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."—Eurinides.

Vol. XI. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, December 2, 1861. New Series.—No. 47.

MR. W. A. JOHNSTON,
OF HALIFAX, N. S.
ATTORNEY AND BARRISTER AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. &c.
☞ For the present enquire at the "Pavilion Hotel."
Charlottetown, October 21, 1861.

GEORGETOWN.

WILLIAM SANDERSON,
Commission Merchant, Wholesale & Retail
General Agent, Auctioneer & Broker.
Agent for Col. Life Assurance Company in King's County. } NOTARY PUBLIC. { Agent for Pictou Iron Foundry.
Town Lots, Pasture Lots, and Farms for Sale in King's County.
Nov. 18.

ALFRED PURCHASE,
Watch and Clock-maker, Smardon's Corner.

Horizontal Watches in Silver cases,	£4	0	0
Hunting.....do.....do.....	4	10	0
Lever Escapement	5	10	0
Hunting..do.	6	0	0

Charlottetown, Sept. 23, 1861. 1y

ALEXANDER McKINNON,
AUCTIONEER
AND
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,
QUEEN STREET,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.
Office in the same Building as A. H. Yates, Esq.

JAMES McCOMB,
IMPORTER OF
CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELLERY,
FANCY GOODS of all kinds, Ambrotype and Photographic Goods, Chemicals &c. Wholesale and Retail.
BAZAAR, Great George Street.
No. 4, 1861.

R. R. MACLELLAN,
Artist.
GREAT GEORGE STREET,
Charlottetown, - - - - P. E. Island.

REMOVAL.
DR. GAUVREAU has removed to the corner of POWNAL and SYDNEY STREETS, where he may be consulted at all hours. Entrance on Sydney Street.
Charlottetown July 1, 1861.

JUST PUBLISHED,
BAGSTER'S
HISTORY OF P. E. ISLAND.
For Sale at all the Book Stores. Price 3s.

PISCATAQUA
Fire & Marine Insurance Co. of Maine.
STOCK DEPARTMENT:
Authorized Capital, $500.000. Capital Subscribed and Secured. $253.445.76.
Hon JOHN N GOODWIN, Prest. OBED P MILLER, Vice Prest.
SHIPLEY W RICKER, Secretary.
DIRECTORS.
Hon John N Goodwin, Obed P Miller, Shipley W Ricker, David Fairbanks, Abner Oakes, John & Paine, F W De Rochemont.
Fire Insurance on Dwellings, Furniture, Warehouses, Public Buildings, Mills, Manufactories, Stores, Merchandize, Ships in Port, or while building, and other property. Inland Insurance on Goods to all parts of the country. Marine Insurance on Vessels, Cargo and Freight to all parts of the World.
POLICIES ISSUED AND FURTHER INFORMATION OBTAINED OF
J. S. CARVELL, Agent.
Charlottetown, September 23, 1861.

A CARD.
NEIL RANKIN begs leave to inform the MERCANTILE and TRADING COMMUNITY of Prince Edward Island, and the Neighbouring Provinces, that he has made arrangements for the immediate prosecution of business as an
Auctioneer, Commission Merchant & General Agent,
in each of which lines all Commissions with which he may be favoured (at home or from abroad) shall receive his prompt and best attention.
Charlottetown, July 8, 1861.

JOHN T. LONGARD, Sailmaker,
HAVING located himself at Charlottetown, begs to inform the Shipbuilders and Traders of P. E. Island that he has opened a
SAIL LOFT on Peake's Wharf,
where he will be happy to receive orders in his line of Business. After an experience of 27 years, he flatters himself he is capable of executing good work; and is tohroughly acquainted with the making of COTTON SAILS on the American principle. Every attention will be paid to those who may favour him with their patronage.
REFERENCES:
Halifax—T. C. Kinnear & Co., McLean & Campbell, Thomas Bolton, P. Power & Co., Jonathan C Allison.
August 26th, 1861. 3m.

