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. XIII. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, October 5, 1863. New Series.—No. 44.

Valuable Property For Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the following valuable Real Estate in Charlottetown, and in Charlottetown Royalty, viz:—A plot of Ground, beautifully situated in Grafton Street, directly opposite to the front of the Prince of Wales College, between the residences of J. McNeill, Esq. and Mr. White, Shipbuilder, containing a little more than half a Town Lot.—A Plot of Ground in Hillsborough Street, containing about a Half Town Lot, a little more or less, with a convenient Cottage and Out houses thereon, and a large Garden in the rear. This Property adjoins the Examiner Office Building.

The commodious and beautifully situated Dwelling House on Hillsborough Street, with Stable, Coach House, Wood House, and other Out-offices attached. This Property is on the South East Corner of Hillsborough Square, and possesses many advantages which will be made known in a future advertisement.

Four Pasture Lots in the Royalty of Charlottetown, on the Road commonly known as the Judge's Road, about two and a half miles from Charlottetown, containing in all about thirty-eight acres, twenty three of which are cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The remainder is covered with a light young growth of Spruce, which can be removed at little cost. There is a Post and Rail Fence round most of the land, and there is a sufficient quantity of Longers on it for necessary repairs. One of the Lots has an excellent Spring of Water upon it, and is unsurpassed as a place for pasturing Cattle. A plan of this Property will be prepared, and a further description given in a future advertisement.

If the above Properties are not disposed of at Private Sale before WEDNESDAY, the 11th day of November next, they will then be offered at PUBLIC AUCTION, and sold without reserve. For further particulars as to title, terms, &c., application to be made to the Hon. JOSEPH HENSLEY, Solicitor, or to the Subscriber.

EDWARD WHELAN.

Charlottetown, Sept. 21, 1863.

SUMMER VALLEY FARM FOR SALE.

A Rare Chance seldom to be met with.

TO be sold, the Leasehold Interest of the above beautiful FARM, containing about 120 acres of the best land in Prince Edward Island, fronting on the St. Peter's Road, and also on the Hillsborough River, within ten chains of Appletree Wharf, and eight miles from Charlottetown by the road or by the river, subject to the yearly rent of only £5 3s, or about tenpence currency of this Island by the acre, for a term of 999 years; nearly 80 acres thereof are cleared, dyked, fenced and under cultivation, covered with crop consisting of Wheat, Barley, Oats, Potatoes, Turnips, Buckwheat, &c; the residue is covered with excellent timber (hardwood and soft) of every useful description; there is a comfortable and commodious Dwelling House, 32 x 25 feet, with a frost-proof Cellar underneath, capable of containing nearly 2000 bushels potatoes, with a convenient Draw Well at the door; a large Barn, with Stables, Cowhouses, Granary, gig, cart and harness House, pig and sheep Houses complete, with a walled Cellar underneath the Barn which will hold over 600 bushels turnips; the whole snugly sheltered from the north and west by a beautiful grove of hardwood reserved for that purpose. This Farm possesses many peculiar advantages equalled by none else on the river — commanding a picturesque view of the city and harbour of Charlottetown; there is neither hill nor swamp nor a foot of useless or inferior land on its whole surface. From its contiguity to vast deposits of muscle mud and other manures in the said river, and a reservoir near the shore, in which, with little labour, can be collected and deposited any required quantity of seaweed which floats in abundance into the cove and along the shore of said farm every autumn, the whole of said farm can be manured therefrom. And from its contiguity to the said wharf, a ready market is always open for the disposal of all the products thereof, the undersigned having often shipped 500 bushels therefrom in one day, and frequently £100 worth during the fall shipping. A more profitable, comfortable or commodious location for a gentleman or a good farmer cannot well be found throughout the Island. The terms of sale will be liberal, and made known on application to the Honorable DANIEL BRENAN, Charlottetown, or the owner on the premises, where plans of the same can be seen.

FRANCIS McQUAID.

7th September, 1863.

The above Property, if not disposed of at private sale before MONDAY, the Twelfth day of October next, will on that day be offered at PUBLIC AUCTION, at 12 o'clock, noon.

FRANCIS McQUAID.

Sept. 7, 1863.

IMPROVED FREEHOLD FARMS FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers SEVERAL VALUABLE IMPROVED FARMS FOR SALE, situated on Township No. 31, viz:—

TWO FARMS containing 48 and 60 acres each, and located on the South Wiltshire Road, and within eight miles of the city. These Farms are in a good state of cultivation, with Dwelling Houses, Barns, Water, &c., on the premises.

ALSO, 100 acres, situated on the Tryon Road, with good Buildings, a well of water, and good improvements.

AND ALSO, several other improved FARMS, beautifully situated on the West River, with good improvements also.

ALL THESE PROPERTIES are in a flourishing settlement, with abundance of Hard and Soft Wood, and within ten miles of the city, and convenient to shipping places, and obtaining advantages in the way of sea manure, &c., seldom met with.

Possession to any of the above farms can be given immediately, if required.

For further particulars apply to

WM. DOUSE, Charlottetown.

April 20, 1863. tf

Leasehold Farm for Sale.

