

THE WEEKLY 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. VIII.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, January 26, 1863.

New Series.—No. 3.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND FASHIONABLE Tailoring Establishment!

CHARLES BELL,
QUEEN SQUARE, CHARLOTTETOWN.
ANNOUNCES the arrival of his FALL and WINTER GOODS, which are all of the most designs at present in the Market. Every Department of the Woolen Drapery Trade is represented in his Establishment. His goods are decidedly of the Newest and Best Class manufactured; they have been carefully selected from the best Wholesale Houses in Britain for his trade, and have been purchased for sale, which is a very important article in the market at present.

CHARLES BELL is, therefore, in a position to give his customers the very best value, and can, at the same time, judiciously recommend the article he sells. He commences a few leading articles as follows:—
West of England and Yorkshire CLOTHS, Heavy Beavers, Whitties and FINE COATINGS, Doublets, Casimires, English and Scotch TWEEDS, Velvets, Silks, Valenciennes, and Marcellines, &c. &c. &c.
Edwards Island HOME SPUN;
Twilled and Shirting FLANNELS, Gentlemen's Shirts and Collars, Ladies' and Children's UNDER CLOTHING, Scarfs, Ties, and Mullers; Fur, Cloth, Wool & Kid Gloves, Braces, Socks, &c. &c. &c.
Reversible, and other WINTER CAPS; Silk Felt, Wool, and Glazed HATS; FURS—Russian Dog, Siberian Lamb, Nutria, and Muskats, &c. &c. &c.
The best assortment of TAILORS' TRIMMINGS ever imported to this Island, in Coat Linings, Sleeve Linings, Vest Backs and Linings, Coat Cuffs, Pockets, Waddings, and Neck Bands and Bindings, Buttons of all kinds, and other
TAILORS' TRIMMINGS,
Too numerous to mention.

Ready-Made Clothing.

This Branch of his Trade is unusually large at present. Owing to the depression of the times persons requiring Suits will get them at very REDUCED PRICES.

MOURNING.

and all other orders for Clothing promptly attended to, and good fitting Fashionable Articles guaranteed.
Gentlemen who have been in the habit of getting their Clothing made up, through Tailors choosing their own materials, and who wish to purchase the different Styles, would find it to their advantage to examine the Stock of Cloths and Trimmings, and enquire the prices for making up at this Establishment, before they purchase elsewhere, as they can save time and money, by getting all the articles required.

At the lowest rate in one Place.

The principle recognized and practically carried out at this Establishment is Speedy Sale and Light Profits, for CASH.
THE LATEST FASHIONS are always secured.
Charlottetown, Oct. 27, 1862.

LONDON HOUSE. NEW CHEAP GOODS. JUST RECEIVED.

At the Stand formerly Deane's, opposite Apothecaries' Hall, Queen Street.

H. HAZARD begs to inform his Friends and the public that he has received by the "Uranus," from London, the "Princess" and "Theresa," from Liverpool, a large supply of British Goods, such as Hardware, Groceries, &c. &c. &c. Having been purchased on the best terms and personally selected, they will be sold at the lowest rate for Cash, consisting of:
2 cases Dress Goods
1 case Silks and Ribbons
1 do Buttons and Trimmings
1 do Ladies' Mantles
2 do Cloths and Doekines
2 do Hats and Caps
5 do Ready-made Clothing
1 do Ladies' and Gents' Hats
1 do Waterproof Mantles
1 do Gloves and Hosiery
1 do Haberdashery
1 do Shirts, Collars, Braces
1 do Shawls and Mullers
2 do Jewellery, Fontaines
2 do India Rubber Shoes
3 Bales Brown Cotton
Also—
Crushed and Molasses Sugar, Molasses, Coffee, Rice, Mustard, Starch, Blue, Raisins, Currants, Spices, Candy, Putty, Nails, Leather, Buckles, Irons, Soap, Candles, Gunpowder, Gun Mounting, Iron, all sizes, Sheet Iron, &c. &c.
Charlottetown, Dec. 13, 1862.