TESTIMONIAL.
Halifax, 27th July, 1861.
Mr. JOHN T LONGARD, Sailmaker, of this City, having informed us of his intention to move to P. E. Island for the purpose of carrying on Business there, we have much pleasure in recommending him to the trade of Charlottetown, and in stating that during the period of twenty-two years in which we have used his professional service, we have always had the greatest satisfaction in the work which has passed through his hands, and have no doubt that he will give equal satisfaction to any who may require his services
T. C. KINNEAR & CO., Merchants, Halifax, N. S.

EXTENSIVE
CONSIGNMENT.
EX "ISABEL," FROM LIVERPOOL, G. B.
Geneva, Whiskey, Tea, Soap, and Staple Goods.
10 Hhds. De Cuyper GENEVA,
5 Casks fine old (small still) WHISKEY,
50 Chests superior Congou TEA,
16 Boxes SOAP,
6 Bales } STAPLE GOODS.
2 Cases, }
—ALSO—
Ex "Prince Alfred," from London, (hourly expected)—
20 Chests TEA.
The Subscriber begs to intimate to the *Trade*, that he is now prepared to offer for sale to wholesale buyers the above Goods, on as reasonable terms as they can be purchased in the City, for cash or approved paper.
N. RANKIN.
12 Queen Street, Oct. 21, 1861. (Isl)

Cheap Travelling!
GREATLY REDUCED FARES!!
From Charlottetown to Boston for $7!
THE Subscriber having been instructed to sell THROUGH TICKETS to BOSTON and Intervening Points, viz., *Westmorland* to Shediac, European North American Railway, to St. John, and International Steamship Co's. Steamers to Boston—is prepared to issue Tickets at greatly reduced prices, as under:

Shediac,	$2.50	St. John,	$4.50
Boston,	$6.00		

Freight by this route forwarded with despatch, and at rates below any previous arrangement.
Aug. 12, 1861. tf J. S. CARVELL, Agent.

Arrival of New Goods!
WINTER STOCK COMPLETE!
AT CHEAPSIDE HOUSE,
Queen Square.
THE Subscriber has received 157 packages of Merchandize by the Brig *Prince Alfred* from LONDON, by the Barque *Gazelle* from LIVERPOOL, and by several vessels from the UNITED STATES, comprising a GENERAL ASSORTMENT of GOODS suitably for the season. No pains have been spared in obtaining articles of the best description, and for this purpose he now makes known that he has in addition to his usual Importations of FANCY GOODS from LONDON and the Staple articles of Manchester, imported a well-selected Stock of
SCOTCH GOODS
from Glasgow, *via* Liverpool, which are more suitable to the climate than the English manufactures.
At this Shop will be found almost all the articles in British and American Goods required by the Country, and purchasers will have this advantage which they may rely on, viz: that the articles are not only good but to be had at a lower rate than at any other place in the City, for Cash only.
BENJ. DAVIES.
Nov. 18, 1861. 4i

