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 Examiner

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P. R. BOWERS.

ALMANAC FOR FEBRUARY.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 5th day, 7h. 49m., a m., W.
Third Quarter, 12th day. 10h. 58m., a. m., W.
New Moon, 19th day, 9h. 36m., a. m., S E.
First Quarter, 27th day, 6h. 26m., a m., N b E.

D M	DAY WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	Sun slow clock	Moon sets.	High Water	day's Length
		h m	h m	m s	h m	h m	h m
1	Wed	7 28	4 59	13 51	4 25	8 35	9 31
2	Thur	27	1	58	5 22	7 4.	34
3	Frid	26	3	14 5	6 14	9 21	37
4	Sat	24	5	10	6 59	10 4	41
5	Sun	23	7	15	7 39	10 45	43
6	Mon	21	8	19	8 14	11 23	47
7	Tues	19	9	23	8 41	11 59	50
8	Wed	18	10	27	9 8	A. 35	51
9	Thurs	17	11	27	9 33	1 13	54
10	Frid	16	13	2	9 57	1 54	57
11	Sat	7 14	15	2	10 23	2 41	10 1
12	Sun	12	16	2	10 57	3 42	4
13	Mon	11	18	2	11 33	5 3	7
14	Tues	9	19	2	A. 11	6 31	10
15	Wed	8	21	2	1 5	7 51	13
16	Thur	7	22	10 18	2 5	8 52	15
17	Frid	5	24	14	3 14	9 42	19
18	Sat	3	26	9	4 25	10 26	23
19	Sun	1	27	3	5 38	11 5	26
20	Mon	0	29	13 57	6 47	11 40	9 29
21	Tues	6 58	30	51	7 55	morn.	32
22	Wed	56	31	43	9 1	0 14	35
23	Thur	55	33	35	10 5	0 56	38
24	Frid	52	34	26	11 7	1 22	42
25	Sat	51	36	16	morn.	1 56	45
26	Sun	49	38	6	0 11	2 38	48
27	Mon	47	39	12 56	1 13	3 28	51
28	Tues	6 45	5 40	47	2 13	4 33	1055

Business Cards.

HENRY J. GAFFNEY, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

OFFICE IN

DesBrisay's Block

(next Apothecarie's Hall,)

QUEEN STREET,

RESIDENCE.—North American Hotel.

Charlottetown, Aug 3, 1870.

MR. A. SMYTHE,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

Has Removed his Academy to Water St.,

(Opposite the late Telegraph Office.)

Pianoforte and Melodeon Tuning punctually attended to.

July 25, 1870. 1y

CARVELL BROTHERS,

AUCTIONEERS,

Commission Merchants,

AND

GENERAL AGENTS,

BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,

Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

A. McNEILL,

Reading Room Proprietor

COMMISSION MERCHANT

AND

AUCTIONEER.

Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.

May 31, 1869. tf

SETH D. SHAW,

Attorney-At-Law, &c.

OFFICE—Corner of Great George and Dorchester Streets.

Opposite City Hotel. Formerly occupied as a Law Office by Charles Palmer, Esq., and recently by H. J. Cundall, Esq.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

March 21, 1870. 1 yr

H. HASZARD,

Commission Merchant,

GENERAL AGENT,

AND

AUCTIONEER

Upper Queen Street,

Charottetown, - - - P. E. I.

N. B.—Orders from abroad, and the country will receive prompt attention.

April 26, 1869

Postage Stamps.

GENERAL POST OFFICE, CH'TOWN, December 10, 1870.

POSTAGE STAMPS can be obtained at the Stores of W. R. Watson, Jas. DesBrisay, John D. McLeod, T O'Connell, I. C. Hall, and Theophilus DesBrisay, Esqrs.; and at the General Post Office, between the hours of 7, a. m., and 9, p. m.

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MONTREAL ASSURANCE COMPANY,

Incorporated 1840.

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Losses promptly adjusted and Paid in Cash.

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Head Office. 1 Old Broad Street, London.

Subscribed and Invested Capital, - £1,965,000 *Sterling.*

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Head Office. 45 Wall Street, New York.

Paid Up Capital, - - - - - - $400,000 00
Surplus, - - - - - - - 326,399 94

Total Assets, 1st Jan'y, 1870, - - - $726,399 94

Risks against loss or damage by FIRE accepted on every description of property. Apply to

FENTON T. NEWBERY, General Agent for P. E. Island.

