THE EXAMINER:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides.

Vol. XI. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, January 28, 1861. New Series.---No. 4.

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE *Pain Killer*

We ask the attention of the public to this long tested and unrivalled

Family Medicine.

It has been favorably known for more than twenty years, during which time we have received thousands of testimonials, showing this Medicine to be an almost never-failing remedy for diseases caused by or attendant upon---

Sudden Colds, Coughs, Fever and Ague, Headache, Bilious Fever, Pains in the Side, Back, and Loins, as well as in the Joints and Limbs; Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains in any part of the system, Toothache and Pains in the Head and Face.

As a Blood Purifier and Tonic for the Stomach, it seldom fails to cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Kidney Complaints, Sick Headache, Piles, Asthma or Phthisis, Ringworms, Boils, Felons, Whit-lows, Old Sores, Swelled Joints, and General Debility of the System.

It is also a prompt and sure Remedy for Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Painters' Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Scalds, Burns, Sprains, Bruises, Frost Bites, Chilblains, as well as the Stings of Insects, Scorpions, Centipedes, and the Bites of Poisonous Insects and Venomous Reptiles.

See Directions accompanying each bottle.

It has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost every nation known to Americans. It is the almost constant companion and inestimable friend of the missionary and the traveller, ---on sea and land,---and no one should travel on our lakes or rivers without it.

Prices, 12½ cts., 25 cts., 50 cts., and $1.00 per Bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON,
MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
Sold by dealers every where.

Agent, T. DESBRISAY,
Apothecaries' Hall, Charlottetown, P E I.
January 28, 1861. 18m

The only Genuine Pain Killer, all others are Counterfeits, Imitations, or Frauds, and as such generally worthless, if not dangerous, and never to be trusted. Beware of them.

An unrivalled and invaluable Family Medicine, which should be kept always near at hand, in case of sudden attack of Pain. In these days of railroad and steamboat accidents, no traveller is safe without it.

Mails.---Winter Route.

THE MAILS for New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Canada and the United States, will, until further notice, be made up at the General Post Office, Charlottetown, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 7 o'clock, p. m., and forwarded by Cape Tormentine.

Mails made up for Newfoundland every FRIDAY,

Mails for England and Bermuda will be made up as follows:

Tuesday, January 1st	Tuesday, Feb. 12th	Friday, March 15th,
Friday " 4th	Friday " 15th	Tuesday " 26th,
Tuesday " 15th	Tuesday " 26th	Friday " 29th,
Friday " 18th	Friday March 1st	Tuesday, April 9th,
Tuesday " 29th	Tuesday " 12th	Friday " 12th,
Friday, February 1st		

L. C. OWEN.
General Post Office, Postmaster General.
Charlottetown, December 22, 1860.

Postage Stamps.

THE PUBLIC ARE HEREBY INFORMED THAT STAMPS for the pre-payment of Letters and Packets to be sent by the post, will, on the 1st of JANUARY, 1861, be ready for circulation.

The design, colour and value of each class of Stamps are as follows:

The Queen's Head, profile, *green*, Sixpence.
" " *blue*, Three-pence.
" " *red*, Two pence.

The *blue* or *red* Stamps will be received for payment of half the sum it indicates, if cut in two diagonally.

These Stamps can be had at the General Post Office, Charlottetown, and of all Postmasters on the Island.

L. C. OWEN, Postmaster General.
General Post Office, December 26, 1860.

"Multi Sortietate Tutiores."

ALLIANCE COMPANY OF LONDON.

Capital £5,000,000 Sterling.

THE SUBSCRIBER, as the AGENT of the above Company still continues to take risks in the

LIFE DEPARTMENT,

and will be happy to furnish Persons with TABLES OF PREMIUMS for Life Assurance in various forms. These Tables indicate that this Company insure life at very moderate rates, and the Subscriber would *earnestly* invite all persons having fixed incomes, rising or large families, being about to enter into business engagements, or how otherwise in making provision for the future, to call at his Office, obtain the necessary information, and effect an Insurance on their lives.

