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. XVI.] CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1865. [NO. 6.

FALL 1865! FALL 1865!

NEW GOODS!

BY the FALL SHIPS from LIVERPOOL, GLASGOW, and LONDON, we have RECEIVED OUR USUAL STOCK OF

Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS,

Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Furs,

Hardware, Groceries, &c. &c. &c.

Our present Importation has been carefully selected by one of the Firm, in first-class Houses in GREAT BRITAIN, and embraces

A Choice Lot of Fresh and Seasonable GOODS,

WHICH ARE OFFERED

At our usual Low Prices for Cash

DAVIES & WEEKS.

Duncan's Brick Building, Queen Street, Nov. 20, 1865. } S Jour & W 4ins

LIVERPOOL HOUSE!

1865. FALL & WINTER. 1866.

WILLIAM FULL

HAS RECEIVED, by various arrivals, his FALL SUPPLY of

British and Foreign

MERCHANDIZE,

which is now offered to the Public,

Wholesale and Retail,

At the Lowest Prices for Cash.

The Stock is well selected, and includes the usual variety of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

IN

DRESS GOODS,
COBURGS,
MERINOS,
WINCIES,
ALPACAS,
MANTLES,
MANTLE CLOTHS,
WHITNEYS,
BEAVERS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING of all descriptions.

Cotton Goods,

IN

GREY COTTON,
White Do
Striped Do
SCARLET FLANNEL
White Do
Fancy Do
Ladies' Hats & Bonnets,
Feathers, Flowers,
Gloves, Ribbons,
SHAWLS,
SCARFS,
&c. &c. &c.

ALSO,

Prime CONGO TEA, Muscovado SUGAR and MOLASSES, Raisins, Currants, Soap, Leather, &c. &c.

At Thomas's Old Stand,

(GREAT GEORGE STREET.)

WILLIAM FULL.

Nov. 13, 1865.

LONDON GOODS,

Daily Expected per *Urania.*

30 CHESTS and Half Chests PRIME Congou TEA. 20 Bags Patna RICE,
120 Boxes London SOAP,
20 do do DO (very superior,)
20 Cases assorted Confectionary, in 2 lb bottles,
20 Casks Carbonate Soda, (baking,)
20 Boxes Fine Starch,
400 lbs Extract of Logwood,
3 Tons London Oakum,
400 Gallons Boiled Oil,
40 Cans White Lead, 50 lbs in each,
8 do Red do
20 do Black Paint,
16 do Green do
8 do Yellow do
160 Coils Manilla Rope, assorted sizes,
60 do Hemp do do do
300 Gross Wine and Beer Corks,
1200 3 Bushel Sacks.

ALSO, Cases assorted Pickles, bbls. Washing Soda, Sardines, Cocoa, Blacklead, Blacking, Ink, Stationery, Composition Candles, Mustard, (in tins) and sundry other articles.

DOUGLAS M. HARINGTON.

Water st., Ch'town, Oct. 23, 1865. 3m

Steamer 'Queen Victoria'

JUST RECEIVED, per Steamers "Queen Victoria" and "Princess of Wales,"

FROM QUEBEC,

100 Sides Heavy SOLE LEATHER, No. 1, Quebec inspection.
100 Sides Do., No. 2, Quebec inspection.
10 Boxes Honey Dew TOBACCO, (10's) (Prince of Wales brand)

And for sale by J. ROBERTS ECKART.

Nov. 27, 1865.

ALSO,

A few Bbls. CANADA FLOUR, very choice—imported expressly for family use.

J. ROBERTS ECKART,
Peake's Brick Building, Water-street.

Ch'town, Nov. 27, 1865. tf

FALL STOCK.

THE Subscriber HAS RECEIVED, per UNDINE and L. C. OWEN, as

Part of his Fall Stock:

22 Tons IRON,
2 Tons SPRING STEEL,
10 Cwt Sleigh Shoeing STEEL,
7 do Blister Do
3 do Cast Do
164 do NAILS and SPIKES,
130 Kegs PAINTS,
350 Gallons PAINT OIL,
111 Boxes GLASS,
2 Crates COAL SCUTTLES, and
24 Casks and Cases

General Hardware Goods.

☞ The remainder of FALL STOCK to arrive per 'Urania' and 'David Cannon.'

W. E. DAWSON.

October 30, 1865.

LOST,

ON Queen Street, this day, a PURSE containing a sum of money. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving it at Mr. Allan McDougall's, Queen Street, or at this office.

Ch'town, Nov. 24, 1865.

Notice.

