

other, and the judge at the same moment commenced turning over his notes of the evidence, preparatory to charging. After a few moments, he commenced—

‘Gentlemen of the jury—The present action—’
‘My lord,’ interrupted the foreman, ‘I believe it will be unnecessary for your lordship to trouble yourself by going through the evidence. We have agreed on our verdict.’

‘Indeed?’ said his lordship, a little surprised.
Crawford started from his seat, breathless, and pale as a statue. The issue paper was handed down.

‘For whom do you find, gentlemen?’
‘We find for the plaintiff—£6,000 damages, and 6d. costs,’ replied the foreman.

Crawford’s eye brightened—one flash of triumph gleamed upon his features—in an instant that marble hue replaced it, and, with an air of utter exhaustion, he sank in his place. I drew near him—

‘My dear fellow,’ said I, ‘you have made a splendid effort; but you are fatigued—you had better leave the court.’

He smiled faintly.
‘You are right,’ he replied. ‘I am knocked up, I believe; it came on me by surprise. I’ll take your advice; and we left together.’

When we reached the street, I found it was later than I thought; and having an engagement to dine with a friend some miles from town, I parted Crawford in a few minutes. As I was leaving him, I shook him warmly by the hand, and exclaimed—

‘*Au revoir*, my dear Arthur, you have a splendid career before you. I shall yet see you on the bench.’

‘Perhaps so,’ said he, with a forced smile; ‘but I fear you are a bad prophet.’

We parted. I slept in the country that night, and next day arrived in town just in time to drive to the court-house, where a case in which I was engaged was expected to be called on early.

I had just entered. Another case was called. After a few moments, the agent hurried into court, apparently in great excitement—

‘My lord,’ said he, addressing the bench, ‘I have to apply for a postponement of this trial on a very melancholy ground. Mr. Crawford, who was engaged in the case, has been wounded—I fear mortally—this morning, in a duel.’

There was a deep sensation in the court; but I waited for no more. I rushed to Crawford’s lodgings. Alas! the tale was but too true. I found he had but a few hours to live. He had given Mr. Vandeleur a meeting that morning, and in the first fire received the fatal wound.

As I entered the room, he smiled.
‘Well,’ said he, ‘was I right in doubting your prediction? At least it will be a satisfaction to you to know that I am a happier man than I should be, if it were true.’

I will not dwell upon my interview with him. Life was fast ebbing; but he suffered little pain, and was not only resigned, but cheerful. He made one request of me, which I too soon had the sad satisfaction of executing—that he should be interred in the church-yard of E—. That evening he was no more.

It was a bright, dewy April morning; the sun was just rising, and a group of persons were moving towards the gate which led from the little churchyard just alluded to to the high road. The old clergyman of the parish, and the physician whom we have already seen at the beginning of this story, were walking silently together, a little in advance of the rest, and one tottering, aged man was leaning both his hands on an oaken staff, and looking on a new-made grave, while the large tears flowed slowly down his furrowed cheeks, and a group of young and unconscious children were gazing wistfully in his face. ‘It is a strange superstition,’ said the physician, rather musingly than addressing his companion, ‘which makes the heavens weep over the interment of the beautiful and the good. Those who know this world’s hollowness would find a happier omen in their smile.’

‘And those who do not,’ replied the clergyman, ‘might learn it sadly from the story of Emily St. Aubyn.’

Yes, reader, on her grave fell the first ray of that morning’s quiet sunshine. Five days after the termination of the trial above described, her bruised and gentle spirit passed away to that world “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

But what of Vandeleur? After the fatal duel with Crawford, he left the country, resided in France for five years, where he married an English heiress, whose fortune was far beyond what entitled him to the legacy bequeathed by his uncle. He returned to Ireland, sat in Parliament for his native county for eighteen years, and died in the midst of a large and prosperous family. Is the reader startled by the sorrows of the good, and the prosperity of the wicked? Does he forget that JUSTICE IS ETERNAL?

BEARDS.

‘The City Item’ is the title of a new and elegant-looking weekly journal, the first number of which has just reached us from Philadelphia. It is brimful of good things—much above the run of newspaper articles in merit—and bids fair to be a racy, spicy, readable sheet. The editor, among various reformatory articles, “goes the death” against the practice of shaving in winter—declaring that no man is justified in thus inviting bron-

chitis and consumption to prey upon his throat, deprived of its natural covering. He lets out his indignation on this subject in the following clever parody:

On Manhood, when the race was young,
The beard in unshorn beauty sprung,
And nations felt what poets sung,—
Man’s great and matchless majesty.

