go home. It was now eight o'clock. Not a ship to be seen at sea. The *Camilla* must be either safe or lost out of the reach of the Filby seamen.

When Mrs. Gale was lovingly tending her poor child—tending her with love both physical and mental—three men passed the parlor window and stopped before the Gales' door.

'Mother, they are come to say he's dead.'

'Nay, child, we don't know that. Don't think the worst.'

The mother went out to speak to the strangers. One of them was a farmer, from a village some four miles from Filby. The other two were Filby men. Patience was not far wrong. The Camilla had gone ashore on the rocks close to this neighboring village. The cottagers were some unwilling and all unable to be of any material service to the crew. The rocks were far spread and dangerous. The brig went to pieces before any communication could be established between her and the shore. The old yeoman's eyes showed two big tears as he narrated the scene of desolation when the morning broke.

'When a knew 't were 't Camilla a comm'd 't Master Gale. A knew't lass and skipper i' you—' But here he fairly broke down; for out of the doorway of the inner room the white face of Patience glared with a fixed gaze of piteous intensity.

'Mother, I am going to Rilcar. Master Kirby, will you take me back with you?'

The old man shook his grey head.

'Nowt can coom on't noo.

'But I must go. I must see where he was killed. Perhaps they will find—' She shuddered, and, with little opposition from her parent, set off for the scene of the wreck.

The little cart rolled roughly over the road. Patience sat very still, her eyes fixed straight before her. Her conductor knew better than to trouble her with a word of pity or encouragement. They travelled in silence.

At last the scene of the wreck was reached. The tide was high, and the surf curled over the craigs almost at the foot of the steep cliffs. Many yards to seaward the brig had struck and gone to pieces. Riven timbers were still seen floating on the surface. All that remained together of the ill-fated vessel was hidden under the waters of the sea.

Little knots of the country folk and strangers from Filby were gathered here and there on the narrow ledge of rocks below the down, that the sea had not yet covered. They pointed everywhere, and then with strange significance to a fisherman's hut hard by. There were laid the battered remnants of what had once been men. Seven bodies had as yet been washed ashore. Patience did not even ask if her bethrothed were there. She still gazed wistfully out to sea. For, like the plaintiff refrain that runs through some melody in a minor key, one sentence sounded and sounded again in her ears—'It will bring me back to you.' 'It will bring me back to you.'

Presently all heads were turned in one direction. A dark something was seen amid the coming surf. The something came nearer — now rolled higher and higher above the waves, now sucked back again into the hissing water; tossed at last on a shelving stone.

They met at last, after so many months of seperation, those two faithful lovers. The sea had not violated the pledge taken in his name. It brought the bridegroom back to his mistress, bruised and bloody, the crisp hair dank and matted over the forehead, the frank eyes dimmed for ever, that face was once more shown to her who loved it best. Patience looked upon it very calmly. She followed the men who bore the body reverently out of the reach of the 'cruel crawling foam.' She looked, and that was all. If only she could have wept. But that was impossible. Old Kirby led her to his cart. He would have conducted her through the village to his kindly wife, to be comforted with loving sympathy, but the sorrowful girl pointed so steadfastly towards home that he did not like to offer the smallest opposition.

Patience went home, fell into her mother's arms, and then at last burst into a long passion of tears.

The story is done. The most melancholy part of it is, that in substance it is but a simple record of facts.

The story is done; or rather we should say the incident of the story is done. Good orthodox novels always leave their hero and heroine on the point of setting out on their wedding tour. In this sad tale there is no such event with the details of which to weave a peroration. And perhaps the most useful part of this true story is the end come to by the principal character. It is no end invented to point a moral. It is what realy happened to the real Patience.

She went home. She wept. The did not die. She did not go mad. She did not become another man's mistress before the end of six months. She never married; but she did not become a peevish and useless old maid. As long as her parents lived she nursed them patiently and assiduously. When they were laid not far from Henry Harborough, in the graveyard attached to the old abbey, she was not left all alone. Certain cousins of her own, and certain nephews and neices of the dead sailor, had a tender interest in 'Aunt Patience.'

Loving and loved by poor and rich alike; never merry, but always cheerful—Patience Gale was Patience Gale to the day of her death.

Strangers who saw a grave, elderly woman wandering alone, and apparently purposeless, and dreaming round the ruin of Filby Abbey, fancied that the poor lady was a little wrong in her head. They who had heard her story knew far otherwise.

