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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LONDON HOUSE!
Established 1820.

1864. FALL. 1864.

BY the COMMODORE and UNDINE from LIVERPOOL, LOTUS from LONDON, HELEN DAVIES from BARBADOES, SEVEN BROTHERS, BEAVERLY and steamer COMMERCE from BOSTON, the subscribers have completed their importations for the season, which, having been selected by one of the Firm,

AND BOUGHT ON THE BEST TERMS!

they are enabled to offer at extremely low prices for prompt payment. Wholesale Buyers supplied as usual. The present importation comprises:—

7 hhds and tierces Barbadoes SUGAR,
20 hhds Muscovado Molasses,
50 chests Prime Congo TEA,
2 cases Ready-made Clothing,
2 do Gents' and Ladies' Rubber Coats and Capes,
6 do Ladies' Boots & Shoes,
4 do Rubber Boots & Shoes,
4 do Silks and Ribbons,
6 do Millinery,
7 do Haberdashery,
5 do Linen Drapery,
1 do Hosiery,
1 do Gloves,
5 do Shawls & Mantles,
1 do Ladies' Furs,
3 do Fur Caps,
1 do Damask & Moreens,
4 do Floor Cloths,
2 do Glaze Lining,
5 do Townend's HATS & CAPS,
4 do Felt Hats,
2 do Ladies HATS and BONNETS,
9 do Sundries,
3 bales Cloth,
8 bales Carpet & Wooltens,
47 packages Glasgow Goods, in Gala Plaids, Shawls, Wincies, Printed Shirting, Flannels and Shirts, Bags and Bagging, Osnaburgs, Canvas, Calicoes &c. &c.
1 bale Blankets,
7 bales Paper Hangings
6 do Cotton Warp,
9 do Printed, Unbleached, and White Calicoes,
3 do Stripe & Check Shirtings,
2 do Buffalo Robes,
2 do Wrapping Paper
Hhds Paint Oil,
118 packages assorted Paints,
50 sides Sole Leather,
1 case Guns
3 do assort'd Cutlery,
1 do E P Ware
1 do Indigo
25 tons assorted Iron,
35 bdls Spring, Cast and Blister Steel,
225 pieces Plough Metal
125 pkgs Nails & Spikes
90 do Ironmongery

Casks Baking Soda, Whiting, Putty, Washing Soda; Barrels Crushed Sugar, Currants, Jamaica Ginger, Porter and Ale, Epsom Salts; Kegs Powder, Cudbear, Mustard; Boxes London Soap, Tobacco, Starch, Raisins, Extract Logwood, Lozenges, Glass, Pepper; Bags Rice, Coffee, Allspice, Leaks, Coils Manilla Rope, Dozens Brooms and Pails, &c.

G. & S DAVIES.

Charlottetown, Oct. 31, 1864.

DELANY & BYRNE

ARE offering the following Goods at *Very Low Prices:*

Gents' Hair Otter, Plucked Otter, and other superior quality

FUR CAPS.

CANADIAN MOCCASSINS,

Seal Over Boots,

LADIES' FURS.

Woollen Hoods, Breakfast Shawls, Skeleton Skirts,

A Lot of Ladies' Sontags

AT COST.

RENFREW HOUSE,

Charlottetown, 19th December, 1864.

SUMMERSIDE.

1864 New Goods. 1864

EX COMMODORE and W. W. LORD, from LIVERPOOL,—COL. ELLSWORTH, ARGONAUT, PEARL, COMET, MARY CLEAVELAND, and Steamer COMMERCE from UNITED STATES.

THE Subscriber has received a large and well-selected STOCK OF GOODS, by the above named vessels,

Direct from the Manufacturers in England, and from first Houses in the United States,

which he will sell at his Store, SUMMERSIDE, for cash, or approved credit, consisting, in part, of—

Coburgs, Lustres, Alpacas, Delaines, Lamas, printed Muslins, Ginghams, Zeriffa Checks; Repps, Prints, Grey and White Cottons, Striped Shirtings, Bedtick, scarlet, blue, white and fancy printed Flannels; Mantles, Shawls, Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, Cap Fronts, Parasols, Umbrellas, Gloves, Hoisery, Hair Nets; a large assortment of ready-made CLOTHING in Coats, Jackets, Pants, Vests, Flannel and Cotton Shirts, Paper and Linen Shirt Collars, Neckties and Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, India Rubber and Cotton Braces; Black and Fancy Doeskins, Blue and Black Broadcloths, Tweeds, Cassimeres, Stocknett, Russell Cord, Linen domestic, Jean, Velvets, Canada bagging, Osnaburgs, Duck, Carpeting, Blankets, Counterpanes, Sheets, Verona, Serge, Oil Clothes, Ladies' Collars, Handkerchiefs, Neckties, Stays and Corsets, Carpet Bags. White and Blue Cotton Warp, Tailor's *Trimmings*, Ladies' Dress Trimmings.

HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Plough Metals, Cut and Wrought Nails, Pit, Cross-cut, Hand, and Tenon Saws; Window Glass, Putty, Blister and Cast Steel, Pots, Pans, and spare Covers, Sad Irons, Gunpowder and Shot, Shot Bags, Powder Flasks, Gun Caps, Percussion Guns, Fishing Reds, Trout and Cod Hooks; Hoes, Shovels, Spades, Griffin Scythes, Scythe Stones and Rifles, Codlines, Manilla Rope, Frying Pans, Gridirons; a large assortment of Hinges and Screws, Plough Traces, Leading Harness, Halter Chains, Mullen Bitts, Backbands, Watering Chains, Rings, Buckles; with a large assortment of Harness Mounting of every description; Steelyards, Door, Pad, Chest, Cupboard and Chest Locks; Carpenter's Rules, Squares, Handsaw Sets, Latches, Sewing and Pegging Awls, Shoe and Stove Blacking, Bed Screws, Copper Nails, Pump and other Tacks, Jewsharps, Black and White Coffin Furniture, Spoke Shaves, Slide Bevils, Smoothing, Jack and Trying Planes, Screw Bitts, Gimblets, Firmer and Socket Chisells, Drawing Knives, Thompson Screw Augurs, American and English made Horse Nails, Coil Chain, Paint Brushes, Sash Tools, Whitewash and Scrubbing Brushes, Hair Brooms, Horse and Shoe Brushes, Sheep Shears, Preserving Kettles, Fine Tooth and Dressing Combs, Shoe Knives, Steel Pens, Table Knives and Forks, Carvers, Pocket Knives, Table and Tea Spoons, Salt and Mustard Spoons, Razors and Straps, Tooth and Shaving Brushes, Cooking Glasses, Sheaths and Belts for sailors' knives, Chalk Lines, Shoe Thread, White and Yellow Closing Flax, Scissors, Violen Strings complete, Oyster Knives, Sail Needles, Carpenters' Brads, Trays and Waiters, Saucepans, Horse Rasps, Mill, Pit, Cross-cut, hand and Tenon Saw Files, Wood Rasps, best Boot Web, Whips and Whip Thongs, Slates and Pencils, Clench Rings, Spikes, Weavers' Reed's Paints, Oils, Red and Yellow Ochre, Blue, Glue, Borax, Washing and Baking Soda, Cudbear, Extract of Logwood, Alum, Log and Red Wood, Annatto, Indigo, Olive and Castor Oil, Epsom Salts, Sena, Seidlitz Powders, Sulphur and Brimstone, Pimento, Rosin, Raisins and Currants, assorted Candy and Lozenges, Cloves, Nutmegs, Lemon Syrup, Walnuts, Filberts, Almonds, Dried Apples, Ginger, Pepper, Mustard, Vinegar, Snuff, Saltpetre, Candles, Soap, Tea, Tobacco, Cheese, Crackers, Pilot Bread, Ginger Snaps, Seed Cake, Matches, Clocks, Pitch, Tar, Oakum, Round and Flat Iron, Tables, Chairs, Bedsteds, Washstands, Rocking Chairs, Settees, Cradles, Sole Leather, Bibles, Testaments, Catechisms, Prayer and other Books, Stationery, Buckets, Brooms, Hay Rakes, Scythe Sneaths, American Broad and Narrow Axes, Adzes, Hatchets, Wool Cards, Hoop Skirts, Cane for Hoops, &c. &c.

—ALSO—

1500 Barrels SUPERFINE FLOUR; and hourly expected 500 barrels EXTRA FLOUR: 100 barrels CORN MEAL, together with a great variety of other GOODS.

☞ The highest price always paid in Cash for OATS, EGGS, WOOL and SHEEP SKINS.

JOHN ANDREW McDONALD.

Summerside, June 27, 1864.

TO CARRIAGE MAKERS!

IRON,
STEEL,
AXLES,
BOLTS & NUTS

to be had very cheap for Cash at W. E. DAWSON'S.

December 5, 1864.

Judson's Pills!

EARTHENWARE!

FOR SALE by the Subscribers — 10 CRATES of the above.

G. & S. DAVIES.

January 2, 1865.

MOLASSES!

FRO SALE by the Subscribers — 33 Puncheons Retailing MOLASSES.

G. & S. DAVIES.

January 2, 1865.

MOLASSES.

25 PUNS. Retailing MOLASSES, 50 Puns. Demerara DO.
For sale by
Dec 26. J. S. CARVELL.

SUGAR.

10 HHDS. BRIGHT SUGAR,
For sale by
Dec. 26. J. S. CARVELL.

RAISINS.

25 BOXES choice RAISINS,
For sale by
Dec. 26. J. S. CARVELL.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

200 BBLS. Baker's FLOUR,
50 Bbls. Pastry DO.
200 Bbls. Extra DO.
500 Bbls. Superior and Fair,
For sale by
Dec. 26. J. S. CARVELL.

