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. XVII.] CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1866. [NO. 7

NOTICE TO DEBTORS.

THE Subscriber respectfully requests all parties indebted to him by Book Account or otherwise, to make immediate payment. All accounts over six months due will be handed over for collection, if not paid prior to 1st Jan'y.

ALEX. ROSS.

Ch'town, Dec. 17, 1866. 2i

NEW

FALL and WINTER GOODS!

1866. 1866.

ALEXANDER ROSS

HAS received a Large and well-selected Stock of GOODS, suitable for the Season, comprising in part the usual assortment.

Staple Dry Goods,
Fancy Dress Goods,
Dress Materials,
Shawls and Mantles,
Cloths and Sacques,
Tweeds and Doeskins,
Ready-made Clothing,
Hats and Caps,
Bonnets and Thistles,
Boots and Shoes.

GROCERIES:

TEA (warranted an excellent quality), Sugar, Molasses, Raisins, Currants, Pepper, Ginger, &c., &c., all of which will be sold low and cheap for Cash.

Remember, next door to Apothecaries' Hall,
ALEX. ROSS.

Dec. 3, 1866. 3i

FALL GOODS.

BY various Ships from ENGLAND, Steamers from BOSTON and HALIFAX, I have received my

FALL & WINTER STOCK,

consisting in part of

26 Casks & Cases General Ironmongery.

1 Cask Cutlery,
1 do Traces,
1 do Shovels,
1 do Hoes,
1 do Shot,
26 Boxes Tin,
236 pieces Plough Metals,
16 Tons Nails & Spikes,
23 bundles Spring Steel,
15 do Shoeing do
3 do Cast do
7 do Blister do
18½ Tons Iron,
1 Cask Cart Boxes,
1 do Bolts & Nuts,
1 do Screws,
1 do Files,
1 Box Axles,
5 Pairs Bellowes,
1 Basket Vices
158 Kegs Paints,
12 Drums Varnish,
6 do Turpenzine,
2 Casks do
4 do Putty,
1 do Venetian Red,
1 do Yellow Ochre,
Vermillion,
Prussian Blue,
Drop Black,
Umber,
De Sienna,
4 Hhds Paint Oil,
1 do Olive do
2 Bbls Seal do
1 do Lubricating Oil,
10 do Kerosene Oil,
111 Boxes Glass,
2 Crates Scuttles,
1 Case Shoemaker's Thread
1 Bale Curled Hair,
1 Cask Glue,
3 do Dyewoods,
250 lbs. extract Logwood,
5 Bales Rope.

These goods have been well bought, and with Stock on Shelves and in Warehouse, form a very large assortment, and are offered at my usual low prices—either wholesale or retail—for Cash.

W. E. DAWSON.

Great George Street, Dec. 3, 1866.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

THE Subscriber would inform the Inhabitants of P. E. Island, that, on the arrival of the Brig ANN, from Liverpool, G. B, he will offer,

Wholesale and Retail,

For Cash or good Joint Notes of Hand,

Nos. 1, 2 & 3 WHITE LEAD, in 56, 28, & 14 lbs.;
Black, Red, & Yellow PAINTS, in 28 & 14 lbs.;
Boiled and raw LINSEED OILS;
Chance's Smethwick GLASS;
PUTTY, Black and White, in Bladders 28 and 14 lbs.;
CUT NAILS, and CUT SPIKES;
Diamond Head DECK SPIKES;
Bars Refined and Common IRON, assorted sizes;
Barrels and Kegs COAL TAR;
Barrels Black and Bright VARNISHES;
Coils HEMP and WIRE CORDAGE;
Bolts Extra and Navy Boiled CANVAS;
Bars YELLOW METAL, ⅜ to ¾;
YELLOW METAL BUTT BOLTS, 7 × ⅜;
CLINCH RINGS, Iron and Yellow Metal;
Crates and Casks GLASS, CHINA, and EARTHENWARE,—Crates assorted for country use;
A NEW MIXTURE for Bottoms of FISHING BOATS, much approved of by English fishermen.