CAKE ORNAMENTS AND CONFECTIONERY.

THE subscriber has on hand a LARGE ASSORTMENT of CAKE ORNAMENTS and CONFECTIONERY, which he will supply to order.
Superior CUPCAKES, STAGGARS, TEA, LEMON SYRUP, JORDAN ALMONDS, CRACKERS, and PRESERVED of all kinds.
Orders from the country will be attended to punctually.
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
Near Lewis's Wharf,
Water street, Charlottetown,
December 15th, 1862.

Hardware.

THE Undersigned is landing, per EDA MARIA, from Boston and from ENGLAND, EAGLE BRAND, BIRCH MOUNTINGS, HOUSE NAILS, POWDER AND SHOT.
ALFRED PHILLIPS,
Charlottetown, Oct. 13, 1862.

Fresh Arrivals.

THE Subscribers have just received per PORTREE, from Boston—
100 boxes LOZENGES
2 do assorted BAKING CANDY
20 cases NAILS
10 casks PILLET BREAD
10 casks LINSEED OIL
2 Bales SUGAR
10 boxes PAPER
Cases Boys' Boots
Large assortment of KEROSENE LAMPS
Keeps of BAKING SODA, &c. &c.
DODD & ROGERS, Pownall-street,
December 29, 1862.

APPLES!

JUST RECEIVED, by Schooner CECILIA from BOSTON,
50 Bbls. WINTER APPLES.
DODD & ROGERS,
Pownall-street, December 8, 1862.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the Estate of JAMES COLES, senior, of Charlottetown, deceased, are requested to furnish their accounts to either of the undersigned, duly attested, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are hereby required to make immediate payment to either of the undersigned, in Charlottetown.
GEORGE COLES, Executor.
SILAS BARNARD, J. Executors.
Charlottetown, 14th November, 1862. (Dec. 22)

Notice.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the estate of MATTHEW KELLY, late of Township Number Twenty-seven, farmer, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned, and all persons having legal demands against the said estate are requested to furnish the same to him daily attended without delay, and notice is hereby further given that all persons found trespassing on the farm or lands of the said deceased will be prosecuted therefor at the law directed, and all persons who have become possessed of any of the farming stock, chattels or other property belonging to the said estate, are requested forthwith to return the same to the undersigned, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same.
HENRY KELLY,
Administrator of said Estate.
Township 27, January 10th, 1863.

Rare Chance to obtain a FARM!

FOR SALE, at ROSE BANK, that beautifully situated FREEHOLD FARM, fronting on Wilnot River, Lot 25, North Bolegne, containing several acres, fifty of which are cleared and in a high state of cultivation, the remainder being covered with Hardwood. There are on the premises a GOOD BARN, with shed and straw-stocks attached, a good Drain, which will be ready for the convenience of watering the stock.

A comfortable DWELLING HOUSE, with a fruit and vegetable garden attached, and a never failing spring of the best water within a few yards of the Dwelling House. There are on the premises abundance of the best quality of Marsh mud which can be easily obtained.

TERMS—One half of the purchase money down; the balance can remain on interest for a time agreed to by the parties.
Application to be made to the subscriber on the premises, CHARLES DONAHOE,
January 12, 1863.

Valuable Freehold Estate AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE "VICTORIA" STEAM MILL, owned by the subscriber, and situate at the Eastern end of this City.
If preferred, the machinery and mill gear would be sold separately at a very low price, and on time. The engine is of 30 horse power. The machinery is in good working order, and could easily be repaired.

The whole premises, consisting of Mill, Dwelling House, and Outbuildings, would be sold at a moderate sum, payable in ten annual instalments, with interest.
For information please apply at the office of CHARLES DONAHOE, CHARLOTTETOWN, Oct. 29, 1862. (1st 3rd)

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.

