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. XII. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, October 20, 1862. New Series.---No. 41.

RENFREW HOUSE!

Thomas's old Stand,

GREAT GEORGE STREET,

IS NOW OPEN.

THE subscribers have much pleasure in announcing that they have now ready for inspection AN EXTENSIVE AND CAREFULLY SELECTED STOCK OF

British and Foreign Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS,

received via Halifax, in advance of Fall importations, consisting of—

Grey and White Cottons, Striped Regatta Shirting, Prints, Ginghams, Denims, Drills, Bed Tick Osnaburg, Blankets, Flannels, Mantle Cloths, Shawls, Bal. Skirts and Skirting, Hosiery, Gloves, Straw & Felt Hats, N.S. Flowers, Feathers, and Ribbons, Mohair, Silk & Chenill, Hair Nets, Black and Colored Coburgs, Lustres, Winey Cloths, Gala Plaid, Fancy Dresses and Dress Material, in the most fashionable styles, Polka Jackets, Fancy and Chenill Scarfs in great variety, Elastic and Leather Belts, White and Colored Stays, A further supply of Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Feathers, Gloves, Mantles, Shawls, Fancy Dresses, and other fresh Goods shortly expected, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers in Ladies' and Gents' Grain Rags, Men's and Boys' Cloth Caps, Storm ditto

Groceries.

Tea, Tobacco, Sugar, Molasses, Soap, Candles, Indigo, Starch, Pepper, Mustard, Ginger, Blue, Baking Soda, Saleratus, Washing Soda, &c. &c. and other Groceries, which we can recommend for family use.

Hardware.

Nails—4d, 6d, 8d, 12d, 20d, Horse Shoe Nails, &c. &c. Table Knives and Forks, Dessert do do, Carving and Butcher's Knives, Shoe Knives, Sheath do. Scale Balances, Weaver's Reeds, AXES, Rope, Powder, Shot, Gun Caps, Candlewick, Plough Mounting, Hams, Traces, Backbands, Shovels, Hoes, Blister Steel, Blacking, Shoe & Scrubbing Brushes, Paint, Putty and Glass, Wrapping Paper, Blackleal, Shoeblacking, Patent Stove Polish, &c. &c. &c. &c.

The above Goods have been purchased with the greatest care, from some of the first Houses in Great Britain, and with a view to suit the requirements of Town and Country, and are offered to the public at prices that will, we are satisfied, compare favorably with any in the trade.

DELANY & WILSON.

Renfrew House, Oct. 6, 1862. 1sl

Queen Insurance Company OF LIVERPOOL.

FIRE AND LIFE!

THE Subscriber, having been appointed agent for the above first class Insurance Company, is prepared to take risks on all descriptions of property.

J. S. CARVELL.

Charlottetown, Feb. 10. tf

[EXTRACTS FROM NEWSPAPERS.]

On reference to a return made to Parliament, and ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 7th June, 1861, it will be seen that the increase of Duty for the year, paid by the "QUEEN," was £2567, being upwards of £1000 more than paid by any other office ever yet established in this City.

[From Gore's General Advertiser, Oct. 24, 1861.]

"Indeed, we believe that we are perfectly justified in saying that no other Company, within the same period, ever attained so large an income in either the Fire or Life Departments as the Queen Insurance Company. In making this statement we make no exception even in favor of our older local companies, namely, the Liverpool and London, the Royal, and the Lancashire Insurance Companies."

[From the Civil Service Gazette, Nov. 2, 1861.]

"Among these important institutions stands eminent for its solidity, as well as for its success, "the Queen Insurance Company," which last week held its annual meeting of proprietors in Liverpool. A reference to the ample report in another page will fully satisfy every reader of the signal progress made by this association since its foundation. Such success is, indeed, rarely attained; and it attests at once the excellence of its management, and the public confidence in its constitution."

[From the Liverpool Mercury, Nov. 2, 1861.]

"It must be gratifying to the public generally, and especially to the proprietors, to find that its income during the past three years has increased at the rate of £20,000 per annum. We believe that no other Company, within the same short period, ever attained so large an increase either in the Fire or Life Department. This speaks highly for the activity and zeal of the management, while the promptness with which all the claims, arising out of the late disastrous fire in London were met, testifies to their financial ability and the care and prudence which marked the investment of these funds."

Rocklin Fulling Mills.

THE subscribers return thanks to their friends and patrons in Prince Edward for the liberal patronage hitherto extended to them, and would respectfully intimate that they are still on hand and ready to do their work up in the BEST STYLE, and at the SHORTEST NOTICE, and expect a large increase in their business this season.