Parties wanting any of the above articles will do well by calling and inspecting them, at the OLD STAND, formerly occupied by W. W. LORD & CO., HEAD of LORD'S WHARF, Water Street.

ARTEMAS LORD.

Oct 29, 1866.

Watts' Tea Store,
KENT STREET.
Completion of Fall Stock.

THE Proprietors respectfully beg to announce that their Stock of choice GROCERIES is now complete:—

TEA, extra good quality; best retailing MOLASSES; Crushed, Granulated, and Brown SUGARS; Lemon Syrup; Prime Island and American CHEESE; Coffee, Corn Starch, Rice, Butter, Soda, Wine, Water and Sugar Crackers, Layer and Valentia Raisins, Currants, Pickles, Spices, &c.

—Also—

Crates assorted EARTHENWARE, Doz's Brooms, Buckets, Candles, Kerosene Oil, &c., &c., &c.

Kent Street, Dec. 10th, 1866. 6w

COAL! COAL!

A LARGE quantity of Round and Slack, Cape Breton COAL, a good article, for sale by the Subscriber, at the following Rates, viz:—

Round Coal per Ton, 22s 6d
Slack Coal do 16s

Days of delivery, Wednesday in each week.

W. W. LORD.

Charlottetown, Dec. 10, 1866

UNION BANK OF P. E. ISLAND.

A DIVIDEND of Seven and One-half per cent. has been declared due, for the half year ending 30th ult., on the paid up Capital, and payable at the Bank on and after WEDNESDAY, fifth instant.

By order,
JAS. ANDERSON,
Cashier.

Union Bank, 3rd Dec., 1866.

KING SQUARE HOUSE.

SUPERIOR SEAL SKIN COATS.
BEER & SONS.

A GOOD Assortment of CLOTHS.
BEER & SONS.

A SPLENDID LOT of FUR CAPS, CLOTH CAPS and FELT HATS
BEER & SONS.

LADIES' FURS.
BEER & SONS.

LADIES' HATS—in Silk, Velvet & Straw.
BEER & SONS.

DRESS GOODS in great variety.
BEER & SONS.

SHAWLS and MANTLES.
BEER & SONS.

CARPETS, in Wool, Felt and Hemp.
BEER & SONS.

HEAVY OVERCOATS and other Ready made Clothing. BEER & SONS

GENTS' Wool Scarfs, Shirts, Gloves, &c., &c. BEER & SONS.

BUFFALO ROBES.
BEER & SONS

BOOTS and SHOES in variety.
BEER & SONS

RUBBER BOOTS and SHOES.
BEER & SONS.

FELT and RUBBER OVERSHOES.
BEER & SONS.

CANADIAN MOCCASANS
BEER & SONS.

WARRANTED AXES.
BEER & SONS

THRESHING MACHINE and MUD DIGGER CASTINGS and CHAIN
BEER & SONS.

The above, together with our usual assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, &c., &c., &c., are offered on the best terms for prompt payment.

BEER & SONS.

Ch'town, Nov. 19, 1866. tf

Queen Street Fancy Goods Store.

ISAAC J. WALDRON,
AGAIN.

PREPARE for Christmas, and select your GLASSWARE, JEWELLERY, TOYS and FANCY GOODS from my stock, where you will find every variety and at prices to suit all customers. So come along, Rich and Poor, and we will give you bargains.

Glassware.

All kinds of Glass Lamps Globes, Chimneys Paper & Glass Shades, Tumblers in variety, Tea Sets in Glass, Salts, Cruitstands, Plates Preserve Dishes, Fruit Dishes, Patent Glass Lanterns, Butter Dishes, Chinese Marble Vases.

Brushes.

Horse, Scrubbing, Shoe, Hair, Tooth, and other Brushes, a large assortment. Japan Trays, Looking Glasses, Paper Collars, and Woollen Mufflers

Cutlery.

