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. XI. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, March 4, 1861. **New Series.—No. 9.**

FALL, 1860!

JUST received from Boston and Halifax, at the Old Established (Orwell, 1843,) Cheap Store, admitted to be CHEAPER than the CHEAPEST Country Store on the Island, and the greatest variety in it, from a

NEEDLE TO AN ANCHOR,

a large and personally well selected Stock of all kinds of Goods, to suit the House and Farm, and purchased on the most advantageous terms, and which are priced at the *lowest rate*, in plain figures—for the child as well as the most experienced—from which no alteration is made. The motto is

"Quick Sales, Low Prices, and Small Profits"

The following are a portion of late Importation:—Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, in great variety; Hardware and Cutlery; China, Glass and Earthenware; Stationery; Drugs; Perfumery and Dye Stuffs; Genuine and Patent Medicine, the best and surest for man and beast; Paints, all colours; Oils, Varnishes and Brushes of all kinds; Pitch, Tar, Rozin, Oakum and Rope; Cut and Wrought Nails, Brads and Spikes; Brass, Cooper and Zink Nails and Tacks, for house, ship and boat; Cart and Sled Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips and Spurs; Sled Furs; Horse and Bed Rugs; Hall and Room Paper, cheap as white-wash; Men's, Women's and Children's Boots, Shoes and Rubbers; Upper and Sole Leather; Garibaldi Fur, Cloth, Wool and Glazed Caps and Hats.

Metal Boilers, Pots, Bake Pans and Kettles, with extra lids, Mounting for Wood and Iron Ploughs, extra side and sole plates; best Scotch and refined Flat, Square, Round, Plough Plate, Hoop and Sheet Iron; Blister, Cast, German and Spring Steel; Smiths' Coals; Files and Rasps; Mill, Circular, Pit, Cross Cut, Hand and Tenon Saws; German and English Flour Cloth; Wire Web and Oats Screens; Powder, Shot, Caps, Flints, and Guns; Best and Strong TEA and COFFEE, Broma, Sugar and Molasses; Rice, Barley, Raisins, Currants; Pilot and Navy Bread and Crackers.

Domestic Manufacture: Encourage Island Trade.

The following Goods will be sold at Maker's prices:—Large and small Barn Door Hinges, with bolts and Nuts; Dog Irons, Fire Shovels, Pokers; Horse shoes, Coulter and Harrow Pins; Island, Nova Scotia and American Axes, warranted; Ploughs and Harrows, Sleds, Box Carts, Trucks and Wheels, Iron and Wood Axles; Spinning Wheels and Reels; Bedsteads and Chairs; Panel Doors to order; Window Sashes and Frames, &c., &c.

Agent for the Hon. Jas. McLaren's celebrated Cloth Mills, which are fast superceding the Pictou Cloth Mills, having vast increased improvements added lately to his establishment.

Materials imported for making Ginger Cordial and Temperance Syrups, with directions for Tavern Keepers and others, at cost prices; warranted the best and safest substitute for Yankee white-eye ever discovered; no mistake in them.

Dowman's renowned Butter Powder produces extra Butter and Cheese in winter nearly as quick as telegraph operation; seeing is believing it, if you doubt its proof (sample free.)

Best Labrador Herring and Codfish; with countless other articles in stock, too troublesome for the printer. Parties wishing to save time, trouble, money, or oats when scarce had better call and see the stock which is now selling off quick at reduced prices, for ready pay, for which Oats will be taken as Cash; and discount allowed for money, to encourage ready payment from this date.

Agent for the almost everlasting Yarmouth Cook and other Stoves, the best and cheapest ever imported. The last stock of them all sold.

WANTED—300 Cow and Ox Hides; the highest prices paid for them and all kinds of Island produce.

☞ THE FARMER'S GUIDE, and Almanacs, gratis to customers if called for in time.

PATRICK STEPHENS.

Orwell Cheap Store, January 21, 1861. tf

Valuable Residence and Business Stand TO LET FOR A TERM OF YEARS, In Prince Edward Island.

THIS Property consists of a handsome and commodious COTTAGE, recently erected, and well finished in every respect. The Farm Buildings comprise Barns, Stable, Cart House and Sheds, all recently built. There is a good supply of Well Water conveniently situated on the Premises, and a Stream of Water runs through the Farm sufficient for mill purposes.