Charlottetown, April 25. 1870.

WILLIAM DODD,

Commission Merchant and

AUCTIONEER,

QUEEN SQUARE,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND

A. HERMANS,

Bell-Hanger, Gun and Tin-Smith,

Dorchester Street,

(Next to "Examiner" Office.)

BEGS to return his thanks to the general public for the liberal patronage extended to him since his commencement in business, and asks for a continuance of the same. He keeps constantly on hand

A neat Assortment of

TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS

&c., &c., &c.

ALL ORDERS in the above BUSINESS will be punctually attended to.

Having lately made large purchases in the Cheapest Markets, intended for House Builders, such as

Gas Fitting, Water Closets,

Bell Fittings, &., &c.,

I am prepared to SELL THEM at RATES AS LOW AS CAN BE HAD IN THE CITY, and will fit them up in a good workmanlike style

To a generous public, I would say, that all orders in THIS BRANCH OF MY BUSINESS will be attended to with Despatch

A Lot of First Class WATER COOLERS on hand.

SAYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE,

Sold Cheaper than ever.

July 12, 1869.

NOTICE.

ALL amounts due to the *Examiner* printing establishment for subscriptions, advertisements, &c, from 1st of January, 1868, to 1st of December instant, are now in the office of the subscriber for collection. Until the 20th of January next is given parties to settle, free from cost, and all who make payment before that date will be allowed a liberal discount

W. W. SULLIVAN.

Ch'town, Dec 5, 1870.

"EXAMINER"

HAVING purchased the EXAMINER Newspaper and all the Books belonging to said establishment, with all debts due to the same, I hereby give notice that I have placed all accounts from Jan. 1, 1868 up to Dec 1, 1870 in the hands of W. W. Sullivan, Esq., for collection All those who settle their Accounts on or before Jan. 20, 1871, will find it to their advantage to do so.

P. R. BOWERS,
Proprietor.

Notice.

GENERAL POST OFFICE CH'TOWN, December 10, 1870.

INfuture, Money Orders will not be issued on Great Britain on the days on which Supplementary English Mails are closed.

JOHN A. McDONALD, P.M.G.

WANTED.

WANTED, a Steady, Sober Man, who can read and write, to act as fireman at the Gas Works. Good wages and constant employment will be given. None need apply who cannot produce a good character for sobriety, &c., &c.

WM. MURPHY.

Dec. 5, 1870.

BUFFALO ROBES.

NO. 1 WHOLE SKINS,

For Sale Cheap at

LONDON HOUSE!

G. & S. DAVIES.

Dec. 5, 1870.

THE ARLINGTON PIANO,

AND

Wood's Parlor & Vestry Organs

THE above instruments are amongst the best manufactured in the United States.

Those about to purchase a first Class Piano or Organ would do well to address the subscriber.

P R. BOWERS,
St Stephen, } N. B.
Woodstock.

Nov. 28 1870

Executors' Notice

ALL Persons indebted to the Estate of JOHN CLARK BINNS, late of Binstead near Charlottetown Esq., deceased, are hereby required to make immediate payment; and any Persons having legal demands against the said Estate, are required to furnish their accounts, duly attested, to the undersigned.

WILLIAM DODD,
WILLIAM WHITE, } Executors.
JOHN BINNS.

Ch'town, Oct. 19, 1970.

300. 300. 300.

300 TONS of LIVERPOOL SALT cheap in bulk and bags, for sale on Lord's Wharf. Apply at the store of

A. LORD.

April 11 1800.

CAUTION.

DON'T waste your money in buying BOGUS Wool or Mowing Machine Oil, when you can get the pure Olive or Sweet Oil much cheaper at the

'CITY HARDWARE STORE,"

BOURKE, GILLAN & Co.

August 22, 1870.

Laths! Laths!

FOR SALE

300,000 Spruce Laths (4 feet),

Best Quality. Apply to

A. McNEILL, Auctioneer.

Exchange Building, June 6, 1870.

HOUSE TO LET!

A DWELLING HOUSE, situated in Prince Street, lately in the occupation of Mr. Walter C. Grant. Possession given immediately. For particulars apply to

PEAKE BROS. & Co.