Knives & Forks, Carvers, Razors, Scissors, Curry Combs, Pad Locks, a very large stock by wholesale & Retail. Transparent Toilet Soaps, a superior article for Ladies' use. Matches, Kerosene Oil (4s per gallon), Soap, Tobacco, Tea, Vinegar (superior), Lamp wicks all sizes, Albums, Toys in variety, Portemonnaies, Combs, and a variety of Case Goods.

Jewellery.

Watches, Watch Chains, Keys, Brooches, Ear Drops, Finger Rings, Bracelets, Lockets, Gents' Breast Pins and a very large stock of new Jewellery, too numerous to mention in detail.

The above goods will be sold Wholesale or Retail, and to Country dealers at a large discount.

—ALSO—

Second hand Cook, Parlor, and other Stoves.

ISAAC J. WALDRON.

Next door to M. W. Skinner's Drug Store
Charlottetown, Dec. 10, 1866. tf

CANADA FLOUR.

HOURLY EXPECTED, per Schooner ERIN, from QUEBEC—

520 BARRELS

Canada Sup. No. 1 FLOUR.

For Cash only.

R. W. BRECKEN.

Nov. 26, 1866 3m

Hoop Skirts!

JUST RECEIVED, by Steamer ALHAMBRA—

150 Doz HOOP SKIRTS.

For sale low, if immediately applied for.

WILLIAM DODD,
Nov. 26, 1866. Queen Square

RUM! RUM! RUM!

20 PUNCHEONS of Old Demerara RUM for Sale at Subscriber's Establishment, in or out of Bond.

GEORGE COLES.

Ch'town, Dec 3, 1866.

Extra and No. 1 Buffalo Robes.

G. & S. DAVIES.

Charlottetown, Dec 3, 1866.

250 Pairs Boys' & Men's Skates.

For sale cheap by
G. & S. DAVIES.

Charlottetown, Dec 3, 1866.

PUBLIC LANDS.

Townships Nos. 51, 57, 58, 59, 60, 62, 63 and 64.

NOTICE

To the Tenants on Townships Nos. 63 and 64—late Cunard Estate—holders of Government Lands on either of the above named Townships, and all persons desirous of purchasing Wilderness Lands thereon.

THE COMMISSIONER of PUBLIC LANDS will attend at the following places on the days hereinafter mentioned:—

On WEDNESDAY, Dec. 26, 1866, at 10 a. m. and THURSDAY, 27th, at 10 a. m., at FINLAY'S, New Perth

On FRIDAY, the 28th, and SATURDAY, the 29th, at Mr. ALDOUS', Montague, Lot 59.

On TUESDAY, Jan. 1, 1867, at 10 a. m. and WEDNESDAY, 2nd, at Mr. ENMAN'S, Murray Harbour Road, Lot 57.

On THURSDAY, 3rd, at 10 a. m. and FRIDAY, the 4th, at Mrs. NICHOLSON'S, Belfast.

On SATURDAY, the 5th, at 10 a. m., and MONDAY, the 7th, at Mrs. KENNEDY'S, Wood Islands, Lot 62.

On TUESDAY, the 8th, at 10 a. m., WEDNESDAY, the 9th, and THURSDAY, the 10th, at D. CRICHTON'S, Esq., Murray Harbor.

NOTICE.

Tenants, Occupiers of Land, or persons claiming to hold Land on Townships 63 & 64, must produce their Leases, Agreements or Titles for the same.

JOHN ALDOUS, Commissioner.

Land Office, Dec 4, 1866 [Dec 10

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the late JOHN SUTHERLAND, of St. Peter's Bay, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment; and those having legal demands against the said Estate are requested to furnish the same, duly attested, to the undersigned, for settlement, within six months from date.

JANE ELLEN SUTHERLAND,
Dec 10, 1866. 6in Administratrix.

BANK of P. E. ISLAND.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of FIVE POUNDS per centum on the Capital Stock of the Bank of Prince Edward Island, for the last half year, hath been this day declared, and is payable to Stockholders forthwith on demand.