From 40 to 200 acres of LAND partially cleared and under cultivation, may be rented along with the Buildings.

The DWELLING HOUSE is beautifully situated on the bank of the Montague River, of which it commands a splendid view, and is within 100 yards of the Bridge, where there is a ways a large amount of farm produce shipped every Fall and Spring, as the depth of water admits of vessels of large size loading at the wharf.

For further particulars apply to the proprietor, WM. WATSON, Montague Bridge, who is about leaving the country, or to W. W. IRVING, Esqr., Charlottetown.

Montague Bridge, Feb'y 18, 1861. Isl 2m

J. W. BRADLEY & CO.,

DAWSON'S BLOCK, corner of GREAT GEORGE and KENT STREETS, Charlottetown, at very low prices for CASH or PRODUCE, offer for Sale—

Cognac BRANDY—direct from England—5 years in Bond in London,
Domecque & Co.'s finest SHERRY, 5 years in Bond,
CLARET,
CHAMPAGNE,
London PORTER—quarts and pints,
Bass's Pale India ALE, do
Boswell's Quebec ALE—barrel and bottled,
MOLASSES,
RAISINS,
CURRANTS,
COFFEE,
SALERATUS,
BLACKLEAD,
KEROSENE LAMPS,
PAILS,
TUBS,
A large assortment of STOVES of the latest American patterns,
150 Kegs of assorted NAILS and SPIKES,
Broad & Co.'s celebrated New Brunswick AXES,
A large assortment of FILES, from the celebrated House of Charles Cammel & Co. Sheffield, England
CROCKERY,
Mill and other SAWS of all descriptions,
IRON and STEEL of all kinds,
Foundry Castings, Mill Gearing, &c.,
Steam ENGINES, from £100 upwards; BOILERS to match,
OIL—used for Threshing Machines and other machinery, 6s. per gallon,
PAINTS,
HARDWARE—large assortment,
GLASS,
TOBACCO,
GUNS—large assortment,
CORDAGES.

Always on hand articles too numerous to mention.

Charlottetown, December 3, 1860.

SWABEY & ROBERTS, Commission Merchants,

AND

WHOLESALE and RETAIL PROVISION DEALERS,
Great George Street, Charlottetown, P E Island.

ALWAYS ON HAND, AT LOWEST MARKET RATES—

FLOUR	TEAS	BRANDY, Pale and Dark
Corn Meal	Coffees	
Ship Bread	White Sugar	Rotterdam GIN
Crackers	Brown Sugar	Cream of the Valley
Rice	Molasses	Jamaica
Pork	Mustard	Demerara Rum
Bacon	Pepper	Scotch Whiskey
Hams	Spices	Malt Whiskey
Bath Chaps	Pickles	Port Wine
Cheese	Sauces	Sherry
Tobacco	Salt	Marsala
Manilla Rope	Vinegar	Claret
Oakum	Soaps	Champagne
Cobza Oil	Candles	Bottled Ale & Porter
Albertine	Sperm Candles	Maraschino
Paints	Starch	Noyau
Paint Oils	Saleratus	Geneva
Glass	Indigo Blue	"Old Tom"
		Milk Punch

English Soda Water, and numerous other smaller articles, all London Importation, and all warranted.

☞ Liberal advances made against CONSIGNMENTS at all times, on receipt of Goods.

May 29, 1860. 1y

TO CARPENTERS.

TENDERS will be received by the Subscriber until THURSDAY, 7th of MARCH next, from persons willing to Contract for the finishing the inside of a STORE, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the Office of the Subscriber. The Contractor to furnish all materials, and [illegible] for the performance thereof.

WILLIAM DODD.

Ex "Gazelle" from Liverpool, and "Carrie M. Rich" from Boston.

THE Subscribers have received their FALL STOCK GENERAL MERCHANDIZE, comprising a large a well selected Stock of

DRESS MATERIALS,

in French Marine, plain and striped Winceys, Gala Plaids, Coburgs, Alapacas, &c.

MANTLES, MANTLE CLOTHS & SHAWLS,

in great variety. RIBBONS, Velvet Trimmings, Scarfs, Flowers, Plumes, &c. A few magnificent

HEAD DRESSES,

GLOVES, Hosiery, Silks, Velvets, Linens Muslins, grey and white COTTONS, Prints, striped Shirtings, WARPS, Tickings, Blue Denims, Drills, &c.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHS,

in Cassimere, Doeskins, Pilots, Beavers, Whitneys, Broad Cloths, &c.