Jan. 9, 1871—tf

MUD DIGGERS,

Iron & Chain for same,

AT

BEER & SONS.

Jan. 16, 1871. 1m

DIVORCES.

ABSOLUTE DIVORCES legally obtained in New York, Indiana, Illinois, and other States, for persons from any State or country, legal everywhere; desertion, drunkenness, non support, etc. sufficient cause; no publicity. No charge until divorce is obtained. Advice free. Address,

MOORE & RICHARDSON,
Councillors at Law,
180 Broadway, N. Y. City:

Jan'y 9th, 1871.

Just Received

400 Yards WATER PROOF CLOTH

HEARTZ & SON.

Nov. 29. 1870.

SALT. SALT.

FOR SALE, 600 Bushels LIVERPOOL SALT, in bulk. Also, 2000 SACKS, ex Bark *CLIFTON.*

JAMES C. POPE.

Ch'town, August 1, 1870.

Iron Bedsteads.

A FEW Superior Iron Bedsteads, cheap for Cash, at

NEWSON'S.

September 19, 1870.

SHAUN'S* SORROW.

Most of our readers have a clear idea conveyed to their minds by the words "an Irish cabin." A vision of smoke and bare stones; cows, children, and pigs mingled in inextricable confusion; a withered old woman knitting; a dark-haired, gray-eyed girl, with bare feet beneath her blue petticoat; two or three men, unshaven, stalwart, and *Irish-looking*—there is no better word.

In just such a cottage as this (or rather 'house,' for no Irishman would confess to a *cottage*) a party was gathered on the night before 'All-Saints' Eve.' It was after sundown, and the door was closed at last against the chill sea-breeze which had blown through it so keenly all day.

'What will ye have for supper the morrow, Madge?' said a tall young man, who leaned near the tiny square of minute panes which was dignified by the title of window. He addressed his sister, who was dexterously peeling potatoes into a round pot, as she balanced herself on a block of turf at his feet.

'Can't ye see yourself that I'm peeling for buteen.† Me'heal? Mother bade Nancy bring a quarter stone of flour. There's no stint for tay or sugar, either. If you or Anthony will cross the ferry for a bit of flesh-meat, we should put Halley-eve past in grand style'

All-Hallow's Eve is the great festival, or, as they term it, 'set-night,' of Western Ireland. As a social period it comes far before Christmas Day or Easter Sunday in the estimate of the people Most wonderful efforts the people make to pay all due honors to its observation; even the very poorest among them collect their eggs or save up their pence to procure the unwonted luxury of 'white bread' at this time.

Michael O'Donnel and his family were accustomed to a sort of rough plenty. Their farm was large, their cows many; and since their father's death, Michael and his brother Anthony had found it easy to keep the house in plenty potatoes during the autumn and winter, and in Indian meal and oaten cakes through the spring and summer. They had their own milk, butter and eggs; and what could they possibly want more? Nothing, surely, except on 'Hallow-Eve;' and then a little white flour, and even butcher's meat, with rice, biscuits, and a handful of nuts, to make up their yearly feast.

'Is it the morrow you're talking of, Madge;' said a young man, whose air and dress as well as his superior mode of speech, proclaimed his superiority to other occupants of the room. 'Take advice as is kindly given, and meddle only with pots of bruteen and scones of boqy,‡ and don't go trying charms and spells on this blessed night. Folks do more harm and draw nigher to danger than they know of by them same things, as I well know.'

Madge looked up knife and potato in hand, astonished at the unusual solemnity of his tone, and Michael said:

'What's that you're saying, Shaun? You're thinking of some story I'll be boun'. Be aisy Anthony lad; hold your clatter! Shaun is going to tell us the danger of Halley-eve spells."

'No then, indeed and I could not Troth, Michael, it's no subject for laughing.'

'I'm never laughin' at all, man alive Tell away; there's but ourselves to listen. Put over some sods on the fire, Anthony. Now, Shaun, we'reall ears.'

But Shaun hung back — his face was where the leaping light of the peat fire could not reach it — nor did he answer a word to Michael's loud demands for his story.' It was only when Madge and her mother joined in urging him, and even Anthony had added his rough pleading, that, seeing he had no choice but to comply he began, speaking in a low, faltering tone, which, however, soon regained its deep and somewhat gruff composure.