OFFICE HOURS are from 10 a.m until 3 o'clock p.m.

The Subscriber can also be consulted at his Chambers upon the various branches of his profession.

CHARLES YOUNG.
Charlottetown, Oct. 29, 1860. 3m

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, DAVID FAIRBANKS, OBED P. MILLER, ASHER OAKES, F. W. DE ROCHEMONT, SHIPLEY W. RICKER, JOHN A. PAINE.

Fire Insurance on Dwellings, Furniture, Warehouses, Public Buildings, Mills, Manufactories, Stores, Merchandise, 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, January 7, 1861. 1y—all papers.

Accounts, Arbitrations, &c., &c.

COMPLICATED Accounts arranged, Arbitration Papers prepared, Insolvents' Papers organized for appearance and presentation before the Court, and all intricate or improperly kept accounts clearly and intelligibly stated. Fees proportionate to time and talent required.

Address Accountant, care of SWABEY & ROBERTS.
Great George Street Charlottetown.
June 26, 1860. 1sl 1y.

BEER & SON

HAVE been patiently waiting in expectation of RECEIVING a satisfactory visit from several of their customers, whose accounts fell due some three months since. Hitherto they have waited in vain. They now notify those to whom it applies, that their respective amounts must be settled without further delay.

December 31, 1860. 1m

MANTLES! MANTLES!

A NICE ASSORTMENT.
Nov. 19, 1860. BEER & SON.

For Sale or to Let,

THAT very conveniently situated BUSINESS STAND, on the West side of Souris Harbor, adjoining the Bridge, and at present in the occupation of Mr. Neil McDonald, containing 2¼ acres of Land, together with the Dwelling Houses, Stores, Wharf, Fish Flakes, &c. &c.

D. BLACKWOOD.
Charlottetown, January 21, 1861. 4i

Freehold Farm.

FOR SALE that valuable FREEHOLD FARM situated at Seven Mile Bay, Lot 27, the property of the late Mr. John McDonald, together with the Buildings thereon.

For further particulars please apply to the subscriber.

RONALD McDONALD, Executor.
Summerside, Jan'y 21, 1861 3i

FARM FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a fine FARM of 50 acres, near CRABB's, Malpeque Road, fronting 15½ chains on the Malpeque and 27 chains on the Loyalist Road—cropped with about 8 or 9 acres Oats and Potatoes, and six acres Pasture. Some large old Wood on the property. Lately in the occupation of H. N. CRAIG. Apply to SWABEY & ROBERTS.
Charlottetown, July 3, 1860.

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

TO BE SOLD, by Private Sale, several BUILDING LOTS on the East side of the Malpeque Road, opposite Spring Park. If not previously disposed of, they will be offered for Sale by PUBLIC AUCTION, in lots to suit intending purchasers, on or about the First of MAY, of which notice will be given. Apply to

March 27, 1860. WILLIAM FORGAN.

FREEHOLD PROPERTY FOR SALE.

A FREEHOLD FARM, consisting of 120 Acres, on the Tryon Road, Lot 27, 40 of which are in a high state of cultivation, the remainder covered with Hard and Soft Wood. There are a good Dwelling House and Barn on the premises, and also a good well of water within a short distance from the dwelling. For further particulars apply to the subscriber on the premises.

WILLIAM McKAY.
Tryon Road, Lot 27, Nov. 19, 1860. tf.

For Sale,

THAT FARM, consisting of 59 acres, lately occupied by Richard Milford, Esqr., situate on Mill Creek, West River. On the Farm is an excellent Dwelling House, as well as new Out-buildings, consisting of Barn, Sheep-house, &c. Within a mile of the Farm are both Grist and Saw Mills, as well as Blacksmiths' Forges and a Cartwright, and a short distance from the shore is a never-failing bed of muscle-mud. For further particulars apply to Mr. William E. Dawson, Charlottetown, or to

April 18, 1859. (tf.) JOHN MILFORD, Royalty.