The following are their prices in Prince Edward Island Currency:—

Fulling per yard	£0	0	4
Fulling and Dressing	0	0	8
Fulling and Dyeing, and Half Dressing	0	0	10
Do. do. Dressing all colors, except green	0	1	0
Green per yard	0	1	4
WOMEN'S WEAR.			
Dyeing	0	0	5
Dyeing and Dressing	0	0	6
Dyeing Scarlet, per lb	0	3	0

The following gentlemen will act as Agents: Neil Rankin, Esq., Queen-street, Mr. Simon D Fraser, Kent-street, Charlottetown; Daniel Gordon, Esq., Georgetown; Daniel Fraser, Esq., Belfast Cross Roads; Mr. Hector Gillis, Mr. David Johnston, White Sands; John Hyde, Esq., Murray Harbour; Mr. James Rose, Mount Stewart; Mr. David Rogers, Summerside.

R. & A. FRASER.

Rocklin, Middle River, Nova Scotia, July 19, 1862. 3m

Notice of Transfer of Business.

SWABEY & ROBERTS, retiring from business as Wine, Spirit and Commission Merchants, beg to return their sincere thanks to their numerous friends and connexions, and to the public generally, for the kind and continued support which they have received, and to inform them that they have transferred their Premises, with their Stock and Business, to ALFRED PHILLIPS, of Charlottetown, Merchant, who will carry it on in all its branches, as they conducted it, and whom they earnesty recommend to the support and confidence of the public.

Charlottetown, Sept. 29, 1862.

ALFRED PHILLIPS having taken the STOCK, BUSINESS and PREMISES of Messrs. SWABEY & ROBERTS, begs to inform the public that he will carry on the same extensive and confidential business which his predecessors have conducted, and having had 25 years in England as a wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchant, he will be prepared, when his arrangements are completed, to supply every description of article connected with that business at as low a price as they can be imported.

Sept 29, 1862. all papers 1m

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber intends to make some alteration in his mercantile business this fall, requests all persons indebted to him by Book Account or Notes of Hand, to settle their respective amounts on or before the 10th NOVEMBER, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken for collection, without any distinction.

J. WIGHTMAN.

St. Andrew's Point, August 7, 1862.

NOTICE!

To be Sold or Let,

THE STORE and WHARF now occupied by McDONALD BROTHERS, Montague Bridge. Possession given when required. Any one wishing for the above desirable Premises, can get time for payment, if required.

P. STEPHENS.

Orwell Cheap Store, Sept. 22, 1862. 1m

LUMBER.

SPRUCE DEALS and DEAL ENDS,
PINE BOARDS,
Pine Palings
Cedar Shingles,
Sawn do.
Lathe and Deal Edging for Sale.

JAMES PURDIE.

Charlottetown, Aug. 12, 1862.

LITERATURE.

THOUGHTS.

Spring is lavishing her soft caresses
On the sober earth;
Trees have shaken loose their wavy tresses,
Beauty has its birth;
Hearts rejoice, and young eyes watch the showers,
And the blossoms grow,
But there is no lasting joy in flowers—
For loved ones are below.

Summer cometh—with the green boughs waving
In the sun all day;
O'er the pathways which the grass is paving,
Glancing shadows play;
But the boughs wave over cold eyes sleeping
In a narrow tomb;
And the shadows fall on dim eyes weeping
In the mournful room.

Autumn cometh, with its generous pleasures,
And its ripened grain;
And glad eyes are gazing on the treasures
Of the field and plain.
Mellow fruits are falling late and early,
Scattered rich around;
So the human form divine as surely
Drops into the ground.

Winter cometh, with its snow-wreaths hoary,
And its icy gems,
Drooping from the trees that flash a glory
From their diamond stems;
Glittering like the frostwork hopes of morning,
That like dreams depart,
And in fleeing leave a first cold warning
To the glad young heart.

So we, with the sunlight on our faces,
Venture hopes as bright—
Remembering not that in its angel traces
Surely cometh night.
Still we will enjoy the light of heaven,
While we, living, may;
For as sure comes on the gloom-wrapped even,
And at last—the day.

MY AUNT'S STORY.

My Aunt Calista was one of the prettiest of all little dairy-like women. As a girl her beauty must have been something wonderfully distracting. She was once the belle of a famous and quaint old sea-town, full of fortunes made in foreign trade, prize-money, and kind of traffic, thought honorable enough some years ago, but now held in such reprobation, that I prefer not to mention them.

