

## MISCELLANY.

**SINGULAR TRANCE.**—At the village of Farrington, situated about nine miles from Bristol, on the road to Wells, a young woman, named Ann Cromer, the daughter of a master mason, now lies in a complete state of catalepsy, in which trance-like condition, should she survive till next November, she will have been for no less than thirteen years. During the whole extended period she has not partaken of any solid food, and the vital principal has only been sustained by the mechanical administration of fluids. Although, of course, reduced to a perfect skeleton, her countenance has a very placid expression. Her respiration is perceptible, her hands warm, and she has some indication of existent consciousness. Upon one occasion, when asked if suffering from pain to squeeze the hand of her mother, placed in hers for that purpose, a slight pressure, the mother avers, was plainly distinguishable: and frequently, when suffering from cramp, she has been heard to make slight moans. About 16 weeks after the commencement of her trance she was seized with lock-jaw, which occasions great difficulty in affording her nourishment. The unfortunate young woman is 25 years of age, and has been visited by a great number of medical gentlemen, who, however, hold out no hopes of her recovery.

**NIGHT.**—Night is beautiful itself, but still more beautiful in its association; it is not linked as day is, with our cares and our toils—the business and listlessness of life. The sunshine brings with it action; we rise in the morning, and our task is before us—and night comes, and with it rest. If we leave sleep, and ask not of dreams forgetfulness, our waking is in solitude, and our employment is thought. Imagination has thrown her glories around the midnight; the orbs of heaven, the silence, the shadows, are steeped in poetry. Even in the heart of a crowded city, where the moonlight falls but upon the pavement and roof, the heat would be softened and the mind elevated amid the loveliness of Night's deepest and stillest hours.

**HOPE.**—Hope is the most celestial feeling of the mind—the indication of practical confidence in the goodness of the Creator. How beautifully have the poets sung of the charm which Hope infuses into the heart. Her steps are over enameled meads, and her blue eyes are ever turned on the lucid arch of her own congenial heaven. If Hope be confined to earth, it sheds a roseate hue on every thought and thing; and if it soars to heaven while life is ebbing fast, it will whisper peace over the dying couch, and render the sting of death painless. The encouragement of Hope, then, is the paramount duty of all who minister to the sick or dying.—*Psychological Review.*

**A STRANGE STORY.**—M. Deschret relates a curious story of a young Sardinian, whose hair turned from raven black to snow white in a few minutes. He was, while suspended on a rope, attacked by eagles whose nest he had robbed of the eaglets. In defending himself with his knife he cut the rope half through, and although nearly dead with terror, he was drawn up in safety.

**A BOTTLE CONJURER.**—An Irish gentleman, sojourning at a dashing hotel, felt much annoyed at the smallness of the bottles, considering the high price of wine. One evening taking his glass with a friend in the coffee-room, the pompous owner came in, when the gentleman, after apologising, told him he and his friend had laid a wager, which he must decide, by telling him what profession he was bred to. Mine host after some hesitation at the question, answered that he was bred to the law.

"Then," said the gentleman, "I have lost, for I laid that you were bred a packer."

"A packer, sir!" said the host, swelling like a turkey-cock; "what could induce you, sir, to think I was bred a packer?"

"Why, sir," said the other, "I judged you so from your wine measures, for I thought no one but a skilful packer could put a quart of wine into a pint bottle."

**FALSE REASONING ILLUSTRATED.**—"Sambo, what you get dat watch you wear at meetin' last Sundry?"

"How do you know I hab a watch?"

"Bekase I seed de chain hang out de pocket in front."

"Go way, nigger! 'Spose you see halter round my neck, you tink dar is horse inside of me?"