WHEREAS some evil-disposed person have stolen a large ANCHOR and CHAIN CABLE from the premises of the undersigned, and have from time to time injured his property: This is to give notice that he forbids any person making fast to his Breastwork, anchoring or mooring any vessel steamboat or rafts of any description on any part of his five Town Water Lots; and any person so offending, will be subject to such charge as will be demanded.

Nov. 20, 1865. 5ins Isl J. P. BEETE.

RENFREW HOUSE,

Great George Street.

DELANY & BYRNE

HAVE RECEIVED, per UNDINE, from LIVERPOOL, URANIA from LONDON, and other arrivals, their

Fall & Winter Stock

OF

GENERAL MERCHANDIZE,

comprising the usual variety of Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS,

Hardware,
Groceries,
Ladies' Furs,
Skeleton Skirts,

Men's and Boys' Fur and Cloth CAPS,
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,
Ladies' and Gents' Felt OVER BOOTS,
Canadian MOCCASINS, and
Seal SNOW BOOTS, &c. &c.

Which they offer at the lowest remunerative prices

FOR CASH.

Charlottetown, Nov. 20, 1865.

Ex "Commerce."

JUST arrived, per Steamer *Commerce* from HALIFAX—

50 Half Boxes RAISINS,
25 Quar. do Do
50 Drums TURKEY FIGS,
5 half Barrels CURRANTS,
6 Bags FILBERTS.

For sale by N. RANKIN,
Queen Street.

Dec. 4, 1865

NEW STORES!

Dorchester Street.

Liquors, Molasses, Tea, Sugar, Flour, Tobacco, Sundry Groceries, &c.

THE SUBSCRIBER has now in his New Brick Stores, Dorchester Street, Charlottetown, the following

Extensive and Valuable Stock

OF

MERCHANDIZE,

comprising WINES, BRANDIES, and other LIQUORS of the best quality; fresh GROCERIES of all kinds; FLOUR, TEA, SUGAR, TOBACCO, MOLASSES, equal to any articles of the kind in the market, which he offers to wholesale and retail customers

At the lowest prices for Cash,

—VIZ:—

70 Puncheons choice Demerara RUM,
70 Hogsheads Hollands GIN,
6 Hhds. Irish and Scotch MALT WHISKEY,
6 Hhds. Pale and Dark BRANDY,
6 Hog-heads PORT WINE,
6 hogsheads of SHERRY,
100 dozen Edinburgh ALE,
100 dozen Guinness' PORTER,
300 chests and half chests of TEA,
10 hogsheads of SUGAR,
30 puncheons of MOLASSES,
500 barrels of FLOUR,
Boxes of Honey Dew TOBACCO,
100 boxes Liverpool SOAP,
80 boxes of PIPES,
1200 JARS, (assorted sizes,)

Together with a full assortment of all articles in the GROCERY LINE, to which he invites the attention of his friends in Town and Country, whose past favours are respectfully acknowledged.

OWEN CONNOLLY.

Charlottetown, May 29, 1865. Isl

To the Trade.

IN STORE, and will be sold at a LOW FIGURE for Cash or approved paper—

30 Chests English Congo TEA,
50 Boxes 3 Crown SOAP,
30 do T D PIPES,
20 Cases DeKuyper GIN,
3 Puncheons RUM,
5 Kegs TOBACCO.

N. RANKIN.

Queen Street, Oct 30, 1865.

Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping.

OCTOBER, 1865.

THE Committee have recently had under their consideration the Standing of Spruce in the Table A attached to the Rules, and have determined to allow the use of this material in Ships of the 5 years' grade for all parts, except Stem, Sternpost, Transoms, Knight-heads, Hawse-timbers Aprons and Deadwood.

GEORGE B. SEYFANG, Secretary.

RICHARD SLOGGET, Surveyor, Prince Edward Island.

Tea! Tea!

JUST RECEIVED, ex *URANIA,* from LONDON—

117 Chests } Very Superior
20 Half Chests } CONGO TEA.

Also, by *Ariadne,* from Leith,

57 Cases Glenury WHISKEY,
30 do GINGERETTE,
300 GRAIN SACKS.

☞ All at the lowest prices.

WILLIAM DODD, Queen Square.

Nov. 6, 1865. isl

WATCHES and JEWELLERY.

JUST RECEIVED from ENGLAND, of best quality, and for sale at a low price—

Horizontal Watches in Silver Cases,
4 holes jewelled, ... £3 10 0
Do in Hunting Cases, ... 4 0 0
English Levers, ... 9 0 0

Watch Chains and Keys, Finger Rings, Steel Ear Rings and Brooches, Gents' Pins in great variety, &c.

by A. PURCHASE, Watchmaker, Smardon's Corner.

Charlottetown, Oct 31, 1864.

LITERATURE.

DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under world,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipes of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O, Death in life, the days that are no more.