My aunt was very little. When I was ten years old, I was the biggest. Well I might be, for a man could span her waist with his two hands, and she was more like a marvellous doll, or a stray fairy, than a mortal woman. Her feet and ankles were past all comprehension for littleness and elegance. Perhaps she did not wear nice shoes and stockings, and maybe she did not hold up her black brockade daintily on the slightest provocation! Ah! but her hands; how small, and white, and delicate they were, with rosy tipped, tapering fingers. She looked all the more *petite* and wonderful in her delicate prettiness, for always dressing in black, which brought out her pale, lily-like beauty, and blonde hair with great distinctness. Her deep blue eyes seemed to look through things and people. All this made me a little in awe of Aunt Calista, though I loved her, with the romantic, reverential love of boyhood, as if she were a lovely princess, enchanted, or otherwise.

A childless widow, my Aunt Calista had lived with us since I could remember. She was older than my mother; but no one could have told her age from her looks, for her singular beauty seemed to have in it no element of decay. We lived inland among the hills, and all I knew of the ocean was from my books of geography, and the pictures and voyages in Aunt Calista's rooms, and Robinson Crusoe. But I dreamed much of the sea, built mimic ships, and waited with impatience until I should be old enough to run away like the aforesaid Robinson Crusoe, who has, perhaps, done more to help Britannia to rule the waves than all her Drakes and Nelsons.

I forget—there was another source of information, better than all the rest. My Aunt Calista had been born in sight of the sea. She had seen the great ships call in and out of the harbour of her native town. She had picked up beautiful shells and pebbles on the beach, and sometimes she helped me to sail my little squadrons on our duck pond, and told me many a sea story she had heard or read.

'Aunt Calista,' said I, one day, when we were sitting under the willows by the water-side, watching my last achievement in naval architecture, as it danced over the billows—the billows of the duck-pond—'were you ever on the great blue sea, with only the sky and clouds above you, and the water all round, out of sight of land—nothing but the ship, in the middle of the sea?'

A shadow passed over her pale and lovely face, as she said, with a soft tenderness:

'Yes, dear, I have been at sea where the ship was the only human thing in sight, and the centre of the great circle of the horizon, where the blue sky and blue ocean mingle on every side.'

'Oh, how grand!' I exclaimed, with my boyish enthusiasm. 'Do, dearest aunt, tell me all about your voyage?'

She did not answer for a moment, and I wondered what could be the matter with my ever-cheerful Aunt Calista. But the sadness passed away, and she said:

'Yes, I will tell you all about it. Your grandfather was a merchant, and owned many ships. He sent them to the West Indies, the East Indies and sometimes to China. I loved the sea and the ships. My father used to allow me to go on board with him, when they were about to sail, or had come in from long voyages. I sometimes took such little presents on board as sailors like, and they said I would give them a lucky voyage. They did not forget me, and brought me many a nice present from beyond the seas.

'One day we visited a new ship, and found a new captain, whom I had never seen before. I thought him very handsome, but young for such a trust; but I found that he was good and honorable. He had been in the navy. A great misfortune to his family had made it necessary for him to leave the service, and accept the higher pay of a merchantman. After one or two voyages we became acquainted, and he came to love me better than all the world.

'But my father did not love him so well as another person did—at least, he did not wish me to love him. It was only in the intervals of long voyages that I saw him, and when the time for his arrival drew near, and the ship, for me so richly freighted, was due, I spent many hours in the observatory on the top of our house, sweeping the line of the horizon with a long spy-glass, and watching for the little signal flag that I alone knew of, and that would tell me he was coming. So you see, my dear, that I was well acquainted with the sea.

'One day this brave, good captain, who had won my heart, asked my father for my hand. He could have nothing against him. There could not be a better or braver man. He was nobility itself—but I was my father's pet and pride, and he was ambitious. I think nothing less than a lord would then have satisfied him for a son-in-law.

'Captain Walter came and told me, with some bitterness, the result of his interview with my father. I knew that he was poor, but I knew that this was the only reasonable objection that could be made to him, and I laid my hand in his—a strong, manly hand — strong and true, and I said: 'Be patient: I am yours, and I will never be any one's but yours, while this world stands.'

'He went away upon a long voyage, and a very important one, for my father liked him as a captain of his ship, and knew well that he could trust him to the last drop of his blood to protect ship and cargo.

'When he came home next time, I had reflected much, and determined upon what I ought to do. I did not wait for him to come and see me. I did not wait for him to ask me to do anything. I knew that he could not while he was my father's captain. So I went to the ship, and said: 'Captain Walter, will you leave this all to me, to do as I think right?'

'He only held me to his big heart a moment, but he looked a thousand yesses out of his handsome, loving eyes.

'The day his ship was to sail on her next voyage I sent my trunks on board the ship. Then I found my captain, and said: 'Come with me, and redeem your promise, and I will keep mine.' We went to a church, a license was ready, and we were married. The ship was ready to sail, and I knew that my father was on board to give his last directions, and see her off. I went on board with my husband, and my father was not surprised, for I had often sailed out with him, and returned in the pilot-boat.