TO be sold by virtue of a power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage, dated the 27th day of June, 1861, and made between Bernard Shannon of Township 35, farmer, and John Shannon of the same place, mail carrier, of the one part, and John Knight of Souris, merchant, of the other part,—all the unexpired term of 999 years (mentioned in a certain lease from Roderick Charles McDonald to the said Bernard Shannon, and made the 24th day of November, 1841,) of an end to that tract of land situate in Bedford Parish, in Queen's County, commencing on the north side of St. Peter's Road, and running from thence North one degree; East, seventy-one chains; thence West, one degree; North, five chains and five links; thence North, one degree; East, seven chains and thirty links; thence East, one degree; South, six chains and fifty links; thence South, one degree; West, seventy-one chains and eighty-six links to the Road, aforesaid; and thence along said road to the place of beginning; bounded on the North by lands in the occupation of James E. Wood and Alexander McDonald; on the East by Peter Phee's land, on the South by said road, and on the West by lands in the occupation of James Brossugh, containing, by estimation, fifty-two acres, a little more or less, with the appurtenances thereunto belonging.

TERMS—25 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid on the day of Sale, and the remainder on delivery of the Deed.

For further particulars apply to Bernard Shannon on the farm, or J. R. Bourke, Mill View, Lot 49.

All payments to be made to J. R. Bourke, Esq.

J. A. S. McDONALD.

Sept. 7, 1863. isl 1m

SALE OF Valuable Freehold Property.

TO be Sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, at the Colonial Building, in Charlottetown, on the Fourth day of MARCH next (1864), at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, dated the Tenth day of December, 1860, and made between the Honorable William Forgan, of the Royalty of Charlottetown, and Susan Kemys, his wife, of the one part, and Daniel Hodgson, of Charlottetown, aforesaid, of the other part, and by said Daniel Hodgson assigned to me,—All those Tracts, Pieces or Parcels of Land, being Pasture Lots Numbers Nineteen (19), Twenty-six (26), Thirty-four (34), and Forty-two (42), in the Royalty of Charlottetown, aforesaid, as the same are delineated and laid down on a certain Map or Plan of the said Royalty made and now kept in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds and Keeper of Plans for the said Island, reference being thereunto had will more fully and at large appear.

For further particulars and terms of Sale, &c., apply to the Subscriber or his Solicitor.

Dated at Charlottetown this 31st August, A. D. 1863.

WILLIAM H. HOBKIRK.

JOSEPH HENSLEY, Solicitor.

FOR SALE,

A Bargain and Easy payment,

THAT desirable Freehold Property at Montague Bridge, King's County, P. E. I., now in the occupation of the Hon. A. A. McDonald and Brother, possession can be had when wanted.

A Store or Granary 40 ft x 26 ft, with Dwelling, Kitchen and Cellar, can hold a cargo of about 20,000 bushels of grain and 5,000 bushels of potatoes. A double wharf, 150 ft. long each and 100 ft. wide, where a Granary might be erected and the grain shipped on board by hand rail or inclined plane, as fast as it could be received. With a building Lot 100 feet front and 300 feet depth. Also, adjoining, a Leasehold front on road 200 feet and depth 212 feet, and a Store or Granary 24 x 18 feet, with cellar, loft and stable.

The above properties are most valuable and first-rate business stands for a merchant, ship builder, coach factory, tide mill, or lime trade. A kiln might be built 100 feet from the wharf; stone, coal, or wood landed by a crane, and the lime shipped same way; no steam, horse, or cartwork required. If a kiln for wood was erected, firewood is cheap and abundant, and lime taken in payment.

A ship of 500 tons might be built on the edge of the channel, and launched at any tide with little or no trouble or risk.

A quantity of Juniper and various kinds of wood in the vicinity can be got in trade at a low price, for one or two vessels, and a yard fitted up at a small expense. More than a hundred thousand bushels of produce were shipped last fall at and adjoining those premises, and is increasing every year.

TERMS — A Fourth paid down, and four or five years for the balance, secured.

Should the above properties not be sold by SATURDAY, the 10th OCTOBER next, they will be put up by AUCTION, at 12 o'clock, on same day, and sold without reserve.

Enquire of William Dodd, Esq., Charlottetown; William Sanderson, Esq., Georgetown; or the owner, PATRICK STEPHENS.

Orwell Cheap Store, from a Needle to an Anchor.

☞ Who will take a share in the Lime Trade? Thos. Annear, Wood-contractor, Wharfinger, Montague River, will show the premises.

August 6, 1863.

FOR SALE!

A SHORE FARM, at Kildare Capes, on Lot Three, containing 100 acres of LAND, 70 of which are in a good state of cultivation, fenced off into eight acre fields, and the remainder covered with Hardwood and Fencing. The Main Road runs through the Farm, and it has a front of ten chains on the Gulf Shore, where abundance of Sea Manure can be obtained.

The Buildings are nearly new—DWELLING HOUSE 30 x 25; a FRAME BARN 40 x 30; a LOG BARN of about the same size, and a small FISH HOUSE at the shore.

Part of the Purchase Money can remain on the premises. Application for further particulars to be made to Mr. Thomas Mountain on the premises, or to GEORGE W. HOWLAN.

Alberton, March 9, 1863. 1sl

FOR SALE.