'I think I've told you I was living in County Kerry when I was a lad, far enough from here. My father was keeper to Lord Rathconnel, and we had the cosiest house in the pork My sister was lady's-maid up to the Hill; and oh, but my lady was kind to the both of us! I had wonderful learning for a poor lad, and my lady would come stepping over the grass to our house, carrying books for me with her own hands. I mind I thought myself as grand as the priest himself, when she wou'd give me the packets, and promised me more when I had finished with them. I believe, now, the angels in heaven can be no better or fairer than she was.

'We kept Halley-eve much as ye do in these parts. But I don't rightly know if you hold to a thing I'd heard talked of there. They said, if at midnight a man took a riddle and some thrashed corn, and opened the two doors of the barn so as the wind swept clear through, then began to winnow the grain, and say the name of the Evil One, that you would see the form of her who was to be your wife passing before your eyes.

'Yes, Madge, it was wicked—it was as the sea is deep, as the spink§ out yonder is high. But the tales of the people worried me. Were my books right in calling such things foolish old wives tales? or was there a truth and a power in them which all the learning in the world could not shift away or hide? I could not tell: so I thought I'd prove this night if there was indeed truth in them, or if they were as shale‖ and empty as I had read that they were. Lord Rathconnell's Coachman lived in a house at the end of the stable-yard. He had only the wife and a pretty wee daughter, a little Gissah¶ of eight or nine. Often I'd been at the kennels feeding the dogs, and wee Norah would come to pat their heads, and give her chosen pets some scraps she had saved for them; and the brutes knew her right well, and would mind her lightest word. Hers were the prettiest ways Many's the bit of a basket I've made for her, and many's the boat I've cut for her out of the slagh-mara** She would stand watching her father as he strapped the clothes on the horses, with her school-bag in her hand, and a black silk handkerchief knotted over her head. Sometimes, if it was in a lonely lane he met her, William would lift her on the back of one of the horses which he was exercising; and there she'd sit as easy and as happy as a bird on a high-grown twig.

"It was Halley eve—not such a night as this, blustering and cold as January — but as clear and soft, and the moon nigh to the full, and the sea like the fair pool down yonder. I knew there would be no living soul in the yard at midnight. The big loft would just do for my evil charm, could I but get hold of the keys. They were on a nail in the kitchen of William's house. So there I went at night failing to see a chance of getting my fingers on them. And, faith, the chance was easy found. The kitchen was empty, and the keys hung handy to the door. I took them down when wee Norah's voice said, behind me.

'Where are you going to-night, Shaun? To the grain loft or to the meal room? Or are you going to the barn, and——

may I go with you to look after my pigeon? My white pigeon *will* roost in there, and it must not. O, Shaun dear, catch it for me!'

'I'm going to the barn, abaska†† and and I'll look for the pigeon. But I'm not going yet Sit down a bit. Is your mother out? Well just sit here on the creepy-stool, and I'll put some big wood on to blaze for us?'

'And so saying, I slipped the keys in my pocket, and we talked away by the fire, she telling me of the wonderful shells the coast gaurd's wife at the point had shown her 'And, Shaun, they are all green and gold and silver. Do you think they are all made of all the old rainbows that falls into the sea?—they look just like that' And then I told her of the book my lady lent me. How a brave, good knight was angry and black hearted to his beautiful, innocent wife, because he believed a lie of her; how he forced her to ride one long summer day on ahead of himself, and charged her not to dare to speak to him, but ride on in silence; how three robbers came on him, and she screamed to let him know the danger; and how he vanquished them, and then blamed her for her disobedience in speaking the word even to warn him

'Ah!' said Norah, "sure his anger had darkened his heart and his eyes. And she didn't know why he was that wild with her? Then, if I had been her, I'd have clung tight, tight hold of his arms, and made him tell me and love me again. *Did* he love her again, Shaun?

'And I told the child that he had loved the whole time, hard and hot; and how, when he was wounded and half killed, he found out all his thoughts of her badness were false; that she was as brave and pure hearted as even his mad love would ask for her to be; how they rode homeward on the one horse, her cheek lying against his shoulder, and her hand pressing the scarf to his wounded side.'