HARDWARE:

Table and Pocket Cutlery; Edge Tools; Saws, Files, Hinges, Locks, Screws, Saddlery, &c.

GROCERIES:

TEA, Coffee, Brown and Crushed SUGAR, Molasses Raisins, Currants, Candles, Soap, Spices and Dry Saltery.

—ALSO—

80 bags Nails and Spikes
60 boxes best Smithwick Glass
150 kegs Paints—black, white, blue, red, yellow & green
6 casks Linseed and Pine Oil
4 do Spirits Turpentine and Burning Fluid
248 coils Hemp and Manilla Cordage
6,600 yds Hemp and Cotton Canvass
26 cwt Sanderson's best cast, spring and shoeing Steel
50 tons Iron—various sizes
3,000 bushels Salt
67 Crates and Casks

GLASS, CHINA AND EARTHENWARE

With large stock of Pitch, Tar, Rosin, Oakum, Warping Chocks, Windlass Gear, Hawse Pipes; Bright and Naptha Varnish; Buckets, Brooms, Trunks, Buffalo Robes, &c.

Wholesale and Retail.

W. W. LORD & Co.

Charlottetown, November 26, 1860.

Liquors and Groceries. Great George and Kent Streets.

N. RANKIN would respectfully invite the attention of his friends, and the public generally, to his choice and well selected STOCK of

LIQUORS & GROCERIES.

They are all imported from the very best markets, and for excellence of quality and moderate prices, he feels confident they cannot be surpassed by any house in the City.

LIQUORS—Brandy, Holland's Gin, High Wines, fine old Jamaica Rum, Port and Sherry Wine, Highland and Belmont Whiskeys, Champaigne London Porter and Scotch Ale.

CORDIALS—Noyau, Curacao, Marachino, Cherry Brandy, Lemon Syrup and Raspberry Vinegar.

SUGARS & TEAS—Porto Rico and Scotch Sugars; Congo, Souchong, and Young Hyson Teas.

PRESERVED FISH—Salmon, Mackerel, Lobsters, Sardines, Yarmouth Bloaters and Dutch Anchovies.

PICKLES & SAUCES—Mixed Pickles, Chow-chow, Cauliflower, West India Pickles and Peppers, Cayenne Pepper, Carrie Powder, Mulligatawny Paste, Soyer's, John Bull, Worcestershire and Harvey's Sauce, Extract Coffee, Olive Oil, French Capers, Flavouring for Cake, Mixed Spice.

PRESERVED FRUITS—East India Ginger, Lemon and Citron Peel, French Olives, shelled Almonds, Currants, Raisins, Calf's-feet and Red and Black Currant Jellies, Gelatine, American and Annapolis Apples.

VARIETIES—Molasses, London W. W. Vinegar, Tobacco, Cigars, whole and ground Coffee, Split Peas, Beans, Rice, Pearl Barley, Arrowroot, Baking Powder, Butter Powder, Brown Windsor, Fancy and No. 1 Family Soaps; Tallow and Sperm Candles, Table Salt, Matches, Starch, Blue, Durham Mustard, Copperas, Allum, Blue stone, Whiting, Glue, Putty, Cod and Seal Oil, Burning Fluid, Military and Walker's Caps, Minnie Musket Balls, T. P. and F. O Powder; 10 doz. Stone Jars from quart up to 3 gallons; Soda, Butter and Water Biscuit; American and Hyde's Cheese

January 7, 1861.

RETAIL.

TEA. TEA.

THE BEST in the CITY at the price, 3s. per lb. WARRANTED.

For Sale at "VAUX'S"

Queen Street, February 25, 1861.

GREAT SELLING OF!

IN consequence of the DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP, the Subscriber will sell off his very extensive *STOCK*, at an immense reduction from usual prices,

FOR CASH ONLY.

All intending purchasers will find this a golden opportunity, as by purchasing at this establishment they will save a portion of their money.