THE JESTER'S CHOICE.

One of the kings of Scanderoon,
A royal jester,
Had in his train an odd buffoon,
Who used to pester
The court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Foolish pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool—
Which wholesome rule
Occurred not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seemed to make him faster
To try the patience of his master.

Some sin at last, beyond all measure,
Incurred the desperate displeasure
Of his serene and raging highness;
Whether he twitched his most revered
And sacred beard,
Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the fair household, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows; his sin was an occult one;
But record tells us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
Exclaimed, "'Tis time to stop that breath;
Thy doom is sealed, presumptuous slave!
Thou stand'st condemned to certain death.
Silence, base rebel! no replying—
But such is my indulgence still,
That, of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the mode of dying."

"Thy royal will be done—'tis just!"
Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust;
"Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your majesty's humane decree
Has deigned to leave the choice to me,
I'll die, so please you, of old age!"

THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN.

"No, sir, no letters, sir! Breakfast on the table, sir!" and with a wave of his napkin that reminded me of the flourish a conjurer gives to the handkerchief under cover of which he had balanced a bowl of fish on a thin stick, the waiter revealed to my eyes not only fish, but ham, eggs, and a coffee-pot as well. The sight was sufficiently satisfactory, but the announcement of no letters was a very decided nuisance, for I was neither more nor less than a prisoner; a miserable captive in the hands of the Welsh, and was waiting for my ransom. The fact was, that after a walking tour of some weeks, I had arrived in Bangor the previous evening, with my knapsack well stocked with ferns—common, as I afterwards discovered, to all parts of the United Kingdom—with several specimens of the British butterfly (*Papilio vulgaris*), with a book full of water-colour sketches not greatly worth looking at, and with no money worth speaking of at all; for, in the confident expectation of finding a remittance awaiting me here, I had allowed my balance of cash to sink so low, that even if I had lost it, the fall to actual penury would have been anything but a severe one.

Under these circumstances, a day's delay in the arrival of the money was annoying, but still, it was certain to come the next day. Bangor was a place of considerable interest, and here was a fine opportunity for thoroughly doing it. So, breakfast over, I set to work at once, and really when you do regularly set to work upon a thing, it's surprising how soon you get it done. When you fling yourself heartily into the business, it's finished in no time, at least Bangor was; done from one end to the other and back again. The Docks, the Cathedral, the Menai Bridge, and the Tubular—the Tubular Bridge, the Menai, the Cathedral, and the Docks. And what on earth was I to do next? Luncheon! of course. So I returned to the hotel, and lunched. It was early in the season; I was almost the only person staying in the hotel, and hence enjoyed a great part of the waiter's attention. I asked the waiter whether there were any objects of interest in the neighbourhood. The waiter, taking this opportunity of clearing himself from any suspicion I might have had that he was a native of the Principality, informed me that he was born in London, that his last place had been a well-known theatrical house-of-call not far from Drury Lane—to this connection he doubtless owed a habit he had of occasionally illuminating his conversation with quotations from Shakspeare—that he had only come to Bangor at the end of last season, and proposed leaving it at the end of this; and then, in answer to my question, mentioned Slate Quarries.

As I felt certain that I should have to tip somebody if I visited those excavations, I told the waiter I did not care for slate quarries. The waiter proceeded to speak of a model village close at hand. There would be no getting away from a model village, of course, without paying for my footing; so I affected a complete indifference for model villages, and, I fear, led the waiter to conclude that I had two or three of them on my own property at home. The waiter next hinted at a museum, and mentioned, in glowing terms, a mummy and a sword fish as being chief among the curiosities therein contained. Supposing that there was nothing to pay, the museum might have done, so I asked if there was any entrance fee. The waiter replied that there was, whereupon I told him that I could not visit the museum, as, in my opinion, all such establishments ought to be free, in order that the lower classes might improve their minds with mummies and sword-fishes at no expense to themselves. The waiter said that the charge was very small. I replied that it was not the sum but the principle to which I objected.

How I got through the rest of the day, I scarcely know. I fancy in the evening I smoked myself into a comatose state, upon the pier, in the company of an old sailor, who, under the impression, apparently, that I was in the marines, gave me an account of a mermaid he had seen in latitude—it really does not matter what; the reader may allow himself what latitude he likes—and at the conclusion asked me to stand something. As I thought that I had already stood enough in listening to his story, I gave him a cigar, and returned to the hotel, and I remember resolving, before I went to bed, that sooner than stay in Bangor for another day, I would dispose of my sketches to the highest bidder, and let my butterflies go for what they would fetch.