COAL TAR.

50 BBLS. COAL TAR,
For sale by
Dec. 26. J. S. CARVELL.

FAIRBANKS' SCALES.

THE subscriber has in stock and for sale, a full assortment of
FAIRBANKS' STANDARD SCALES,
Consisting of—
Platforms,
Unions,
Counters,
Grocer, and
Even Balances.
Dec. 26. J. S. CARVELL, Agent.

BUCKETS & BROOMS,

25 DOZ. BUCKETS, 25 Doz. BROOMS,
For sale by
Dec. 26. J. S. CARVELL.

KEROSENE.

100 CASKS best KEROSENE OIL,
For sale by
Dec. 26. J. S. CARVELL.

SOLE LEATHER.

200 SIDES heavy New York SOLE LEATHER.
For sale by
Dec. 26. J. S. CARVELL.

SOAP and CANDLES.

100 Boxes P. Y. SOAP,
100 Boxes common Soap,
100 do CANDLES,
For sale by
Dec. 26. tf J. S. CARVELL.

LIKENESSES

Photographs — Photographs

TAKEN IN EVERY STYLE,

AT THE CHEAPEST RATES.

GEORGE P. TANTON.

January 9, 1864.

Photographs, Photographs, Photographs, &c. &c.

RENFREW HOUSE,

Thomas's Old Stand,

GREAT GEORGE STREET.

HAVING COMPLETED our Importations for the Season, we desire to call public attention to our Stock, consisting of

STAPLE AND FANCY

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries,

Boots and Shoes, Rubbers,

LADIES' FURS, SKELETONS,

HATS and CAPS,

BUFFALO ROBES,

And a variety of other Goods.

All of which we are offering at Prices that, we think,

CANNOT FAIL

to give satisfaction to purchasers.

DELANY & BYRNE.

Charlottetown, 19th December, 1864.

Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Onions.

JUST RECEIVED, per steamers COMMERCE and FRANCONIA—

3 Bbls. **Oranges,** 2 Boxes **Lemons,**
75 Bbls. APPLES, Baldwin & Russet,
35 Bbls. ONIONS.

—ALSO—

100 Bbls. Extra Superfine FAMILY FLOUR,
20 Bbls. CRACKERS, Wine, Butter and Soda.
20 Bbls. CRUSHED SUGAR,
Boxes JORDAN ALMONDS, Filberts, Castana and Walnuts,
200 Boxes LOZENGES,
Boxes COFFEE, Saleratus and Shoe Blacking,
5 Cases MATCHES, 20 Doz. BROOMS,
20 Dozen BUCKETS, 50 Boxes SALT,
4 Casks Kerosene OIL, 20 Boxes CANDLES,
Tea, Brown Sugar, Molasses, Mustard, Pepper, Cream Tartar, Licorice, and a lot of other articles in the Grocery Trade.

ALSO—The largest assortment of

CONFECTIONARY

in the Island.

Which will be sold Cheaper than it can be imported,

consisting of all kinds of FRUIT DROPS, LOZENGES, MIXED CONFECTIONARY, Ju Jubes, Gum Drops, Clear Toys, Kisses, Almonds, Conversation Lozenges, Lumps, Sticks, Cough Candy, and a large assortment of other kinds too numerous to name. Pulverized Sugar, for Icing Cake: Wedding Cake made to order.

☞ A great variety of CAKE ORNAMENTS. All will be sold cheap for Cash.

ALEX. McKENZIE.

Water Street, Dec. 19, 1864—I W M 7m

BOOTS & SHOES.

JUST RECEIVED

PER STEAMER *FRANCONIA,*

500 Pairs

Ladies', Gents', Boys', Misses' and Children's

BOOTS and SHOES,

IN GREAT VARIETY,

which may be had VERY CHEAP from the subscriber.

H. HASZARD.

Charlottetown, August 22, 1864. isl

LITERATURE.

"THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along;
Beautiful Snow! it can do no wrong;
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicksome freak,
Beautiful snow, from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one;
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by;
It lights on the face, and it sparkles the eye!
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How wild the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye,
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd passing by,
To be trampled or tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

What might be done, if men were wise,
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With purest drops of loving kindness,
And knowledge pour
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs—
All vice and crime might die together!
And fruit and corn
To each man born
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother;
More than the tongue
E'er said and sung,
If men were wise, and loved each other.

THE SILENT MATE.

FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF AN OLD SHIPMASTER

Some years ago I had command of a ship engaged in the East India trade. My first officer, or mate, was named Luke Marshall. He had shipped with me at Liverpool to run to Cacutta, but on the passage out my mate died, and having found Marshall a most excellent seaman, both theoretically and practically, I gave him the office. He readily accepted it, but I could plainly see that he did it more from a desire to please me, than because he aspired to the post. I was not deceived in his capability, for he soon proved himself the most efficient officer I ever had. He altered the ship's sailing gear, and made more speed by one sixth, certainly, than I ever had. He was punctual to a minute in his reckoning — could tell to a certainty what time he should make. When we were near our destination, he came to me one evening and told me that if the wind held fair we should see Edmonstone's Island at half-past six on the following morning; and at twenty-eight minutes past six in the morning, the look-out reported land two points on the starboard bow.