The subscriber begs now to thank his numerous customers for their liberal patronage, during the continuance of the late Firm, and would assure them that, for the future, he will endeavour to retain their custom, and keep up the well known name of the

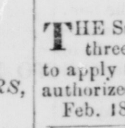
"British Dry Goods Store,"

by importing GOOD STOCKS and selling them at the most reasonable prices.

☞ The business will now be conducted on the CASH system

January 7, 1860. J. H. TURNER.

THE REGULAR TRADER & CLIPPER SHIP ISABEL.



WELL KNOWN FOR HER REGULARITY of passages and safe delivery of her cargoes, will sail from LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, early in APRIL next, for this Port, direct. For FREIGHT or CABIN PASSAGE please apply to ANDREW DUNCAN, Esq., 1 and 2 Trafford Chamber, South John Street, Liverpool, or to JAMES D. MASON.

Charlottetown, January 14, 1861.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber intending to be absent from the Island for three weeks, requests parties having business with him to apply to C. C. VAUX, Esq, Queen Street, who is duly authorized to act for him.

Feb. 18, 1861. ALEX. McKINNON.

Fresh Fruit, Sugar, &c.

EX "HELENA," from New York—
40 quarter } Fresh
14 halves } RAISINS,
16 boxes } very cheap,
18 barrels Crushed SUGAR,
Kegs CURRANTS, 8d. per lb
Drums FIGS, 2s and 3s per drum.

—IN WAREHOUSE—
Hogsheads Porto Rico SUGAR
Puncheons MOLASSES
Chests and half-chests warranted TEAS
Boxes prime family SOAP
Dozens Corn BROOMS
[C]asks Burning FLUID
20 English Dairy CHEESE
Kegs Baking SODA
Boxes Coffee and Ginger
50 dozen BUCKETS.

Wholesale and Retail, at low Prices.

C. C. VAUX.

Glasgow House, December 31, 1860.

Pictou Foundry.

CASTINGS for Threshing and Stumping MACHINES, one Horse American PLOUGHS, Cart Boxing for Wooden Axles, &c. &c., to be had at the Charlottetown Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, Queen Square.

N. B. Parties requiring Castings for the Spring will be pleased to leave orders with the subscriber as early as possible, that they may be executed immediately on the opening of the navigation.

The highest price given for old Copper, Brass and Compositn.

WM. W. IRVING.

January 14, 1861. Isl.

Poetry.

A HUMAN SKULL.

A human skull! I bought it passing cheap—
Of course 'twas dearer to its first employer;
I thought mortality did well to keep
Some mute memento of the Old Destroyer.

It is a ghostly monitor, and most
Experienced our wasting sand in s mming;
It is a grave domestic finger-post
Of Life—an emblem of the shadows coming.

Time was some may have prized its blooming skin;
Her lips were wooed perhaps in transport tender;
Some may have chucked what was a dimpled chin,
And never had my doubt about its gender!

Did she live yesterday, or ages back?
What were the eyes when bright and waking?
And were your ringlots fair, or brown or black,
Poor little head that long has done with aching?

It may have held (to shoot some random shots)
Thy brains, Eliza Fry, or Baron Byron's,
The wits of Nelly Gwynn, or Doctor Watts—
Two quoted bards, two philanthropic syrens!

But this I surely knew before I closed
The bargain on the morning that I bought it—
It was not half so bad as some supposed,
Nor quite as good as many men have thought it.

Who love can need no special type of Death—
He bares his awful face to soon, too often;—
"Imortalles" bloom in Beauty's bridal wreath;
And does not yon green elm contain a coffin?

Oh! cara mine, what lines of care are these?
The heart still lingers who with the golden hours
An autumn tint is on the chestnut trees,
And where is all that boasted wealth of flowers?

If Life no more can yield us what it gave,
It still is linked with much that call for praises—
A very worthless rogue may dig the grave,
But hands unseen will dress the turf with daisies.

Miscellaneous.

OLD TIMES WINTER SCENES.

That old red sleigh with its long box that never was full, for down in the straw wrapped in the robes, or on one or another of the four seats it contained, there was always room for one or two more. What a grouping of bright young faces there used to be in it! Faces in hoods, in caps and in blankets; hearts that have mouldered. And, away we went over the hill, and through the vale, under the moonlight, and in under the cloud; when the stars were looking down; when the sun kindled the world into a great jewel; but those days have gone forever away; and the sweet old necklace of bells, big in the middle of the string, and growing smaller by degrees, has lost its power over the pulses.