But manhood saw another sight,
When Fashion bade each luckless wight
With lather make himself a fright,
And use the keen-edged cutlery.

With napkin near his glass arrayed,
Each man then drew his razor blade,
While soap and brush a lather made,
To hide the dreadful butchery.

And whiter yet that face should grow,
When all the glorious beard laid low,
His glass a woman’s face shall show,
Shorn of its manly majesty.

The Razor glides. Before it fall
Mustachio and Imperial—
The stately beard and whiskers, all
The victims of its treachery.

Ah! few continue to be men,
For many even glory, when
Each day the soapy foam again
Is made their manhood’s sepulchre!

LETHEON; OR PETER SPONGE’S APOLOGY.

Blessed be the man who, having had the courage to descend into a region hotter than the sands of the Brazos in the month of August, had the skill to analyze and the nerve to bottle up, a small supply for the present demand of the waters of the river Lethe. We will approach the doctor as the ancients did Trophonius, with cakes of honey in our hands and clad in clean garments; but we will come back with pale phizzes, blue lips and chattering teeth. However, never having tried the Letheon, we will presume that a grand victory over pains has been gained, and that hereafter all kinds of suffering, even that which is “sharper than a serpent’s tooth,” may be for the time removed. Such, at all events, was the opinion of Peter Sponge, a weazen-faced man, who stood in the Recorder’s dock recently. Peter’s head was evidently swelled by the intense action of his brain, and his nose was in the same situation from its having come in contact with the pavement. His pale cheeks were sunken in between his jaws, and his mouth was as tight and wrinkled as a miser’s purse. His little piggish eyes looked as if they wanted to cross the bridge of his nose, and yet hadn’t money enough to pay the toll. On the whole, Peter was a very mysterious little man, and on his name being called started upon his feet as though he had received a galvanic shock.

‘That’s my name, sir—Sponge—Professor Sponge.’
‘Sponge, you were found drunk last night. What do you do for a living?’

‘I’m a scientific man, sir—I’m one of the new lights, and not to be put out as easily as you imagine. I’ve tried every thing in the way of science, and like all men of genius have been unsuccessful. I’m a somnambulist by birth, sir.’

‘You’re a what by birth?’
‘A somnambulist. When I was an infant I crawled in my sleep, and cried for pap in the midst of dreams. At four years old I drowned a dozen young chickens in the wash basin, whilst in a somniferous state, and at ten was famed for walking on house tops and going a swimmin’ with my night clothes on. This was sufficient evidence of my talent, and they determined to educate me.’

‘To educate you for what?’
‘For the magnetizing business, sir. When I was twelve years old I could go to sleep quicker, and tell objects with my eyes shut more correctly, than any boy in the profession. But an accident occurred, sir, that marred my prospects.’

‘What was that?’
‘The house was crowded, sir. The brilliant lights in the tin sconces shone like tea—a—mirrors of chivalry, and I was the object of attraction. There I sat, sir, answering all kinds of questions, when unbeknowing to me, as a red-faced man was asking me what was the color of a cow he had on his farm, a fiend, with a crooked nose and a pair of green spectacles, ran a long darning needle into my flesh through the seat of my pantaloons. I bellowed with agony, sir—was cuffed out by the audience, and since that have been a misanthrope!’

‘You said just now you were a professor?’
‘Ah, now I am, sir—I am a professor of the Letheon school.’

‘What kind of a school is that?’
‘We, Sir, who belong to that school, give our patients a kind of subtle essence that enters the nervous system and deadens the feelings for the time being. Under its influence teeth can be drawn, legs sawed off, and eyes taken out, without the slightest pain. The patients, transported into the realms of felicity, see nothing but angels and flowers, hear nothing but the Ole Bulls and Paganinis, and feel nothing but a kind of soft, delicate, aerial, vapory kind of sweetness.’

‘You must have been in that state last night, when you kicked up a row and broke the tumblers on the counter?’

‘Sir, I was under the influence of the blessed ether

at that time—I did put a little gin in the acid by way of experiment, and dipped the sponge in whiskey to take away its sea water smell; but, sir, I trust you will not keep a man of science from his operations.’

‘What operation have you to perform?’