GLASGOW HOUSE!
ESTABLISHED 1868.
WE respectfully solicit the attention of customers and the public generally to an EXTENSIVE STOCK OF NEW
Fall and Winter Goods!
complete in every department, received per ships "Isabel," "Gazelle," and "Prince Alfred," from the best Manufacturing Districts in Great Britain.
FANCY DRESS GOODS,
in Evelinas, Reps, Silk Warps, Tweeds, Winceys and Plaids. Three hundred and fifty Pieces Colored and Black Coburgs and Lamas, in every shade and price. A splendid assortment of CLOAKINGS, in Sealskins, Velvet Piles, and Brown, Black and Fancy mixtures; Plain Habit Cloths; Brown, Black and Mauve Cloth, and Rich Paisley SHAWLS. A choice assortment of very cheap MANTLES. Ladies' Fancy Rep and Balmoral Skirts, (some splendid Goods can be shown in this department); Silks, Faced Bonnet Velvets; a large Stock of Ladies' FURS, good value; Hosiery and Gloves of every description; a beautiful assortment of Misses' and Ladies' Felt Hats, Plumes and Flowers, Chenille, Silk and Braided Hair Netts, Head Dresses, Ribbons, &c.
MILLINERY,
Ladies' White, Fancy and Mourning Caps; a large variety in Small Wares and Haberdashery! Gents' Furnishing Goods of every new style, London Rifle Caps and Deer Stalkers' Shirt Collars, Iris Scarfs, Mufflers, Fancy Flannel, Regatta and Whist Shirts, Shetland and Lamb's Wool Under Garments, Fur Caps and Stormers in variety.
Boots and Shoes,
Ladies', Misses' and Gents' Rubbers, and Ladies' long Rubber Boots, very cheap.
2500 sets Skirt Canes, 40 dozen Steel Extension Skirts.
STAPLE GOODS in white, grey, striped and other Cotton Fabrics—good value can be had from the fact of our having purchased previous to the rise in the raw material. COTTON WARPS, a choice lot of Prints, Cloths, Tweeds, Coatings and Doeskins, Heavy Woollen Goods, Flannels and Blankets, Read-made Clothing. Shelf HARDWARE and CUTLERY, together with a variety of Goods impossible to enumerate.
Groceries
of all kinds—choice Teas, Sugar, Rice, Starch, Tobacco, Pepper, Mustard, Pickles, Dye Stuffs, Indigo, Soda, Spices, Candles, Sole Leather, Currants, Raisins, Buckets, Brooms, Coffee, &c. &c.
Crates Earthen and Crockeryware; 20 Puncheons choice Retailing MOLASSES.
☞ This Stock, which, for extent, variety and moderation in price, together with recent improvement in our business premises, enables us to offer Retail and Wholesale Buyers good value for ready money.
C. C. VAUX.
Queen-street, Nov. 18, 1861. 5w

GRAND RIVER WHARF, LOT 56.
RONALD WALKER
RESPECTFULLY intimates to his Friends and the Public that he has commenced Business in the Store lately occupied by Messrs. McAulay & Johnston, where he has received a LARGE ASSORTMENT of
NEW GOODS,
suitable for the present and approaching seasons, which will be sold cheap for cash.
R. W. assures his Friends and the Public that nothing shall be wanting on his part to render his Establishment worthy of their patronage.
October 14, 1861. Ex. only, 6m

KING SQUARE HOUSE.
FALL 1861. - - - - - FALL 1861.
BEER & SON
HAVE received the greater part of their FALL IMPORTATIONS, consisting of a large and well selected variety of
British and American Merchandize, and
West India Produce.
They would invite the attention of the public to the same.
A large stock of their usual choice TEAS.
October 28, 1861. 6w

1861 FALL SUPPLY OF 1861
British and Foreign
MANUFACTURES.
THE latest selected ASSORTMENT of GOODS to be found in the CITY, comprising—
DRESSES,
MANTLES,
MILLINERY,
HOSIERY,
FURS,
FANCY GOODS,
WINTER CLOTHS,
FLANNELS,
BLANKETS,
WINCEYS,
COTTONS,
&c. &c. &c.
An additional Supply of Jewellery.
LADIES' WORK BOXES, DRESSING CASES, &c. &c.
WM. HEARD.
Queen Square House, Nov. 18, 1861.

MAILS.

THE Mails for England and the neighboring Provinces, &c., will, until further notice, be made up and forwarded from the General Post Office as follows:—
For the United States, Canada and New Brunswick, *via* Summerside and Shediac, every Monday and Thursday morning, at nine o'clock.
For Nova Scotia *via* Schooner ALMA to Pictou, every Monday and Thursday, at 12 o'clock, noon.
For England, Newfoundland and Bermuda, will be made up at twelve o'clock, noon, on
Monday, November 25th, Monday, December 22nd,
Monday, December 9th.
L. C. OWEN, Postmaster General.
General Post Office, 22d November, 1861.

ON CONSIGNMENT,
And now for Sale.
8 Boxes Cavendish TOBACCO 5 cases BOOTS & SHOES
50 boxes Digby HERRINGS 4 boxes Maccaroni
100 bbls. Labrador Herrings 5 Iron Bedsteads
15 dozen Corn Brooms
A lot of Cooking and Franklin Stoves, for wood and coal.
Some small Cook Stoves for vessels.
All the above at low prices.
Oct 14, 1861. WILLIAM DODD, Queen Square.