'When the ship had got a good offing, and the pilot was ready to take us back, my father said his last words to the captain, and shook hands, wishing him a good voyage. 'Come, darling,' said he to me: 'say good-bye to Captain Walter, for we must go now.'

''Dear father,' said I, 'forgive your darling, I cannot go with you now. I must sail this voyage with *my husband*, Captain Walter!'

'He looked from one to the other, to see if this were jest or earnest.

''Father, dear,' said I, 'you could never have found me so good a husband. So I took him this morning, and made him marry me, and here is the certificate that I am his wife.'

'Poor father! He turned very pale, but he loved me, and there was no help. He held me in his arms and kissed me, while his tears ran over my cheeks. At last he held out his hand to my brave captain in token of forgiveness. He went home alone in the pilot-boat. I waved him my tearful adieu as long as I could see him, for he was ever a kind and indulgent father. We sped on our voyage.

'The shores of England faded from our sight, and we were on the open sea. We had fair winds and foul, stiff gales and gentle breezes, and I became a sailor. We crossed the line, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and sailed on weeks and weeks through the Indian seas to Batavia, and then to Canton; you have read about it in Lord Anson and Captain Cook. When our cargo was completed, we sailed homeward again. It was a long and solitary voyage, but I was never lonely. My world was with me. I wished to see my father, but we were homeward bound.

'One day, as we were reaching our northern latitudes, my captain came hastily into the cabin to get his spy-glass, and I followed him on deck. There was a vessel in sight, bearing down directly for us. She had changed her course since we first saw her, and it was evident she meant to come near us.

'My captain took a long look at her. 'Well?' said I, standing at his elbow, and taking the glass from his hand.

''You have good eyes darling,' said he, 'see what you can make of her.'

'I adjusted the glass to my eye, and looked intently. 'It is an armed vessel,' said I. 'I see ports, and a large gun amidships.'

''You are quite correct—as usual,' said my captain.

''But she does not look like a man-of-war,' said I, 'and I do not think she is English.'

''No more is she,' said he. 'Either war has been declared, and she is a privateer, or she is a cursed pirate.'

''Whatever she may be,' said my captain, 'she has no business with us. I shall give her a try at all events.' So we tacked ship and stood off in the contrary direction from that in which we had been sailing. The stranger had tacked also before we were well on our course. In half an hour he had gained perceptibly.

''She can beat us on a wind,' said my captain, looking very serious. 'There is nothing for us but to show the cleanest pair of heels we can.'

'Round we went to our best point of sailing; out went the studding sails, the cargo was shifted to give our ship the best possible trim, the sails were wet; but it was soon apparent that, after all we had done the brig was gaining on us—slowly, indeed, but certainly gaining.'

''A stern chase is a long chase, Calista, darling,' said my captain, cheerily; but I could see that he was not at all satisfied with the aspect of affairs.'

''You know that I am not a coward,' said I; 'tell me just how it is.'

''I know your soul is bigger than your body, my darling,' said he. 'This rascaliy brig gains on us. If we can have foul weather to-night we may change our course and lose sight of her. I see no other hope. We are not strong enough to fight her.'

''There are muskets and pistols in the cabin,' said I, and we have two cannons on deck.'

''Well, enough to frighten savages, or beat off the Malay pirates; but the brig is well armed, and must have plenty of men, by the way they handle her. If she is a privateer, we must surrender. If a pirate, we must fight. Her Long Tom will make even wood of us, but we must take our chance.'

'We held on, praying for night, and storm and darkness. The full moon rode high in the heavens, and silvered the waves through which our good ship ploughed gallantly. Nearer and nearer came our pursuer. Once the wind freshened, and we seemed to gain a slight advantage, but it soon fell off again, and the brig crept nearer and nearer. Few slept. By the full morning light there lay the handsome brig, full over our taffrail, bounding along with a bone in her mouth. My brave husband walked the deck in sore trouble. He had made the best possible preparations for defence, the crew were ready to obey his orders, but the case was hopeless.

'As the light increased, I watched the brig closely through the glass, trying to ascertain the character of our pursuer. A flag of stars and stripes went up to her mast-head, and the smoke of a cannon curled up from her deck. It was the first signal. The commander of the brig was in the field of my glass, and my worst fears were dispelled.'

''Look!' said I to my husband, giving him the glass; 'that man is not a pirate.'

'I could not be mistaken. He was a fine-looking man of thirty-five or forty, in an undress naval uniform. His bearing was manly, and his face, when I got a look at it, was clear and open. My captain took the glass, and gave an anxious look.'

''I believe you are right, my darling,' said he. 'That man is no pirate. Then it is war, and we shall soon be his prisoners. It is a hard case, but there is no help for it.'