Marshall was one of the most civil and gentlemanly men I ever saw, and his manners shewed that he had been well educated, both mentally and socially. Yet there was one thing that troubled me not a little—or rather, I should say, puzzled me—though I must confess I did allow myself at times to feel somewhat troubled. My mate was the most silent man, for one who commanded the free use of language, that I ever met with. He scarcely ever spoke, save on matters pertaining to his duty, and then only in as few words as possible. I often tried to draw him into conversation, but without avail. I tried to learn something of his former history, but could not. I knew he was an American, and that was all.

One evening, after we had entered the Hoogly, and while our ship lay at Diamond Point, I was sitting in my cabin, and Marshall was alone with me. I pushed the wine bottle over to him, and asked him if he would not take a drop. I had never seen him take wine at any time, but he had often refused. He took the bottle and poured some of the wine out into a glass, and then he held the glass up between his eye and the lamp. His face turned pale as death, and his lips were tightly compressed. The glass fell from his hand upon the floor, and was broken into a thousand pieces.

'Mr. Marshall, are you well?' I uttered, starting up and laying my hand upon his arm.

'Very well,' he returned, laying my hand off, and looking up with a faint smile. 'You will excuse me, captain, 'twas an accident.'

'That's nothing,' said I, alluding to the glass; 'take another—here.'

'No, no,' he quickly uttered, putting the glass away. 'I do not drink wine, sir.'

'You have signed a teetotal pledge, perhaps,' said I, carelessly.

'Signed a teetotal pledge?' he repeated, in a tone so strange that it fairly made me start. 'No, sir, I have not.'

'Then why not take a glass of wine on such a night as this?'

Marshall looked at me as though he would look me through. There was a strange spark in his eye, and I could see that his cheeks grew pale again. His hand trembled, and he placed it in his lap out of my sight. At length he spoke, and his voice was very low and deep.

'Captain,' said he, 'in that wine there lurks a demon as deadly as the twin brothers of Night. You may escape him and yet embrace. I will not drink it.'

'But you have ——'

'Stop!' he whispered, cutting me short, and raising his finger. 'Never finish that sentence in my presence, nor allude to the subject again.' And with that he broke off upon another topic, and began to lay out the business of the morrow.

'The lighters will come down from the city early in the morning,' he said, 'and as I must be up to attend to them, I will retire now.'

I fairly ached to question my mate further on this strange conduct, but his look forbade me. He threw off his outer garments and retired to his state-room, and I was left alone with my wine. I looked at the bottle, and then I looked at the fragments of glass upon the floor—and I wondered what it was that dwelt upon my mate's mind, for well I knew there was something. When I arose to go on deck and set the watch, I hoped that some day Marshall might let me into his secret, for I had become deeply interested in him. I had learned to love him for his gentleness and mildness, and I hoped to know more of him. It may have been a faint hope, but yet I cherished it.

Our business was all transacted at Calcutta, and I had partly made arrangements for a full cargo of hides, when I received an overland despatch from my owners to proceed at once to Hong Kong, and take in a cargo which an agent would have ready there. So to Hong Kong we went.

One day after we had taken part of our cargo on board, and were waiting for more to come from the English factories at Canton, an old man came off to the ship with a letter from the English agent. I read the few lines, and they simply asked that I would take the bearer to England. My mate was not on board, or I should have consulted him; but the old man was very respectable in appearance, and I at once told him that he should go with me. There were three spare state-rooms, and I immediately gave him one of them. He had his luggage brought up from the boat and placed in his room. He was certainly seventy years of age, and his hair was white as snow. I conversed with him a long while, and I found him one of the most intelligent men with whom I ever met. At about nine o'clock in the evening he seemed fatigued, and expressed his desire to retire. So I shewed him to his state-room, and bade him good night. These state-rooms were small apartments leading out from the cabin, and only large enough for a good sized single bunk and a wash-stand, and with spare room enough to dress and lounge. It was a warm, sultry evening, and I left the old man's door partly open at his request. His name, as given in the letter, and marked upon his trunk, was Joshua Foster.

At ten o'clock my mate came off. I met him on deck, and by the light of the gangway lantren I could see that he was pale and agitated. He answered me only in monosyllables, and with a quick, uneven step he went below. After he had gone down I went about the ship and gave directions for keeping an "anchor-watch," and having posted a sentinel, I turned towards the cabin. On my way I passed along the larboard side of the deck, and as I reached the grated sky-light which was built up over the cabin I stopped. What induced me so to do I cannot tell, but I stopped and looked down, and I saw Marshall sitting at the table pouring wine out into a glass. This surprised me, but the next movement surprised me more. He filled the glass about half full, and then he took a small phial from his pocket, and having removed the stopper, he poured its contents into the wine. I could see his face, and it was pale as death. A fearful suspicion flashed across my mind, and quick as thought I darted down into the cabin. My mate was just raising the glass to his lips. With one movement I sprang forward and dashed the glass from his hands, and as it was shivered in pieces upon the floor, he sprang to his feet. He caught me fiercely by the arm, but when he caught my keen, steady eye, he dropped his hand and sank back in his chair.