''Come again, and tell me more about my lady's books, Shaun. Come again won't you?' And so I said I would, indeed, and soon; but'—the voice of the strong man sank to so low a cadence that the listeners bent forward to catch his words—'but never again did I sit by the coachman's fire. Only once more did I ever hold wee Norah's hand in mine, and hear her sweet, pretty words. *And that once* —oh, Virgin Mother! can *ever* I cease to see her as she was then?'

''Shaun,' and it was Madge's voice that spoke. 'Don't ye go on. It is hurting ye cruel, and—' She stopped; her own eyes were full of tears.'

'No, Madge, lass. I wanted to tell this to *you.* I'd best tell it quick, and be done with it. It's long years since I spoke of it to mortal man or woman, and the words stick in my throat.'

'I went to the barn, and opened the big doors wide, and the silent moonlight came in a broad path along the floor. I stood waiting for the stable clock to strike twelve I can hear it often now in my sleep—the loud, deep sound which made me start even though it was waiting for it, I was. I winnowed the corn upon the floor, and God forgiee! I spoke the evil name. When there I saw, standing with the broad moonlight on her white dress, wee Norah! I stood still in a strange kind of fear. Oh, if that had been the only dread that I was to feel that night! I stood, and she stood; and then softly and glidingly she came up along the moonlight track right fornenst me.'

'I suppose I thought it was a spirit for I sprung back, knocking with all my weight against something behind me.'

'There was a terrible crash, and I heard wee Norah's sharp scream; and I myself gave the echo of her cry in a loud shout. They heard it in the house and when they found us I was holding the pretty child in my arms, calling madly on her to open her eyes. And there beside us lay the heavy long ladder which my wild spring had brought crashing down on her innocent head. The yellow hair was all stained with blood, and on her white ——, But there, I can't say more about it! She spoke to me once: 'Shaun, come to morrow evening, and tell me more of the gentle lady and the knight who loved her.'

'I suppose she was raving. Certainly she did not groan or sigh or seem to know she was hurt. She lifted herself from my arms when William came. 'Father,' she said, 'oh, father!' and that was all.'

'There was an inquest. They did not blame me. How I wished they would! I did not much care what became of me, But there was no trial. They said at the inquest the darling was accustomed to walk in her sleep, and must have unbolted the door, come into the yard, and strayed by chance into the open barn, thinking, perhaps, of her pigeon. But I knew better. Not one inch did she stray. She was led by the Black King, whose evil name my guilty lips had spoken. She was so lily-pure *he* could not harm her; so he made me do it—*me,* who would have died for her.'

'I could not face the father and mother, who had loved her, though they never said one hard word to me. Could I go and feed the dogs, and watch the dumb brutes waiting for *her,* and longing for *her*? Could I meet their eyes—*I* who had killed her? And so I came away. His lordship was rare and kind, and got me this place here with Mr. Heygate. And my lady—if it hadn't been for that angel, I should have died; I think I must have died, though hearts don't break as often as some folks say—my lady, she wrote to me two whole letters as kind and good as herself She knew I suffered. My God! how I have suffered'

His voice died away in a kind of wall There was a strange element of poetry and passion in this man, almost peasant born as he was. But there runs through the Irish nature a vein of high-toned feeling for which we must search in vain among the coarser, blunter, lower classes of England. It may strike some ears as unnatural that one like Shaun O'Donnell could even dream over 'End,' or be capable of the deep and lasting anguish that had so nearly crushed his life. Years had passed since that terrible night, and had borne away with them somewhat of the keener edge of his remorse, leaving a curious, tender self-pity in its stead. But now lately this had grown into anguish, unknown, save in such intense natures as his, until he could bear it no longer, and he felt he *must* utter it.'

And Madge? She sat very still, her face hidden in the deep shadow. She uttered no word, nor joined in the exclamations and expressions of pity and interest, which fell from her mother and brothers. Neither she nor O'Donnell heard their import; but the murmur annoyed her, and she silently rose and slipped away.

He had risen as he finished his recital and stood gazing into the turf-fire. It had burned out all its leaping glories now, and lay quiet the glowing embers bordered by a ring of pearly ashes. The similitude struck him. Youth, with its passion its anguish its keen joys; and the inevitable end, when dull age creeps on, and dims and deadens both pain and joy into grayness and coldness. Was it —— for him? Was this fresh —— command the new born love —— pain, the last effort of his —— at his heart, but the last effort of his youth's leaping fire? White hairs threaded his thick brown curls, long lines were drawn on his forehead and round the still, grave mouth. But—and the conviction struck him with bleak certainty—he was not old; he *felt* he was not old. There was warmth and strength yet in his heart that would defy years to quench or time to kill. No, he must struggle on, and suffer still.