''Do not be cast down, my brave husband,' said I; 'father has more ships, and he can deduct this one from my portion.'

'Just then another shot from the long gun came alongside, and showed that we were within point blank range. The order was given to take in sail, and we waited for the brig to come up. As she came on, dashing gallantly through the waves, my captain took his trumpet and hailed her. The hail was courteously responded to. It was a Yankee privateer, demanding our surrender.'

''Oh! for a tier of guns, and half a chance at him!' exclaimed my captain; but the disparity of force was too overwhelming. In answer to the question, he gave the name of our good ship and his own.'

'Then I, who was watching the deck of the enemy still through the glass, though we were now so near, saw a strange movement. The captain of the brig suddenly put up his glass, which he had turned on my husband. Then he appeared to give some order to his lieutenant who was preparing to board us, and soon sprang into the boat himself and came on board of us.

'He was received with a not very cheerful politeness, but his manner, as he stepped on our deck, justified the opinion that I had formed of him. He raised his hat to me with a graceful bow; and my husband invited him to enter our cabin, which he did with every courtesy. Wine and other refreshments were brought out in plenty, and the stranger told us of the outbreak of the war with America, and also of other events which were news to us at that time.

'Were we prisoners? Was this our captor, quietly conversing with us, and courteously drinking to our prosperity? He looked at me attentively, when my eyes were turned away, and I thought I saw a strange smile upon his face.

'My husband opened a locker, and taking out the ship's papers, laid them on the table with a heavy heart; but he would not show it, and said with an air of assumed cheerfulness:

''It is the fortune of war. My ship is your prize, captain, and since I must surrender here, I am glad it is to a gentleman. Where do you propose to send us?'

'The stranger moved into the light, brushed back the curls of his dark hair, and turning to my husband said:

''Is it possible, Captain Walter, that you do not know me? Have you forgotten a man whose life you saved, and who owes *you* so much?'

'My husband looked earnestly at him a moment, then grasped his hand, and said:

''Hardy! Frank Hardy! is it really you?'

''Yes, old fellow,' said he, 'it is really me with a better memory than you have, who saved my life at the risk of your own. And this is your wife? I congratulate you—I congratulate you both with all my heart. Madam, he took me off a wreck, where every man but me had perished. Thank God! I can show that I am not ungrateful. I shall appoint you prize-master, and you shall take your ship, please God! into her own harbour.'

''But can you do this safely, Frank?' asked my captain.

''Safely!' His lip curled. 'I would like to see the danger I would not confront for you, old fellow. If I were a naval officer, it would be a different matter, but a privateer has some discretion. My pretty brig is my own. The war is an ugly business, but you know me of old—we are "enemies in war, in peace friends," all but you, old fellow—I am your friend always, as you know.

''And how will your crew stand the loss of their share of the prize-money?' asked my captain.

''They are pretty likely to stand what I require them to,' said the Yankee, proudly. 'But I can make it all right for them. Prizes are not very scarce articles. Here, give me the papers! Who is your owner?'

''My father,' said I.

''All right! Madam,' said he, bowing, 'I wish to make you a small present.'

''If you wish to do me a favor,' said I, 'make your present to my husband.'

'He smiled, as he looked from one to the other, and seemed to understand the state of the case in an instant.

''You are quite right, madam,' said he; 'it shall be as you desire.'

'Then he endorsed the ship's manifest with the fact of her capture, and he made over ship and cargo to Captain Walter. It was not a legal document, of course, but it had its weight with my father.

'Our captor took his leave, with such stores as we could get him to accept. His boat's crew looked at them wonderingly as they were passed over the side to them, and even still more wonderingly at the manner in which their captain took his leave of us.

'In a week more we were safe in an English harbour and on English ground. The war lasted two or three years, and many prizes were taken on both sides, and some bard battles fought by land and sea, but I never heard that any ship ever escaped as we did."

This was my dear little aunt's story as we sat under the willows. She said no more, but sat in a reverie, looking into vacancy—looking as if she saw a ship on the far horizon. I stole softly to her and kissed her little hand, and then glided noiselessly away, for I knew that she was thinking of her captain, and that the great blue sea was now to her but as the grave of him she loved. But she was not sad long, for she believed that "the sea shall give up her dead."

GREAT MEMORIES.

"The memory ought to be a store-house, not a lumber-room."

History furnishes many instances of persons remarkable for the strength of their memories, which, when we reflect on the limited extent of that faculty in the generality of mankind, might be considered as fabulous, were not some of them too well attested to be doubtful.