"Two letters for you, sir," said the waiter, as I entered the coffee-room next morning. The money at last, surely. No! upon my honour! One from Kitty, with any amount of love in it, but, of course, no money; and this — who on earth is this from? Oh, Merton. Pleasant, by Jove! Another day here now. No help for it. For I need scarcely say that any notions I may have had of the money value of my sketches had vanished with the morning light. So, just to spite the evil fortune that kept me prisoner, I ordered the most extravagant breakfast I could possibly think of, and ate it with the somewhat consoling reflection, that I was superior to circumstances. When one is anxiously expecting a particular letter which still does not arrive, how its absence detracts from the pleasure which other letters would at another time afford! There was love and friendship ready to my hand, and I turned but cold glances upon both. I protest I value Kitty's affection above—far above nuggets. I esteem one glance of her eye superior to the sparkle of diamonds, and untold gold could not repay me for the loss of a smile of her's; and yet I confess that morning I occasionally skipped a sentence or so in those eight pages of crossed love—don't misunderstand me; it was the writing only that was crossed—and it was with more than my usual pleasure that I received the assurance that she was my own affectionate Kitty.

Where love obtained so cold a welcome, it may be supposed that friendship came but poorly off. I opened Merton's letter savagely, and mentally criticised the audience as I read: "How are you getting on?" [What a senseless question!] "Done many sketches? Take care how you carry them in your knapsack. Pack them always in the middle—*in medio,* &c.; you know the rest." [Don't believe he does.] Knew a man once'—[By Jove! he's going to tell a story]—"who carried them next his back—perspired freely—came to unpack them at the end of his journey—sketches all spoiled—stained with perspiration—[Ha! said I, you use body-colour, I see]—riled him awfully." [Very poor joke, it seems to me.] "We miss you at the cricket matches." [He generally does miss people at cricket-matches.] "Played the Biddlestone last week, and what do you think?" [Why, that you got a tremendous thrashing.] "They beat us in one innings." [Said so.] "Mr. Jenkins asked after you; told him that you had been all over Wales. 'All over weals!' said he, mistaking my meaning. 'Has any one been dropping on him, sir?' Too good a joke to spoil by an explanation." [Well, I can't see it.] "Left him in his error, and he was much concerned, but hopeful that change of air might remove all traces of your misfortune." [Very kind of Jenkins.] "Dined at Sir Nicholas's on Monday night—met Hawkins there and his niece—and what do you think?" [What do I think, again: idiotic phrase.] "Hawkin's niece has been through the Devil's Kitchen!"

This was such an astounding piece of news that I dropped the letter What on earth, or under the earth, does he mean? "The Devil's Kitchen?" I pronounced the words so audibly that a very meek-looking clergyman, the only person besides myself in the room, who was about to seat himself at the table next mine, started violently, worked himself to the furthest corner of the room by a succession of shudders, and having ordered coffee, eggs and a muffin, sat down and stared at me in a mournful manner over the top of the *Herald.*

Been through the Devil's Kitchen! Hawkins's niece! I remembered the girl distinctly—tall black-eyed, good-looking girl, but forward; always struck me as remarkably forward There was some story about her having run away from school with the dancing-master; knew for certain that she had been engaged five times in four years; greatly feared that she'd make some absurd match some day; indeed, should not have been much surprised to hear that she'd run—but, upon my life, gone through the—— I couldn't understand it; and I turned to the letter again, a course which, if I had only taken it before, would have rendered this injurious soliloquy unnecessary. The Devil's Kitchen, Merton informed me, was the name given to a chasm high up in the mountains which separate the Pass of Llanberris from the Pass of Nant Frangon; and through this chasm, according to Merton, whose authority, I suppose, was Hawkins's niece, it is possible for a clever mountaineer to make his way from one Pass to the other. He added that the Welsh called the place Twll-Du. Here, then, was a way of passing a day, instead of sauntering it over in Bangor. I could only be about ten miles from the scene of action. I would walk there, get through the Kitchen and back again, and return to Bangor in time for dinner. I would start at once. It might, however, be advisable to procure some directions as to the locality a little more definite than Merton's

"Waiter!"

"Sir."

"Where's the Devil's Kitchen?"

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"Where is the Devil's Kitchen?"

"Well, really, sir—'pon my word, sir—might 'azard a conjecture, but—hunmentionable to hears polite, sir."

The menial evidently thought I was joking; so I assumed a stern expression of countenance, and explained that, as I was given to understand, there was a chasm in the mountains not far from here which was called the Devil's Kitchen; and that, as I wished to visit it, if he could give me no information about the place himself, he had better go below, and make inquiries.

"Certainly, sir," said the waiter. "Most unpleasant name, sir. Shakspeare says: 'What's in a'——"

"Will you go at once," said I, interrupting him, "and inquire the exact locality of the"——

"Devil's Kitchen, sir; yes, sir," said the waiter, interrupting me in my turn, and going off promptly on his mission.

