

# The Grand Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature & News.

VOL. XVI. 1

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 15, 1866.

I NO. 10.

**J. S. CARVELL,**  
AUCTIONEER,  
Commission Merchant,  
General Agent,  
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
12th June, 1865. tel pro ff

**JOHN BELL,**  
Merchant Tailor,  
QUEEN STREET,  
CHARLOTTETOWN.  
July 24, 1865. ly

**AROLD McNEILL,**  
Auctioneer, Accountant,  
GENERAL AGENT.  
OFFICE—Reading Room Building, up stairs  
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

**F. P. NORTON,**  
Commission Merchant,  
Auctioneer.  
GEORGETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND  
October 24, 1864. ly

**DR. C. L. STRICKLAND,**  
Surgeon Dentist,  
Great George Street,  
CHARLOTTETOWN.  
April 17, 1865—ly

**THOMAS KELLY,**  
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,  
CONVEYANCER, &c.

OFFICE—Queen Street, (over Welch & Owen's).  
RESIDENCE—North American Hotel,  
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.  
November 6, 1865. - - -

**ROBERT L. WEATHERBE,**  
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,  
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.  
Office over Merchants' Exchange,  
156 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.  
Sept 11, 1865. 6m

**WILLIAM JAKEMAN,**  
Blacksmith & Farrier,  
Old Stand, near Temperance Hall,  
HAS REMOVED his business to the  
City, and can be consulted at all hours  
SHOEING on the most improved principle.  
All kinds of Agricultural Implements pre-  
pared at the shortest notice.  
WANTED, a person who has had some ex-  
perience in Horse Shoeing. Highest wages will  
be given.  
Charlottetown, August 7, 1865.

**A Freehold Farm for Sale.**  
CONSISTING OF 175 Acres of Front  
Land, in a high state of cultivation, with a  
good Dwelling House, Barn, Coach House, Thrash-  
ing Machine, and all other requisites suitable for a  
Farm. Also, One Hundred Acres of Wood Land,  
in the rear, situated on the south side of Elliot River,  
about seven miles from Charlottetown, and quite  
near two public wharfs for shipping produce, &c.  
The above property is well worth the notice of any  
person wishing to purchase a good freehold pro-  
perty, being the estate of the late J. C. Wright, Esq.  
Time will be given for two thirds of the  
purchase money. Enquire at the office of Henry  
Palmer, Esquire, or at the residence of the sub-  
scriber, in Prince Street.  
CATHRINE WRIGHT, Executrix.  
Charlottetown, October 6, 1864.

**NOTICE!**  
**LANDS FOR SALE!**  
THE subscriber, as the Agent of Sir  
SARJEANT CURRIE, Bart. The Right Hon.  
LAURENCE SULLIVAN, and Mr. EDWARD CURRIE,  
has been directed to discontinue the system of  
LEASING LANDS heretofore pursued. For the  
future these lands will be SOLD on the following  
terms:—A deposit of Twenty-five per cent of the  
purchase money to be paid down at the time of  
signing the agreement, and the residue in five  
years by equal instalments. The price will be  
from Twenty shillings (\$2) per acre upwards.  
Further particulars made known at the sub-  
scriber's office.  
G. W. DEBLOIS.  
Ch'town, May 15, 1865.

**Valuable & Desirable Building  
LOTS FOR SALE.**  
THE Subscriber offers for sale Two  
Pleasantly situated WATER LOTS in George-  
town, with Water Privilege to the channel, adjoin-  
ing the Common at the eastern part of the Town.  
Also several BUILDING LOTS in different parts  
of Charlottetown. Terms liberal.  
GEORGE COLES.  
Charlottetown, 6th March, 1865.