THAT DESIRABLE WATER LOT, in GEORGETOWN, containing half an acre of LAND, with usual privileges, known as No. 1, or POINT LOT. Terms Cash or short time on security. Apply to the Hon. JOSEPH HENSLY, Charlottetown, December 2, 1861.

Valuable Freehold Property FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale A VALUABLE FREEHOLD FARM, fronting on the west side of Morrell River, containing eighty acres, of which about sixty eight are under cultivation, and the remainder is covered with Longers. There are on the Premises A GOOD SUBSTANTIAL DWELLING HOUSE, and good Out Houses for farming and mercantile purposes. For further information application to be made to the proprietor on the premises.
RICHARD HAYES,
Morrell, Nov. 27th, 1862.

Leasehold Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE, the Leasehold Interest in One Hundred and Ten Acres of LAND, situate about eleven miles from Charlottetown, on the east side of the Bay, and is well watered, and in a high state of cultivation; the remainder is well covered with hard and soft WOOD. There are eight acres prepared for a crop of Wheat and Potatoes next year.
On the Premises are A GOOD BARN, 60 by 35 feet, a frame for A DRY LIME HOUSE, prepared for 25 feet, and a GRANARY, 20 by 25 feet.
Also, for sale, a MARSH, about one mile from the said Farm, which is now sown to eight tons of Hay annually. Rent \$10 per year. The Lease of both places is for 999 years. Rent of Farm one shilling per acre.
Terms—One third of the purchase money to be paid down, the remainder in twelve months, on giving good security.
For further particulars apply on the premises to the proprietor.
BERNARD SHANNON,
St. Peter's Road, Dec. 29, 1862.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Rockwell, Higley & Garland, Commission Merchants,
Wholesale Dealers in FLOUR, GRAIN, POTATOES, EGGS, BUTTER, CHEESE,
Beans, Pork, and Produce generally,
41, NORTH STREET, BOSTON,
(Opposite Merchants' Row.)
References in Charlottetown—
W. CUNDALL, Esq. J. W. B. DEAN, Esq.
W. CUNDALL, Esq. J. W. B. DEAN, Esq.
W. CUNDALL, Esq. J. W. B. DEAN, Esq.
W. CUNDALL, Esq. J. W. B. DEAN, Esq.

Watch and Clock Maker.

PURCHASE, Smardon's Corner.
A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF WATCHES, always on hand, and warranted to perform well. Price £3 10s. and upwards.
WEDDING RINGS, BROOCHES, &c. &c. in great variety.
Charlottetown, August 4, 1862.

MR. W. A. JOHNSTON, OF HALIFAX, N. S.

Attorney and Barrister at Law, Notary Public, &c. &c.
OFFICE—Mrs. McDonald's, next door to Mrs. Forsyth's, North side of Queen Square.
Charlottetown, October 21, 1861.

GEORGETOWN.

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

JOHN & ROBERT SCOTT, Coach & Sleigh Builders,

Kent Street,
INFORM the inhabitants of Charlottetown and the Country generally, that they have now on hand a number of new second-hand CARRIAGES, open and covered, of different styles, which will be sold cheap for prompt payment.
April 14, 1862.

OPPOSITE TEMPERANCE HALL.

J. HOBBS,
GRATEFUL for his numerous friends for the liberal support received, calls their attention to his WINTER SUPPLY OF GOODS, viz: Layer, Mustard and Valencia Raisins, Figs, Currants, Raisins, Sugar, Molasses, Soap, Candles, and other Groceries; KEROSENE OIL, an assortment of Lamps, Chimneys, Shades and Wicks—all of which will be sold cheap.
Dec. 22, 1862.

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED has this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as IMPORTERS & DEALERS in
British, French & other Foreign DRY GOODS,
Under the Style and Firm of
VAUX BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
C. C. VAUX,
H. H. VAUX,
Tropoli's Buildings, 152 Granville street,
Halifax, Nova Scotia, Sept. 9, 1862.