"Stay, though," I called out; "perhaps they might know it better by its Welsh name—the Welsh call it Twll-Du."

"Now, do they though, sir?" said the waiter, turning reflectively. "Tool Jew! Well, now, I should very much like to know what led 'em to take that line; what they think they mean by that in the habstract."

As my face, however, showed no desire to speculate on the subject, he turned once more, and went hastily. He soon returned with full particulars. I was, first of all, to go to the Falls of the Ogwen, about ten miles from Bangor; and when there, instead of turning to the left, with the road along the bank of Llyn Ogwen, I was to take a footpath in front, and walk for half a mile till I came to Llyn Idwal. Then looking across the lake, I should see in the side of a mountain a black cleft. This was the Devil's Kitchen, or the Black Hole, as the guides called it. "But perhaps I would like a guide?"

"Certainly not."

"Would I have a car to the Falls of the Ogwen?"

"No; I intended to walk."

"At what time would I wish a car to meet me there in the evening?"

"At no time; I meant to walk back"

"Perhaps I would excuse the waiter's remarking that hover-fatigue was not calculated to——"

"Fill that brandy-flask."

"Yes, sir. Pale or brown?—Pale! certainly, sir."

"Should I consider it a liberty in the waiter," just returned with the brandy, "if he were to call to my recollection the case of the young Hoxford gentleman, who, overtook by a fog at the summit of a 'eaven-kissing 'ill,' as Shakspeare says, lost his way and his footing, and was found at the precipice with both his eyes egstracted by the birds, and his face cut into——"

"Sandwiches."

"Certainly, sir. 'Am or beef!—'Am! yes, sir."

So I set off, victualled for my voyage, and happy to turn my back on my place of captivity even for a few hours. It was a delightful morning, with a bright sun, a fresh wind, and flying clouds that might turn into rain or might not—that probably would be everything by turns, but nothing long. I was in good walking trim, and as I was without the knapsack that had hung at my back daily for the last month, till it had grown to seem one of the natural fardels of my walk through life, I felt lighter than human as I marched along. Away I went, leaving Bangor and my bill behind me; the town changed into the country—the luxuriant fields and hedge-rows' trees and crops of grass, and gentle undulations. Gradually the undulations became less and less gentle, the road was forced to twist and turn, in order to take advantage of the ground, the grass became thinner, the trees stumpier, far below me on one side dashed a noisy brook; far above me on the other some wild-looking sheep were feeding; then a bend in the road, the Pass opened fairly before me, mountains on the right hand and on the left, and at the end the semicircle of mountains in whose lap is Llyn Idwal, and somewhere in whose recesses is the Devil's Kitchen, gone through by Hawkins's niece. The road, a fine broad high-road, ascended terrace-like, gradually but surely, so that, after a time, I seemed to be walking halfway between the top of the mountain and the foot. Voices of invisible children high above me on my left; bark of an invisible dog a long way below me on my right; a flock of sheep crossing the road at full gallop, and taking the walls on either hand like Irish hunters; a temperance public house; a Welshwoman, with an enormously thick waist, and ankles to match; a shepherd, in apparently hopeless pursuit of the sheep; and now, as I get near the head of the Pass, a sound of falling water, a slight curve of the road, and here are the Falls of Ogwen, and the road turning to the left along the shore of the lake. I leave the road, strike the footpath, and follow it as directed, till I come to a stop upon the shore of a gloomy black-waved mere, which looks, with its savage surroundings, like a place "where no one comes or hath come since the making of the world." There it lies "among the tumbled fragments of the hills," the gaunt mountains with their heads muffled in clouds hemming it in, the whole scene an awful solitude, an intense silence. I stand half-appalled by the heaven-abandoned look of everything about me; and as my eyes wander from one point of desolation to another, they perceive high up in the mountain, on the further side of the lake, a black cleft. There it is, the Twll-Du of the Welsh, the Black Hole of the guides, the Devil's Kitchen of Hawkins's niece. Weather appropriate to the place set in at once. A melancholy wind passed moaning by, working the black water into waves; the mountains drew their clouds still further down, as if preparing for dirty weather; and the rain came on with a rush. There was nothing to be done but wait; so I sat down underneath a rock, put up my umbrella, lighted a pipe, and reflected that, although the owner of the kitchen had to my mind an indisputable right to the surrounding property, yet the whole affair looked as if it had been for centuries in some infernal Court of Chancery, such a scene was it of wreck and ruin. There is something particularly weird and unearthly about Llyn Idwal. I can better fancy one of "the Table Round" looking after a dragon, or hunting up an enchanter upon the shores of Idwal, than anywhere else I know. The place has a strange look of unreality about it; the lake looks a legendary lake; and the mists upon the mountains seem like the mists of antiquity, which, having allowed themselves to be rolled back for a moment in order to give us a peep into the past, are again creeping gradually over the scene, and hiding it from our view. Turning for a moment to look the way I had come, I could see Carnedd Dafydd, rising at the head of Llyn Ogwen, with little dashes of sunshine like smiles here and there about him; and although he had one cloud upon his head, and another generally about his chest, yet he took the rough with the smooth like a man, and looked, on the whole, a good-humoured well-to-do mountain; but Llyn Idwal's mountains hugged their clouds about them, refusing to be comforted; and even when the rain stopped, as it did after three quarters of an hour's sharp practice, they only looked as if they had found that weeping brought no relief to them, and that theirs was an anguish too deep for tears.