**North British and Mercantile  
Insurance Company  
OF EDINBURGH AND LONDON.**  
Accumulated Funds - £2,304,512 7 10  
Annual Revenue. 1864 - 565,456 16 2

THE Subscriber begs to intimate that  
he has been appointed AGENT for the above  
Company, by Power of Attorney in his favor, and  
that he is prepared to transact  
**Fire, Life, and Annuity Business,**  
on the most liberal terms. In the Life Depart-  
ment, the next declaration of Bonus will be made  
on the close of the Month of 31st December next.  
Terms of proposal and every information will be  
furnished by  
G. W. DEBLOIS,  
Agent and Attorney.  
Ch'town, Aug. 28, 1865. 6m 1/2

**Fruit. Fruit.**  
THE Subscriber offers, as suitable for  
the season—  
French Plums,  
Layer Raisins,  
Valencia Raisins,  
Currants,  
Figs,  
Jordan Almonds  
Ground Cinnamon  
Ground Cloves,  
Ground Nutmegs,  
Mixed Spices,  
Pickles,  
in Choice Cans, Walnuts, Onions, and  
Miscellaneous.  
ALSO  
HIS UNEQUALLED COFFEE!  
Fresh ground, always on hand.  
W. E. DAWSON.  
Dec. 18, 1865.

**TOBACCO!**  
**35 BOXES Cavendish TOBACCO.**  
WILLIAM DODD,  
Queen Square,  
Dec. 18, 1865.

**FOR SALE!**  
**A SUPERIOR COLUMBUS FARM**  
HOUSE, aged 8 years, at a reasonable price,  
for cash or good security. Apply at this Office.  
Ch'town, Dec. 18, 1865. cve ff

**Union Bank Notice.**  
AFTER the 1st DECEMBER next,  
the day of WITHDRAWING at this Bank will  
be done by filling in the ORDER BOOKS,  
or by handing in the ORDER BOOKS, and the Bank  
will be responsible for the amount of the draft,  
whenever the business in their old-fashioned craft,  
sometimes pursuing their calling under the

**JOHN BELL**  
HIS IMPORTATIONS  
For the Season.

He would respectfully invite  
INTENDING PURCHASERS  
to call at  
Bell's Clothing Store,  
QUEEN STREET,  
AND EXAMINE  
THE STOCK,  
which comprises  
EVERY NOVELTY  
IN  
HATS

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## LITERATURE.

### THE NEW MOON.

When, as the gale, day is done,  
Heaven burns with the descending sun,  
That flashing sweet to light,  
Amid that pass of crimson light,  
The new moon's modest glow bright  
As earth and sky grow dark.

Few are the hearts too cold to feel  
A thrill of gladness o'er them steal,  
When first the wandering eye  
Sees faintly, in the evening haze,  
That glimmering curve of tender rays  
Just planted in the sky.

The sight of that young crescent brings  
Thoughts of all fair and youthful things,  
The hopes of early years;  
And childhood's purity and grace,  
And joys that like a rainbow chase  
The passing shower of tears.

The captive yields him to the dream  
Of freedom, when that virgin beam  
Comes out upon the air;  
And painfully the sick man tries  
To fix his dim and burning eyes  
On the soft promise there.

And there do thoughtful men behold  
A type of errors, loved of old,  
Forgotten and forgiven;  
And thoughts and wishes not of earth  
Just opening in their early birth,  
Like that new light in heaven.

### CHASED BY WILD STALLIONS.

"By heaven, they are upon us!" exclaimed  
Ruxton, as he suddenly brought up his blooded  
bay, almost, by the impetuosity of the movement,  
throwing the noble courier on his haunches.  
"Who—what—Indians?" hastily questioned  
his companions, Baldwin, King and Cooper, of  
the train, and who happened to be riding over  
the grass covered prairie at a canter, by the side  
of the Texas guide, Ruxton.  
"Hist, do you not hear them?"  
"Loud neighings and shrill cries of pain came to  
the ears of the listeners, accompanied by the regu-  
lar and heavy thud of a cavallada, with very earth  
upon their rutting sound. The very earth on  
which the guide and companions stood, all  
though perhaps a half dozen miles from where  
the hot-blooded, angered and fighting beasts were  
destroying each other as they flew over the plain,  
shook under them, as if an earthquake was  
spreading and vibrating in the rock-ribbed globe,  
and was about to open great fissures and swallow  
them on the instant.