A FARM, situate on the New Bedeque Road, 12 miles from Charlottetown, and lately in possession of JAMES MURPHY, consisting of

75 Acres Freehold Land,

Fifty of which are in a good state of cultivation. There is a good new DWELLING HOUSE on the premises.

—ALSO—

FIFTY ACRES LEASEHOLD LAND, situate on the Covehead Road, 10 miles from Charlottetown, adjoining the Mills of Mr. SAMUEL GURNEY, and now in possession of David Landrigan, together with the Crop of Potatoes, Grain, &c.

☞ Terms easy. Apply to D. O'M. & R. REDDIN.

Ch'town, Sept 14, 1863. tf

FOR SALE,

THAT pleasantly situated and well finished DWELLING HOUSE and PREMISES, now in the occupation of DR. INGLIS, in the Common of Charlottetown, at the entrance of the Staint Peter's Road, and opposite to the residence of LEMUEL C. OWEN, Esquire,—the property of the late John Egan—particulars on application to

DANIEL BRENAN, RICHARD REDDIN, } Executors & Trustees

Charlottetown, August 3, 1863. isl & vin

SALE OF Valuable Freehold Property.

TO be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, at the COLONIAL BUILDING, in Charlottetown, on WEDNESDAY, the 25th day of NOVEMBER next, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, dated the 4th day of January, 1862, and made between Thomas Gleeson, of Charlottetown, Butcher, and Mary Ann Gleeson, his wife, of the one part, and Charles Hensley, late of Prince Edward Island, but now of London, in England, Esquire, of the other part—All that Tract of LAND being part of Town Lots Nos. 96 and 97 in the second Hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown, and being Plots Nos. 9 and 22 as laid down on a Map or Plan of Sub-division of Town Lots Nos. 95, 96, 97, 58, 59 and 60 in said second Hundred of Town Lots formerly purchased by the said Charles Hensley, and now lodged in the office of the Keeper of Plans and Register of Deeds for said Island, having a front of Forty feet on Hillsborough-street and of Forry feet on Grafton Lane, and running back westwardly from Hillsborough-street One hundred and Fifty-two (152) feet throughout to Grafton Lane aforesaid, with the Dwelling Houses and other Buildings thereon. For further particulars and terms of sale apply at the Office of Hon. JOSEPH HENSLEY, in Charlottetown.

Dated the Twenty-fourth day of August, 1863.

CHARLES HENSLEY,
By his Attorney,
JOSEPH HENSLEY.

JOSEPH HENSLEY, Solicitor.

Leasehold Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE the LEASEHOLD INTEREST OF ONE HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND, situate two miles from Southport, in Lot 48, fronting the Sea shore; 60 acres are cleared and in a high state of cultivation, and is well fenced,—the remainder is covered with hard and soft wood. There are six acres limed, and fifty seven barrels in composit ready for the spring, and five or six hundred loads of Manure in the yard.

SEA MANURE can be had within about three quarters of a mile from the farm. There are about eight acres prepared for wheat. On the farm is a DWELLING HOUSE 30 by 26 feet, and a Dairy 14 by 10 feet, stoned to the bottom; also a new BARN, 50 by 27 feet, all double-boarded and a place for Cattle underneath. A Horse SABLE 25 by 20 feet, double-boarded. Also Sheep Houses and Shed, 36 by 29 feet. There are on the premises a never-failing Spring of Water, and a quarry of good land stone. The lease is for 999 years. Rent one shilling per acre.

The above farm is under crop, and will be sold to suit the purchaser with or without the crop.

TERMS—One half of the purchase money to be paid down, and the remainder may remain for several years on good security.

For further particulars apply to the Subscriber.

PETER ROBERTSON.

July 27, 1863.

Leasehold Farm for Sale.

A FARM, consisting of 146 acres, 40 of which are under cultivation, and the remainder is covered with a good growth of HARD and SOFT WOOD, with plenty of LONGERS. There is a small House on the Premises, and a stream of water running through the Farm. Rent SIX PENCE per acre.

The above is situated about eleven miles from Charlottetown, on the Stanhope Road.

For further particulars please apply to the Subscriber, Tracadie Road.

WILLIAM MEAGHER.

Tracadie Road, Sept. 28, 1863. 3i

For Sale or to Let,

A WELL FINISHED DWELLING HOUSE and STORE, with a good Granary and Stable, in an excellent business stand, at the Head of St. Peter's Bay. Apply to Andrew A. McDonald, Georgetown, or on the premises to JOHN PARKER.

Head St. Peter's Bay, 16th April, 1863. tf

Freehold Land FOR SALE.

FIFTY ACRES of VALUABLE FREEHOLD LAND, on Lot 8, in Prince County, a good part of which is cultivated, will be sold cheap, on application, at Summerside, to the owner—

MRS. JOHANNA O'CONNOR.

April 18, 1863.

Stoves! Stoves! Stoves!

New and Improved Style.

For Economy, Comfort and Cheapness, can't be beat.

JUST RECEIVED at ORWELL CHEAP STORE, a new Stock of the almost everlasting Yarmouth, N. S., STOVES — with Single and Double Ovens for Cooking. ALSO,

Large and Small Franklin & Box Stoves, For School-houses, Churches, &c.