By order,
Dec. 10. WM. CUNDALL, Cashier.

LITERATURE.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Awake, awake, all earth, and sing!
Your kindling harps to concert bring;
From every isle and every shore,
The choral volumes sweetly pour.
Then high as heaven your anthems swell,
The joy of man redeemed to tell:
A tide of life, not death can stem,
Was in the Star of Bethlehem!

Ye saints who rest, from out the tomb
Ye souls immortal rise, and bloom;
A rainbow promise spans your dust;
An angel holds it o'er his trust!
And ye, who yet in Christ shall sleep,
The same bright guard your rest shall keep;
Rejoice, for He is one of them
Who sang the Birth at Bethlehem!

Ho! ye who feel 'tis keen to bear
The spirit-wound, yet know not where
To seek relief—the balm to find
Upon an aching soul to bind;
The balsam is with Him alone,
To Him all mortal woe is shown!
There's healing in His garment's hem
Who took our form at Bethlehem.

And yet ye who reel beneath a load
Of earth, on life's uneven road,
Your burdens drop for spirits free,
And clap your hands in jubilee.
Be wise,—your myrrh and spices bring,
And kneel before your Heavenly King—
The light of new Jerusalem,
Though once the Babe of Bethlehem.

Look up! the glorious vision swells—
The city where his presence dwells!
From pearly gates and jasper walls,
And golden streets, behold, He calls—
He calls you to come in and share
The treasures of His kingdom there!
'Twas of Jehovah's crown the gem—
That Holy Star of Bethlehem.

A LONG SWIM.

"Bless my soul! Jones is dead."

"What! your cousin the parson?"

"No, no!"

"Not Jones of the 99th?"

"No. Jones of the *Saragossa*."

"You don't say so. Which of them?"

"Peyton Jones."

"Dear me! I'm very sorry to hear it. Stunning fellow was Peyton Jones. Thoroughly good fellow. What did he die of? It would take a good deal to kill Jones."

"Influenza."

"No! You don't mean to say that influenza killed Jones? Gad! fancy a man who'd yellow fever three times, dying of influenza!"

"Ay, and who had been chewed for half an hour by a tiger in a jungle."

"Yes, and who awoke one morning with a boa-constrictor around his neck."

"Just so, and who took that tremendous swim at Antigua."

"Ah! what was that?"

"Did you never hear of that? Why, it was one of the pluckiest things that was ever done. I am surprised you never heard of that. Surely I must have told you that myself. Goodness knows, I am never likely to forget it; for, but for Peyton Jones, I might not be here now to tell it. Jones was in the *Briareus* when the affair occurred, and the ship was lying in the harbour of Antigua. I was out there at the same time, and saw a good deal of the naval men, and a better set of fellows I wouldn't wish to know. You never were in the West Indies, I think; so I must explain, that outside the regular harbour of Antigua there is a sort of second harbour—a large bay, the shore of which, on one side, after taking a wide sweep, runs out into the sea for a great distance. Well, one fine day it was arranged that we should have a picnic; so four or five of the officers, among whom was Peyton Jones, with an Irish doctor and myself for guests, took the ship's pinnace and three men, sailed out of the harbour and across the bay to our heart's content. The doctor was an invaluable man at festivities of this kind. His tales used to follow one another like a string of sausages; the head of one joined to the tale of another by a 'Faith and that reminds me'—particularly funny to listen to, from the absence of anything in the first story that could by any possibility have suggested the second.

"On the occasion I am speaking of, he kept us in a roar of laughter all day; telling stories and singing songs incessantly, till it was time to think about returning. So, after one more tale, which, being of an exceedingly comic character, reminded the doctor of a very distressing case at that time in hospital, we finished the other bottle, and in a short time were afloat. No sooner were we under way than Dr. O'Grady got up an argument with Jones, who was at the helm, upon the subject of steering, and in a short time requested, on the ground that illustration was necessary to render his views clear, to be allowed to give a practical example of his powers as a steersman. This Jones at first objected to; but public feeling running strongly in favor of the doctor's being allowed to try his hand, and the doctor giving his feeling voice with a force and eloquence peculiar to himself, the end of the matter was, that he was soon seated comfortably at the helm, singing the 'Groves of Blarney.'