Poetry.

THE CHOICE OF KING MIDAS,

OR TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

I.

Midas, King of Phrygia, several thousand years ago,
Was a very worthy monarch, as the classic annals show—
You may read 'em at your leisure, when you have a mind to doze,
In the finest Latin verses, or in choice Hellenic prose.

II.

Now this notable old monarch, King of Phrygia as aforesaid;
(Of whose royal state and character there might be vastly more said,)
Though he occupied a palace, kept a very open door,
And had still a ready welcome for the stranger and the poor.

III.

Now it chanced that old Silenus, who, it seems had lost his way,
Following Bacchus through the forest, in the pleasant month of May,
(Which wasn't very singular, for at the present day
The followers of Bacchus very often go astray—)

IV.

Came at last to good King Midas, who received him in his court,
Gave him comfortable lodgings, and—to cut the matter short,—
With as much consideration treated weary old Silenus,
As if the entertainment were for Mercury or Venus.

V.

Now when Bacchus heard the story, he proceeded to the King,
And says he, "By old Silenus you have done the handsome thing;
He's my much respected tutor who has taught me how to read,
And I'm sure your royal kindness should receive its proper meed.

VI.

So I grant you full permission to select your own reward;
Choose a gift to suit your fancy—something worthy of a lord!
"*Evæ Bacche!*" cried the monarch, "If I do not make too bold,
Let whatever I may handle be transmuted into gold!"

VII.

Midas, sitting down to dinner, sees the answer to his wish,
For the turbot on the platter turns into a golden fish!
And the bread between his fingers is no longer wheaten bread,
But the slice he tries to swallow is a wedge of gold instead!

VIII.

And the roast he takes for mutton fills his mouth with golden meat,
Very tempting to the vision, but extremely hard to eat;
And the liquor in his goblet, very rare, select and old,
Down the monarch's thirsty throttle runs a stream of liquid gold!

IX.

Quite disgusted with his dining, he betakes him to his bed;
But, alas! the golden pillow doesn't rest his weary head;
Nor does all the gold around him soothe the monarch's tender skin;
Golden sheets, to sleepy mortals, might as well be sheets of tin!

X.

Now, Poor Midas, straight repenting of his rash and foolish choice,
Went to Bacchus, and assured him, in a very plaintive voice,
That his golden gift was working in a manner most unpleasant—
And the god, in sheer compassion, took away the fatal present.

MORAL.

By this mythologic story we are very plainly told,
That, though good may have its uses, there are better things than gold;
That a man may sell his freedom to procure the shining pelf;
And that avarice, though it prosper, still contrives to cheat itself!

MY OLD STRAW HAT.

A Parody on the "Old Arm Chair."

I love it, I love it, and what of that,
Who'll chide me for loving that old straw hat?
I've gazed on it oft with unspeakable pleasure;
I've preserved it long as a sacred treasure;
I've guarded it long with tender care;
'Twas the gift of a maiden so loved and fair—
Her fingers have woven each delicate plait,
And a sacred thing is that old straw hat.

I love it, I love it, and who will say
That I should now cast that old hat away?
It hath circled my head where the sea-winds blow,
It hath shielded my hair from the mountain snow;
From noonday sun it hath sheltered my brow,
And think ye when *old*, I'll desert it now?
In sunshine and storm, and in wintry weather,
That old hat and I have been friends together.

I'll cling to it fondly yet many a day,
'Till my eyes grow dim, and my locks are gray;
And when Death's cold shaft to my bosom hath sped
It shall moulder, unseen, in my earth-bound bed.
It tells me that life's parting sands run fast,
That earth's choicest gifts not long can last;
And I joy that a lesson so pure as that
May be gleaned from the fate of my old straw hat.'

WHY I LEFT THE VOLUNTEERS.

'Then I'll resign,' said I.

'Very well,' said he, 'you can do as you please.'

And now, having repeated two sentences, which have been running in my mind ever since they were uttered, I will try to tell how it was that I came to make so decided a remark. It is astonishing the soothing effect which repairing a grievance has on the sufferer, and this must be my excuse for inflicting my woes on an unoffending reader.