However, the rain was over at last, and it was time for me to begin my work. The first thing to do was to get to the other side of the lake, and this, I found, took some little time, inasmuch as the shore of the lake had a habit of running to marsh at every possible opportunity, which compelled the traveller to make a much wider circuit than, uninfluenced by bog, he would have done; and as this circuit obliged him to take his way among the rocks at the base of the mountain, it struck me, when at length I gained the opposite side, and was ready to begin my ascent that Hawkins's niece must, for a lady, be a very fair walker. If walking round the lake takes some time, climbing up the mountain takes still longer. Great rocks lie tumbled everywhere around, and you have to clamber over them, between them, as you can, hands and feet all at work—"Dear me!" I thought, "Hawkins's niece must be remarkably active"—and then you come to what is still worse, loose stones, that give way beneath your feet, troubling you far more than the large firm rocks did—"Hang it!" I muttered, "Hawkins's niece must have considerable powers of endurance"—then come the big rocks again, scattered about among the loose stones, and as you work along, the cr[illegible] grow decidedly bigger, and the rubble seems to yield more and more, till at last you stand, hot and panting, at the mouth of the Devil's Kitchen. "Confound it! what excellent wind Hawkins's niece must have!" I gasped as I sat down for a few minutes, and stared into a narrow passage between two walls of rock which go up more roughly, of course, but quite as perpendicularly as the walls of a house for nearly one hundred yards. The passage is some five yards wide, has no roof but the sky, and as regards floor is merely paved with—well, perhaps good intentions, but intentions certainly unfulfilled, for heaps of great stones appear to have been shot into it, and there left. In fact, the chasm is the bed of a torrent which must once have dashed through it with tremendous force, since rocks so huge that one would think nothing less than the Deluge could have stirred them, are piled up and jammed together in awful confusion. The river, however, which made this bed, disdains to lie in it in these degenerate days, and is at present represented by a comparatively small stream, whose voice, like that of many a noisy demagogue accustomed to thunder and bluster at Westminster, would attract no attention but for the place in which it speaks, and the extent of whose doing is to brawl along irritably splashing everything near it, but never moving a stone. As I sat for a time to recover breath at the entrance of this cheerful place, I could not but confess that the name was very appropriate, particularly as close by me, in the very mouth of the Kitchen, lay a poor lost sheep, that could have fallen over the rocks but a few hours before, while high above his prey some large bird was making great circles in the air, as watchful as the Devil, and as silent as Death.

Leaving the hapless mutton to its fate, I resumed my work and entered the Kitchen; and although the rocks inside the chasm were heaped together in more utter confusion than those on the side of the mountain, just as a stream when confined by narrow banks leaps and rushes more wildly than when its waters have wider room, yet I met with nothing so difficult as to prevent a lady possessed of great activity and good ankles from surmounting it, till I had clambered on for about sixty yards, when I was brought to a sudden stand-still. The obstacle was a huge flat rock inclined a little from you, extending from one side of the chasm to the other, but not reaching to the ground—that is to say, to the stones upon which you are standing—by at least five feet; so that you find yourself in front of a cavern, the top of which is formed by this rock like a very steep roof of a house. How ever did Hawkins's niece pass this? I thought. The roof looked impassible; so I put up my umbrella, and entered the cavern, through which the stream was rushing as if Diabolus had determined to clean his Kitchen in the same way that Hercules cleaned the Augean stable. Down came the water through the sides and through the top, knocking the umbrella almost out of my hand, stunning me with the roar, and driving me out in a very short time wet through, and under the impression that I had heard some one at the entrance of the Kitchen shouting and calling me by my name.