"For a short time the voyage went on very smoothly; but just as O'Grady was in the middle of an amazingly funny comparison between Arion, whose singing attracted the dolphins, and himself, whose voice appeared to possess a certain charm for sharks, a sudden gust of wind took us and laid us on our beam-ends

"'Port your helm!' shouted Jones, jumping up, and making for the tiller. 'Port, O'Grady! port!'

"'The same t'you, and plenty of it,' replied the doctor, still facetious, though a thought flurried. 'Port it is!'

"But unfortunately, port it wasn't. By a little error of the doctor's, it was starboard instead; and the result was that in another moment we were all struggling in the water, and the pinnace was keel uppermost. As several of the party could not swim, the first thing to do was to look after them, and help them to scramble up on to the keel. Peyton Jones, who was a magnificent swimmer, and all of us who could swim at all, worked zealously at this, splashing as much as possible the while, in order to keep the sharks away; and in a very short time, a long row of moist, uncomfortable bodies ornamented the bottom of the capsized boat.

"'Are we all here now?' cried Jones, who was at the end of the line. 'One, two, three—Good Heavens! where's the doctor?'

"'Help!' shrieked a man who was at the other end of the boat,—'help, help! Here's a shark at my leg. He's got my foot in his mouth.'

"'Faith, and if it is a shark,' said the voice of the doctor from the water, 'ye'll never be troubled with corns on that foot again. But this is no fish, but an Irelander, fortunately for you, Thompson. Lend a hand, bhoys. It's myself, and no mistake. That's right. Ah, ye ungrateful baste,'—apostrophizing the boat, 'what did ye go turning over in that way for, ather I' been steering ye so carefully, and all?'

"'By Jove, I thought we'd picked all up,' said Jones. 'I'd forgotten you, O'Grady.'

"'Upon my conscience,' said the doctor, frankly, 'and you were justified in that same, for, faith! I forgot myself when I undertook to steer. But who could have expected that a boat which was going on so mighty pleasant, would have turned so suddenly over on its stomach, in that ungraceful fashion?'

"'I did not know you could swim, doctor,' some one said.

"'I'm not, perhaps, what ye'd call altogether a fine swimmer,' O'Grady returned; 'but if it's diving ye want, I'm the bhoy. Bedad, it was that that detained me just now. No sooner did I come up, than down I went again; and if my attention had not been caught by Thompson's foot, faith! I can't exactly say to the minute when I should have stopped.'

"'Well, we're all here now, at any rate,' said Jones; 'but what's to be done next! Has any one any suggestion to make?'

"'And is it suggestion you mane?' said O'Grady; 'then it's myself that has, and here it is: if any gentleman is in the possession of a brandy-flask, let him pass it down here.'

"No gentleman was. All the brandy left undrunk was in the hamper, and where the hamper was, the sharks knew better than we.

"'Bad luck to the hamper!' said the doctor; 'and bad luck to the fellow who put the brandy into it; and worse luck of all to the shark that will come into so fine a property, and may the glass bottle cut the coat of his stomach into ribbons. Amen.'

"'Stop fooling, O'Grady,' said Jones, 'the business is very serious.'

"And, by Jove, it was. Here was nine or ten of us, wet to the skin, sitting on the keel of a capsized boat, two full miles from shore, with no possibility of making way either forwards or backwards. In addition to all this, the bay swarmed with sharks, and the night—which comes on with a rush out there, you know—was just falling, so that there was no chance of being seen and picked up. If we were forced to remain in this desperately uncomfortable situation all night, there was every probability that some one, overcome by sleep, would be slipping off his unpleasant perch into the sea; and it was quite certain that the sharks, attracted by such a promising feast, would be cruising about us on all sides, waiting, like dogs, for the crumbs that fall from their masters' table. But what was to be done? The only remedy was one that it made me shudder to think of—that some one should undertake to swim two miles, in defiance of the sharks and the darkness, and carry the intelligence of our misfortune to the ship. A more risky expedition you can scarcely imagine, and it almost took my breath away when I heard Jones's voice from the end of the row say: 'Somebody must go and get assistance, and as I'm the best swimmer of you all, I'll go'

"'By gad! think of the sharks, old fellow,' said the man next to him.