First then, to introduce myself. My name is Codlings; I am short, stout, and middle aged; and I am, or rather (alas!) was a captain in the Targetshire, or Death to the Invader Volunteers. And I may add that no one could have been a more thorough volunteer than I was: I was proud of the uniform, and liked the exercise.

The 18th of June had long been fixed as the day on which a grand review of the corps was to take place.

An M. P., for the country was to be present, and a bugle was to be presented by the M. P.'s daughter, and altogether we felt that the eyes of Europe would be upon us, and we felt equal to the occasion.

As the day approached, our drills were multiplied to such an extent that most of us feared that our uniform would hardly last so as to be fit to be seen at the review, so great was the strain upon it.

However, practice makes perfect, and after our last drill on the evening of the 17th, we one and all considered that we were so near to perfection that our talents would be altogether thrown away upon an ordinary field day, and that nothing short of a grand sham fight, on the exact model of a real one, would at all do us justice.

It was in vain for our adjutant (a half-pay officer of the army, who is dreadfully jealous of our progress, I am sure) to object; a sham battle we were determined upon.

The only difficulty was to decide which battle of modern times should be honoured by our notice; Alma, Inkerman, Solferino, were all discussed; but each presented some objections, and we were nearly giving up the idea, and the adjutant becoming triumphant, when Waterloo was proposed, as being appropriate to the day, and, moreover, it was added that there was a small clump of trees on our parade-ground, with a cow-shed in it, which would do admirably for Hugomont and its adjacent wood.

The next question was to find a leader for the force to be driven back; no one was desirous of appearing in the light of a beaten general on their first field, till at last, I, Codlings, was selected to enact the part of the great Napoleon.

The somewhat secondary part of Blucher was to be taken by our senior first-lieutenant, Crabtrees by name.

Crabtrees had been originally in the Hussars, but having been rather too fond of chicken hazard, had sold out, and retired to his ancestral acres. He was for some time my front rank man, and although generally speaking he was most expert at the 'Manual,' he invariably ordered his rifle on to my toes, apologised, smiled at my agonised extortions, and repeated the performance five minutes afterwards.

He it was, too, who, with malice aforethought, abstracted the detonating composition from my percussion-caps on the eve of a field day, thereby covering me with confusion; and added insult to injury by exposing the trick he had played me, at the very moment when I was expatiating on the utter uselessness of the government rifle to a select circle of friends, and stating my belief that it was impossible to make most of them go off.

Again, on the occasion of my firing off my ramrod by accident, Crabtrees was the man who discovered its absence, in spite of my trying to look innocent and unconscious, and presented it to me amidst the jeers of my comrades. Altogether, Crabtrees was a nuisance, and I hated him cordially.

Our colonel was to command the supposed British army, assisted by the adjutant, while I was allowed as a set-off to the latter functionary the drill-sergeant of our corps.

The night of the 17th June was a restless one for me, the thoughts of to-morrow were ever present with me, and prevented my sleeping; and even when I had coaxed myself at last into a sort of sleep, I awoke with a start, five minutes afterwards, with the full conviction that I had been omitted to be called, and that the review was all over without me, the representative of Napoleon, the martial Codlings. A second time I awoke in a fancied endeavour to draw my sword (being attacked by two gigantic enemies); the handle twisted and turned like a snake in my hands, and seemed to be ringing like a bell, when to my surprise I found myself with the bellrope in my grasp, and the whole of the household rushing to my room to ascertain the cause of the sudden outbreak.

At last, after having looked at my watch a hundred times, I found it was six o'clock, and up I got, rushed to the window, and, fates be praised, it was a lovely morning.

How I got dressed that day, I know not, for in the excitement of the moment, my buttons flew off from my touch, like needles to a magnet. At last my toilet was completed, but with my feelings breakfast was not to be thought of, anything beyond a cup of tea would have choked me outright.

Our rendezvous was to be the railway station, where we were to receive our M. P., who was to arrive by the 10 o'clock train, and from thence we were to march to our various positions.