They will be sold on favorable terms, if taken during this month, so as to make room for other Fall Supplies. In use, they will save over other Stoves one half in firewood, besides much valuable time, which is equal to money. They have given general satisfaction to all parties who have used them for the last five years, and who are ready to testify to their usefulness. The readiness with which they impart great heat, has been remarked by all who use them, and in old dwellings as well as new have been productive of great comfort, while they do not cost more than the old brick or stone chimneys, which take up so much room, and are now being generally thrown down. They are supplied with large metal Boilers, very useful for dyeing purposes, making soap, or preparing food for cattle, and can be kept constantly in use, at a very small cost for fuel, and without the least risk from fire. In short, the great advantages to be derived from these wonderful, celebrated, and unsurpassing STOVES can only be known from a trial of them; and farmers and others are now invited to come and select for themselves, before the cold winter sets in upon them.

The present Stock of STOVES have the new and Improved OVENS, that can be cleansed without risk of moving them. This is a decided advantage lately added; to be had at the ORWELL CHEAP STORE, cheaper than the cheapest Country Store on the Island, where the greatest variety of GOODS may be found, from a NEEDLE to an ANCHOR, both included.

P. STEPHENS.

Orwell, September 14, 1863. tf

WANTED, at the above Store, 600 COW & OX HIDES, 500 SHEEP SKINS and 1 ton WOOL, for which the highest price will to be paid in CASH or trade.

1863.

NEW SPRING GOODS, JUST RECEIVED AT THE LONDON HOUSE,

☞ *Stand formerly Dempsey's, opposite Apothecaries' Hall, Upper Queen-street.*

H. HASZARD

HAS received, per "URANUS," from London, "THERESA" and "PRIORESS" from Liverpool, a large and well selected STOCK of

British Dry Goods,

Fancy Goods, Jewellery, Stationery, Groceries and Hardware.

Having been purchased direct from the Manufactories on the best terms, they will be sold at the lowest prices for Cash only, comprising—

Ladies' Dress Material, in all the latest styles;

SILKS, black & colored, in dresses & pieces.

SHAWLS and MANTLES, in great variety and very cheap;

Bonnets and Hats.

RIBBONS, a choice selection;

Flowers, Feathers, Cambric Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Collars and Sleeves, in variety;

Dress Buttons and Trimmings,

Hair Nets, Braids, Ladies' Waterproof Capes, &c. &c.

Summer Cloths and Coatings;

A large variety of Shades and Textures; Waterproof Coating, &c. &c.; in the latest fashions.

STAPLE GOODS,

Brown Cottons,

White and Striped Shirtings, Skirtings, Prints, Furniture Chintz, Sheetings, Ticks, Sacking, Carpets, Hearth Rugs, Oil Floor Cloth, &c. &c. &c.

3000 Pieces Paper-Hangings, English make, very cheap.

Ready-made Clothing,

Cloths, Doeskins, Tweeds, Drills, Duck, Waterproof Coats, Capes and Gloves, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Collars, Pants, Vests, &c.

HARDWARE,

Iron, Nails, Glass, Putty, Paints, Oils, Turpentine, Spikes, Sheet Iron, Steel, Wire, Gig Bushes, Grey's Plough Mounting, &c. &c.

—ALSO—

Molasses, Coffee, Crushed & Moist Sugar, Rice & Pearl Barley, very superior;

Mustard, Pepper, Nutmegs, Cloves, Ginger, Allspice, Raisins, Currants, Starch, Blue, Blacking, Washing and Baking Soda, Leather Buckets, Brooms, Soap, Candles, Manilla Rope, &c.

Charlottetown, June 15th, 1863.

CITY TANNERY.

Notice to the Public.

THE subscriber will pay at the office of the CITY TANNERY, FOUR-PENCE HALF-PENNY per pound, CASH for any quantity of Ox and Cow Hides, and market prices for sheep skins, as quoted in "Ross's Weekly."

Agents throughout the Island will be guided as to price to be paid for sheep skins by the "Weekly," and 4½d. per pound for Hides.

AGENTS.

Messrs. Wm. Sanderson, Georgetown,
" Manoah Rowe, Montague Bridge,
" George Adams, Vernon River,
" John Cornish, Wood Islands,
" Edward Robertson, New Town, Belfast,
" Thomas Crabb, Summerside,
" Richard Hibbitt, do.
" Charles Compton, St. Eleanor's,
" John Beer, Centreville, Bedeque,
" R. Tuplin, Jr., Margate,
" John Binns, Jr., New Glasgow,
" Samuel Prowse, Murray Harbor,
" James Clow, Murray Harbor North.

W. B. DAWSON.

Charlottetown, Sept. 14, 1863 8in

SOMETHING NEW!

Sherwood's Tea & Coffee Strainer.

A USEFUL and ORNAMENTAL ARTICLE, to be attached to the Spout of a Tea or Coffe Pot. Price only 1s 6d.

CAST FUNNEL IRONS, which every house owner should have. LANTERNS, to burn Kerosene Oil without chimnies.

All for sale by H. E. STARBIRD & CO. City Hardware Store.

August 10, 1863.

To Shipbuilders & Traders,

THE attention of SHIPBUILDERS and TRADERS is directed to the following Stock of NAVAL STORES, &c.