He turned with rather a choked 'Good night.'

'Ah, but nonsense! sure you're not going away this early, and it raining, too? Sit down, man, and eat a bit of supper,' urged Michael.

But he would not listen. With hasty thanks he passed out into the stormy autumn night, almost knocking over a women's form as he shut the door behind him.

'Madge! is it you? Go in Ye are wet and cold. Go in Oh, my darling. *eu' jeytha slan, ahultilish mahuil agus machree!*'‡‡

'Shaun, what are ye doing?' she cried in a broken, frightened voice, as she felt his arms around her, and heard his passionate words.

He let her go instantly.

'What am I doing? I don't rightly know. I only know I love you, Madge. But I did not mean to tell you so. *I did not mean* to tell you so!—I have no right I was to see *my wife* that hideous night, and now I must remain married to the spirit that comes to me often in my lonely house by the river—comes to me with the moonlight on its smiling face, and the blood stains on its yellow hair Madge!' and the fire flashed again into his voice which had been speaking in grave, lifeless tones—'Madge, I tell you it wanted but my love of you to break my heart entirely. Was not my life black enough already?'

He felt her fingers on his arm.

'You mistake. It is not *Norah* that comes to haunt you. She did not even know it was your hand that struck the ladder down on her pretty head. She is not angered with you She loved you well, and may be she's leaning down from heaven to see if you are happy too. Ah, Shaun, dear!'

The pleading tone made itself heard amidst the tumult of his feelings and another thought. Madge loved him. Was she to be sacrificed too to the memory of his life's sorrow?

He turned to her suddenly.

'Are ye brave enough to wed me, Madge? Will ye dare to face the spirit that comes to freeze me into stone? Will you, knowing all, come to my fireside down by the water? Will you take away the long course off Halley eve by proving it was *not* my bride I saw that weary night? Will you dare to marry a grave, sad man like me? Speak, Madge,'

And she spoke; and through the darkness and the rain Rest and Hope entered his soul with her soft 'I will.'

* "Shaun," Ivan, Juan (which last is pronounced by the Spaniards very much like the Irish "Shaun") are all varieties of the name John.

† 'Bruteen,' potatoes mashed with milk and butter.

‡ 'Boxty,' a kind of bread made of the fibres of raw potato mixed with flour.

§ "Spink,' cliff.

‖ "Shale," shallow.

¶ "Gissah," girl.

** "Slagh-mara," the stem of the seaweed; often found as thick as a woman's arm.

†† 'Abaska,' my dear one,

‡‡ Farewell to you, light of my eyes and of my heart.

THE CURIOSITIES OF THE LAW IN ENGLAND.

A London barrister, Mr. A. V. Dicey, has done a good service by showing Englishmen the absurdities and contradictions of their common law. His experiences and illustrations are contained in a book entitled "A Treatise on the Rules for the Selection of the Parties to an Action" — and among the curiosities mentioned are the following:

The obstruction of a highway is considered to cause peculiar damage to a man whom it impedes in his business, but none to a man it injures in his trade. The owner of a dog is not liable for its biting other men, unless he knew of its fiercenes, but without any such knowledge he is liable for its biting cattle. If a horse is allowed to stray, and it kicks a child, the owner is not liable, for 'it is not the ordinary course of the nature of a horse to kick a child." But if a horse strays into a field and kicks another man's horse, the owner is liable, because, we presume, it is the ordinary course of the nature of a horse to kick another horse. If a man builds chimneys which must smoke in a certain direction, and another man lights fires which cause smoke to go up the chimneys, any damage caused by the smoke must be made good by the man who lighted the fires, not by the man who built the chimneys.