Crabtrees was to remain at the White Hart in the town until sent for, and was then to come up with his detachments to conduct the pursuit.

The ten o'clock train arrived, and with it the M. P., who shook hands with all the officers, and complimented individually every non-commissioned officer and private on his soldierlike appearance.

The M. P.'s daughter, who was to present the bugle, was lovely, and I burned to distinguish myself, and obtain, perhaps, an approving smile, or even a crown of laurels which she might—who knows?—have secreted in her pocket. The laurels, not the smile, I mean.

We marched off, our band playing one of our favourite airs—I regret not being able to state which it was; but unfortunately, the first cornet, who always played the melody, was ill with the toothache, and was unable to attend parade, so we were obliged to march with accompaniments only, but the big drum did his duty nobly, and we did not miss the first cornet so much, after all.

At length we reached the parade-ground. I stole a glance at the M. P.'s fair daughter as I marched my men off to take up the position of the attacking French army, and my heart throbbed audibly through my uniform.

When we arrived, imagine my chagrin at being told by our drill-sergeant, who appeared quite to ignore me, that my position was to be a stationary one, and that, in imitation of Napoleon and his look-out tower, I must climb a tree, and from thence watch the proceedings. I was never good at climbing; but, with a little assistance, and—I am sorry to say, for the credit of our discipline—an occasional reminder from some of my men's bayonets, I reached the second bough.

Our fellows behaved splendidly. Hugomont—or the cow-shed—was taken and retaken, and at length the time arrived for the last grand charge. Human nature could stand it no longer. I had been doing patience on a monument for two hours, and was thoroughly sick of it, so I determined to depart from history and my tree, and lead the charge myself.

I had some difficulty in getting down, and when I had succeeded, my men were already charging, and just as I was running after them at my best pace, whom should I see coming up between us but that confounded Crabtrees and his supposed Prussian?

They had evidently lunched at the White Hart, and appeared to have taken more to drink than was good for them. However that might be, they no sooner caught sight of me than they raised a shout of 'There's Bonaparte himself—let's take him prisoner!'

I turned and fled.

It was in vain. My figure was not calculated for running, and they gained upon me at every step; but still I held on, I scrambled over hedges and through ditches, but still I felt they could catch me at any moment. I unclasped my sword belt in hopes that that trophy would be sufficient for them. But, no! one picked it up and the others still pursued; they evidently looked upon me as the representative of invasion, and were determined on revenge.

I ran till I could run no longer, and then sank exhausted. They seized me, and in spite of all my protestations and struggles and explanations that I was only Codlings, and not Bonaparte, they dragged me to a duck-pond. I heard a 'One, two, three, and away!' and the next moment I was floundering in four feet of black mud.

I struggled out as best I might. The first man I saw was Crabtrees, who apologised for the behaviour of his men with a smile on his countenance, for which I could have slain him then and there.

When I recovered myself a little, I crawled rather than walked up to the parade-ground, and arrived just after the bugle had been presented.

My appearance was the signal for a general shout of laughter. Even the M. P.'s pretty daughter—whose semi-official position should have kept her quiet—laughed. The more I stormed and swore, the more they all laughed; and well they might, for I presented the spectacle of a dripping nigger.

The next morning I went to the colonel, and lodged my complaint against Crabtrees; but it was of no use, he only laughed at me, and I then expressed myself in the words with which I began my sad tale.

I have, since writing the above, just seen the *Gazette* in which I perceive the following:

TARGETSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.—F. Crabtrees, Esq., to be Captain, vice Codlings, resigned.

Imagine my disgust. W. H. S.

THE ART OF SAYING NOTHING.