In that old sleigh brides have gone away before now—those that were married unto manhood, those that were "married unto death." Great ships have gone over the waters with less of hope and happiness than that rude craft has borne over the billows of winter; swan-like shapes now glance along the arrowy way; but gives us for its sweet memories of yesterday, the old red-sleigh.

Then the days when we were "coasters;" and when down the big hill, by the maple wood, through the little pitches, far into the valley we came with merry shout, each the solitary Palinurus of his own small craft. How like a flock of swallows we were, dashing from the declivity, in among a group of sleds, side by side with a rival, shooting like an arrow, steering in gallantly ahead like a jockey, and on our way up with a sled in tow, ere the party had reached the valley below.

And then it was, when the wind had swept away the snow from the pond and stream, and the ice was glair, that we put on the "rockers" and darted hither and thither, and cut sixes and eights, and curves without number, and drew the girls we loved, and whirled them like leaves over the highway of crystal.

And the schools where we spelt each other down, and the schools where we sang Windham and Mear, and the schools where we cyphered and wrote, and "went up;" gone, all gone, teacher and taught, like the melting snows under the rainbows of April.

And when, sometimes after the great snow, the winds came out of the North for a frolic, what wreathings and carving of the cold alabaster there were; what Corinthian adornings surmounted the fence posts; what mouldings were fashioned beside the way; what fairy-like caves in the drifts; what flowers of rare finish and pendants of pearl on the trees.

Have you quite forgotten the footprints we used to find in the damp snow, as delicate, some of them, as a love-letter; the mysterious paths down to the brook or by the old hollow tree, that we used to wonder over and set "figure fours" by, if perchance we might catch the makers thereof? Have you forgotten how sorry you were for the snow birds that fluttered among the flakes, and seemed tossing and lost in the storm?

And there in the midst of that winter, Christmas was set, that made the Thanksgiving last all through the night of the year, and what wonder the stars and fires burned more brightly therefor!—Christmas, with its gifts and its cheer; its carol and charm; its evergreen branches and its bright morning dreams—Christmas, when there were prints upon the chimney tops if we were only there to see them, where Santa Claus set his foot as the clock struck twelve—Christmas, when stockings were suspended all over the land; stockings silken and white; stockings homely and blue, and even the little red sock with a hole in the toe. Blessed forever be Bethlehem's star!

WAR IN NEW ZEALAND—A SOLDIER'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF MAHOETAHI.