ALMA.

FOR SALE, that valuable situation lately occupied by the subscriber, containing 100 acres of LAND, twenty acres of which are clear and mostly under hay, &c. There is a house 27 by 25 feet and stable 40 by 24 feet, situated on the Main Western Road, on Township No. 5, in Prince County, one-half an each side of said road; being one of the best stands for a House of Entertainment on the road, as the road from the West Shore to Cascumpec passes through the Farm, crossing the Western Road at the house. The house and stable were built particularly for the business. For further description of the premises apply to Mr. Benjamin McEwen, on the adjoining Farm. For terms of sale to the owner at Lot 16 The Farm is a leasehold.

JOHN CAMPBELL.
Lot 16. June 19, 1860. tf.

ALEXANDER McKINNON, AUCTIONEER AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,

QUEEN STREET,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

☞OFFICE in the same Building as A. H. Yates, Esq.

MEDICAL NOTICE.

ELZEAR D. GAUVREAU, M. D.
McGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.
Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada.

Office at Mr. W. McKay's, Dorchester Street, Ch. Town.
May be consulted daily between the hours of 9. a.m. and 4 p.m
October 2, 1860.

CHARLES BELL, MERCHANT TAILOR,

HAS removed to his FORMER STAND, QUEEN'S SQUARE, where he is prepared to supply *EVERYTHING* in the way of Gentlemen's apparel, from *HATS* to *SOCKS*.

—ALSO—

A large supply of Fall and Winter

Cloths, Vestings and Tailors' Trimmings,

just received per *ISABEL*, and the remainder of Stock hourly expected from Boston and N. York.

City, Oct. 23, 1860. tf

THANKS TO THE PUBLIC.

W. A. & J. LOCKERBY most respectfully tender their grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal support they have received since their commencement in business. They would also inform the public that they have taken into the business another partner, Mr. AUGUSTUS HERMANS, late Engineer of Hickey's Steam Fatory, who is prepared to execute all orders in

Lock, Gunsmithing & Bell-hanging,

in the neatest and best style, and with despatch. The business in future will be conducted under the name of LOCKERBYS & HERMANS.

WILLIAM A. LOCKERBY,
JOHN LOCKERBY,
Oct. 16, 1860. AUGUSTUS HERMANS.

NOTICE.

BEING about to leave the Island for the winter, I have, by, Letter of Attorney, dated this day, appointed Mr. DAVID ROGERS my Attorney during my absence, who is duly empowered to collect all manner of debts due me, and transact a general business for me until my return.

JAMES C. POPE.
Summerside, December 20, 1860.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having been empowered to collect all debts due the Hon JAMES C. POPE, hereby notifies all persons concerned, that unless their respective Accounts be paid on or before the 15th day of JANUARY next, legal steps will be taken for the recovery thereof.

The Subscriber trusts that no one will consider this Notice intended for his neighbour, and not for himself.

DAVID ROGERS.
Summerside, December 20, 1860. 4w

A CARD.

MRS. IRVING has opened her Winter Classes for Painting and Drawing. Oil Painting on Tuesdays and Fridays, from 11 till 1 o'clock. Water Coloring and Penciling on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

N. B. Mrs. Irving can supply material for Oil Painting.
January 14, 1861. RW 3w.

Administration Notice.

ALL persons having any demands against the Estate of the late Mr John McDonald, Farmer, of Lot 27, Seven Mile Bay, are requested to furnish the same (duly attested) within three months from this date; and any person indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

RONALD McDONALD.
Summerside, 21st January, 1861. 3i

CODLINES.
CARPENTERS' CHALK LINES,
SALMON, MACKEREL, HERRING and
SAIL TWINES,
WHITE, BROWN and YELLOW SHOE THREAD.

A large supply of the above for sale by

CHARLES DEMPSEY.
July 3, 1860.