"They are moving; this way—for the water!"  
cried Ruxton, while a shade of anxiety over-  
spread his manly, sun-bronzed face.  
"Is there danger?" asked Cooper, in a low  
nervous voice.  
"Danger!" echoed Ruxton, "aye, is there;  
and we must meet it. If these mustangs should  
continue in their present course, not only our  
own but the lives of the women and children in  
trains will be sacrificed. These animals in this  
season are more terrible than the same number of  
tigers hungering for human blood!"  
"We must, if possible, avert all danger from  
the women and children," said King, who, except  
the guide, seemed to be the most self-possessed  
of the four horsemen. "What shall we do?  
How proceed?"

These questions were addressed to the guide, a  
noble specimen of mankind—tall and erect as an  
Indian, with the dark piercing eyes of the eagle  
—eyes that could look squarely at the sun in its  
meridian glory without being dazzled.  
While King was yet speaking, Ruxton, the  
guide, slid from his horse, and scanned the ground  
closely. For upward of a minute—an hour it  
seemed to his companions—he looked at the  
ground; and then suddenly returned to his blooded  
bay and sprang on his back.  
"What shall we do? How proceed?" echoed  
the guide. "Our position is dangerous; but we  
must lose no time in its correction. There is  
an arroyo within two miles of the train—the  
only one that can now be reached. If we can  
cross in season, before the incensed devils can  
reach it, and placing the wagons around the wa-  
men and their young ones as a barricade, we may  
avert the danger. Hark! hear the thunder of  
their hoofs. There must be a thousand of them!  
Yes, they are making for the notes! You,  
Cooper and Baldwin, ride back to the train—re-  
member the lives of all that are dear to you may  
depend on your driving home your yowls into  
your horses' flanks—and turn their heads toward  
the arroyo. Cross it without delay. Leave a  
wagon transversely in the crooked path of this  
side. It will interrupt the progress of the beasts.  
Away!"

The men indicated turned their animals' heads  
to the eastward, and the next moment were flying  
over the prairie as if on the wings of the wind.  
"King," cried Ruxton, "a herd of mares  
passed this way this morning. They have de-  
serted the stallions, as is their wont at this season,  
and must have crossed the arroyo at sunrise. The  
stallions are following them, so mad that they  
are even now fighting each other indiscriminate-  
ly—biting and tearing each other to pieces. Look  
at your rifle. You have a cool head, a steady  
hand, and a clear eye. We must, if possible, al-  
though the task is but hopeless, endeavor to check  
their progress. These beasts are led by captains,  
so to speak, whom they instinctively obey. They  
are the largest, strongest, and noblest looking of  
the herd. They take the lead. When the herd  
appears in sight should that one down that I shall  
indicate, while I do like service to the other. Do  
not stop to see him fall, but turn your animal's  
head towards the train, and make him fly. In  
his I will follow your example. Do not forget  
to load your weapon as you go. If we succeed  
in shooting down the leaders, we shall gain a  
minute's time; and when they resume their  
course, if they gain upon us before we reach the  
arroyo, your horse must take the six on the fly.  
It is not more than fifteen or sixteen feet in  
width. Once on the other side, we may calculate  
on safety, if not, God alone can help us, as the  
wind is now against our firing the grass.