Mithridates, who ruled over twenty-two nations, was acquainted with all their languages, and could express himself fluently in each. Quintus Hortensius, one of the most celebrated orators of ancient Rome, had a memory so tenacious, that after studying a discourse, although he had not written down a single word of it, could repeat it exactly in the same manner in which he had composed it. We are told that in consequence of a wager with one Sienna, he spent a whole day at an auction, and when it was ended, he recapitulated every article that had been sold, together with the prices, and the names of the purchasers, in their proper order, without erring in one point, as was proved by the clerk, who followed him with his book. The erudite Justus Lipsius remembered the whole history of Tacitus, and pledged himself to recite, word for word, any passage that might be required, consenting at the same time to allow a person to stand by him with a dagger, and to plunge it into his body if he made a single trip, or did not faithfully repeat the words of the author.

Muret relates that he dictated one day to a young Corsican an *innumerable* multitude of Greek, Latin, and barbarous words, all distinct from each other; and that when he was tired of dictating, the Corsican repeated them without hesitation, in the same order, and then in a reversed order, beginning at the last. The faculty possessed by Philidor and in our own days by Morphy, of playing several games of chess at the same time, and without seeing the boards, is almost as extraordinary.

Antonio Magliabechi, librarian to Cosmo the Third, Grand Duke of Florence, is quoted as possessing such a memory that his head was called by one who knew him, "an universal index, both of titles and matter." The following trial, it is said, was once made of his powers of retention. A gentleman of Florence, who had written a piece which was to be printed, lent the manuscript to Magliabechi, and some time after it had been returned with thanks, came to him with a melancholy face, and told him of some invented accident, by which, he said, he had lost his only copy of the work. The author seemed almost inconsolable, and entreated Magliabechi, whose reputation for remembering what he had read was already very great, to try and recollect as much of it as he possibly could, and write it down for him against his next visit. Magliabechi assured him he would do so, and on setting about it transcribed the whole manuscript without missing a word, or even varying in any manner from the spelling. When consulted by the learned writers of the day, on any particular subject, he could tell them at once and sometimes to the number of a hundred authors, all who had ever treated of the same, naming the book, the words, and often the very number of the page in which their remarks were to be found. Magliabechi, too, although he never travelled beyond Florence, had a local knowledge of the places where every important book stood, in the great collections of different countries. He studied the plans and sections of the libraries and their catalogues, as generals study the ground on which they campaign. One day, the Grand Duke sent for him to ask whether he could get a book that was particularly scarce, marked with four Rs, *rarissimus*, as Dominie Sampson would have described it. "No, sir," answered Magliabechi, without a moment's hesitation; "it is impossible. Your Highness's treasury would not buy it for you; for there is only one in the world—that is in the Grand Signor's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book on the second shelf, on the right-hand side as you go in." This extraordinary man, lived without exercise, and dieted by his own choice, on hard eggs and water, lived up to his eighty-first year, dying on the 14th July, 1714.

William Lyon, an itinerant actor, known in Edinburgh about a hundred years ago, one evening over a bottle with some of his theatrical brethren, wagered a crown bowl of punch that the following day at rehearsal he would repeat the whole of a "Daily Advertiser." The players, who considered this as mere bravado, paid little attention to it; but as Lyon was positive, one of them accepted the wager. The next morning, at rehearsal, he reminded Lyon of his bet, imagining as he was drunk the night before, he must certainly have forgotten it, and rallied him on the ridiculous boasting of his memory. Lyon produced the paper, desired the other to look at it, and decide the wager. Notwithstanding the want of connexion in the paragraphs, the variety of advertisements, and the general chaos which forms the composition of a newspaper, he repeated it throughout without the least hesitation or mistake.

Jedediah Buxton, a poor, illiterate, English peasant, born about the year 1708, was singularly remarkable for his knowledge of the relative proportions of numbers, their powers, and progressive denominations. The faculty must have been instinctive, for he was destitute of even rudimentary education. To these subjects of calculation he applied the whole force of his mind, and upon them his attention was so completely rivetted that he frequently lost sight of external objects; and when he recognised them it was only in respect to their numbers. If any space of time was mentioned before him, he would soon after say, that it contained so many minutes; and if any distance, he would assign the number of *hair breadths** in it, even when no question was asked him by the company.

Being required to multiply 456 by 378, he gave the product by mental arithmetic, (for he could nether read nor write), as soon as another person present had completed it in the common way. He was then requested to work it audibly, that his method might be known. He began by multiplying 456 by 5, which produced 2,280; this he again multiplied by 20, and found the product 45,600, which was the multiplicand multiplied by 100; this product he again multiplied by 3, which produced 136,800, the sum of the multiplicand multiplied by 300. It remained therefore to multiply this by 78, which he effected by multiplying 2,280 (the product of the multiplicand multiplied by 5), by 15; five times 15 being 75. This product being 34,200, he added to 136,800, which was the multiplicand multiplied by 300, and this produced 171,000, which was 375 times 456. To complete his operation, therefore, he multiplied 456 by 3, which produced 1,368, and having added this number to 171,000, he found the product of 456 multiplied by 378 to be 172,368.