Patience was still thinking of the old words written on every wave of the shifting sea, 'It will bring him back to me,' so often did she gaze and think that the great deep seemed an image of a Great Love, deep and infinite, a Love on which she trusted she was borne up, a Love which in her firm faith she believed would one day bring back, not dead, but alive, all that she had loved and lost.

The execution of La Pommerais has directed attention in France to the guillotine as a means of taking life, and has awakened enquiry as to whether even this instrument, sharp and quick as it is, kills at once. A distinguished Professor in a French university lately told his pupils that, believing life did not abandon the frame immediately after violence committed upon it when in the midst of youth and health, and that death was combatted by the strong will to live, said:—"Upon the announcement of an execution about to take place at Caen I hurried thither, determined to pursue the investigation as far as perfect conviction. I had concealed a marine speaking trumpet beneath my coat, and stood close behind the municipal guard at the foot of the scaffold, and never once took my eyes from the criminal from the moment that he mounted the platform. I beheld the whole process of the execution and was perfectly self-possessed, as every one of the puerile and disgusting ceremonies was accomplished. When the head rolled into the basket, I drew the speaking trumpet forth, and, placing it to my lips, pronounced the name of the criminal in a distinct tone. I could not be mistaken. The eyes which had been gradually closing, suddenly opened, staring wide, and turned slowly in the direction whence the sound proceeded. The effect was horrible—terrific, and, to a youth like myself, almost supernatural; and, overcome with dismay, I sank down, fainting on the pavement. In the confusion the speaking-trumpet fortunately got kicked aside, trodden under foot, and its ownership was never traced to me, for many people had heard the name uttered in the sepulchral tone which that primitive instrument produces; and having been shaken by a *superstitious emotion*, would have revenged themselves upon its cause. But the result, which I have never disclosed to this day, has often recurred to me; and although I have never been enabled to pursue my experiments on the subjects, yet I have remained perfectly convinced that neither physical nor moral sensation dies at once, and that both remain for some time after the head is removed from the body."

The discourse of the professor produced a tremendous effect upon the listeners.

An Ocean telegraph, with a capital of one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, has been started in England, on a new plan. This company proposes "to provide and anchor ships near the ordinary track of vessels, such ships to serve as electric telegraph and signal stations in communication with existing systems in Europe and America, and also as safety beacons for navigation." The ships are to be fitted complete as telegraph stations, and are to be provided with steam power. Steam tenders, capable of acting as tugs, are also to be at hand, with a view to render assistance to disabled and derelict vessels. The first stations selected are off the Scilly Islands and off the Cape Race, Newfoundland. The company looks for its revenue to the conveyance of telegrams, salvage, the sale of stores, towage, and the embarking and disembarking of mails, parcels and passengers.

A blast of two tons of powder was fired in a chamber twenty-five feet long and forty-three feet under ground, at a granite quarry in the Ardsheal Granite Quarry, Scotland. It lifted an immense mass of rocks, like a mountain of ice, computed to have been 30,000 tons and upward in weight. The flame belched out in a semi-circle on the seaward side. Not a single fragment of rock was seen to raise in the air, and no damage was done to the houses situated within a few rods of the explosion, but the ground trembled for miles around, as if an earthquake prevailed.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

(From the London News of the World.)

THE CONFLICT IN THE COMMONS.