"I will obey implicitly," replied King, in quiet  
tones.  
Hardly had these words been uttered, when  
there appeared on a rise in the prairie a great  
black, moving mass, the vanguard of the infuriated  
beasts—snorting and shrieking, their teeth man-  
ing and snapping with rage. They were gallop-  
ing at a tremendous pace, and as Ruxton had  
predicted in a direct line for them.  
"Had we none but ourselves to take care of,"  
said the guide with forced calmness, as he put a  
fresh cap on the nipple of his rifle, "we could  
very easily avoid this avalanche of madness, by  
riding to the northward or southward, and so by  
an oblique course get to the rear. Ha! they see  
us!" he suddenly exclaimed. "What a magnifi-

cent sight! See, King, see! They are in a line  
and ready, like trained cavalry horses, to charge  
upon us! No more fighting among themselves  
now! They have an enemy in front! Are you  
ready? They are about to plunge upon us! Take  
that great sorrel one on the left; I will kill this  
white one. What a splendid animal! There is  
not such another one in Texas. I would not take  
a thousand dollars for him. Fire!"  
Simultaneously the explosion of the caps, fol-  
lowed by the report of the rifles, broke upon the  
stillness of the scene.  
The next moment, the magnificent creature so  
enthusiastically spoken of by Ruxton sprang so  
from the ground with a wild, quick cry, and then fell  
forward dead before his astonished followers.  
The ball had struck the eye of the beast and pen-  
etrated the brain.  
King was equally fortunate. The sorrel was  
hit fairly in the breast and fell almost without a  
struggle.  
"Now!" and Ruxton wheeled his horse to-  
wards the train. "Now for the arroyo. Reload  
as you ride," he called, as his bay with great  
strides swept over the grass at the rate of almost  
a mile a minute. A minute he was not idle. In  
a few moments his weapon was reloaded and  
capped.

King followed his example, but more clumsily.  
He had not been accustomed, although an ex-  
pert marksman, to replenish his rifle with powder  
and ball while riding a steed that was urged by  
its very fear to outdo the tremendous pacing  
of the blooded bay. However, he succeeded in ac-  
complishing his object, and he then laid it trans-  
versely before him on his saddle, ready for an  
emergency.  
"For several moments the guide and his com-  
panion rode on in silence. At length Ruxton  
cried:  
"Ah! do you hear them? They are following  
us. They have got new leaders. Do you see  
yonder cliff, King? Make for it. The descent on  
the other side is easy. If we reach it in time, we  
have an opportunity of seeing what progress the  
train has made towards the gulch. The wagons  
should be on the other side of it, and the animals,  
women and children corralled by this time."

Two or three minutes' hard riding brought  
them to the brow of the hill the guide had indi-  
cated. There they slackened their pace, and while  
King looked toward the great moving mass—the  
immense army of stallions that were still follow-  
ing them, shrieking, snorting, knocking their teeth,  
and driving them into each other's rear flanks—the  
guide turned his eyes anxiously eastward.  
"Great Heavens!" he suddenly exclaimed, "are  
those people mad? Look, King, the train has  
stopped. What does it mean? It is impossible  
to get across the arroyo in time to save it from  
attack. I fear those poor defenceless creatures in  
it will never see another hour. They will be  
trampled and torn to pieces!"  
The guide swayed to and fro on his saddle, as if  
irresolute of purpose. The crisis was near at  
hand. At length he cried, as he looked at his  
companion, whose pale face, usually rubicund,  
told the guide that he fully appreciated the dan-  
ger: "Hand me your rifle, King, and hasten to-  
wards the train. Cause it to be drawn up in a  
square immediately. Join wagon to wagon.  
Leave not an opening anywhere; and if the wild  
devils charge it, place the women and children  
under their bodies between the wheels. I will  
remain here and check them."

"No, Ruxton, that would not be fair. Let me  
try. My life is not worth as much as yours to  
the people you're," cried King.  
"No time for talking," replied the guide in a  
low, determined voice. "I am captain, and must  
be obeyed—hand me your weapon."  
His companion, sorely against his will, placed  
his rifle in the hands of Ruxton, who carefully  
examined the nipple, and satisfied himself that the  
percussion cap would not fail him on any emer-  
gency.  
"Now for the train! Quick! We have no  
time to parley!"