Bbls. PITCH. Bbls. Shipbuilders' VARNISH,
Bbls. PITCH OIL, do. Paraffine VARNISH,
Bbls. TAR OIL, do. Bright Do.

And Rolls TARRED PAPER, for sale on favourable terms by J. S. CARVELL.

Charlottetown, Aug. 24, 1863. tf

TO LET.

TO LET, and possession given immediately, the COTTAGE and GARDEN fronting on Euston-street, occupied by F. W. HALES, Esqr. Rent low, payable quarterly. For further particulars please apply to W. W. LORD.

Charlottetown, June 8th, 1863.

LITERATURE.

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;—
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes,
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round,
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks their greenness from the ground,
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And ripening in the summer sun
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel voice of Spring,
That thrills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners, clad in black,
The crickets, sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall pierce the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies—
So may the soul that warmed it rise.

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask, What maiden lies below?
Say only this: A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow.

JOHN BEEDLE'S COURTSHIP.

After my sleigh ride last winter, and the slippery trick I was served by Patty Bean, nobody would suspect me of hankering after the woman again in a hurry. To bear me curse and swear, and rail out against the whole feminine gender, you would have taken it for granted that I should never as much as look at one again to all eternity. O, but I was wicked!

'Darn and blast their eyes,' says I. 'Blame their skins, torment their hearts, and darn them to darnation.'

Finally, I took an oath, and swore if ever I wedded, or had any dealings with them again, (in the sparkling I mean,) I wish I might be hung and choked.

But swearing off women, and then going into a meeting-house chock full of gals all shining and glistening in their Sunday clothes and clean faces, is like swearing off from liquors and going into a grog-shop. It's all smoke.

I held out, and kept firm to my oath for three whole Sundays, forenoons, afternoons, and intermissions, complete. On the fourth, there were strong symptoms of a change of weather. A chap about my size was seen on the way to the meeting-house, with a new patent hat on; his head hung by the ears upon a shirt collar; his cravat had a padding in it, and branched out in front into a double bow knot. He carried a straight back and stiff neck, as a man ought to when he has his best clothes on, and every time he spit he sprung his body forward, like a jack-knife, in order to shoot clear of the ruffles.

Squire Jones' pew is next but two to mine; and when I stand up to prayers, and take my coat tail under my arm, and turn my back to the minister, I naturally look straight at Sally Jones. Now, Sally has a face not to be grinned at in a fog, indeed, as regards beauty. Some folks think she can pull at even yoke with Patty Bean. For my part, I think there is not much boot between them. Any how, they are so nigh matched, that they have hated and despised each other like rank poison ever since they were school girls.

Squire Jones had got his evening fire on, and set himself down to reading the great Bible, when he heard a rap at his door. 'Walk in. Well John, how dee do? Git out Pompey.' 'Pretty well, I thank ye. Squire, and how do you do?' 'Why so as to be crawling. Ye ugly beast, will ye hold yer yop. Haul up a chair and set down, John. 'How do you do, Mrs. Jones?' 'O, middlin; how's your marm? Don't forget the mat there, Mr. Beedle.'—This put me in mind that I had been off soundings several times in the long muddy lane, and my boots were in a sweet pickle. It was now old Capt. Jones's turn, he grandfather. Being roused from a doze by the bustle and racket, he opened both his eyes, at first with wonder and astonishment. At last he began to halloo so loud that you might hear him a mile, for he takes it for granted that everybody is just as deaf as he is. 'Who is it, I say? who in the world is it?' Mrs. Jones going close to his ear, screamed out, 'It's Johnny Beedle.' 'Ho, Johnny Beedle, I remember he was one summer at the siege of Boston.' 'No, no, father, bless your heart, that was his grandfather, that's been dead and gone these twenty years.' 'Ho, and what does he follow for a livin? Ho, but where does he come from? Down town?' And he did not stop asking questions after this sort, till all the particulars of the Beedle family were published and proclaimed in Mrs. Jones's last screech. He then sunk back into his doze again.

The dog stretched himself before one andiron, the cat squatted down before the other. Silence came on by degrees, like a calm snow storm, till nothing was heard but a cricket under the hearth, keeping time with a sappy yellow birch fore-stick. Sally sat up prim as if she was pinned to the chair back; her hands crossed genteelly upon her lap, and her eyes looking straight into the fire. Mammy Jones tried to straighten herself too, and laid her hand across her lap. But they would not lay still. It was full twenty four hours since they had done any work, and they were out of patience with keeping Sunday. Do what she could to keep them quiet they would bounce up, now and then, and go through the motions, in spite of the Fourth Commandment. For my part, I sat looking very much like a fool. The more I tried to say something the more my tongue stuck fast. I put my right leg over the left and said 'hem.' Then I changed, and put the left leg over the right. It was no use; the silence kept coming on thicker and thicker. The drops of sweat began to crawl all over me. I got my eyes upon my hat, hanging on a peg, on the road to the door; and then I eyed the door. At this moment the Captain all at once sung out, 'Johnny Beedle.' It sounded like a clap of thunder, and I started right up on end.