"'Just what I shan't do,' said Jones; 'I shall think of them as little as possible. There's no help for it, you know; some one must go.'

"It was so thoroughly one man taking the danger of ten on his own shoulders, that each of us, from very shame, endeavoured to dissuade him; but as all that we could say made no impression upon him, a midshipman named Knapton, who was a very good swimmer, declared he'd accompany him

"'It's better for two of us to go,' said Knapton; 'for if only one went, and he were to come to grief on the way, you know, these fellows would be no better off than they are now.'

"People talk a good deal about our national degeneracy now-a-days; it doesn't look much like national degeneracy, I imagine, when, out of ten men—some of whom, as not being able to swim at all, must be left out of the account—two could be found to go in for such a very forlorn hope as this. Well, Jones and Knapton stripped themselves to the skin—the less luggage you take on a journey of this kind, the better—and dashed into the water; and you may fancy with what anxious hearts we on the boat watched, as long as the failing light would let us, their heads rising and falling with the waves, and the splashing made by their feet.

"'Kick well,' Jones shouted to Knapton, for he knew what cowards sharks are, and what a little thing will sometimes frighten them—'kick well; make as much splash as possible; it's your only chance, if they get a sight of you.'

"And there we sat in silence—even the doctor was dumb for the time—staring after the two heroes; for heroes they were, if there are such things at all: first their heads were lost in the darkness; then the white foam made by their feet; and knowing, as we did, the dangers that surrounded them, when we lost sight of that, the hope that they could ever reach the shore seemed to mix with the darkness, and to be lost as well. It is a terribly painful thing to have to remain inactive while others are incurring great danger; to feel that you cannot raise a finger to help them, however desperate their position. I don't know that I ever passed a more wretched time than I did after Jones and Knapton had got beyond our sight. As I sat shivering on that dismal boat, thinking of those two fellows swimming along in the midst of perils which they had no power to avoid, there came into my mind a scene from an old book which I had not read since I was a child, in which a man had to pass in the dead of night through a valley set everywhere with snares and pitfalls, which in the darkness he could not see, but still was forced to go walking blindly on, conscious that at any moment he might step into absolute destruction.

"But Jones and the midshipman were swimming steadily all the while, for some time almost side by side; their faces set for the shore, and their thoughts dwelling as little as possible upon what might at any moment happen down below. Some men—I among them—have a horror of touching anything under water; and I am certain that if I had been either of those fellows, the very knowledge that every kick I gave might send my foot against a shark, who would snip off my leg in a twinkle, would have acted like the touch of the electrical eel upon me, and deprived my muscles of all power of motion. It did not operate so with them, however. The apprehension of danger only made them more active in trying to escape from it, and for about three quarters of a mile—we could not see them, of course, but, as you may imagine, we had every single incident related to us afterwards—they proceeded swiftly and evenly. But after they had accomplished that distance, Knapton began to drop gradually behind. He had either overrated his powers, or exhausted himself with kickin too vigorously; at any rate, from whatever cause, when they had gone, about a mile, he cried out to Jones; 'I can go no farther. I must shut up. You go on. Never mind me—go on.' Jones, however, was the last man in the world to desert a friend in difficulties; he turned, and swam back to him at once.

"'Are you done up, old fellow?' Jones said to him.

"'Yes,' said the midshipman; 'I can't go on any farther. But you go on; you'd better leave me.'