LITERATURE. THE SPECTRE BRIG.

The fall of 1853 saw me on board the bark Swordfish, bound from New York to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, thence to Liverpool and a market. I cannot imagine what odd freak decided the owners of the bark to give her a name so inappropriate, for the swordfish is known to be of uncommon symmetry, and moves with the quickness of light, while its ungainly namesake was tub-bellied, blunt-nosed, short spined, requiring four men at the wheel in a gale of wind to keep her within six points of the compass, and then she would make more lee-way than a Dutch galley.

However, she proved to be a tolerable sailor, despite her unpromising appearance, and the fifth day out, we made the Seal Islands, in the Bay of Fundy, and a few hours later were moored alongside the wharf at Yarmouth.

Here we were informed that our cargo would not be in readiness for several days, and as but little remained to be attended to aboard the vessel, I concluded to take a cruise over the city and surrounding country.

The city has a gloomy and antique appearance, looking as though the bright of ages had fallen upon her buildings in a night. The houses are of a style and architecture in vogue half a century ago, being built earlier by Tory refugees, who fled from the Colonies during the Revolutionary war.

Many of these were offshoots of noble families in England, and clinging to their sovereign with fanatical blindness, they fled to this and adjacent provinces, where their descendants have managed to keep up a dingy show of gentility in their old tumble-down tenements.

Their hatred of republicanism, a hatred gathered and intensified through many generations, until it has become almost a passion, is only equalled by their love and veneration for their sovereign. The poorer class, mostly Irish and Scotch, are ardent admirers of republican institutions, and are outspoken in their sentiments.

Between them and their more aristocratic neighbours exists a bitter feeling of partizan hostility which increases in intensity with each succeeding year, and must, ere long, break forth in a rougher shape than a mere war of words.

The Home Government is fully alive to this, and accordingly grants every indulgence consistent with its dignity. But still the people are dissatisfied. They feel that there is a lack, a moral blight that deadens their energies and clouds their prospects.

They know their country to be rich in mineral wealth, yet it remains undeveloped. Rich in its fisheries, yet they are unprofitable. One day, while taking a stroll on the high ground bordering the bay, and watching the tide as it came in from the sea, rolling in one solid wall thirty feet in height that roared and rumbled like distant thunder, I chanced to hear some remarks made by a group of persons near me, that drew my attention. Not wishing to play the part of listener, I was turning from the spot when the foremost speaker of the party exclaimed: "I tell you, gentlemen, it is no illusion! There is not a person for miles around who has not heard or seen the 'Spectre Brig.' Furthermore, if you will remain a few days longer, you can satisfy yourselves of the truth of my statement, as it is nearly time for her annual visitation."

Being interested by these strange remarks, I turned and joined them. During the conversation that followed, I referred to the above and requested to be enlightened as to its meaning, addressing myself to the person who had attracted my attention. He looked at me as though surprised at the request, but seeing I was a stranger, he replied: "Certainly, sir; with pleasure if it will be of any interest to you."

Seating ourselves, he then proceeded to relate the story, as nearly as I can recollect as follows: "Fifty years ago, the brig 'Yarmouth,' commanded by Capt. Bruce, and manned by a crew from this neighbourhood, sailed from this port to the West Indies. Days and weeks went by, and the time for her return came and passed. Apprehensions began to be felt for her safety as the days went by, and daily an anxious crowd of women and children might have been seen gathered on the headlands that overlooked the bay, straining their eyes seaward in the faint hope of catching a glimpse of the missing vessel that had borne away a husband, a brother, a father, or son. Each night only witnessed a deeper disappointment, and at last apprehension had become almost certainty, and people began to speak of her as a thing of the past.