**AWFUL DISASTER ON LAKE ERIE.**—TWO HUNDRED LIVES LOST.—The Toronto Globe, of the 18th June, furnishes the following melancholy intelligence received from Buffalo on the night previous:—"A telegraphic despatch this morning says that the steamer *Griffith* on her way from Buffalo to Toledo, when about 20 miles below Cleveland, at 5 o'clock this morning, took fire, and burned to the water's edge. The mate, who swam ashore, reports only 30 saved, and those saved themselves by swimming ashore. Capt. Roby, wife, and child are among the lost. There were between 200 and 300 on board. The accounts differ as to the loss of life. The last report gives the number lost at 260.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of Mr. Charles Fox Bennet as Consul General in New Zealand and for her Majesty the Queen of Portugal.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE BELFAST ELECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Sir—Permit me, through the medium of your columns to tender my best thanks to the Electors of Townships Nos. 49 and 50, for the almost unanimous support which I received from them at the late Election. It is quite obvious to every observer, that the Electors of the above Townships are men of decided liberal principles—the state of the poll at the close of the Election at Lot 50 being: Douse 12, McNeill 103; and at Lot 49, Douse 26, McNeill 69. This fact is sufficient to demonstrate that in those townships where the people are not frightened of Rent Rolls, they act independently. Whilst I would thus publicly express my thanks to the independent Electors of Lots 49 and 50, I cannot omit expressing my firm conviction, that the electors of the other Townships in the same District are equally capable of appreciating liberal principles, and would, with equal unanimity, support the introduction of Responsible Government, which fact is evident from their signing an address to that effect last March, thanking their present Representative, Mr. Davies, for his independent advocacy of that system of Government—a proof that they would, if left to the free exercise of their own judgment, support the same measures at the late contest. But when Mr. Douse and his coadjutors found that the people were for supporting me, they were seen, like a nest of hornets awake from their slumber, flying around in every direction, telling Lord Selkirk's tenants that ejection and ruin would be the result, if they dared to vote against the agent; in consequence of which many who left their homes on the election day, with the intention of exercising their elective franchise as British subjects, were so intimidated by these emissaries of his Lordship as to return without voting! If such proceedings can be tolerated, we cannot style ourselves freemen. Knowing that the only circumstance which prevented my return at the late election, and the only ground upon which Mr. Douse can boast of having a majority of 148 votes, (not 200, as reported by the *Islander* newspaper) is the fact, that the tenants on Lord Selkirk's Estate were prevented from exercising their elective franchise,—I am induced to thank the electors of the District generally for the kind feeling manifested towards me, and for the general wish expressed by them that I should be returned, though many of them could not lend their aid. For such marks of confidence I now offer the electors of the third District of Queen's County generally my warmest acknowledgements, assuring them that I shall ever retain a lively and grateful sense of the disinterested and handsome support extended to me at the late election.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

ARCHIBALD McNEILL.

Mount Vernon, Lot 50, June 28, 1850.

## THE BELFAST ELECTION.

TO EDWARD WHELAN, ESQ., M. P. P., EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Sir—Learning from the Letters of others that it is customary in a first epistle to give a brief introductory sketch of the writer, suffice for this reason to say, I am a bush-born man, having received such an education as was comeatable some forty years ago, and I flatter myself from having perused all Royal Jemmy's journals, along with other weekly papers, to be pretty well informed of our internal affairs, and am now, in my own estimation, almost a match for the great Duncan!

Sir, I have a lively recollection of most of the political events that have happened for the last fifty years, and without referring to the corrupt system from which they emanated, or to the work of particularising its many abuses, which have, and still do exist, I shall hasten to the announcement of the information I wish to convey. But before doing so, allow me to offer through the columns of your most useful paper, my sincere thanks to the men of the majority in the two last Sessions of our Parliament, who have nobly stood by the country. In this offer, I am not alone,—the whole thinking community join, and I, in common with others, hail the near approach of that constitutional form of Government offered to us by our beloved Sovereign, believing its introduction will ultimately bring peace and content to our troubled shores. I read with astonishment the corrupt columns of the *Islander*, and wonder the proprietor of that paper should allow himself to be gulled into publishing facts misrepresented,—and, in too many instances, barefaced falsehoods, so plain and intentional, that even the dullest mind can detect flat contradictions between the representations now made and those offered about eight years ago. Sir, Duncan Rugh! is well known to the hirelings of its mercenary supporters, and like his own, this adventure will end in pecuniary disappointment. The past teaches a useful lesson of the little reliance to be placed on the stability of an unbeliever.