Dismissing this uncomfortable idea at once, I next examined the rock, which looked as wet and slippery, and about as easy to climb up, as a roof of a church after a heavy shower. "Well," I thought, "I'd give something to see Hawkins's niece get up that; it is impossible." So I dashed into the cave again, groped round it, examined it as well as I could for the water, and came out wetter, if possible, than ever, and more than ever convinced that Hawkin's niece never went that way, or that if she did, she must have had the assistance of the Genius Loci. This conviction left me but one conclusion — Hawkins's niece must have gone over the rock; and this conclusion left me but one course—I must go the same way that Hawkin's niece did. So fastening my umbrella to my button-hole, and muttering between my clenched teeth that if there was one woman I detested more than another, it was Hawkins's niece; and that if I broke my neck, my blood—or rather my fracture — would be on her head, I managed, by means of my finger-nails and toes, to place myself in such a position against the right-hand wall as to be able to throw myself forward upon the wet rock, and hook my fingers into a crack in the stone. That done, I pulled my body up till I could hook on in a fresh place, and from that to another, till I grasped the top of the rock, and rose to my feet triumphant. "Victoria!" I shouted, as I turned to look back at the rock; "but is it possible that Hawkins's niece climbed over that?" A comparatively easy bit succeeded this, and I with singing cheered the way; but after clambering on for five minutes longer, as I merged from a partially subterranean passage, the song of triumph died upon my lips, and I cried: "What on earth did Hawkins's niece do now?" I was in a blind alley, a thorough *cul de sac.* The walls met and joined without becoming a jot less rigidly perpendicular; straight up, black and wet, they rose to the very top of the mountain; and over a huge rock which lay across the chasm, more than two hundred feet above, the water streamed in a skeleton cataract. In fact, the Kitchen ended in an immense shower-bath. Impassible as this looked, I was determined not to miss any hole or passage by means of which Hawkins's niece might have overcome the difficulty, so, putting up my umbrella once more, I crept under the water-fall; but the rock, though slightly hollowed out by the water, was rock impenetrable; the bare wall drove me back; the stream battered my unhappy umbrella this way and that; and at last, feeling myself completely beaten, hating Hawkins's niece above all other women, with my boots and pockets filled with water, and with the pleasant prospect of having to get down that exceedingly nasty place that I had got up, I turned, and began my retreat. Foiled and dispirited as I was, I could not but take notice of the awful beauty of the place in which I stood. The black precipices on three sides of me; the chasm bridged over by the rock that no human hand had ever placed there; the strip of bright blue sky above, and the sunlight—like Divine mercy, faithful to the end—sparkling on the stream, as it turned and flung itself into the everlasting gloom. Looking down through the mouth of the place, I could see the sun shining upon the grassy mountains far away, and on the rocky ones nearer at hand — all of them, however rugged, appearing tame compared with the Nature-in-ruins sort of den in which I was, where the sun-beams never penetrated, nor —nor Hawkins's niece either, for the matter of that.

"I don't believe a word of it," I cried out, as I picked my way back along this road of ruin, "Merton must have misunderstood her. She can't have got through here to the Pass of Llanberris; its absurd. But if she did tell him so, why, either I've got into the wrong place—intending to get into the Kitchen, or have by some mistake penetrated to the scullery or the coal cellar; and it looks uncommonly like [illegible] else Hawkin's niece, finding herself in the Devil's Kitchen, thought she would try her hand at the cooking proper to the place, and so cooked her account. For does any reasonable creature, can any one not a lunatic, believe that Hawkins's niece"——

But here I came to the nasty bit, to get down which required all my attention. However, the *descensus Averni* is proverbially *facilis,* and I was sufficiently reckless after my disappointment to prevent my "thinking too precisely on the event;" so that, in a short time, I found myself at the mouth of the cavern again, with no further accident than the breaking of two ribs—of my umbrella, and the fracture of my watch-glass. After that, as there was no Eurydice behind me to make my head turn round, nor any place precipitous enough to do that for me either, I was soon outside the Devil's Kitchen. One drought from the Infernal river, the oblivious properties of which—supposing it to be own brother to Lethe—I endeavored to counteract by a strong infusion of brandy, and I descended the mountain, passed the gloomy tarn, the very picture, in its blackness and silence, of a lake in Hades, and gained the high road. But with regard to my walk back to Bangor, either the water I had drunk was Lethe-water after all, or perhaps I had overdone the counteractive, who knows?—at any rate, I recollect very little of it except that it seemed a terrible length, and that, when I came in sight of the hotel, I found the waiter standing on the steps with his napkin thrown over his left shoulder after the fashion of Hamlet's cloak, and wearing the look of a man mentally addressing a grave-digger.

"Glad to see you back, sir," said he. "Almost thought you'd come to a huntimely end, sir. Dinner, sir? certainly, sir. Letter for you by the hafternoon mail, sir."