When a man has nothing to say, how he is to say it is one of the most difficult problems that can be propounded to human ingenuity. At the same time, it is one which almost every educated man, on some occasions in the course of his life, is called upon by convivial exigencies to solve. The art of saying nothing well is not yet taught in schools, though no doubt it will be included in the *curriculum* of the "knowledge of common things" which is coming into vogue. It certainly is an art which, for utility as well as for difficulty, has few equals. It is the soul of a public dinner; and to public dinners we all must come at last. No classical elegance, no deep learning, no logical subtlety will supply its place. The man who possesses it will feel at his ease, and digest his venison in tranquillity of spirit, while the erudite sage or elegant Latinist at his side is bolting his food whole, sweating visibly in the anguish of antic pation, or trying to drown it by repeated recourse to the Scriptural recipe for gladness of heart. How rare is the peace of mind which this simple accomplishment bestows, may be gathered from a glance at the upper table during the preliminary courses of any of the county festivals which are the favourite amusement of the present season. There are few spectacles more affecting to a well-constituted mind. The Chairman, in right of his pre-eminence, looks the most miserable of all, for he has the greatest number of speeches to make. He has three simultaneous functions to perform—to carve, to be agreeable, and to think over his speeches; and the workings of his countenance are sometimes truly awful as he is attempting to combine these incompatible duties. The necessities of the moment force him to carve and talk, but his heart is in his speeches. From time to time, he attacks the haunch with an interjectional cut, or his neighbour with a spasmodic remark upon the weather; but he evidently grudges every moment that is stolen from preparation for the ordeal that is before him. No efforts of politeness can keep his mind from it for long. No wonder that his knife slackens occasionally, or that his tongue wanders in the repetition of a hunting anecdote—he is despairingly cudgelling his brains to think of something new to say about the Queen. He may listen to his neighbor's witticism with suitable grins in the right places for a time; but his neighbour must pardon him if, at last, the laughter is a minute or two too late, for his mind has wandered off to an agricultural compliment to Prince Albert, which he intends to improvise, and which he is vainly trying to reduce, at least approximately, to grammar. Happy is he if, in the distracted condition of his mind, he does not insult his neighbour, starve the clamorous farmers, forget to drink wine with the disaffected busybody of the county town, and eat and drink himself a great deal more than is good for him.

But he is only the extreme instance of the misery which is prevailing all around him. All along the rows on each side, the victims marked for the evening's sport may be detected by their nervous movements and convulsive efforts at composure. One is pulverizing his bread with as much energy as if his vocation in life were to feed chickens. Another is never weary of reading the maker's name upon the blade of his knife and deciphering the mock stamp upon his fork. A third tries to steal precious moments of abstraction by looking up with long admiring gaze at the roof of the room in which he is dining. A fourth relieves his overwrought mind by incessant attention to the correct twirl of his moustache. All betray unmistakably the blank wretchedness that fills their souls at the prospect of having to stand up and say nothing volubly and in a loud voice, for the space of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. All this misery might have been spared if our system of education had kept pace with the wants of civilization. The art of saying nothing is quite important enough to be placed under the invocation of a tenth Muse. It might fittingly form the subject of a fifth School at the University; and the Heads of Houses seem pointed out by nature herself to be its professors. Even the Civil Service Commissioners might incorporate it with advantage into their system. There is no accomplishment more necessary in the composition of despatches and the management of deputations; and the enormous scope it furnishes for the display of various abilities would spare them the necessity, or the temptation, of testing a clerk's capacity for official life by examining him in the local peculiarities of Nijni Novogorod.

When the art comes to be studied systematically, it will be found that it may be divided into several branches, each of which requires different training. The first kind—and that which, spite of the want of scientific study, has attained the greatest development among us—may be called the art of saying religious nothings. It is practised chiefly at missionary meetings, and may be heard in great perfection at Exeter Hall. There are a certain number of societies which must be supported by annual subscriptions; and the consideration for these subscriptions, without which neither gospel precept nor human reasoning will induce the religious world to give them, consists of a certain number of speeches to be delivered by persons of some kind of notoriety from a London platform on a summer afternoon. This demand has existed for so long that the art of saying nothing religiously has been cultivated with success. The task is very severe. There is no new material of any kind. It used to be a resource to repeat the broken English in which some traditional negro described his spiritual experiences to a missionary's wife; but the anecdote has been repeated so often, and the negro's remarks bear so suspicious a resemblance to the regulation dialect of the Tabernacle (Mr. Spurgeon's church so-called,) that the device has lost its novelty. There is no straw, therefore, now furnished to make the required tale of bricks. The speakers must distil the half-hour's unction entirely out of their own brains. But yet there is no case in which the art of saying nothing is, as a rule, practised with so much skill. The clergy get through it with so much ease, and show so little appearance of distress, that the pulpit may be presumed to form a good preparation for the task. The genial or festive department of the art, which is practised at wedding breakfasts, public dinners, laying of a first stone, and the like, is a less difficult, but at the same time a far less perfect branch. As the performers who usually figure in the chief place, members of Parliament rank far below the clergy. Lord Palmerston is, indeed, unapproachable. Neither layman nor clerk can even distantly imitate that matchless compound of chaff, claptrap, and blarney which the Prime Minister can pour forth in any quantities at a moment's notice.