'Johnny Beedle, you'll never handle such a drumstick as your father did, if yer live to the age of Mathusaler. He would toss up his drumstick, and while it was whirling in the air, take off a gill o' rum and then catch it as it was coming down, without losin' a stroke in the tune. What do you think of that, ha! But scull your chair around, close alongside o' me, so ye can hear. Now, what have you come after?' 'I—a'ter! O, just takin' a walk.' 'Pleasant walkin', I guess.' 'I mean just to see how all do.' 'Ho, that's another lie. You're come a courtin', Johnny Beedle—you're arter our Sal. Say, now, d'ye want to marry, or only to court?'—This was what I call a choker. Poor Sally made but one jump, and landed in the middle of the kitchen; and then she skulked in the dark corner till the old man, after laughing himself into a hooping cough, was put to bed. Then came the apples and cider; and, the ice being broken, plenty of chat with mammy Jones about the minister and the sermon. I agreed with her to a nicety upon all the points of doctrine; but I had forgot the text and all the heads of the discourse but six. Then she teazed and tormented me to tell her who I accounted the best singer in the gallery that day. But, mum; there was no getting that out of me. 'Praise to the face is often disgrace,' says I, throwing a sly squint at Sally.

At last Mrs. Jones lighted 'tother candle, and after charging Sally to look well to the fire, she led the way to bed, and as the Squire gathered up his shoes and stockings and followed, Sally and I were left sitting a good yard apart, honest measure. For fear of getting tongue-tied again, I sat right in, with a steady stream of talk. I told her all the particulars about the weather that was past; and also made some pretty cute guesses at what it was like to be in the future. At first I gave a hitch up with my chair at every full stop. Then, growing saucy, I repeated it at every comma and semicolon; and at last it was hitch, hitch, hitch, till planting myself fast by the side of her.

'I swow, Sally, you looked so plaguy handsome to-day that I wanted to eat you up.'

'Pshaw, git along you,' says she. My hand crept along somehow, upon its finger, and began to scrape acquaintance with hers. She sent it home with a desperate jerk. 'Try it again.' No better luck. 'Why Miss Jones, you're getting outstropolus; a little oldmaidish I guess.' 'Hands off is fair play, Mr. Beedle.' It is a good sign to find a girl sulk. I knew where the shoe pinched. It was that ar' Patty Bean business. So I went to work to persuade her that I never had any notion after Patty; and to prove it, I fell to running her down at a great rate. Sally could not help chiming in with me, and I rather guess Miss Patty suffered a few. I now not only got hold of her hand without opposition, but managed to slip an arm round her waist. But there was no satisfying me so, so I must go to poking my lips out for a kiss. I guess I rued it. She fetched me a slap in the face that made me see stars, and my ears rung like a brass kettle for a quarter of an hour. I was forced to laugh at the joke, though out of the wrong side of my mouth, which gave my face something the look of a grid-iron. The battle now began the regular way. 'Ah, Sally, give me a kiss and have done with it now.' 'I won't, so there.' 'I'll take it whether or no.' 'Do, if you dare,' and at it we went rough and tumble.

An odd destruction of starch now commenced. The bow of my cravat was smashed up in half a shake. At the next bout smash went shirt collar, and at the same time some of the head fastenings gave way, and down came Sally's hair in a flood, like a mill-dam broke loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One dig of Sally's elbow, and my blooming ruffles wilted down to a dish-cloth. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck tackling began to shiver, it parted at the throat, and hurrah! came a whole school of blue and white beads scampering and running races every way about the floor. By the hokey, if Sally Jones isn't real grit there's no shakes. She fought fair, however, I must own, and neither tried to bite nor scratch; and when she could fight no longer, for want of breath, she yielded handsomely. Her arms fell down by her sides, her head back over the chair, her eyes closed, and there lay her little plumpy mouth in the air. Lord! did you ever see a hawk pounce upon a young robin? a bumblebee upon a clover-top? I say nothing. Consarn it, how a buss will crack of a still frosty night. Mrs. Jones was about half way between asleep and awake. 'There goes my yeast bottle,' said she to herself, 'burst into twenty thousand pieces, and my bread is all dough again.'

The upshot of the matter is, I fell in love with Sally Jones, head over ears. Every Sunday night, rain or shine, finds me rapping at Squire Jones's door, and twenty times have I been within a hair's breadth of popping the question. But now I have made a final resolve; and if I live until the next Sunday night, and if I don't get choked in the trial, Sally Jones will hear thunder.

TOM B., THE SETTLER;
—OR—
THE FATAL AIM.

Among one of the early settlers of the Western wilds was Tom B., a stalwart man of some forty years of age. He selected a site for his residence, and in a few days a humble log cabin reared its walls amid the trees. He removed his family to their new home, then set himself diligently to work clearing his little farm. He was naturally a social, pleasant man, and very courageous. He soon made friends with the Indians who roamed the forest around his home, and he often went with them on hunting and fishing excursions. He was expert in the use of the rifle, and often excited the admiration of his dusky friends by his unerring aim. At last, however, a jealousy was excited among some of the more vicious of the Indians, and they refused to any longer allow him to join in their hunting parties. Tom cared very little about it, but shouldered his rifle and went whistling off alone in the forest, and at night returned with a plentiful supply of game. His success was observed by those of the Indians who had refused to allow him to join their hunting expeditions. They were returning, sullen and discontented, from an unsuccessful hunt, when through the trees they saw the settler wending his way home laden with his spoils. A feeling of envy and hatred was aroused, and they vowed to kill him, and made no secret of their threat.