A private soldier of the 65th gives the following interesting incidents connected with the battle of Mahoetahi:—"We were aroused on the night of the 5th inst. by hearing the bugler sounding for the orderly sergeants to assemble for orders at about half-past ten o'clock. When they came to be read to us, they were to the effect that we were to proceed to the Waitara at four o'clock on the following morning, and all the carts had to be loaded and our dinners to be cooked after that hour. Everything was done with as little noise as possible. The bugle sounded next morning (the 6th) at three o'clock, to give us time to get our breakfast before we started. All being ready, we were under arms by half-past, when, all preparations being completed, we were on the march to the Waitara soon after four, thus depriving the friendly Maories of giving the enemy notice of our intentions, as, no doubt they have done on former occasions. When we got to within about two miles from the Waitara, we came across the enemy's position, which was a very strong one. I forgot to state that we were about 70 strong, of all corps, 12th, 40th, 66th, and the rifle volunteers and the 40th, stationed at the Waitara, to advance and meet us. The 66th sent a skirmishing party round each end of the pah, the main body in front; Major Nelson proceeded along the beach with his party from the Waitara, thus surounding the Waikatos on all sides. When our men got within about three hundred yards from the pah, they met us right in the face with such a volley that, if their aim had been good, they would have made sad havoc in our ranks; as it was, five were wounded—one dangerously and the others slightly. Then our guns came up, and commenced firing into the pah with tremendous effect. The enemy kept blazing away with great rapidity. Some of the men there, who had been in the Crimea, belonging to the 40th, say they never witnessed such continuous fire. Then the Tigers got the word 'Charge,' and they obeyed it to the letter; and then the work of slaughter commenced. It was a horrid sight to behold the bayoneting they got—you might see them in all the agonies of death. The Maories that escaped were pursued by the 12th, 40th, and 65th, and the volunteers, all under one impulse—that of destroying them. When we returned from pursuing the enemy, we went to look for our own killed and wounded. We found four killed, viz: Martin Francis Brown, volunteer, son of the Rev. Mr. Brown—the family that we went to escort from Omats on the 27th March last, when the battle of Waireka was fought; the others are Mr. Edgecombe, volunteer; Private William M'Girven, and Private Francis Rooney, both of the 66th; also, fifteen wounded, all the 66th, with one exception, and he was one of the 40th, slightly in the hand. To see the stark-naked Maories lying dead and dying would make your hair stand on end. Some of our men had very narrow escapes. One man especially, named Edward Jones, was making a charge at a Maori and his foot slipped, and he fell down (it was in a swamp), and the Maori was in the act of tomahawking him—had his knee on his back, and his tomahawk raised—when a man named Walter Smith levelled his rifle and put him out of mess. Another had a ball through his coat, under his arm; another had a sling of his rifle shot through. There was one Maori lying down, pretending to be dead, and some of our men caught hold of him and dragged him a distance of twenty yards without his making a move, until they were about to throw him in the pit amongst the dead, when he showed signs of life by jumping on his feet, to the surprise of all around. He then commenced telling us all he knew respecting the movements of the enemy. After the engagement was over, our men went to look for their fallen comrades; having attended to them, they next set to hunt for and bury the dead Maories. We found thirty-seven altogether; thirty-three dead, and four wounded. The wounded were brought into town with us, and three of them since died. Amongst the wounded there was one of note, a fighting chief, belonging to the Waikatoa. When the friendly natives saw who it was, they danced the war dance, and it was with the greatest difficulty we could restrain them from tearing him to pieces. The man we caught napping we tied to a gun until the battle was over, and then he was handed over to the friendly Maories, who escorted him into town, and well they guarded him. We don't know how many of the enemy have fallen, but their loss must have been great, for they in general take their wounded and dead along with them, and there is no doubt that they did take numbers away. One Maori was seen carrying another along with him. He was shot down, and another took his place, and he was served the same: and so on, until there were five of them shot by one man, who lay in ambush. This is only one case of their perseverance to gain possession of their dead; hence the difficulty of arriving at any correct account of their casualties. We found traces of them being conveyed into the bush. Turn which way we would we could find them lying dead and wounded. One man of the 65th, named John Gilligan, was attacked by three Maories, and so hemmed in that he could not present his rifle at them. He fired from his hip and shot one dead, ran his bayonet through the second, and knocked the brains out of the third with the butt end of his piece. The affair was witnessed by many of our men, also by one of the officers belonging to the 40th Regiment, who gave him a handsome present for his pluck. Our men were hastening to his assistance, but before they could get up to him, his assailants were all lying writhing in the agonies of death, at his feet. A man of the 65th, named Thomas Evans, was in the act of charging at a Maori, when the native caught hold of his rifle, and succeeded in unfixing the bayonet, at the time raising his tomahawk; he was in the act of striking, when a friendly native stepped up from behind, and cleave the Maori through the head. He had a fine double-barrelled fowling-piece, which Evans lifted and gave to his courageous helper. The tomahawk of the fallen foe Evans kept to himself as a trophy. Early this morning (the 7th) the bodies of nine more Waikatos were found amongst the fern."

Extract of a letter received by the English Mail on Tuesday last from Capt. R. H. Crocker, of barque Katharine, of Yarmouth, dated Dublin, Jan. 13:—

"We were getting along well until the 18th Dec., when he fell in with the American ship "Grace Gordon," Capt. Charles Babson, of Boston, from Baltimore for Liverpool, laden with grain and flour, totally dismasted, and in a sinking state. After lying by her two days in a strong gale under two close-reefed topsails, we succeeded in taking off the crew, twenty in number. The next day the wind hauled in East, and lasted fourteen days, blowing a perfect gale, and for seven days we were under close reefed main-topsails. On the 3d Jan. we fell in with the barque Fingalton, of Hartlepool, waterlogged and abandoned. Same night, while scudding under close-reefed maintopsail and reefed fore-sail, our ship broached to; we got the canvas in with some danger, and laid to under bare poles, expecting every moment to have to cut away, as we afterwards found many had to do in the same gale. From that time until we arrived we saw many more ships partially dismasted and with loss of sails. We had the wrecked crew on board 26 days, which made us very short of water and grub. The "Grace Gordon" belonged to Mr. William Parsons, of Boston."