'What do you mean?' I sternly asked.

Marshall bowed his head and made no reply. I saw the phial upon the table, and took it up and placed it to my nose, and there came up from it the strong and pungent odor of prussic accid! I sat down and gazed Marshall in the face. I laid my hand gently upon his arm, and drew him down by my side, and with as much kindness of tone as I could command, I said:

'Luke Marshall, I am your friend. I love you as I never loved a man out of my kin before. Now tell me what this means?'

'No, no, captain,' he replied. 'I wish you wouldn't ask me. I must die. I cannot live longer. If you can find some competent man to take my place, do so, for my services for man are at an end. You have stayed my hand now, but you cannot again. A pistol, or my razor will do for me.'

I moved nearer to my mate and placed my arm about his neck.

'Tell me,' I urged, 'what does this mean? Confide in me and I promise that I will never betray you.'

Marshall seemed much moved by my manner, for he trembled, and the tears came to his eyes. At length he said in a subdued tone:

'You have been kind to me, and I have a mind to tell you the story of my life. You will never speak it to another, and never—'

'What?' said I, as he hesitated.

'Never lay your hands upon me again, let me be doing what I may.'

'In that I must be governed by my own judgment,' I replied. 'But tell me your story, and then I can the better judge.'

A few moments my mate bowed his head in silence. When he looked up there was a strange shade of melancholy upon his features, and his eyes were moist.

'It will be a short story,' he said, a very short one.' And after a moment's thought, he resumed: 'I was born in the city of New York. My father was a very wealthy merchant, and of course I was rared in the lap of luxury, never expressed a want that was not complied with, and both my parents did their utmost to please and make me happy. My father was a man of a quick, passionate temper, and I had a temper as fiery as his own.'

'You had a fiery temper?' I queried, dubiously. 'Why you are the mildest man I ever saw.'

Marshall smiled faintly, and with a shake of the head, he continued:

'I did have a bad temper. But let that pass now. My father indulged freely at the wine-cup, and it is no wonder that I followed his example. I first learned to love the wine, and then I came to love the excitement which it produced. I saw no danger, for all my friends were in the same habit. When I was yet a mere lad, my father sent me as supercargo in one of his ships. It was at my urgent request, and I learnd to love the roving, free life of the ocean. But when I reached the age of eighteen, I was sent to college; I remained there one year, and then I was expelled for intemperance.

My mate stopped here and bowed his head upon his hand, and I could see the tears trickling down his fingers.

'O,' he resumed, in a tremulous voice, 'what a fool I was. I returned to my home, and my father upbraided me for my conduct. High words arose between us, but my mother came in and quieted the storm. After this, I remained at home for some time. At length I became acquainted with a girl whom I thought virtuous and well connected, and I made proposals of marriage to her. She, it seems, gave publicity to the fact, and it came to my mother's ears. She made inquiries about the girl, and she ascertained that her character was not good. Had she told me this in her own quiet way, I should never have seen the girl again, for all my plans were just and honorable, and I was deceived in the character of the one I thought I loved. But my mother told my father, and he was to speak with me.

'One evening I came home—it was near midnight—and I had been indulging freely in wine, and my father had been doing the same. He had been to a club-meeting, and his face was flushed and his step unsteady. that was the first and only time I had ever seen him so much influenced by wine. When I entered the sitting-room he asked me where I had been, and I told him to the theatre. He next asked me whom I carried, and I told him. It was the young lady of whom I have just spoken. He then told me that I must see the girl no more. I resented the command, and thereupon he threatened to turn me out of doors if I disobeyed him. He then cast upon the girl in question the most opprobrious epithets, and I was stung to the quick. I answered him hastily, and he threatened me. I did not stop to consider that he was under the influence of wine, for I was too far in its power myself for that. I accused him of trampling upon me—and he taunted me with bringing shame upon his household. This maddened me and I spoke very quickly and thoughtlessly. What I said was severe, and upon my father it struck like a shaft of lightning, and he struck me with his cane. As I received that blow my blood boiled like molten lava. I was blind—crazy. My father lifted his cane again, and I seized a chair that stood near me. I lifted it with both my hands, and with all my maniac might I hurled it upon his head. He sank upon the carpet like a rag. In an instant I was sober. I kneeled down over that prostrate form, but there was no motion—no breath. Presently there came a convulsive movement of the muscles, but it quickly passed away, and then he lay motionless as the chair that lay broken by his side. I spoke to him, but he did not answer. I lifted him to a sofa and chafed his temples, but not a sign of life did I discover. I knew that I had killed my father, and I sank down upon my knees and wept and prayed.