Literature.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

High hopes that burned like stars sublime
Go down the Heaven of Freedom;
And true hearts perished in the time
We bitterliest need them!
But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wilderness to-day,
The promised land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,
There are no flowers blooming!
Yet life beats in the frozen bough,
And Freedom's spring is coming!
And Freedom's tide comes up alway,
Though we may stand in sorrow;
And our good barque, a-ground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow.

Through all the long, dark nights of years,
The people's cry ascendeth,
And the earth is wet with blood and tears;
But our meek suffrance endeth!
The few shall not forever sway,
The many toil in sorrow;
The powers of earth are strong to-day,
But heaven shall rule to-morrow.

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling features glisten!
For lo! our day bursts up the skies;
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant sway,
And ripens with her sorrow;
Keep heart! who bear the cross to-day
Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

On! Youth! flame earnest, shall aspire,
With energies immortal!
To many a haven of desire,
Our yearning opes a portal!
And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
And harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
Oh, chivalry of labor!
Triumph and toil are twins; and aye
Joy suns the cloud of sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow.

WIDOW SIMPSON'S SPOONS.

The parish of Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire, ought to be reckoned among the classic spots of Scotland, inasmuch as it formed part of the dowry which Robert Bruce bestowed on his eldest daughter Margery, when she married Walter, the High Steward of Scotland, and thus became the progenitrix of the royal and unlucky house of Stuart. Lying midway between Edinburgh and Glasgow, these rival queens of the east and west, but out of the common track of the traffic and travel, it has been for ages a pastoral parish, of small and rather backward farms. Of late years coal has been found there; and steam and trade, which bid fair to leave the world no rustic corner, are rapidly turning it into a mining district; which nobody thought of about the time of the general peace, when Bathgate lived on its own oats and barley, wore its own hodden-gray, and had but two subjects of interest:—the corn market and the kirk session. Among its peaceable and industrious population there was one dame who, though neither the wealthiest nor the best born, stood, in her own esteem, above all but the laird and the minister; and her title was Widow Simpson. This lady valued herself—not on the farm by her good man who departed this life some seven years before the commencement of our story, for its acres were few, and they consisted of half reclaimed moorland—not on her grown-up son Robin, though he was counted a lively and sensible lad—not on her own thrifty housekeeping, though it was known to be on the tight screw principle—but on the possession of a dozen silver tea-spoons. Her account of them was that they had belonged to the Young Chevalier, and had been bestowed upon her grand-father in return for entertaining that claimant to the British crown on his march from Culloden—in proof of which she was accustomed to point out a half-obliterated crest, and the initials C. S., with which they were marked. The widow's neighbours, however, had a different tale regarding their coming into the family. It was to the effect that her grandfather, who kept a small inn somewhere in Fife, had bought them from an ill-doing laird for three gallons of Highland whiskey, and bestowed them on his granddaughter, as the one of his family most likely to hold fast to such an important acquisition.

In the family resided, in the capacity of servant, one Nancy Campbell, a girl about nineteen, who was suspected of having taken a fancy to Robin, who reciprocated the sentiment. Nothing, however, would soften the heart of the widow as regards a match, untill at last the following event occurred, and caused her to give way:—About the hay-making time a distant and comparatively rich relation was expected to call and take tea that evening on his way from Linlithgow. It was not often that this superior relative honored her house with a visit, and Mrs. Simpson, determined that nothing should be wanting to his entertainment, brought out the treasured spoons early in the forenoon, with many injunctions to Nancy touching the care she should take in brightening them up. While this operation was being conducted in the kitchen, in the midst of one of the uncertain days which vary the Northern June, a sudden darkening of the sky announced the approach of heavy rain. The hay was dry and ready for housing. Robin and two farm men were busily gathering it in; but the great drops began to fall while a great portion yet remained in the field, and, with the instinct of crop preservation, forth rushed the widow, followed by Nancy, leaving the spoons half-secured on the kitchen table In her rapid exit, the girl forgot to latch the door. The weasel and the kite were the only depredators known about the moorland farm; but while they were all occupied in the hay-field, who should come that way but Geordy Wilson.