FORTY MEN SNOWED IN ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.—Perhaps no more severe weather was experienced on the Yorkshire moors than that which prevailed during the past week. The snowstorms were continuous and heavy, occasionly attended with thunder, and in some of the valleys the drifts of snow are still 20 feet deep. All traffic was stopped, and the partridges and grouse were driven off the moors by scores, and were picked up in the streets of Malton half dead with cold and hunger. Vast numbers of crows and other birds are found dead. The works on the Rosedale Railway, now in course of formation, have been entirely suspended, and the laborers reduced to great distress. Forty of these men were driven from the works to seek shelter at the Esklet Huts, on the bleak moors, where it seems they were snowed over and could not escape. Their continued absence caused a search-party to set off over the moors, and by dint of great labor a passage was made to the huts, where, on the door being opened, the poor fellows were found in a very exhausted condition. They had been prisoners for two days and nights, and had eaten their last provisions and used their last fuel.—*Manchester Guardian.*

SPANKING THE PRINCE OF WALES.—Some 15 or 14 years ago, her Majesty, accompanied by the prince consort and the royal children, visited Scotland in the royal yacht, and called at Aberdeen, and of course the loyal inhabitants of that city turned out in large numbers. A guard of honor formed, and in all the glory of black broadcloth and white kids, paraded on the edge of the dock, while thousands were assembled a little farther back to gaze on the spectacle of an anointed queen. Her Majesty good naturedly remained on deck to gratify the curiosity of the bonny Scotts, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, then a child of five or six years old. The Prince, like other boys of his age, being of a destructive turn, began to pull the tassel of a splendid sofa on the deck, in a manner that threatened to detach it. His mother observed the act, and ordered the boy to desist. He did so, but as soon as her back was turned, seized the tassel again, and gave it another jerk. In an instant the queen turned and seizing the luckless heir apparent of England by the 'scruff of the neck,' elevated one of her feet upon the sofa, hoisted the youngster over her knee, adjusted him in a position mutually familiar to parents and children generally, when such ceremonies are to be performed, and gave him a sound spanking. It is an interesting fact that the illustrious sufferer kicked and bellowed under the afflicted dispensation quite as lustily as children of a lowlier birth. The amazed silence with which the spectators witnessed the example of royal discipline was suddenly broken by a tremendous roar of laughter, which could not be suppressed by any thought of decorum, respect for the queen, or sympathy for the victim of her displeasure. The explosion called the royal mother to a sense of her position, and having turned toward the crowd for a moment a face suffused with crimson, she hastily descended into the cabin, and was seen no more by the expectant population.

A GERMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF THE AGE OF ELIZABETH.—Paul Hentzer, a tourist from Germany in Elizabeth's time, minutely describes the characteristics of the Englishmen of that period.

"The English," says the whimsical Paul, "are serious, like the Germans, lovers of show, liking to be followed, wherever they go, by troops of servants, who wear their master's arms, in silver, fastened to their left sleeves, and are justly ridiculed for wearing tails hanging down their backs. They excel in dancing and music, for they are active and lively, although they are of thicker build than the Germans. They cut their hair close on the forehead, letting it hang down on either side. They are good sailors, and better pirates, cunning, treacherous, thievish. Three hundred and upwards are hanged annually in London. Hawking is the favorite sport of the nobility. The English are more polite in eating than the French, devouring less bread but more meat, which they roast in perfection. They put a great deal of sugar in their drink. Their beds are covered with tapestry, even those of farmers. They are powerful in the field, successful against their enemies, impatient of anything lik slavery, e vastly fond of great ear-filling noises, such as cannon-firing, drum-beating, and bell-ringing; so that it is very common for a number of them, when they have got a cup too much in their heads, to go up to some belfry, and ring the bells for an hour together, for the sake of the amusement. If they see a foreigner very well made or particularly handsome, they will say ''tis a pity he is not an Englishman.'" [*Motley's Netherlands.*

WHAT I BEGIN TO BELIEVE.—"Bubbles," of the California Golden Era, furnishes that paper, under the head of "Notes and Cogitations," with the following:

I begin to believe that, now-a-days, money makes the man, and dress the gentleman.