'Soon I was aroused by a step behind me, and on looking up I saw my mother. She asked what was the matter, but I could not answer. She stooped over the motionless body of her husband, and I remember that the word '*dead*' broke from her lips, and then she sank fainting upon the couch. I started up and gazed about me. Once more I felt my father's pulse, but it did not move. His eyes were half open, and they were glossy and dim. With one low cry I started back and seized my hat. I was a murderer—the murderer of my own father. A dim spectre arose before me—a gallows in shape! and I fled from the house. I made my way to Philadelphia, and from thence to Charleston, and there I took passage to England. I have not seen my native land since. While in Philadelphia, I took up a morning paper from New York, and there I read that my father had died of appoplexy. My mother hid my crime.'

Marshall stopped and bowed his head again. He did not shed tears now, but his eyes were set and glaring.

'Ha!' he uttered, starting suddenly. 'Have we had a listener?'

'I forgot,' was my reply, as I recollected the passenger I had taken, and at the same time cast my eye towards the door of the state-room where I had placed him, 'I have had a passenger come on board.'

'You ought to have told me,' said Marshall trembling with fear.

But before I could make any further reply, the door of the state-room was pushed further open, and the white-haired old man came forth. He gazed first upon me and then upon my mate; and then, with a low, wild murmur, he tottered towards the table. He sank down upon his knees and laid his head upon my mate's lap.

'Luke! Luke! my son—O my son!' he murmured, as he reached up his trembling hands and caught the mate about the neck.

Luke Marshall, as I had known him, started to his feet and held the old man off at arm's length.

'What are you?' he gasped, glaring wildly at him.

'I am Joshua Foster—I am your father! O Luke, my boy, my noble, wronged boy, forgive me—O forgive me! I know I abused you—I know I made you mad, but forget it all now. I am your father. I did not die—you did not kill me, but I lived and recovered. I have sought the whole earth over after you. I have been all up and down the world. Oh! you know me.'

A few moments my mate held that old man off and gazed into his face, and then, with a sharp cry, he sank back insensible.

During all that night Luke raved like a madman, but on the next day he came to his senses, and a severe fever set in. He called for his father when he came to, and I saw the old man bend over him and kiss him and weep, and I saw the young man wind his arms around that aged form and cry like a child.

And so my mate's real name was Luke Foster, and I heard the old man tell, while he sat by his son's side, how he had recovered from the effects of the blow he had received. Two whole days after Luke fled did he lay insensible, and the servants reported that he was dead. When he recovered, he told his wife the whole story; and, having left his business in competent hands, he set out to search for his son. He traced him to Liverpool, and there he lost him. Eight long years had he been on the search, sometimes going home to comfort his wife, and then setting out again on his mission. His wife still lived and she waited for the return of her son.

At length my mate recovered, and his father accompanied us to Liverpool. I often saw them weep together, but it was only the memory of the past that called up their tears. I was sorry to lose my mate, but I knew that others had a prior claim on him, and I gave him up.

Some years afterwards I was in New York whither I had gone with a cargo of manufactured iron. I easily found the residence of Joshua Foster, and there I found my old mate, as happy as man can well be on earth. His father still lived, hale and hearty, and his mother was a patern of maternal love and generous hospitality. Luke was married, too, and had two children.

My visit was one of the most pleasant and joyous seasons that have ever blessed my long life, and when I came away they hung upon me as though I was the author of all their joy. And perhaps I was, for I could remember the time when I struck aside the shaft of death from my silent mate, and but for that simple movement on my part, this happiness could never have been.

BUTLER.

OBIT, JANUARY 5, 1865.

It would be ridiculous to say of Butler that he is, simply, dead.

Like some heap of offal flung from out a window in the night—an odorous warning to the feet and nostrils of pedestrians at dawn—this creature named a general by power, and called the Beast by lips too dainty to be wholly just, lies worse than dead.

Dead, even a Butler might be entitled to human charity. But that rule of fair play, which forbids us to strike a man who is down, does not apply to Butler living. So far beneath the noble hate that ceases at the sepulchre, and vanishes in the shadow of misfortune, is the sentiment which every honorable citizen feels for this embodied disgrace to American manhood, that it contains "nor pity, nor charity, nor the semblance of consideration." Hereafter, please Heaven, it is not an armed and petted despot with whom the scorn and detestation of the country has to deal. Some one spot surely exists in the course, hyena nature which has so long been suffered to fatten in the country of a nation's hopes, that, shorn of military armour, must be sensitive to kicks. The administration has set the example. With one herculean hoist of his official boot, either Mr. Lnicoln or Secretary Stanton has sent poor Butler careering on his way from Fortress Monroe to Lowell, there to receive, it is devoutly to be hoped, a salute from the collective cowhides of all who rejoice in the dispensation of political justice.