By this it appears that Jedediah's method of arithmetic was entirely his own, and that he was so little acquainted with the common rules, as to multiply 456 first by 5, and the product by 20, to find what sum it would produce multiplied by 100; whereas, had he added two cipers to the figures 456, he would have obtained the product at once. A person, who had heard of his astonishing performances, meeting him accidently, in order to try his calculating powers, proposed to him the following question. Admit a field to be 423 yards long, and 383 broad, what is the area? After the figures were read to him distinctly, he gave the true product, 162,009 yards, in the space of two minutes; for the proposer observed by his own watch how long each operation took the respondent. The same person asked him how many acres the said field measured? And in eleven minutes he replied, 33 acres, 1 rood, 35 perches, 20 yards, and one quarter. He was then asked how many barley-corns would reach eight miles? In a minute and a half he answered, 1,520,640 barley-corns. The following question was put to him at the same time: Supposing the distance between London and York to be 204 miles, how many times will a coach-wheel turn round in that space, allowing the circumference of the wheel to be six yards? In thirteen minutes he answered 59,840 times.

Although these instances which are well authenticated, are sufficient proofs of Jedediah's astonishing powers of mental calculation, for the further satisfaction of the curious, we subjoin a few more. Being asked how long after the firing of the cannons at Retford the report might be heard at Haughton Park, the distance being five miles, and supposing the sound to move at the rate of 1,142 feet in one second of time;—he replied, after a deliberation of about a quarter of an hour, in 23⅞ seconds, and that 46 remained. He was then asked: admit that 3,584 brocoli plants are set in rows, 4 feet asunder, and the plants 7 feet apart, in a rectangular plot of ground, how much land will these plants occupy?—Within half an hour, he said—2 acres, 1 rood, 8 perches and a half.

This extraordinary man would stride over a piece of land or field, and tell the contents with as much exactness as if he had measured it with a chain. In this manner he measured the whole lordship of Elmeton (a small village near Chesterfield, and the place of his nativity), of some thousands of acres belonging to Sir John Rhodes, and brought him the contents, not only in acres, roods, and perches, but even in square inches. After this he reduced them, for his own amusement, into hair-breadths, computing 48 to each side of the inch, which produced such an incomprehensible number as appeared altogether astounding. But, perhaps, his greatest feat in calculation was the answer to the following most complicated question put to him suddenly in the field when walking with many other labourers. In a triangular body, whose three sides are, respectively, 23,145,789 yards, 5,642,732 yards, and 54,965 yards, how many cubical eighths of an inch are there? He gave the exact solution in five hours.

The only objects of Jedediah's curiosity, next to figures, were the king and the royal family; and his desire to see them was so strong, that in the beginning of spring, 1754, he walked up to London from Derbyshire for that purpose, but was obliged to return disappointed, as his Majesty had removed to Kensington just as he arrived in town. He was, however, introduced to the Royal Society, whom he called *the Volk of the Siety Court*. The members who were then present asked him several questions in arithmetic to prove his abilities, and being much gratified by his ready answers, dismissed him with a handsome gratuity.

During his residence in London he was carried to see the tragedy of "King Richard III.," at Drury Lane. It was expected that the novelty of every thing in the place, together with the splendour of the surrounding objects, would have fixed him in astonishment, or that his passions would, in some degree, have been roused by the action of the performers, even if he did not fully comprehend the dialogue. But his thoughts were otherwise employed. During the dances, his attention was engaged in reckoning the number of steps. After a fine piece of music, he declared that the different sounds produced by the instruments perplexed him beyond measure. But he counted the words uttered by Garrick in the whole course of his part, and affirmed that in this he had perfectly succeeded.

Born to no inheritance, and brought up to no particular calling, Jedediah Buxton supported himself by the labour of his hands; and although his talents, had they been properly cultivated, might have qualified him for acting a distinguished part on the theatre of life, he pursued "the noiseless tenor of his way," sufficiently contented if he could gratify the wants of nature, and procure a daily subsistence for himself and family. But if his enjoyments were few, they seem to have been fully equivalent to his wishes. Favoured by nature in a very singular manner, and raised by the powers of his mind far above his humble companions who earned their bread in the like manner by the sweat of their brow, yet ambitious thoughts never interrupted his repose; nor did he, on his return from London, regret the loss of any of those delicacies, so rarely witnessed or participated in, which he had left behind him. Fully satisfied with his accustomed rustic fare, he despised the luxuries of the great; and while his chief pleasure was to exercise his ingenuity by calculation, he was still of opinion that a slice of bacon afforded the most delicious repast.