Well, the kitchen door was open, and Geordy stepped in. He banged the kettle with his staff, he coughed, he hemmed, he saluted the cat, which sat purring on the window seat, and at length discovered there was nobody within. Neither meal nor penny was to be expected that day; the rain was growing heavier, some of the hay must be wet, and Mrs. Simpson would return in bad humour. But two objects powerfully arrested Geordy's attention; one was the broth pot boiling on the fire, and the other the silver spoons scattered on the table. Bending over the former, Geordy took a considerable sniff, gave the ingredients a stir with the pot-stick, and muttered "very thin." His proceeding with regard to the latter must remain unmentioned; but, half an hour after, when he was safely ensconced in a farm-house a mile off, the family were driven within doors by the increasing storm; they found everything as it had been left; the broth on the fire, the cat on the window seat, the whiting and flannel on the table, but not a spoon was there.

"Whar's the spoons?" cried Mrs. Simpson to the entire family, who stood by the fire drying their wet garments. Nobody could tell. Nancy had left them on the table when she ran to the hay. No one had been in the house, they were certain, for nothing was disturbed. The drawer was pulled out, and the empty stocking exhibited. Every shelf, every corner was searched, but to no purpose; the spoons had disappeared, and the state of the farm-house may be imagined. The widow ran through it like one distracted, questioning, scolding, and searching. Robin, Nancy and the farm men were dispatched in different directions, as soon as the rain abated, to advertise the neighbours, under the supposition that some strolling beggar or gipsy might have carried off the treasure, and would attempt to dispose of it in the parish. Nobody thought of Geordy Wilson; he had not been spied from the hay-field; his circuits were wide; his visits to any house were not frequent; and if he eschewed Widow Simpson's from the day of her loss, it was believed Geordy knew that neither her temper nor her liberality would be improved by that circumstance. Lost the spoons were beyond a doubt, and the widow bade fair to lose her senses. The rich relation came at his appointed time, and had such a tea that he vowed never again to trust himself in the house of his entertainer. But the search went on; rabbits' holes were looked into for the missing silver, and active boys were bribed to turn out magpies' nests. Wells and barns in the neighbourhood were explored. The criers of the three nearest parishes were employed to proclaim the loss; it was regularly advertised at Kirkgate and market place: and Mrs. Simpson began to talk of getting a search-warrant for the beggar's meal-pouch. Bathgate was alarmed through all its borders concerning the spoons; but when almost a month wore away, and nothing could be heard of them, the widow's suspicions turned from beggars, barns, and magpies, to light on poor Nancy. She had been scouring the spoons, and left the house last; silver could not leave the table without hands. It was true that Nancy had always borne an unquestioned character; but such spoons were not to be met with every day, and Mrs. Simpson was determined to have them back in her stocking. After sundry hints of increasing breadth to Robin, who could not help thinking his mother was losing her judgment, she one day plumped the charge, to the utter astonishment and dismay of the poor girl, whose anxiety in the search had been inferior only to her own. Though poor and an orphan, Nancy had some honest pride; she immediately turned out the whole content of her kist (box), unstrung her pocket in Mrs. Simpson's presence, and ran with tears in her eyes to tell the Minister.

As was then common in the country parishes of Scotland, difficulties and disputes which might have employed the writers and puzzled the magistrates were referred to his arbitration, and thus law-suits or scandal prevented. The minister had heard—as who in Bathgate had not?—of Mrs. Simpson's loss. Like the rest of the parish he thought it rather strange; but Nancy Campbell was one of the most serious and exemplary girls in his congregation,—he could not believe that the charge preferred against her was true; yet the peculiarities of the case demanded investigation. With some difficulty the minister persuaded Nancy to return to her mistress, bearing a message to the effect that he and two of his elders, who happened to reside in the neighbourhood, would come over the following evening to hear what could be heard upon both sides, and, if possible, clear up the mystery. The widow was well pleased at the minister and his elders coming to inquire after her spoons. She put on her best MUTCH—that is to say, cap—prepared for her best speeches, and enlisted some of the most reliable of her neighbours to assist in the investigation.