A year had thus passed away, when one night as the watchman was going his rounds among the wharves, he chanced to look seaward, and was surprised to see a vessel covered with canvas from truck to keelson, standing boldly in the harbour, although it was blowing a living gale sufficient to swamp the strongest craft with half the amount of sail. On she came, plowing before the blast like a thing of life until she had reached within a cable's length of the shore; when suddenly her masts fell, she backed, her anchor dropped into the water with a splash, followed by the rattling of the chains as it ran out through the hawse-hole. At the same instant her decks and masts were lit up, her sails closed up and narrate it she had swung round with the current and was riding quietly at a single anchor.

As she swung broadside to the wharf the astonished watchman recognized her, and started up town at a tearing rate. The Yarmouth has come! The glad cry ran from house to house and street to street, and in a few minutes a crowd of people had gathered upon the wharf making the air ring with their cheers, while wives, mothers and sisters were kneeling and with streaming eyes returned thanks for the wanderer's return.

As yet not a sound had been heard or an object seen aboard the brig to denote that a soul was near her. Every one recognized her as she lay silent and dark, rising and settling with every wave.

Finding their efforts to arouse the crew to be of no avail, they procured boats, and in spite of the violence of the wind, put out

to board her. Bending stoutly to the oars with a hearty good will they soon found themselves within a few yards of her, when they were surprised to hear a hoarse voice exclaim, 'Keep off! Keep off!' Hardly believing their senses, they returned to the shore, which they had scarcely reached before a thick black fog, peculiar in that land of fogs, swept in from the sea and enveloped everything in an impenetrable veil. Surprised and terrified at what they had seen, the people returned to await the morning, hoping, yet scarcely daring to believe that with daylight everything would be explained. The gale still continued, and as morning broke, the vapor, raised for a few moments, but not a vestige of the vessel of the preceding night was to be seen.

Another year went by and the phantom vessel again appeared under nearly the same circumstances, and all attempts to board her resulted as before.

'Thus,' continued my narrator, 'nearly fifty years have gone by, and still she makes her annual visit at just such a period of each succeeding year. Of late no attention is paid to her whatever, her arrival being hardly noticed, as she comes in invariably at midnight, and disappears within an hour.

Here the story concluded, and thanking my informant for his kindness, I arose, bid the party good-by, and returned to my vessel and retired to my berth, as it was getting late.

I felt feverish and restless, and lay tossing about for several hours. Not being able to rest, I got up, dressed myself and went on deck, where the night air soon cooled my heated blood, and I was about to go to my state-room again, when my attention was arrested by hearing a loud splash in the water, followed by the rattle of a chain as it was rapidly paid out. Looking out into the harbor, I saw to my astonishment, a large, old-fashioned full rigged brig lying quietly at anchor, with sails snugly furled and everything in ship shape style. I was at first considerably startled, as I knew it would be impossible for any sailing vessel to come in and anchor when not a breath of wind was stirring. Not believing in anything of a supernatural character, whether it be ghost or ghoul, hobgoblin or witch, I resolved to pay the strange craft a visit, feeling confident it was the 'spectre brig,' whose history I had heard a few hours before.

Going to the fore-castle, I turned out two of the men, and ordered them 'to lower away the boat, throw in a pair of oars, and jump in,' which they promptly did. I followed them over the side, and taking the tiller, sat down to wait the result.

In a few minutes we were within a dozen yards of the stranger, and rising in the boat, I hailed: 'Brig, ahoy!'

No answer.

'Brig, ahoy!' I again shouted, with all the force of my lungs, but still no answer.

The third hail resulted as before.

There she lay, grim and dark, her sides covered with barnacles and clothed with seaweed. Not a sound could be heard, not even the creaking of a block, or the rattling of a rope.

Determined to board her at all hazards, I directed the men to pull with all their strength, and lay the boat alongside, while I grappled the rigging.

Bending themselves to the oars they sent the light boat seething through the water like a dart; but when, apparently within an oar's length of her side, the stranger-craft began to grow indistinct, like a vapor. A moment her outcrop could be plainly seen, stamped against the sky, and the next she had vanished wholly, without a sound, without a sign.