The next minute King was on his way to the  
train, when he had reached it, without  
stopping to ascertain the cause of delay, instantly  
organized it for defence, as directed by the guide.  
Meantime, Ruxton looked far out on the plain  
towards the west. Notwithstanding the critical  
position in which he found himself placed—the  
lives of so many helpless ones depending upon his  
vigilance and courage—he could not repress an  
exclamation of admiration, as his clear,  
dark, penetrating eyes rested on the spectacle be-  
neath.  
"It is worth a life to look upon such a scene!"  
he exclaimed. "I would I were here alone! Ah,  
yonder noble courier would be mine if I had  
time to follow him over the hill and valley to the Gander-  
loup. How splendidly he carries himself! He  
seems to know, too, that with his erect ears,  
curved tail and flowing mane, he is the undisputed  
leader of the thousands that are fighting and fol-  
lowing whatever way he turns his head. I would  
that he took the whim to gallop any way but the  
one he is on; he seems to scent the trail of the  
mares, and death only can stop his career. He  
must die."

As the guide spoke he drew his own trusty rifle  
to his shoulder; ere he drew it therefrom the  
noble steed he so much admired lay breathless,  
lifeless at the front of his thousands of equine fol-  
lowers.  
"A respite!" he cried. "Ha! will they not  
stop? Another leading a-herd. He too must  
go—and thus everything depends on chance. I  
wish the wind blew to the westward!"

The muzzle of King's weapon covered the new  
leader. The trigger was pulled, and the beast fell  
ere he had taken his place as leader. The stall-  
ions now stopped, as if irresolute how to proceed;  
but Ruxton saw leaving the rank far in the rear,  
a self-appointed captain, who, with movements  
which might in some degree of truth say, were analo-  
gous to lightning, pushed to the front.  
"It will be full a minute before he reaches  
the van," mused the guide. I will have time to  
reach the train. Ha! the wind is changing! We  
are saved—saved!"

As he spoke, he rode down the hill, and in a  
little while was within the lines of the arroyo.  
"Pull, all of you, the grass from around here.  
Leave the ground bare. The prairie must be  
freed. It is our only chance," he cried, as he  
alighted from his panting bay.  
In an instant the women and children, who  
had previously been made fully acquainted with  
the impending danger, were at work with knives  
and sickles, shearing the earth of its herbage. A  
few minutes sufficed for this, but it was not  
wholly finished when the front rank of the wild  
stallions were seen coming over the brow of the  
hill which the guide had just left.  
"Make your animals fast to the wheels of the  
wagons," was the next command.  
Without a word his directions were obeyed.

"We are prepared," he said, as he looked  
around him: "but our poor beasts will suffer for  
a mile for that I am about to do."  
"Now," said the guide, "it is our time."  
Springing over one of the vehicles, he com-  
menced striking his flint and steel. The flint  
beneath this ignited. It was instantly applied to  
the grass, which—the cavallada was now within  
a thousand yards of the train—was now within  
in great sheets of flames, and seemed to travel  
towards the wild horses even more rapidly, under  
pressure of the winds that they were moving  
against them.  
The stallions suddenly stopped, looking bewil-  
dered, and then, with shriekings, snortings,  
and neighings that filled the air and turned the ear  
with discordant noises, started northward to es-  
cape the new danger.  
The fire had now spread itself far and wide,  
and leaped from hillock to hillock, rising and fall-  
ing at the same time, like the phosphorescent  
waves in a tropical sea. Away to the northward  
the prairie fire rushed, following closely upon the  
heels of the disconcerted stallions, until both were  
finally lost sight of in the far-off distance, where  
the earth and sky seemed to meet each other in  
friendly embrace.  
The great peril was safely passed.  
"Had not the wind suddenly veered," said  
Ruxton, as he looked upon the men, women, and  
children who had gathered around him, "not one  
of us would have lived to see the sun set. We  
should have been trampled and torn to pieces.  
At any other season but this those wild creatures  
would have avoided rather than pursued us.  
Now they are literally mad."  
With thankful hearts the men re-arranged the  
train, and pursued their way west over the ground  
now black and dreary, that a few hours before was  
as lively to the vision of the mind's eye as an  
imagined landscape of Paradise.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE WHIP SNAKE.