Early in the evening of the following day—when the summer sun was wearing low and the field-work was over—they were all assembled in the clean-scoured kitchen, the minister, elders, and neighbours, soberly listening to Mrs. Simpson's testimony touching her lost silver, Nancy, Robin and the farm-men sitting by till their turn came; when the door, which had been left open to admit the air—for the evening was sultry—was quietly pushed aside, and in slid Geordy Wilson, with his usual accompaniments of staff and wallet.

"Taere's nae room for ye here, Geordy," said the widow; "we're on weighty business."

"Weel, mem," said Geordy, turning to depart, "it's of nae consequence. I came to speak about your spoons."

"Hae ye heard o' them," cried Mrs. Simpson, bouncing from her seat,

"I couldno miss hein' blessed wi' the precious gift o'hearin'; and what's better, I saw them,' said Geordy.

"Saw them, Geordy? Whar are they? and here's a whole shillin' for ye;' and Mrs. Simpson's purse, or rather an old glove used for that purpose, was instantly produced.

"Weel,' said Geordy, "I shipped in ae day, and seein' the siller unguarded, I thought some ill-guided body might covet it, and jist laid it by, I may say, amang the leaves o' that Bible, thinkin' you would be sure to see the spoons when you went to read.'

Before Geordy had finished his revelation Nancy had brought down the proudly-displayed, but never-opened-Bible, and interspersed between its leaves lay the dozen of long sought spoons.

The Minister of Bathgate could scarcely command his gravity while admonishing Geordy on the trouble and vexation his trick had caused. The assembled neighbours laughed outright when the daft man, pocketing the widow's shilling, which he had clutched in the early part of his discourse, assured them all that he kenned Mrs. Simpson read the Bible so often the spoons would be certain to turn up. Geordy got many a basin of broth and many a luncheon of bread and cheese on account of that transaction, with which he amused all the firesides of the parish. Mrs. Simpson was struck dumb even from scolding. The discovery put an end to her ostentatious professious, and, it may be hoped, turned her attention more to practice. By way of making amends for her unjust imputations on Nancy Campbell, she consented to receive her as a daughter-in-law within the same year; and it is said there was peace ever after in the farm house; but the good people of Bathgate, when discussing a character of more pretence than performance, still refer to Widow Simpson's spoons.

HOW THEY LIED.—A man described his father as so spry that he could balance a forty foot ladder on one end, run up one side of it over the top, and down the other, before it would fall. "I have seen my father," said Mr. B., "many a time take a forty foot ladder, run to the top of it, catch it by the top round, whirl it up another length, and go over it in the same way, before it would fall!"

WHITE GUNPOWDER.—A letter from London says: "I have heard in the city of a curious invention which concerns alike sportsmen, riflemen and the scientific. It is the manufacture of white gunpowder. It is made no mystery of, being composed of yellow potassa, chloride of potassium, loaf sugar, crystalized sugar and brimstone. It posseses superior qualities over the black powder, being quicker and more powerful in its action, and not fouling the gun. For the delicate in the olfactory nerves, it may be added that it is without unpleasant smell. It has just been patented."

WOMAN'S WIT.—At Paris, recently, Madle, Cico, the piquant actress of the Palais Royal, was to be a witness in favor of some cosmetics used by ladies, and as French Courts invariably ask the age of witnesses, all the youngest actresses of Paris were there, and they reckoned upon a good deal of merriment and profit when Madle. Cico came to disclose her years She was called to the stand, sworn, gave her name and profession. When the Judge said, "How old are you?" she quitted the stand, went up to the bench, stood on tip-toe, whispered in the Judge's ear the malicious secret! The bench smiled and kept her secret.