A thick fog soon set in from the bay, and we were compelled to grope our way to the shore as best we could, feeling awed and perplexed at what we had seen.

In vain I have tried to explain this phenomenon, but without success, and at last I am forced to the conclusion that it must remain one of those secrets that must continue until the Last Great Day, when the 'heavens shall roll away like a scroll, and the mysteries of the universe stand revealed!'

AT HOME AT TEHRAN.

The Persian civil year begins at the time of the vernal equinox, and is a joyous holiday among all classes. It is the Persian festival of the Nooruz, which is to say a year, or literally, new day, and it is not a Makomedan festival, but has come down to us from the ancient Persians.

It is a great day at Tehran. The whole city is in an uproar. Early in the morning the king marches out of his capital, attended by his ministers and his nobles, and as many of his army as can be assembled. A stately and decorous court to outward appearance, but a very rabble of an army. Bombastes Ferocious no stranger troops. The ceremonies of the day commence with a review, in which the queer army tumble about in a manner quite wonderful to see, and the German instructors gallop nowhere in a great state of fuss and perspiration, and shout unintelligible orders to their clumsy squadrons. The king looks on gravely, keeping time with a slight movement of his handsome haughty head to the thundering scream of the bands, as they go howling by. The German instructors, finding they can do nothing with their troops, leave them to change about in such disorder as they please, and determine to watch his majesty with an account. Then comes some wheeling and circling about, learned in the riding-schools of Hungary and Bohemia, to show what the German instructors could do if they could get anybody to understand them—which they cannot. The king, however, who is a right royal prince, orders a new horse and a present to be given to each of them, sends them a kind message or speaks a few gracious words. Everybody seems very well satisfied; which is more than could be expected in such a terrible dust, and with such a boisterous wind.

The king, however, has some reason to be in a good humour; for this is the day upon which the tribute of the subject-tribes upon the frontier, and the gifts of the governors of his provinces, are laid at the foot of the throne. This is no metaphor. The throne is placed, where the throne of a Persian king should be—in a magnificent tent, pitched in the open plain. The king reposes in camp several days, which are

passed in feasting and revel. Horse-races are among the chief amusements, and the Shah, whose favourite horses generally win every race, gives presents to the fortunate riders. His majesty, indeed, takes the opportunity of squaring up his accounts with his courtiers at the Nooruz, and most of those who surround him receive a dress of honour, or some kind mark of the royal favour.

The nobles, in their turn, make gifts to their servants and dependents, and send presents of tea, sugar, and sweetmeats, to each other. Every man who meets his friend on the morning of the Nooruz, kisses him—somewhat as the Russians used, not very long ago, to kiss each other in the pleasant Easter-time. All this jollity and merriment lasts about a week, but the first day is the most important.

The Europeans residing in Persia have a busy time of it at Nooruz. They are trotting about from morning till night, like dogs in a fair, to comply with the customs of the country, and pay uncomfortable visits to everybody, in the tightest of clothing. They receive visits themselves in turn. Among other visitors to them is the king's white elephant, and the elephant's keeper, who expects a handsome present for the trouble of calling upon them, and stops at each of their doors with a gibing crowd about him till he gets it. I am not quite sure that he would be perfectly safe to refuse the customary present to the king's white elephant.