I wish to convey to the public the mind of this part of the country respecting the choice of a candidate to represent us in General Assembly. Although Mr. Douse has been returned, it must not be supposed the people have fallen back from supporting the advocate

of Responsible Government. No! The reason of Mr. Douse's return is, of his strength in his grasp of the Rent roll, and in the general failure of the crops for the last three years, leaving many of the tenantry in arrears, and not choosing to trust themselves to his tender mercies, many remained at home, and the more timid voted for the agent! This is well known from the apathy displayed by the people in not coming forward, Mr. Douse polling about half the number obtained a few months ago, which is, Mr. Editor, rather a quietus to the expectations of the minority in this quarter. Mr. McNeill, his opponent, is a young man of good intentions, but not very well known to the people. Had he been otherwise, and of the same politics, a very different result—would have ensued; and I trust the triumphant candidate may have learned there is sufficient independence in this district to put out any man, however well supported by proprietary and official influence, who may render himself obnoxious to their views.

I am, Sir, Yours respectfully,

RODERICK DHU.

Belfast, June 22, 1850.

## The Examiner.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1850.

SEVERAL weeks ago an editorial appeared in the *Royal Gazette*, which commented on a speech delivered by Mr. Coles in the House of Assembly, on introducing certain Resolutions relative to the conduct of the Lieutenant Governor. The comment was perfectly harmless—free from "rhyme or reason"—wit, humour, or argument. The *Gazette* which contained it was thought to be one of the heaviest guns that had been fired for a month of Tuesdays; but the Gunner had either forgotten to include shot in the charge, or he had none at his disposal,—and a little noise, a little smoke, and a little smell were the only consequences of its discharge. Mr. Coles answered the salute in such a manner that our brother of the "lion and the unicorn" has shown no disposition to point his heavy metal for a second fire-up.

The editor of the *Islander*, evidently ashamed and mortified at the failure of his ally, has filled his paper on Friday last with more than a column of rubbish on the same subject. Like the writer of the *Gazette*, he has been unable to refute a single statement made by Mr. Coles—like the writer of the *Gazette* he has affected to sneer at, and make light of the charges preferred by Mr. Coles against the Lieutenant Governor, but he has shown, by the feebleness of his reply, that those charges are wholly incontrovertible. We are not surprised to find Duncan Maclean a copyist of the *Gazette*—when he wants the materials for an editorial he has no particular objection to descending to a meaner source, culling from the long-forgotten writings of the late notorious and despised Collard, of whom he is the most fitting successor that could be found in the country.

The usual amount of clap-trap about office-seeking, neglecting the interests of the country, &c. is lugged into Donkey's editorial. All this stuff has been answered so often that we may well be spared the trouble of a reply. We may, however, observe, that if the majority of the House of Assembly were so bent upon obtaining office, as they are said to be, they might have gratified their wishes in that respect when the Government was offered to be sold to them for the trifling sum of six hundred pounds. But they were not found to be so pliable and selfish as the party in power, who will descend to any meanness before they will relinquish their places,—and they would not act so foolishly as the New Brunswick liberals, taking office with the Tories, and finding themselves in a little while the objects of public hatred and contempt.

As to the alleged neglect of the public interests, the country is well aware that Sir Donald Campbell, and he alone, is blameable for this. The late Belfast election is pertinent to this point: Mr. Douse commenced his canvass by abusing the majority of the House of Assembly, for not selling themselves, bodies and souls, to the Governor, borrowing in his abuse the rubbish with which Donkey fills the editorial columns of the *Islander*. And what was the result of his efforts in this respect? Why, for abusing the majority of the House of Assembly he got three or four hundred votes less than he did when there was no majority to abuse!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Mr. John McLaughlin's letter will be published in our next.