As the wind was veering about rather capri-  
ciously, I was casting my eye anxiously along  
the warp, to see how it bore the strain, when,  
to my surprise, it appeared to my eye to be  
snapping at the end next the tree, and pre-  
sently something like a screw, about a foot  
long, that occasionally shone like glass in the  
moonlight, began to move along the taut  
line with a spiral motion. All this time one  
of the boys was fast asleep, resting on his fold-  
ing arms on the gunwale, his head having  
dropped down on the stem of the boat. But  
one of the Spanish boatmen in the canoe that  
was anchored close to us, seeing me gazing at  
something, had cast his eyes in the same di-  
rection. He instantly caught up the object,  
he thumped with his palms on the side of the  
canoe, exclaiming in a loud, alarming tone,  
"Culebra! Culebra!"—"A snake!"—upon  
which the reptile made a sudden rapid slide  
down the line towards the bow of the boat,  
where the poor lad was resting his head, and  
immediately afterwards dropped into the sea.  
The other boatmen, who were sitting at the  
stern, saw nothing, and were as if nothing had  
happened, amongst his mess-  
mates, who had been alarmed by the cries of  
the Spanish canoe-man; and I was thinking  
little of the affair when I heard some anxious  
whispering among them. "Fred," said one  
of the men, "it is wrong that you breathe  
so freely. We will not say a word."  
"What?" "Something has stung me,"  
said at length the poor little fellow speaking  
thus, as if he had laboured under sore throat.  
The truth flashed on me. A candle was lit,  
and on looking at him he appeared stunned,  
complained of cold, and suddenly assumed a  
wild look of agony, and great anxiety and  
restlessness, accompanied by a sudden  
and severe prostration of strength, still con-  
tinuing to complain of great and increasing  
cold and chilliness, but he did not shiver.  
No part of his body was swollen, except  
very slightly about the wound. However,  
there was a rapidly increasing rigidity of the  
muscles of the neck and throat, and within  
half-an-hour after he was bit, he was unable  
to swallow even liquids. The small whip  
snake, the most deadly species in the whole lot  
of noxious reptiles peculiar to South America,  
was not four or five inches long. It had  
made four small punctures with its fangs  
near the left angular process of the jaw, and  
below the chin. There was no blood oozing  
from them; but a circle about the size of a  
crown piece, of dark red, surrounded them,  
which gradually melted into blue at the  
outer rim, which again became fainter, until  
it disappeared in the surrounding skin. By  
the advice of the Spanish boatman, we  
applied an embrocation of the leaves of the  
*Palmo Christi*, or castor oil, as hot as the  
lad could bear it; but we had neither oil  
nor hot milk to give internally, both of which  
they informed us, often proved service. Under  
these means he died in a few hours, and  
was miserably decomposed. I showed out  
into the rough water, but we made little of  
it, and when the day broke, I saw that the  
poor fellow's fate was sealed; his voice had  
become inarticulate, the coldness had in-  
creased, all motion in the extremities had  
ceased, the legs and arms became quite stiff,  
and he was unable to move, as if he were  
dead. The blood had coagulated and could no longer  
circulate through the heart, or as if, from  
some unaccountable effect of the poison on  
the nerves, the action of the fibræ had been  
impeded; still the poor fellow was perfectly  
sensible and his eyes bright and restless. His  
breath became still more interrupted.  
He could no longer stand to breathe, but  
gasped; and in half an hour, like the steam  
engine when the fire is withdrawn, the  
strokes, or contractions and expansions of his  
heart, came slower and slower, until they  
ceased altogether.