The elephant is by no means the only person who expects a gift from Europeans at the Nooruz. Wandering beggars, who call themselves dervishes, and most of whom pretended to be mad, or put forth some other claim to sanctity, plant themselves in the most convenient place about the premises of the Europeans, and make dismal noises by night till paid to go away. This practice is sanctioned by law, and their demands are usually very exorbitant. In one case they were so high, that a British Minister, who was a north countryman—a humorous gentleman and rather a tough customer—determined to resist what he rightly judged an impudent attempt at extortion. A dervish planted himself in a dirty little tent in the centre of his excellency's garden, just where he was wont to take his afternoon's walk. The fellow was offered a reasonable sum to go away, but would not do so; so the eunuch Scot determined to dislodge him without the ceremony of any payment at all. To use force was of course out of the question; but the diplomatist had a genius equal to the occasion. He watched the time when the impostor went into the dirty little tent to over-catch himself and sleep. He found that these occupations usually took the saintly man about twelve hours out of the twenty-four, during which he was invisible, and one reason he was so fresh and noisy at night was, that he snored away the day in sloth and self-indulgence. So the minister got his European servants together, collected materials, and in an incredibly short space of time, built up a wall round the dirty little tent, and began to roof it in, when the dervish rushed out with an awful yell, and screamed for mercy, which was granted to him upon the mild condition that he would take himself off. This he did with more speed than dignity, and his countrymen—who have always a greedy appetite for a practical joke—laughed at him very heartily.

That British minister was the only European who had ever ventured to match himself against a dervish, till I went to Persia and became a humble rival to his fame. A dirty little rogue, calling himself a dervish, encamped between my back-door and stable, so that I could never ride out or feel at ease in my premises while he was there. I offered him a small gold coin, worth about five shillings, to go away, but he rejected it with scorn, and impudently holding it out in derision on the tip of his finger, I immediately took the bag again, went into my house, locked the door, and left him to his own devices. He took care to ascertain my habits, and finding out from my servants that I went to bed late, he remained quiet till about two o'clock after midnight, when a most unearthly noise began. He blew a species of awful trumpet, and halloo-balloo for three mortal hours, during which all thought of sleep was impossible. The next morning some of my neighbours came to re-monstrate with me politely upon the subject, and begged that I would save them this nuisance in future, for that it would be considered a public scandal. I thought at first that it would be better to give in to the customs of the country and pay the dirty little scoundrel what he wanted to go away; but his demand was a high one, and I was informed that he had already cursed my stable, so that some of my horses, which were valuable, were likely enough to receive injury from him as a warning to other people, unless I could give him such a fright as would make him ridiculous in the eyes of my servants, and send him away from the neighbourhood. My English servant Harry and I, therefore, determined to match our wits against his. By watching him secretly through the keyhole, we found out that he went to sleep at sundown, and his tactics were to recruit his strength well for a noise in the middle of the night, at the time when he had been probably informed by my Persian servants that we went to bed.

Upon these facts we based our plan of operations. By means of phosphorus we made some horrid drawings, and wrote Persian words of fearful import upon a board. We then dressed up a kind of Guy Fawkes, who looked like the most awful Englishman ever seen. A few harmless squibs and crackers placed about his person so as to ignite easily; a speaking trumpet, which we made up for ourselves, and the top of an old shower-bath, completed our ammunition.

We let down our Guy Fawkes by a rope tied to an old chair, suspended from the flat roof of our house, which gave us complete command of the dervish's position and movements, and bided our time.

Shortly after midnight we perceived that the saintly man began to move. He commenced operations by sitting down at the door, and listening eagerly. In this position he remained for some time, till growing impatient, or fearing that he had overslept himself, he burst out into an unearthly howl and toddled into his tent hurriedly by his trumpet. He had scarcely put it to his lips for a blast, when Harry swooped down, pushed off his tall hat with a hooked stick,

and sent a deluge of water upon his bare pate. The saintly man gasped pitifully, and let fall his trumpet. At the same time we fired our Guy Fawkes, which began to bang and splutter in a very remarkable manner within a few yards of the dervish, and Harry began a sort of boggy talk through his trumpet. Down went the dervish on all fours, and screamed for fear; but Harry went on roaring at him, till finding that our Guy no longer opposed his passage, he gathered up his gown round him like an old woman preparing to run, and fled as fast as a hare with the hounds after him.

We saw him no more; but the next day there was a fine hubbub and laughter in the bazaars about the nabib who had got rid of the dervish.

MISCELLANEOUS. CRIME IN LONDON.