But, speaking generally, the politicians are miserable practitioners. They do not enjoy the advantage of the clergy. Unless he be a man of rare ability, the mass of composition which a clergyman is required to produce within the year is so enormous that a great deal of it must be inane. He acquires a habit of stringing together words without any ideas attached to them which, is of inestimable value to him on all public occasions. On the other hand, an M. P., being under no necessity to speak, is treated without mercy by his audience in the House of Commons if he attempts to force on them a speech of mere platitudes. The habits of the summer extend into the autumn, and he finds himself dumbfoundered in the presence of an agricultural audience before whom politics are prohibited. Nothing could be more cruel than such a rule. Forbidding an M. P. to refer to politics in his speech is like forbidding any mention of religion in a sermon, or any allusions to bridesmaids at a wedding-breakfast. Its results are lamentable in the extreme. Sometimes, like Mr. Wegelin and Mr. Newdegate, the speaker openly disregards it, and plunges headlong into the most irritating questions of the day. Sometimes, like General Peel, he has the ingenuity to make a speech upon the impossibility of making a speech. But, as a rule, the autumnal senator is the dreariest and most twaddlesome of orators. He is cut off from the only subject with which he is familiar, and in the great art of dispensing with a subject altogether he is wholly unpractised.

It is a misfortune for our national good fame that the season of agricultural dinners coincides so accurately with the famine season of the daily papers. The reports of the agricultural meetings are the only apology for an excitement they have to offer to their readers in the intervals of the American news. In the autumn, men will read even the speeches of county members at county dinners, as men will eat shoes in a siege. Of course, therefore, the papers print them, and our public men acquire anything but an intellectual reputation with the world at large. If nonsense must be talked, it is a pity that it is not talked better. Of course, an ideal state of things would be that farmers should meet to show fat pigs against each other, without thinking it necessary to conclude the ceremony by boozing and listening to bad speeches for six hours. But this is Utopian. The elector has his representative, as the noble of old had his jester, to amuse him in his cups; and it is a prerogative with which he will not lightly part. It is a portion of the suit and service on condition of performing which the member holds his seat. It is an expression of the gratitude which, by a strange caprice of custom, a representative is conventionally supposed to feel to his constituents for allowing him to wear out his life in harassing and thankless labour on their behalf. The elector will not easily be persuaded to forego a homage so grateful to his vanity. The only thing to be done, therefore, is to educate the classes on whom this elevating duty falls to say their nothing in a somewhat less soporific style. —*London Paper.*

A CURL CUT OFF WITH AN AXE.—A TRUE INCIDENT.—"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me.

"Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why did you prize a lock of your hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God and of his special care than anything else I possess.

"I was a little child of four years old, with long curly locks, which, in sun or rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy axe, as it went up and down upon the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke, in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon this log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered; I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass, and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his axe and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl, and went home with me in his arms.

"That lock he kept all his days, as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his death-bed."

A Rich miserly old widower, made a proposal of marriage to a young girl. He promised her everything she wanted, if she would have him. "Will you let me keep my carriage?" asked she. "Yes," was the reply. They were married, and a carriage was purchased. "Where are the horses?" inquired the lady. "That's more than I bargained for," said old stingy, "I promised that you might keep your carriage. There it is. Keep it where you please, my dear."