From the very moment of his death, the  
body began rapidly to swell and become dis-  
tended; the face and neck especially, were  
nearly as black as ink within half an hour of  
it, when blood began to flow from the mouth,  
and other symptoms of rapid decomposition  
succeeded each other so fast, that by nine in  
the morning, we had to saw him up in a boat-  
saw, a large stone and launch the body into  
the sea.—*Wilks.*

### FROM PARIS TO MADRID BY RAILWAY.

A correspondent of the *Times* gives the fol-  
lowing description of a railway journey from  
Paris to Madrid by the new line for Madrid,  
which was opened on the 15th of the present  
month, and reached Bordeaux at 7 in the morn-  
ing—a very creditable first stage of 578 kilo-  
metres, averaging 52 kilometres, or 35 miles  
hourly. You leave Bordeaux at 8 a. m.,  
and reach the frontier of the Bidassoa at 11  
a. m. 1.45 in the afternoon, accomplishing 236  
kilometres in 5 1/2 hours, so that the hourly  
rate, even in France, has fallen from 52 to 52  
kilometres, or from 35 to 26 miles. From  
the frontier at Iruia, leaving at 2 50 p. m.,  
you travel to Madrid, in 18 hours, over a dis-  
tance of 645 kilometres, or 394 miles—that  
is, at the rate of a little more than 21 miles  
per hour, allowing for a Spanish hour, you may  
as well say, a German, Swiss, or Italian ex-  
press, about half the speed that a similar  
train generally averages in England, and  
keeping up about the same difference which  
exists between the several countries in the  
early days of stage coaches. The Spaniards,  
however, true to their old traditions, seem to  
be tied up to hours. Their trains, like their  
coaches of old, always allow "lots of time"  
for the benefit of lagging travellers; they

start and arrive at "no particular time."  
The train that was due at Madrid at 8.35  
was not in yesterday morning before 10.40  
by their own clock at the station, and that  
for no reason in the world that we could dis-  
cover except the small pace we were along at  
now and then, and the unconscionable length  
of stoppage at stations where the guard had  
no apparent business beyond lighting his ci-  
garette, and engaging in a genial chat with  
the station-master. On we plodded, up hill  
and down hill, as if drawn by short-sighted  
and broken-kneed engines, the very dogs  
coming out of their kennels at some of the  
patry villages along the line, running along  
and barking at us in front and rear, and  
doubling us round and round as if we were  
some old *patache* with which they could keep  
up races at will.