If the following story, related in a late number of the Times, was of Rome, what a cry would be raised for the instant overthrow of the imbecile Pagan Government. But in London garrotting is now of every day occurrence, and individuals feel it necessary to provide themselves with revolvers, in the hope of thus securing the safety the police are unable to afford—

In Sloane-street, Chelsea, a respectable woman was standing with her husband and two friends, waiting for an omnibus. They were at the Knightsbridge end of the street, and consequently in one of the most open and well frequented places in the Metropolis. In fact, besides that the party were four in number of themselves, the whole neighbourhood, we are told, was "thickly crowded" at the time. Could a highway robbery be thought conceivable under such circumstances? One would certainly say not, but it actually occurred, and was the most incredible characteristic of audacity. The lady, who was standing at her husband's elbow, was suddenly seized by the throat with great violence, while her brooch was torn from her shawl, and her shawl from her shoulders.

As soon as she could manage to scream, one of her friends who was not more than two yards from her at the time, came to her rescue, her husband joined, and a policeman, who himself was not more than 40 or 50 yards off at the time, in uniform, took the robber into custody. The whole case as recounted even Mr. Paynter's experience. He and three other gentlemen were getting more and more daring, as indeed they do.

Here was a respectable woman, surrounded by her friends, garrotted and robbed under the very eyes of the police, in a great thoroughfare, one of the busiest in London. It really was outrageous. We are entirely of opinion, however, that the police are doing very well. When this ruffian, who had been taken red-handed with his fingers on his victim's throat, was removed from the bar, a respectable looking man appeared, who proposed to give him a good character, and bail him. Mr. Paynter wondered any one could have done this, and he was such a thing, but we do not see that it was at all out of character with the transaction.

THE WEIGHT OF MONEY.—An exchange in an interesting article headed "Making Money," says: "We have said that the amount of bullion which will pass through the Assay Office in the course of the year is estimated at one hundred millions of dollars. Let us now try to give some general idea of the weight and bulk of the gold required to make up this sum. A cubic inch of fine gold weighs about 19.17 ounces, and is worth a trifle less than \$210; a cubic foot weighs about 1,454 pounds, and is worth \$302,500. A hundred millions of fine bars will measure about 274 cubic feet say 2.7 tons. If cast into a solid cube, each side would be about 6 feet. Our coinage is of "standard gold," the \$14 pieces weigh 258 grains. A million dollars in coin weighs nearly 4,579 pounds troy, or the value of 3,850,000 can be packed in a bag, 6 inches by 9 will hold \$5,000, leaving room to tie. Silver coin occupies a little more than twenty-five times the bulk of gold coin of the same value.

ARTIFICIAL "SIAMSE TWINS."—A curious and interesting experiment was lately made at Strasburg to effect the union of two animals, so that they might, to a certain degree, have a life in common. It was, indeed, produced artificially what was produced spontaneously in those extraordinary phenomena the Siamse Twins. Two white rats of the Albino species, were selected for the experiment, probably as being more docile than their darker brethren. An incision was made on the right side of the one and on the left side of the other, engaging the skin and the cellular tissue under it. The surfaces of the two wounds were kept closely together by sutures and bandages until the sixth day, when union by first intention was found to have taken place. They then walked side by side, being united by a fleshy band. An attempt to poison both by the mouth of one did not succeed, but an incision through into the jugular vein of one animal was found to have entered the superficial femoral vein of the other, showing clearly that an intimate vascular union had already taken place between them. This interesting experiment may have a most important bearing on restorative surgery.—Galignani.

WATER PROOF CLOTH.—Water-proof cloth is produced by the simple process of passing the cloth through a hot solution of glue and alum. A weak solution of glue is made, and while it is hot, two ounces of alum to the gallon is added and dissolved. Cloth may then be wrung thro' this solution and dried, when it cannot be wet through by rain, which trickles off without being absorbed. Finer woollen goods may be sponged with the hot solution, first on the inside, and then in the direction of the nap upon the outside. It must be thoroughly dried, first in the air, and then