A tradesman sold a man a lamp which was to be used by the man's wife. The lamp was so badly made that it exploded, and the man's wife was injured. It was held that she could not recover. Another tradesman sold a man some hair wash to be used by the man's wife. The hair wash was so badly made that the man's wife was injured. It was held she could recover In some of these cases, the extreme subtlety of the distinctions causes an apparent contradiction, while it is hard to say that either case is wrongly decided. If a man agrees to build a house, his death does not put an end to the contract, but it does if he agrees to build a light-house. Again, the question whether a husband has reduced his wife's property into possession or not has given rise to very fine distinctions. In one case, a wife's trustee had paid the wife the rent of some property settled on her, and had borrowed from her part of the money which was so paid. It was held that this money was reduced into possession by the husband, and that after his wife's death he might recover it from the trustee. In another case, a man who had received money for a wife, wrote to her and told her that he held the money at her disposal. It was held that after the wife's death this money did not pass to her husband.

Another question of some difficulty is whether a servant who is sent by his master to sell a horse can warrant the horse so as to bind his master. The servant of a horse-dealer can bind his master by a warrant, even though his master has forbidden him to warrant. A servant sent to sell a horse at a fair, and not authorized to warrant, a servant sent to sell a horse at Tattersall's, and authorized to give a limited warranty, were also held to bind their masters. But where one man applied to another for a horse, and the owner of the horse sent it by his farm bailiff, the farm bailiff's warranty was held not to bind the owner.

SUPREMACY OF ENGLAND ON THE OCEAN.

We commend to those who have been troubled with doubts as to England's ability to hold her own against Russian and American combination, to read the following extract from an editorial of the London *Times* as to the efficiency of the British navy.—

"Inverting the order of recent discussions let us speak first of our Navy. We still enjoy the advantage of an insular position, and, what is more, we enjoy it to an extent rarely experienced since the days of the first Napoleon. At no period within recent times has the British Navy been for certain purposes so powerful as at present. It is scarcely to be imagined that any existing fleet or combination of fleets could cope with us in our waters, for instance, of the Mediterranean. We could even despatch across the Atlantic a squadron far stronger than any which could be sent across the Atlantic against us. In fact as regards general actions at sea, after the old fashion, our Navy would find no match. No ships yet afloat could stand against our ironclads in line of battle, for they were built, and successfully built, to beat the French ships, and the French ships were then the strongest in the world, But this, it will be easily seen, represents only one function of a great Navy. The truth is, for twenty years together we simply ran a race with France. Our fleet was measured against the French fleet year after year, not only in popular imagination, but in Ministerial statements, and we thought we had done all that was necessary when our force was raised to the standard thus indicated. We resolved at all cost to keep the command of the Channel and the ascendancy in the Mediterranean, and at these two points England is mistress of the seas.

"Excepting however, with some special design, it is improbable that any Power would attempt to compete with us on the conditions implied The immediate duties of our Navy, in the event of war, would be of a different character. Our first-rate iron clads would answer for the defence of our shores, and we have, or shall shortly have, ships which, as their constructor tells us, would be able to make an eight or ten days run to any menaced point, fight an action, and return to port. These vessels are most formidable—far surpassing, in armour and armament, any others afloat. They are designed to combine up to a certain point the qualifications of floating batteries and sea-going ships. In weight, strength, and power they will exceed the strongest known specimens of the former class; for a given length of time they will be as movable as the fleetest cruisers. This provides us with special means of offence as well as defence, but even then the provision is of a limited kind. All the ships we have spoken of are large, ponderous, and in some degree unwieldy vessels, calculated to encounter ships of their own class Again, however, it must be observed that it is doubtful whether the chance of such encounters would ever be offered to us. Our enemies will be well aware of our points of strength, and would decline the attack. Their assaults would be more likely to be directed against our commerce, our colonial possessions, and our outlying dependencies, while we, on the other hand, should require ships for offensive operations on foreign coasts and against foreign harbors. We should want vessels capable of forcing an entrance into a hostile port, and destroying ships sheltered under its guns, and, above all, we should need such a fleet of swift and powerful cruisers as would render privateering a desperate venture.

"At three points we are deficient, nor are quite sure that our deficiencies are properly recognized. Out of a score or more of ships now building we have only three frigates of the class required, while we have nine heavy turret ships or rams, and twelve gunboats — proportions which show clearly enough the views hitherto prevailing at the Admiralty. But the career of a swift corvette or a nimble, well-armed privateer is not to be checked by a steam ram or a turret vessel; and though the gunboats would doubtless prove of the greatest service in our own waters, they could not perform the duties of ocean cruisers. In point