The next morning, as Tom was about to step from his door, he found on his door-stone a rattle-snake's skin, containing three bullets. He knew now that his life was in danger, and judged he had three enemies from the bullets sent him. For several days he remained near his cabin, not venturing to enter the woods. A friendly Indian had told him who his foes were, and their number, so he could be on his guard. They did not dare to attack him in his house, for they knew that within his walls he would be a match for a dozen Indians.

Tired at last of staying at home, Tom began to venture forth in search of game, taking new routes, and proceeding with the utmost caution. He was sometimes followed, he well knew, but he always managed to elude his enemies; but this constant vigilance was wearing upon him.

He never approached his cabin unless he saw a signal, which had been arranged between himself and his wife, so that he might enter without fear, for once or twice during his absence one of the Indians had come to his cabin to inquire for him.

One day he returned by a circuitous route. It was noon, and the signal fluttered from the window. He was met at the door by his little son of twelve.

'Oh, father, those three Indians have been here again asking for you, and when they found you were not here, they took all mother's bread and meat that she had cooked for dinner, and they are now down in the little dingle back of the house eating it.'

'Are you sure there are three, now, my son?'

'Yes, father; I saw them not five minutes ago, sitting on a log.'

A look of firm determination came to the settler's face. He was weary of being thus harassed and obliged to steal to and from his home like a culprit. He examined his rifle carefully, then took down an extra one from the hooks, where it was suspended. This he loaded, then primed a pair of pistols, which he placed in his belt.

'Now, George,' he said to his son, 'take up that rifle and follow me carefully—make not the least noise.'

The boy obeyed, though pale with fright at what he knew his father had resolved to do. Quietly they stole to the little dingle, and so cautious had been their approach that their presence was unsuspected.

On a log sat the three Indians eating their stolen food, and talking in deep guttural tones to each other. Motioning his son to stand close at his side, Tom took deliberate aim and fired. The first Indian rolled from the log dead. As the other two sprang to their feet, the settler caught the other rifle from his son's hands, and another Indian bit the dust. The third one, with a yell of rage and defiance was springing away toward the woods, when Tom drew his pistol, and with an unerring aim laid him low.

Thus suddenly had the hardy settler overcome his foes; but it was with saddened heart he contemplated his work, and he shuddered as he caught the gleam of hatred upon the stiffening features.

He buried them in the little dingle, then told his Indian friends what he had done. They looked grave for a moment and shook their heads, then assured him he had done right, but he had better keep it a secret as some might be disposed to take the matter up.

Tom consented to keep his secret, but often thought of the fearful deed he was obliged to do. His little son long avoided the dingle, where was the grave of the Indians. Years passed, and the tale was forgotten until an aged friend recalled the incident, when I asked her for a tale of olden times, and she told me the story of The Settler.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ETIQUETTE TO BE OBSERVED WHEN BEING PRESENTED.—The etiquette observed on a lady being presented at the British Queen's drawing-room is as follows: On getting out of the carriage, everything in the shape of a cloak, or scarf, or even of lace, must be left behind; the train folded carefully over the left arm, and the wearer enters the long gallery at St. James', where she waits until her turn comes for presentation; she then proceeds to the presence chamber, which is entered by two doors; she goes in by that indicated to her, and, on finding herself in the presence chamber, lets down her train, which is instantly spread out by the Lords in Waiting with their wands, so that the lady walks easily forward to the Queen. The card on which the lady's name is inscribed is then handed to another Lord in Waiting, who reads the name aloud to the Queen. When she arrives just before Her Majesty, she courtsies very low, so low as almost, but not quite, to kneel before the Queen, who, if the lady presented be a peeress or a peer's daughter, kisses her forehead: if merely a commoner, holds out her hands to be kissed by the lady presented, who, having done so, rises, and making another courtesy, to any member of the royal family present, then moves on, keeping her face toward the Queen, and backing out to the door appointed for those to go out of the presence chamber.

A fop, who was sauntering about a country village, saw a pretty face at a window, near which a little boy was at play. "Boy," said he, "who is that fair lady looking out?" "Sis," was the laconic reply.—"Will you tell me if she is a spinster or a matron?" asked the exquisite.—"Neither," answered the lad, resuming his play, "she's a tailoress."

LONGEVITY IN IRELAND.—Among the 5,728,967 persons enumerated in Ireland at the census of 1861, no less than 852 are returned as being of the age of 100 years and upwards; 278 of these aged persons were men, and 464 were women.

Why is the letter O like the equator?—Because it is a circle dividing the gl-o-be into two equal parts.

JUSTICE WITHOUT MERCY.—That law may be justice, and yet lack mercy, has been illustrated by a very hard case which was heard on Saturday before the Preston magistrates. A poor man named Hothershall was charged with trespassing in a field and damage to the extent of a penny. When charged with this grave offence, the following proceedings took place:—Defendant: I plead guilty. I hope you will be as merciful as you can. I am a labourer, and work for the guardians on the cattle-market.—The Chairman:—Well but you know land must be protected.—Defendant: I'm sorry. I hope you will be lenient. I only earn a shilling a day, and out of that have to keep myself, my wife and two little children. I can't pay any fine.—The Bench: What were you doing in the field?—Defendant: Well I had gone to get a few mushrooms for our dinner.—The Bench: You are fined half-a-crown and costs; you must also pay the damage; and in default you must go to the house of correction for a month.—Defendant: Well, I can't pay, gentlemen.