The tedious journey is not relieved by any  
real beauty in the road. The first stage  
compares into Spain after you, indeed, into a  
desertic and sterile country. You come through  
the flat monotonous extent of the Landes  
from Bordeaux to Bayonne; you obtain the  
first glimpses of the lower spurs of the  
Pyrenees as you struggle through a number  
of short tunnels near the station of the latter  
city; you look up the beautiful valley of the  
smooth-flowing Adour, and advance through  
rich green pastures, lighted up by the warm  
sun, to Biarritz, in sight of the sea, and  
glittering Bay of Biscay; on to St. Jean de Luz  
and Hendaye, at the last French outposts,  
facing the first Spanish custom-house officers at  
Iruia, across the frontier of Spain, where you  
obtain the *Bidassoa*; that little *Ra*'s stream, with  
its grim, dilapidated old fortalice of Fuenterrabia  
towering on the steep on the Spanish  
side, and the "Isle of the Conference" lying  
low on the water-edge, "like a dry pocket-  
handkerchief," as has been justly observed,  
a scene of undying historical interest from  
the days of Francis I. to those of Napoleon  
Wellington; the theatre no less of warlike  
exploits than of treaties and alliances, of  
pomp and pageantry, which two nations,  
parted by mutual implacable animosity, strove  
to give upon schemes of unity which only led  
to greater complications and brought about  
more dangers and miseries to the people.  
The way across the line and through the  
Basque Provinces of Gascony, Biscay, and  
Alava, by St. Sebastian, Tolosa, and Victoria,  
our way lay through the gorges of verdant  
mountains, along the depression of the  
ground between the Pyrenees and the Aus-  
trian chains, the way through the Alpine  
difficulties by the most consummate engineer-  
ing skill, the achievement of art contrasting  
with every step and enhancing the subli-  
mity of natural beauty. It was Sunday  
in the afternoon, and the population of the  
towns, in their Sunday best, mustered in no  
very great crowds at the various stations;  
a stately carriage in which the Emperor's  
chamberlain, the marquis French paleot,  
greatly, alas! outnumbered the more pic-  
turesque Basque red cap, the ample cloak,  
and the black mantilla of old Spain. These  
happy Basques, a finely-built, well-favoured  
race, returned our gaze in all earnestness and  
with some complacency in their Sab-  
bath rest, quite at home in that idleness  
which best suits and becomes them. Ours  
was a short train, and by no means a crowd  
of one. We had left thousands of fugitives  
from Madrid still lingering at Biarritz, at St.  
Jean, and the other places on the coast, both  
east and west of the Pyrenees, and the  
streets. For no less than 80,000 inhabitants,  
as we are given to understand, have fled from  
Madrid, and most of the remaining ones have  
barried themselves in their houses. Of  
these passengers that came along with us  
the greatest part were left at the various  
stations on the road, and only a few  
reached Madrid only fellow-travellers in  
the baggage-room were a lady and gentle-  
man, both English; so great is the dread  
which the Asiatic scourge still strikes into  
the hearts of this brave yet life-loving  
Southern race.

It was deep night as we emerged from the  
mountain pass and entered Old Castle at  
Miranda, where our supper awaited us at the  
station; rather indifferent fare and wine,  
although the refreshment rooms here,  
as well as along the line, are in French  
hands. From that hour, 9 o'clock, P. M.,  
till daybreak we tailed across that dreary  
land of Castile, the most bleak and inhospita-  
ble of all inhabited regions, hardly obtain-  
ing by the morning glimpses of Burgos,  
Palencia, Valladolid, and other famous towns  
on our route. We had rain and a sprinkling  
of snow as we crossed the barren, stony  
ridges between Avila and Escorial, on the  
skirts of the Guadarrama ridge. We were at  
Escorial at 11 o'clock, and at Valladolid at  
12 o'clock. At Valladolid we were met by  
a poor solitary silk gown objected to as  
being "new." The lady pleaded guilty to  
the newness of her dress, but contended that  
it had been put on and worn once. She gave  
her word of honor to that effect, and her  
word was readily believed; but the *dama*,  
having written her name on her card, and  
insisting upon his duty as to his strict literal  
application, urged that the dress in question  
bore no visible mark of having been at all  
used. It looked as good as new, and must  
needs be considered and paid for as new. The  
discussion about the subject was long and  
wearisome, though it was carried on with  
perfect temper and with the most politeness  
on both sides. Old experienced gaugers were  
called up in consultation. My male fellow-  
traveller and myself, as in knightly duty  
bound, took up the cudgels for the *sex*. It was  
all in vain; the lady had either to give up  
her dress or redeem it by a large ransom (about  
a guinea and a half) duty. The money was  
forthcoming, the dress was delivered up, and  
we were allowed to depart in peace after the  
loss of about an hour's time; a precious  
hour's time, let me tell you, that was like  
a year to poor creatures who had been tossed  
about in railway carriages for the space of  
what was to be 24 hours, and who had to  
something very like 40 hours. The moral  
for ladies is—never attempt to enter Spain  
with silk dresses in your boxes; or, if you  
must have such gear with you, beware of  
tidiness and cleanliness. You may bring  
twenty brand-new gowns if you take care  
they are properly packed and crumpled. It is  
the neatness of the packing that no mercy  
will be shown; for that, as it would seem,  
beyond the good Spaniard's comprehension.