Buxton was a married man, and had several children. He died in 1788, being about seventy years of age. Whenever he was asked to *calculate a question*, his habit was to sit down, take off his old brown hat, and resting upon his stick, generally a very crooked one, he would go to work. He usually wore a linen or woollen cap, with a handkerchief thrown carelessly round his neck.

In 1790, there was living, in Aberdeen, a gentleman's servant, who possessed something of the faculty of Buxton, in an opposite line. Though utterly ignorant of Greek and Latin, and even but differently skilled in his vernacular tongue, upon hearing eight or ten pages of Homer or Virgil distinctly read, he would immediately repeat the whole without missing a single word. While listening to the reading, it was his custom to put both his hands before his face and lean upon the table. His general judgment and ordinary qualifications were like those of illiterate persons in the same sphere. It was so with Buxton. Except in its calculating power, his mind was more below than above the average. Such instances as these, with others of a similar class that might be enumerated, induce an impression that this peculiar developement of retention is a mechanical gift rather than a high developement of intellect.

* A hair's breadth is, in measurement, the forty-eighth part of an inch.

A CURIOUS HOG STORY.—The correspondent of the Cincinnati 'Times' with Gen. Mitchell's command is responsible for the following yarn:

The hogs in this part of the country are musically inclined, and all come up to breakfast to the tune of Dixie. On every plantation the oldest 'darkey' has the honor of playing music to the hogs for about an hour every morning, and from the very moment when he first commences, till the end of the piece, the shrill, piercing notes of the hogs are heard coming from all directions, and blending with the music of the darkey, from the very full grown sow to the smallest of the litter; these notes are audible a mile distant. I can never forget when I first witnessed the scene, and for the life of me I could not tell or make out what it meant.

I was on my way from Shelbyville, Tenn., to Huntsville, Ala., and being alone, I started very early, so as to overtake the army, who were a day in advance of me. Riding up a very steep hill I heard a shrill, sharp sound, and thought it must be a locomotive. At this time I was surrounded by trees on either side — sound continued. Finally I heard such a terrible rumbling in the woods among the trees that I put spurs to my horse and started off as fast as I could go, and the further and more swiftly I sped the greater the rumbling. At last I came to the serious conclusion that I was 'played out,' and must surely fall into the hands of the rebels.

I halted, and in less than five minutes I saw hogs of every grade, color and species, making the tallest kind of tracks down the hill toward where the music came from. There were black hogs, white hogs, yellow hogs, speckled hogs, and gray hogs — all running in one direction. I paused for a moment and surveyed the scene, and, finally, I followed in the train, and as I descended there stood before me a nigger, as black as ebony, blowing away on an old horn, surrounded by at least five hundred listeners in the shape of hogs. As I approached, the old darkey saluted me with a 'Good morning, Massa.'

'Well my friend,' I remarked, 'what in creation are you blowing that old horn for?'

Ebony opened his wide mouth, displaying at the same time as fine a set of white teeth as I ever looked at, and laughed as loud as he could, and then said:

'Massa, you'se bein' from the Norf, where none of these things is guine on.'

I answered, 'Yes, but what does it all mean?'

'You see, Massa,' responded the old man, "all these hogs thar; before I commenced playin' thar wasn't one hog here, but when I fust blowed this horn they all started from every part of de woods an come up here. Ise at dis bisnis for the Lord knows how many years, and I has brought in millions of hogs with dis music. I set to play every morning at daylight alongside dis fence, and don't stop for one hour, and at the end ob de hour all massa's hogs are in from de woods. Ise a good music man, massa, I is.'

A WESTERN COURT SCENE.

In some portions of the Western country, at the opening of the court, it was found necessary to employ officers to keep the lobby clear; but before they entered upon the discharge of their duties, it was decided that they should take an oath to perform their duty. Consequently, the following scene occurred:

District Attorney.—May it please your honor, I do not remember any form of oath to be administered to the lobby officers, but, by your permission, I think I can frame one that will be satisfactory to the Court.

Judge.—Proceed, Mr. Attorney.

District Attorney.—Put your hand on the book.

Whereupon a tall, lean, vinegar-faced man stepped up and promptly grabbed the book held toward him.

District Attorney.—You do solemnly swear in the presence of this court and us lawyers, that you will take your position in the lobby, and there remain with your eyes skinned during the entire session of this court.—That you will not suffer any one to speak above a low whisper, and if any one shall dare do so in the presence of your royal highness, you will vociferously exclaim "Silence in the lobby!" and if further order