DIARY OF A "MEDIKUL" MAN.—A pocket diary was picked up in the streets of Mobile a few days since. From the following extracts it appears that the loser was a "medikul man."

Kase 124, Mary An Perkins, business, washwoman; sickness in her bed. Feesick, some pills a soaperifik, aged 52. Fed me one dollar I quarter bogus. Mind get good quarter and mark her tak no fisk. Kase 175. Mikel Tubbs, Bisnis, Nirishman. Lives with Dekun Pheley, what keeps a dray. Sickness, dig in the ribs, and tow bad ise. Fisik to drink my mixter twice a day of sasiperly beer, and jollop, and fish ile, to make it taist fisiky put in some asidity—Rubbed his fais with kart greas liniment. Aged 28 yeres of aig. Drinkt the mixture and wuddent paine kase it tas el nasty, but the mixter'll work his innards I reckon. Kase 176. Old Misses Boggs. Aint got no bisnis but plenty of money; sikness aul a humbug; give her some of my selebrated Dipsebolkin, which she sed drunk like kold tee—which it was too. Must put sumthin in to maik her feel sick and bad. The old woman has got the roks.

Gleanings from late Papers.

THE EXTRAORDINARY STATE OF THINGS IN NEW ZEALAND.

Recent events in two different quarters of the World suggest two very different estimates of British prowess. In China an army of 10,000 men, mostly English, have defied an Empire the nominal military force of which exceeds that of any Western Power, fighting their way through a difficult country, carrying by assault strongholds fortified with all the resources of Chinese ingenuity, scattering in wild confusion that Tartar cavalry which was once the terror of Eastern Europe, and finally pitching their tents and dictating terms on the very walls of a capital containing 2,000,000 of inhabitants. Contemporaneously with these events a drama of a totally opposite character has been proceeding in New Zealand. There a force of 1,000 effective men, commanded by a veteran General, and with an unusually large number of Colonels and other officers, amply equipped with artillery and all the munitions of war, drawing its supplies by sea, and backed by a British fleet of six ships of war, can hardly hold its own against a horde of naked savages, never exceeding 600, and now probably reduced to some 120, armed with wretched flint and steel muskets and tomahawks, unprovided with the scantiest apparatus of warfare, and almost destitute of subsistence. The last advices from the colony of New Plymouth passed for satisfactory, for we were assured that most of the natives had returned home to plant potatoes, and sanguine hopes were entertained that advantage might be taken of his inglorious respite to accomplish some decisive operation. But the mail which has just arrived damps all such expectations. It is true that the native force was reduced to much less than one-tenth of that at the disposal of Gen. Pratt, but it is equally true that three expeditions which had been made since the former accounts had proved futile, that the most brilliant exploit of our soldiers was the demolition of a few empty pahs, and that wherever resistance was offered, even on open ground, they fell back. It would be ludicrous, were it not so disgraceful and disastrous, to hear that a trumpery stockade interlaced and strenghtened with green flax, cannot be breached by a 68-pounder, or that an European force nearly as large as that with which Clive won Plassey, and aided by artillery, must wait for mortars before it can advance against another similar position. Yet these are simple facts, and give by no means an exaggerated idea of our discomfiture. The northern natives, whose voluntary retirement has alone relieved New Plymouth from a state of siege, have carried with them "horses, sheep, cattle, carts, and plunder of all sorts," property of our ruined settlers, whose wives and families have been deported for safety to Nelson, and who are themselves huddled together in the little town, without being able to strike a blow in self-defence. Meanwhile the tribes about Wellington, as well as those which inhabit the Great Waikato Valley and still profess friendly intentions, are said to be deliberating—not how they shall make their peace with the Government—but whether, having already sent Wirimu Kingi large reinforcements, they shall extend the theatre of war by making an attack upon Auckland. Seven attempts seem to have been made in the course of the present year to dislodge the Maories from their rude fortifications, and in every case we have sustained or simulated a reverse, though in one case it was retrieved by the gallantry of Capt. Cracroft. It is very natural that the colonists should clamour for reinforcements from England, and much is expected from the arrival of the 14th Regiment in December; but the Home Government may well feel that if numbers could insure success the troops now at Taranaki are more than enough to crush anything short of a general Maori rebellion, and of this the best accounts assure us that there is little prospect. What the true remedy may be it is for the Colonial-office to discover.