A letter for me! Here! Where is it?—Hurrah! The money at last. "Dear T.—I enclose you a ten pound note, which I hope will reach you safely. We are glad to hear that you have enjoyed your tour in"—[Ah, yes! &c.] "Agnes hopes that you have not forgotten her ferns, and that they will be of those kinds only to be found in the mountain"—[Just so, I've got them] "A very sad thing"—[Here! what's this? Hallo.] —"a very sad thing has happened here to a family we know well. You remember Mr. Hawkin's niece, a tall, good-looking girl, with black eyes? Well, we have just heard this morning—it really seems quite dreadful to write it — that she has run away with Sir Nicholas Hackles's man-cook, a Frenchman. If this be true"——

True! Of course it's true. Run away with the French cook—Nick's French cook! There's the result of visiting the Devil's Kitchen!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Collins, whose name is now associated with the enterprise to connect America and Europe by telegraph overland, was in New York a few days ago, and gave some information respecting the proposed route and prospects of the undertaking. One of the papers states that Mr. Collins said:

"The whole submarine distance required to be traversed by a cable between New York and Paris is but thirty-nine miles. Of course rivers are not taken into account; but by far the greater portion of these may be crossed above ground, without the necessity of submersion. There were two routes which might be used for the submarine cable. One was from the Amoor River, through the possessions of the Hudson Bay Company, and down the Asiatic coast to St. Petersburg. The other route was through British Columbia, and across Behring's Straits. Both were perfectly practicable, and there appeared to be but little doubt that the American, British and Russian Governments would lend their aid in the matter. Six thousand miles of the overland portion of the lines are to be put in place, and then the work will be completed. There would be no difficulty in working the telegraph in high northern latitudes, and the natives of the country through which the line passed were disposed to be friendly."

Some of the New York stock gamblers have been victimised by their "sharper" brethren. Last week the shares of Prairie du Chien railroad stock were selling at $67 each. Some 50,000 to 60,000 shares were sold at that price, to be delivered at a future day. The whole stock of the Company amounts to only 29,000 shares, and most of these are controled by the operating clique. Those who had sold "short" were to buy, and the price went up to $200, and in some instances to $240. The loss of these who have been bitten by this prarie dog is from eight to ten millions, and it is believed that some of them must suspend payment.

A SHIP BURNT AT SEA.—Captain Hutchinson, of the ship *Woodstock,* of Hull, England, recently arrived at Plaister Cove, reports having fallen in with a burning ship on the 27th September last, in lat. 36 20, long. 28 27 N. At 9 o'clock, p. m., on the day named, the man on the look-out reported a light which had the appearance of a sudden explosion. Supposing it to be a ship on fire, the captain bore down toward the light. At 2 p. m., came up to the vessel and found it to be a large ship on fire. Her masts were gone, and no person was to be seen about the vessel, neither were boats discernable in the vicinity. The *Woodstock* hove too, and at daylight neared the burning ship, which proved to be the *Havelock* of ——on. These two letters were all of the name of the place from whence she hailed, that were visible. The wreck, which was loaded with coal and railway iron, soon after sunk. The captain of the *Woodstock* supposes that the crew of the *Havelock* had previously been taken off by some passing vessel. The *Woodstock* is repairing sails, &c., at Plaister Cove, preparatory to sailing for St. John, N. B.

A CONTRAST.—The New York *Commercial Advertiser,* calling attention to Mr. Gladstone's recent speech, in which he boasted of decreased taxation in Britain, says:—"What a contrast this is with the condition of things in the United States? Here, instead of having been largely decreased, as in England, the Federal taxes which only amounted in 1820 to $1.55 per capita, are now increased to more than $10 per capita, and the States and local taxes have been increased in a similar or still greater ratio. In the city of New York the State and local taxes are now over $18 per capita!" Together it will be seen these make a tax of over $28 per head. Our contemporary then proceeds to point out the absolute necessity of reducing the expenditure of the Government to the lowest possible amount. Our New York contemporary says the average taxation by Federal, State and local authorities, is $28 per head, while in 1820 these taxes were only about $5 per head.

THE "PRINTER'S DEVIL."—When Aldus Manutius set up a business as a printer at Venice, he came in possession of a little negro boy. This boy was known over the city as "the little black devil," who assisted the mysterious bibliofactor, and some of the ignorant persons believed him to be none other than the embodiment of Satan, who helped Aldus in the prosecution of his profession. One day Manutius desiring to expel this hallucination by publicity, displayed the young "imp" to the poorer classes. Upon this occasion he made this short but characteristic speech:—"Be it known to Venice, that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church and Doge, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil. All th[illegible] k he is not flesh and blood [illegible] w."—*Scientific American.*