‘I have the leg of a horse to amputate to-day, sir, and intend to place the Letheon in his nose-bag, in order to deaden his nerves during the operation. I shall give him a strong dose, and after cutting off the limb supply its place with a cork one. It is the first time that the experiment has been tried, sir.’

The idea of a horse being supplied with a cork leg was so novel, that Peter Sponge was allowed to depart without even the payment of jail fees.—*N. O. Delta.*

THE LAST GRAND JURY FREAK DENOUNCED BY SOME OF THEMSELVES.

We take the following letter from last Tuesday’s Gazette. As we intend, at no distant day, to make a full enquiry into the character and capability of the famous Grand Jury who filed the no less famous Bill of Indictment against seven or eight gentlemen, for attending a procession in May last, and likewise to review the grounds of the ridiculous prosecution set on foot—we therefore think it unnecessary to attach so much importance to Mr. Thomas Boggs Tremain and his few allies as to make their Memorial to the Colonial Office the subject of a separate and particular editorial.

To the Editor of the Royal Gazette.

SIR; CHARLOTTETOWN, Oct. 29, 1847.

By Lord Grey’s Despatch, marked No. 46, published in the Royal Gazette of the 26th inst., it would appear that his Lordship is under the impression that all the gentlemen composing the Grand Jury at the late Summer Assizes for Queen’s County, had joined in the letter addressed to his Lordship, respecting certain representations, made or supposed to have been made, by Messrs. Swabey, Coles and others.

We think it necessary to state that we were upon that Jury, and that we neither signed, nor in any way approved of the Letter in question. We are, Sir,

Your obedient Servants,

JOHN PICTON BEETE,
ROBERT BRUCE STEWART.

THE LAST FLOURISH.

‘The fulfilment of the duties entrusted to the Delegates imposes on them the necessity of remaining in England until the 4th November Mail.’ So says last night’s *Islander*. Pray what duties? Earl Grey left them nothing to do, unless, indeed, they had some other speculation in view besides that of removing the Lieutenant Governor; and if they had, ’tis a great shame they never hinted a tittle of it to the “fourteen influentials.” Well, ’twill be a comfort if they do any service at all for their money,—and the subscribers to the sinking fund who are yet in arrears, may have some heart to pay up. We are told that we are to be enlightened with a report of the sayings and doings of the Delegates, when they shall have arrived. Collard says it will be “full, ample and satisfactory.” We presume, then, it is already prepared, and safely hid in the breeches pocket of Big Martin. Any kind of a report must be very grateful to the public ear, since the party who engage to make it have burnt prime so long.

LAUNCHED.

From the Shipyard of Mr. Daniel Flynn, Bay Fortune, on Friday the 22d ult., a very superior built and handsome modelled Brigantine of 174 tons, o. m., and 154 tons, n. m., called the *Dove*.

BIRTH.

On Sunday morning last, the Lady of T. H. Haviland, Esquire, Barrister at Law, of a daughter.

DIED.

On Tuesday morning last, after a long and painful illness, the Hon. JOHN BRECKEN, Member of the Executive and Legislative Councils of this Island, aged 47 years. His funeral will take place to-morrow at one o’clock.

Yesterday, after a short illness, Mr. JOHN GAFFNEY, Inkeeper, aged 28 years.

On the 28th ult., at Stanhope, from the effects of a scald, Robert, son of Mr. John Lawson, aged 3 years.

SHIP NEWS.

ENTERED.

Nov. 1.—Steamer Conqueror, Powell, Pictou; Flour. Schr. Nancy, Briand, Halifax; Ballast. Charles, Boudrot, Arichat; Oil. New London, Harrington, Canso; Fish. 2.—Attention, Le Blanc, Sydney; Coal. Zabine, Le Blanc, Miramichi; Lumber. Albert, Vance, Boston; Goods. Brig Annabella, Bennett, London; General Cargo. 3.—Flora Isabella, Cox, Arichat; Fish. Brig. Conquest, Marshall, Bideford; Goods.

ARRIVALS IN EUROPE FROM HENCE.

Gravesend, Oct. 10.—Echo. 11.—Josephine. Liverpool, 11—Alert. 12.—Atlantic. Gravesend, 12.—Plenty. Plymouth, 15.—James Tucker. Liverpool, 17.—Irene.
LOUGHSWILLY, October 2.—The cargo of the Anna Robinson, from P. E. Island, which put in here previous to 17th ult., is in a damaged state.