AN ENGLISHMAN LYNCHED IN MISSISSIPPI.

HE IS FLOGGED, TARRED AND COTTONED FOR ALLEGED TAMPERING WITH SLAVES.

[*From the St. Louis Democrat, December 8.*]

A respectable looking man, named William Smythman, a native of England, and for several years a resident of Wisconsin, arrived in this city on Tuesday, from Memphis. Mr. Smythman was driven from Mississippi last week, after suffering severe injuries for crime alleged against him. He was formerly employed in this city for a few weeks, as a miller in the Planter's Mills, on Franklin Avenue, and went to Mississippi for employment in June last. He obtained work in Panoloa and De Soto counties, near the Tennessee line. He worked for several parties dressing mill-stones, and met with no opposition from any party whatever, till about a week ago yesterday, when he started from Loozahomie, De Soto county, for Tenatobia station, on the Tennessee and Mississippi Railroad, seven miles distant, employed a negro to carry himself and trunk in a waggon to the railroad. Arriving at Senatobia after dark, he proceeded to look up freight for the negro's owner, and in doing so went into the freight depot. While there three or four persons approached him, and asked him where he was going and what he was doing. He told them he was looking for some freight for Loozahomie, but they charged him with being an abolitionist and a suspicious person, and seized and threw him into a freight car, which they locked, and then went up into the village to tell the story. The negro was also arrested, and, as afterwards appeared, was threatened with instant death if he didn't confess that the man in the freight car had endeavoured to persuade him to run off. The negro thinking, probably, to save himself from torture, said that such was the case; but, notwithstanding the confession, he was severely flogged.

About ten o'clock a crowd of thirty or forty returned to the railroad station, took Smythman out and marched him into the woods. There they stripped him naked, notwithstanding the weather was intensely cold, and gave him a large number of stripes, the victim thinks about two hundred, with a large leather belt, sometimes flat and sometimes with the edge. A man who appeared to be a doctor then advised them to desist, saying that they would finish the job the next day. They then put him into the freight car with nothing but his clothes and an old rug to protect him during the night. In the morning he was released, and permitted to pay fifty cents for a cup of coffee.

An armed force, styling themselves "Minute Men," then took him into custody afresh, went into the woods again, made him strip, tied his hands round a tree, and then shaved his head as close as they could. The crowd urged him to tell all he knew about his doings in the interior, said that they knew he was guilty of exciting slaves to insurrection, had tampered with them, and all that. Three or four said that if he would confess his life would be spared, but that if he did not he would be strung up. By this time Smythman was half dead from exhaustion and fright, and believing that it was his only chance of safety from hanging, he boldly avowed that he had tampered with the slaves. With a shout the eager listeners seized him, and some were for hanging him. An attempt was made to get a rope around his neck, but others were so anxious for another operation that the would-be executioners failed. Smythman was stripped, and liquid tar, almost hot enough to scald, was poured over his head, and half blinded as he was, the victim was not allowed to put up his hands to his eyes to keep the tar from blinding him altogether. They then stuck him all over with loose cotton. After this was over, they told him that he must start for Memphis *immediately*—forty miles off—and not stop till he reached that city. They gave him five minutes to put on his clothes, and while he was trying to pull of some of the cotton several of the mob stood by kicking his limbs, with their thick boots, the marks of which kicking he still bears. They then allowed him to start. Smythman walked all the way to Memphis, and took the boat to this city.