"THE SMITHS".—John Smith—plain John Smith—is not very high sounding; it does not suggest aristocracy; it is not the name of many a hero in die-away novels; and yet it is good, strong and honest. Transferred to other languages, it seems to climb the ladder of respectability. Thus in Latin it is Johannes Smithus; the Italian smoothes it off into Giovanni Smithi; the Spaniards render it Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten it out into Jean Smeets; and the Russian sneezes and barks Jonioff Smittowski. When John Smith gets into the tea trade at Canton, he becomes Johon Shimmit; and if he clambers about Mount Hecla, the Icelanders say he is Jahne Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscaroras, he becomes Ton Qa Smittia; in Poland he is known as Ivan Schmittiweiski; should he wander among the Welsh mountains, they talk of Jihon Schmidd; when he goes to Mexico, he is booked as Jontli F'Smitti; if of classic turn he lingers among Greek ruins, he turns to 'Ion Smikton; and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as Yeo Seef.

The Prince of Wales is an inveterate smoker, as was his father before him. From the conclusion of the following paragraph in a late Scotch paper, (describing a visit to Prince Alfred's sleeping apartments on board the *Racoon*, in which he is a lieutenant), it appears that another member of the royal family is fond of the "weed":—"The Prince's sleeping apartment is a place of special interest, and many of the lady visitors are moved almost to tears by observing that almost the only ornament in the cabin is a fine portrait of the young sailor's mother, our beloved Queen. Greater objects of interest, however, to the young male visitors, are the cigars, of rare brands, which lie carelessly strewn about the little cabin, and the pipes of all sorts which cover the top of the modest-looking chest of drawers."

In the year ending at Michaelmas last 94,908 persons (260 a day) were proceeded against before justices in England for drunkenness, or for being drunk and disorderly, and 65,225 of them were convicted. The great majority were only fined, but above 7,000 were committed to prison. The returns show a great increase over the previous year, for only 82,196 were then charged with drunkenness, and only 54,123 convicted. Of the persons thus charged the last year 22,560 were females, and more than 10,000 were convicted for being drunk. Coroner's inquests in the year 1862 found 211 verdicts of deaths from excessive drinking, 145 men and 66 women having thus ended their days.

An Austrian cavalry officer, whose name is not given in the papers, has laid an extraordinary bet with two of his comrades. In the course of September he engages to ride to Paris, starting from Presburg, and perform the entire distance of one thousand miles within twenty-one days. He is to use one horse only for the journey, making about fifty miles a day; he is to tend, feed and groom his nag himself. Free to choose his route he will be accompanied by his opponents, who are also at liberty to go by horse or rail as they like. Stakes, five thousand to ten.

A young man in Rochdale, England, was lately trying one evening to obtain a glimpse of his sweetheart by peering into the house of his expected father-in-law, when the latter seized a red-hot poker and thrust it through the window at the unfortunate suitor, completely knocking out his right eye.

A couple were engaged to be married the other day in Chicago, and every preparation was made to celebrate the nuptials, but the bridegroom did not appear. A messenger, however, brought the news to the waiting party that he had been drafted in New York and could not leave. The reply of the young lady was worthy of the occasion. With tear-drops glistening in her eyes, and her heart ready to burst with grief, she turned to the company and said:—"I don't keer a darn; there's plenty more men in the world, any how!" The meeting adjourned.

The medical men of Paris recommend the following as a good way of administering castor oil to children:—The quantity of oil prescribed is poured into a small earthen pan, over a moderate fire. An egg is broken into it, and the mixture is then stirred up, so as to form something like what cooks call buttered eggs; when it is done, a little salt or sugar, or a few drops of orange water, or some currant jelly, is added. The sick child will eat it eagerly, and never discover the fraud.

A Roman ecclesiastic, in reply to whatever question might be proposed, always began by saying "I make a distinction." A Cardinal having invited him to dinner proposed to have some amusement for the company from the well-known peculiarity of his guest. Saying to him that he had an important question to propose, he asked, "Is it, under any circumstances, lawful to baptize in wine?"—"I make a distinction," said the priest. "If you ask, is it lawful to baptise in wine in general? I say no! If you ask, is it lawful to baptise in your excellency's wine? I say *yes*, for there is really no difference between it and water."

VALUATION OF HUSBANDS.—Several females of New York city have sent in claims to the Comptroller for the loss of husbands killed during the late riots. The estimates of value of the deceased vary greatly, ranging from ten thousand to as low as two thousand dollars.

Color blindness is said to be so very common that one person out of every nineteen cannot accurately distinguish colors. A contemporary suggests that locomotive engineers and pilots of vessels should be examined respecting their capacity of distinguishing colored signals.

EPITAPH ON A MONEY LENDER.

Here lies old thirty-five per cent;
The more he made the more he lent;
The more he got the more he craved;
The more he made the more he saved.
Great God—can such a soul be saved.