Yet, who shall read the riddle of this wonderful fall? So faithful a servitor, so patient a descipie, so advanced an apostle of those creeds and policies which his masters adopted and best loved, had never been known before. From there this sudden lesson that something worse than thrift may follow fawning is hard, indeed, to bear.

Were there no more bales of human lives wherewith to keep the waste stack of death that this Demon of the Pitchfork had already piled so high?

Were there no more women to be proclaimed harlots, no more rebels in embryo to be starved into loyalty! Was there dearth of manhood to be outraged, common honor to be squinted at?

Had the dens of northern cities ceased to breed plottings of revolution, that the "fee! faw! fum!" of a Blue-Beard seemed no longer necessary to fright the souls of fearful electors?

Had greenbacks fallen so low, had gold become so high, that Butler and the Treasury Department ceased to agree to the proportions of their respective shares to each?

Ah, yes! and ah, no! Lives, almost as plentiful as at the first, wait to be spoiled—for nothing. Women there are, hundreds of them in the South and North, whom military tyranny can insult, if it chooses—for nothing. Manhood there is to be dishonored by foul wrong and persecution—for nothing. Plots, hideous plots, for the dethronement of Mr. Lincoln and his merry men, are thick as ever all over the North; and as for greenbacks, the plates at Washington are not yet worn out, and the printers—Heaven save the mark—grind out their wages with willing sinews.

Only it is time that some one else should do the military agency business of the administration, and take the money. The blunders and the rogueries of one man seem not half so great when made by two or three. It is meet that the servants of Belial shall not be retained too long.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe," the career of Butler has been like a mask with two faces—at once a tragedy and a farce. The sensational swagger of a lawyer did him excellent service at the beginning, as the sharpness of a lawyer has chiefly served him since. The march through Baltimore, the reign in Maryland, were admirable proofs of that capacity which understood how to impress the fiery temper of the Northern people with a glow of patriotic buncombe. The growth of that malign military despotism which has since all but destroyed the republican sense of communities that had learned to value self-government as the chief right of a free and independant people, dated from Butler's order in April of 1861, informing Governor Hicks, of Maryland, that he had taken possession of Annapolis, the capital, "in order to maintain the laws of Maryland and the peace of the United States."

Within the shrewd brain of Butler was generated that one gleam of honest logic that convulsed the country, when he declared to the bearer of a flag of truce who demanded the rendition of three fugitive slaves belonging to the rebel Colonel Mallory, at Hampton, that he considered the slaves "contraband of war," and should retain them for the services of the United States government.

It was Butler, too, who first had the honor of showing at Big Bethel how a lawyer-general could concoct, and lose, and win a glaring reputation by a battle that lost the country, uselessly, a chain of precious lives, and of which he (Butler) only saw the field next day.

Back upon New England, as commander of that newly created military department, Butler descended in the October of the same year, to show to the people of his native state how a pettifogger, made general, mingles martial with the common law. The insufferable arreganee which provoked the quarrel with Governor Andrews—which even President Lincoln had sense enough to decide in favor of the former—was not a whit abashed by that rebuff.

His advent in New Orleans was signalized by the initiation of a tyranny so monstrous, so insultingly at war with the declared spirit of a conflict begun simply for the restoration of the Union, that in its whole course—more, perhaps, than in any other series of events which prevailed, or could have prevailed, to agitate the difference between political parties in the North—is seen the swift yawning of that gulf which has since seperated so widely the bitterness of abolitionism on the one side, and the obstinacy of conservatism on the other. The very gall of hatred had previously inspired the New Orleans journals to that satirical explanation of the *sobriquet* of "Picayune Butler," which declared that Butler had negro blood in his veins, and that he had formerly kept a barber shop under the St. Charles hotel, at which time he was known all over New Orleans by the resurrected nickname. When the lawyer-chieftain finally made his advent, "Picayune Butler" became a household word. Cotton and Butler became terms no less synonymous.—The initiatory pounce upon the "snowy bales" deposited in the Cresent City, made by the virtuous satrap "for the benefit of the government," saved both the government and honest northern merchants a world of trouble. It was quietly remarked by certain vulgar people that "'Picayune Butler' knew cotton picking of old, and that when Butler's hand was in, it was no use for anybody else to try.

The pleasant fiction that General Butler was the "conqueror of New Oleans" encouraged the conqueror, in his report of his operations before and at the city, May 16, 1862, to make what, in the light of later events, appears the somewhat amusing declaration that he could take Mobile when he chose; but that "it was better to wait." While waiting, he one day marked the humane and conciliatory habits of a conqueror by issuing a proclamation to the people of New Orleans, in which he playfully denounced them as a whisky drinking mob of runaway property-owners, idlers, gamblers, thieves and ruffians. The arrest and confinement of the mayor and aldermen for venturing to offer the hospitalities of the city to the officers of the *French steamer Catinet* was another gentle exhibition of fatherly tenderness and care.