I begin to believe that the purse is more potent than the sword and the pen together.

I begin to believe that those who sin the most during the week are the most devout upon Sundays.

I begin to believe that honesty is the best policy—to speculate with until you gain everybody's confidence; then line your pockets.

I begin to believe in humbugging people out of their dollars. It is neither stealing nor begging, and those who are humbugging have themselves to blame.

I begin to believe that man was not made to enjoy life, but keep himself miserable in the pursuit and possession of riches.

I begin to believe that the surest remedy for hard times and a tight money market is an extravagant expenditure on the part of individuals—to keep the money moving.

I begin to believe that none but knaves are qualified to hold office under government—with the exception of a few natural born fools and lunatics.

I begin to believe that a piano forte is more necessary in a family than meat and potatoes.

I begin to believe that a boy who doesn't swear, smoke and chew tobacco, may be a very good boy, but is naturally stupid.

I begin to believe that if the devil should die, one-half of the world would be thrown out of employment.

I begin to believe that he has the most merit, who makes the most noise in his own behalf; and that when Gabriel comes—not to be behind the times—he, too, will blow his own horn pretty hard.

A CHINESE WIZARD—*Extraordinary Juggling Feats.* A correspondent of the London *Times* gives the following account of the feats of a juggler in the streets of Pekin: "He first of all spoke about five minutes with all the volubility of Charles Mathews, evidently saying something witty, for the people round laughed heartily. In the middle of his harangue, however, he was seized with a violent fit of choking, and after an effort of trying to get something out of his throat, drew forth a little slip of bamboo, like a Lisbon toothpick, then another and another, then he sneezed, and out they came from his nostrils, then from his eyes, until he completed the number of thirty-seven, by making one appear half-way out of each orifice at the same time, and then threw the lot on the ground for any one to examine. He next took three glass balls, about an inch in diameter, and placing them singly between his lips, sucked them into his mouth, and swallowed first a red one, then a blue, and last of all a white one; here was a little interlude of toothpicks and talking, after which he walked gravely round the ring, stopping four times; each time he gave himself a shake and a jump, when the balls were distinctly heard to jingle inside him.

On completing his round, after several efforts he spat the balls out on the ground in the same order he had swallowed them—the red first, the white last. He then took two more balls, one of polished steel about the size of a hen's egg, and another of glass the same size. These he first let fall on the ground to show that they were solid; then placing them between his lips, swallowing them like the smaller ones, but with difficulty, the ball swelling the throat as it went down; here more toothpicks and talking, while he prepared two swords, about an inch wide and twenty long, very like polished hoop-iron, clashed them together to show that they were real, and passed both down his throat at once, until they struck the balls with an audible click; withdrawing these he placed his hands behind him, and, after several apparently painful trials, each ball rose in the throat, and fell from his mouth to the ground with a heavy thump."

DEMOLITION OF A GERMAN NEWSPAPER OFFICE IN TEXAS.—Mr. F. Flake, editor of a German paper, *Die Union*, at Galveston, Texas, has *come to grief* because he made fun of South Carolina. A huge mob including merchants and members of all the other respectable classes of the city, went to the office of *Die Union*, broke in and destroyed the printing press and forms, scattered the types, and in fact thoroughly gutted the building. At last accounts the people were still much excited, and were organizing to catch the editor (if possible) and all other abolitionists there about, in order to treat them to the "rail-splitting" ordeal, and the suits of tar and cotton.

A Scotchman visiting a churchyard, with a friend, pointing to a shady, quiet nook, said: "This is the spot where I intend being laid, if I'm spared."

THE LETTER H'S COMPLAINT OF ABUSE, AND PETITION FOR UNIFORMITY.

AS PRESENTED TO THE INHABITANTS OF LONDON.

Whereas, I have by you been driven
From House, from Home, from Hope, from Heaven,
And placed by your most learned society
In exile, anguish and anxiety,
And used without one pretence,
With Arrogance and Insolence,
I here demand just restitution.

REPLY.

Whereas, we've rescued you, ingrate,
From Handcuff, Horror, and from Hate,
From Huntsman, Horsepond, and from Halter,
And concentrated you in altar,
And placed you where you ne'er should be,
In Honor and in Honesty.
We deem your prayer a rude intrusion,
And will not mend our elocution.