Mr. Disraeli's proposed vote of censure has occupied the House of Commons throughout the week. The motion consisted of three paragraphs, to the first and second of which there could be no objection, inasmuch as it was only proposed therein to thank her Majesty for directing the correspondence and protocols of the Conference on the war between Denmark and Germany to be laid before Parliament, and to express a general concern at the termination of the proceedings without accomplishing the purpose for which the Conference was held. It would have afforded universal gratification if a better result had attended the efforts of her Majesty's Ministers to restore peace; and so far public opinion is in agreement with the terms of Mr. Disraeli's motion. The sting lay in the final clause, wherein it was declared the course pursued by Government had failed to uphold the integrity and independence of Denmark, and had also lowered the influence of this country in the councils of Europe, and thereby diminished the securities for peace. The high tone of this concluding paragraph had been reduced to an absurdity before the debate commenced; for at the Tory meetings at the Marquis of Salisbury's, it was explained that the Opposition had no greater desire for war than the Ministry; so that if Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli were to come into power, no alteration of policy would take place. The only gentleman who considered it incumbent upon this country to take up arms and fight the Germans, was left speaking to a small assemblage, the majority of the meeting having left. Seeing that the Opposition shrink from the responsibility of war, it is difficult to understand their reason for proposing a vote of censure on the Administration. The motion, indeed, is a mere piece of criticism which, of itself, would not have occupied attention for half an hour. Lord Derby would not go to war; and the only avowed ground of opposition is the belief of the Tories that they could have managed matters so well as to have frightened the Prussians into submission to the dictates of honour and justice, or have induced them by soft persuasion to retrace their steps, disgorge their spoil, and leave King Christian to the enjoyment of his own. The disclosures that have taken place are unfavourable to these easy convictions. The Holy Alliance (unholy) is a fact. The King of Prussia, in the wild desire which his Majesty has formed to ride over opinions and interests antagonistic to his own, has entered into a league with the Emperors of Austria and Russia for offensive and defensive purposes; and some despatches, wherein the progress of the negotiations are described, having fallen into the hands of a daily contemporary (the *Morning Post*), he has published them in his columns. The Austrian and Prussian Governments deny the authenticity of these documents, but the *Morning Post* insists upon their correctness; and after what has transpired, we are disposed to put more faith in the word of our contemporary than in any assurance that can be given by the representatives of those reckless and over-bearing powers. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe seems inclined to believe the documents are authentic. In the House of Lords on Tuesday night, his lordship said "he had himself had communication with a person of most undoubted respectability, and had seen a correspondence which seemed to him substantially the same." Lord Stratford de Redcliffe is not a man likely to be deceived in such a matter. If the papers be genuine they indicate a dangerous combination, and will open the eyes of those few infatuated persons in this country who have been calling for war without knowing the extent of the evil they were provoking.

Austria, that goes into the alliance unwillingly, betrays the only apprehension entertained by the despots of Europe—that of a close understanding between England and France. The military force of this country, carried to the Continent on behalf of Denmark, would be swept away in a short time by the great military powers in combination, and the fleet would be of no use without military support. The Prussian ambassador at Vienna, describing to M. de Bismark what had taken place there, says, "acting on the instructions of your Excellency, I have sounded the intentions of his Majesty, the Emperor, regarding the object of the interview at Kissingen with the Emperor of Russia, and his Majesty told me he would be happy to see the most intimate and cordial agreement established both between himself and the Czar, and between the three Governments, and his Majesty said, 'I am quite ready to adhere to every combination to guarantee the reciprocal interests of the three countries.' The Emperor of Austria, who last year made so bold a display of his desire to stand at the head of a united Germany, will now condescend to follow the lead of Prussia, since Russia proposes to make common cause and enter into a compact with them. But the Austrian minister, more sagacious and far seeing than either of the potentates intent upon mischief, appears to have made curious inquiries of the Prussian ambassador. "His Excellency recognises almost as much as Russia the necessity, in the present state of things in Europe, of an intimate mutual understanding between the three Powers; but would not such an understanding at this moment produce an intimate *rapprochement* between France and England, and is it not at this time, above all things, the interest of the two great German Powers, and of Germany, to avoid this eventuality?" The Austrian minister is not unfavourably disposed to the combination, but he hesitates, in fear of France. What will France say and do? is the pertinent inquiry he makes. An intimate alliance between France and England would blow the fine contrivances of military despots into the air.

The Austrian Minister required that Prussia "should declare in an unequivocal manner that she will give her material assistance to Prussia and Austria in the event of a war with the Western Powers for the affair of the Duchies;" and it is probable the declaration has been made, for M. de Bismark, in a despatch to the Count de Goltz at Paris, informs him that "the Emperor Alexander has now again given to our august Sovereign the most formal assurance that his efficacious and loyal concurrence is secured to us in this question." The Russian and Prussian differ only upon one point:—"His Majesty agrees entirely in our mode of thinking on the frontiers of the new State, only he believes it would be our common interest to place it under the Sovereignty of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg." Thus calmly do the military powers proceed to seize upon and appropriate the territories of a smaller Sovereign. All the Czar requires in return for his vigorous co-operation with Austria and Prussia in resisting any power coming to the aid of Denmark is "a guarantee against a Scandinavian union," "and "I think," adds audacious Bismark, "it would be even our interest to combat Scandinavian tendencies."

Bismark enters into a scheme of European oppression with confidence and delight. "The Sovereign of Russia (he then writes) insisted above all on the necessity of a mutual understanding between the Powers of the North in the present state of things in Europe. As all treaties are, so to say, regarded as null, would it not be advantageous for the great Powers, whose interests are in many respects identical, to form a league against certain tendencies and pretensions? Would it not