This and numerous similar manifestations were so far from gaining the affections of Butler's temporary subjects as to lead to those slights towards Union officers by the women of the city which gave Butler his extreme transcendent opportunity.

The famous "woman order" was the result.

So vivid and rankling is the recollection of this order and its effect, not only in the South, but among respectable people in the North and throughout the civilized world, that there is but little need to rehearse any part of it. The very marked tendency toward returning respect for the Union and Union military commanders which it produced in the interior of the rebellion, the following racy exrtacts from the Jackson *Mississippian* and other Southern journals show:—

"If the telegraph is true, and we have no reason to dout it, Butler is doing good service to our cause. For the sake of our liberty, we hope he will not tire! Go on, brave Butler, and destroy every vestige of liberty! Grind New Orleans to very powder! Rule the city with a rod of iron! Starve the people, or make them join in your plundering, thieving army! Give it no quarter; you will teach them to surrender! It is a terrible way you have of teaching, but it seems some of our people will learn in no other. You are teaching our people some important truths, which we have in these columns striven in vain to impress upon them. Hereafter let the motto of the South be: "Perish cities! Perish armies! Perish property! Perish everything! But surrender, NEVER!"

Again:—

"Oh, how the blood seethes in our veins when we think of the damnable conduct of Butler in New Orleans! Is there a man in that unfortunate city who does not now weep bitter tears of agony that the city was not laid in dust and ashes rather than surrendered? If there be, he is a dastard and an outcast from his race. If the people of Vicksburg and Richmond, after this manifestation of Yankee heinousness, do not feel a new joy in their resolve, and a new confirmation of their purpose never to surrender their fair cities to the foe, they are as base as Butler himself. If there is a city in our land that shall not hereafter receive with horror a proposition to make terms with our faithless, low, despicable enemy, that city will be forever disgraced. We must fight to the death, and to the last extremity, everywhere and always!"

The arrest of Pierre Soule was a proof of the noble sacrifice of personal feeling to national interest which was cited as one of Butler's peculiar attributes at that period. A correspondent of the Providence *Post* was, however, ungracious enough to relate an anecdote concerning the relation between the two men who dispelled this theory. This correspondent remaks that at the Charleston Convention of 1860, Ben. F. Butler and Pierre Soule, appeared as delegates to the Convention. Butler was elected as a firm friend of Douglas. He proved treacherous to him (Douglas) and tried to break up the convention by opposing Douglas and supporting Breckinridge. He was a co-worker with Yancey. He went back to Massachusetts to stump his state for Breckinridge. Soule was one of the delegates from New Orleans. He made a brilliant Union speech, and in favour of Douglas. He exposed the rottenness of the Breckinridge party and the disunion tendencies of its supporters. He was very severe on Butler, and was hated for it by Butler; Soule and Butler went home. Then came secession. Soule resisted it to the last. Butler next entered the city as a conqueror. By and by, Soule is arrested and banished into exile. Butler did not forget his hatred.

That delightful propensity for "calling names" which the "modern Brutus" possessed, in common with Billingsgate hags and school-boys, exercised itself not a one upon the rebel community of New Orleans. On the 10th of June he issued another proclamation, denouncing the foreigners of the city as a traitorous crew, refusing to allow them to transact business unless they took the oath of allegiance. This proceeding, together with the prescription of an oath to defend and support the Constitution of the United States, to all the foreign consuls in New Orleans, was calculated to, and of course did, create the liveliest good feeling at all foreign courts.

Butler's affection for and appreciation of the qualities of the negro had not at this time blossomed into that large and unrestrained expression made in later days. The darkey found in the streets after dark was ordered to be publicly whipped. Five companies of negro soldiers, organized independently by General Phelps, were not a welcome offering to Butler at that time. He refused to sanction the proceeding, whereupon Gen. Phelps tendered his resignation. Butler, while refusing to accept it, still declared the negro unfit to be a soldier. His denial of his own doctrine was made only a few days afterwards in his organization of the First Louisiana Colored Regiment.

The admirable system of protection with which Butler has always insured the continuance of his mortal career is illustrated by an incident which throws a halo of medieval romance about his rather swinish form.—While traversing a plank from the wharf to the deck of a ship about to leave New Orleans, he slipped and fell, "making a noise," so the chronicler relates, "like the fall of a tin kettle." When he arose it was discovered that he wore a complete suit of mail, covering his whole body.

But the reign of Butler in New Orleans is a history. Full of tyranny and rascality, its recorded incidents are but a tithe of the unrecorded wrongs and meanness that made the presence and the name of Butler a stench in the noses of all who saw and heard. He came out of New Orleans as he has come out of every position in which he has been placed since the war began, not because he could be of better service elsewhere, but because it became too hot to hold him. He made the city mad with the same kind of madness that one forced to sit calm in the midst of excitement, or still through a long and canting sermon, feels impelling him to leap up and cry out and catch a preacher or some one in the crowd by the throat. Whatever sentiment might have been aroused by a frank