"'Not I,' said Jones; 'we set out together, and we'll finish together, or not at all. Now, look here. Don't you grasp at me, and cling to me; you are too good a swimmer not to know that's raving madness. Rest your hands upon my hips; let your body float quietly out; and I'll see what I can do.'

"Knapton did exactly as he was bidden; Jones stretched himself out before him; and with more than ever resting upon him now, in every sense of the term, struck out again for the land as resolutely as before. Who was that rusty old hero? Æneas, was'nt it? pious Æneas?—that they make so much fuss about, because he carried his father on his shoulders out of burning Troy, all the while in mortal dread that Greeks would pop out upon him at every corner? Well, he was not a bit more of a hero than Peyton Jones. In fact, give me Jones for choice; for, reckoning the elements as about equally nasty, who would not sooner have to deal with a Greek than a shark? In the first case, you might drop the Governor, and go in at the Greek, without fearing to find the old gentleman a cinder when you turned round to pick him up again. But with Jones it was quite different. If he left Knapton, the poor fellow must have drowned; and as far as the sharks were concerned, he had nothing for it but swim on, and if the enemy close to bite his legs off, why, they must. Besides, there is another thing to be said for Jones's case—it is perfectly true; whereas, as regards the feat of Father Æneas, it is—to put it in the mildest way—open to question.

"That is, however, rather a trifling way of speaking of what was no trifle of Jones. As he was swimming on, toiling along with Knapton, more dead than alive, hanging on to him, he suddenly became aware that *one of them* was after him. The demon had found them out at last. It was a sickening moment that; yet, determined never to say die, swimming vigorously to his last, and kicking and splashing with all his might, Jones pushed his way through that awful sea. The shark kept close to them; now on this side, now on that, now diving beneath them, and—'and I give you my honor, sir,' Jones said to me himself, 'that once I distinctly felt the beggar's infernal nose touch my thigh, and the horror of that nearly finished me.' Heaven knows how he reached the shore a whole man, but he did reach it at last, and brought Knapton with him too, fainting certainly, but without a limb short.

"Well, he had got to the land, and that was a capital thing. After struggling through two miles of sea, dragging a half-dead man along with you, and dodging sharks, any land would seem a paradise; but still it is not exactly the thing for a gentleman in these days to make his appearance on *terra firma* in the very same costume as that in weich Adam made his. In his joy at reaching land, and bringing his friend safely with him, Jones had forgotten his state of undress; but when he had carried Knapton in his arms up the beach, and had laid him out, as if to dry, well above high-water mark, then, as he was starting off at a run in the direction of the harbor, the full conviction of his absolute clotheslessness came over him with crushing force. How on earth was he to make his way to the harbor, and to appear on the deck of H. M. S. *Briareus* without a single thing to cover him except his own confusion. It was a dreadful dilemma, and for a moment Jones almost regretted that the sharks had not delivered him from the difficulty; but a moment's thought and the recollection of the miserable plight in which his friends on the capsized pinnace were, from which nobody but himself could save them, restored his resolution. Muttering to himself that he'd by odds sooner repeat the first part of his undertaking than carry out the last, he set off running towards the harbour. But he was to be spared the horrors of having to give such a bare recital of the calamity as this. His Good Fortune came to his aid—Fortune, being blind, could do so, of course, without shocking her sense of decency—and helped him at his need. He had not to run far before he saw a big negro coming towards him. The big negro had on a shirt and trousers. Now a shirt and a pair of trousers are not generally considered a lavish superfluity of clothing; but in Jones's nased condition they seemed nothing less than a monstrous piece of extravagance.

"'A shirt *and* trousers!' said Jones to himself, as if such a combination had never come beneath his notice before—'a shirt *and* trousers! He can't require both of them. He must lend me one or other. He shall keep whichever he likes, but one of them I must have—Here, you!'

"And Jones walked solemnly up to the black, and stated that, situated as the negro could see that he was, he was under the necessity of requesting the negro to resign the moiety of his wearing apparel. He added that he was an officer on board H. M. S. *Briareus*, and would trouble the negro to look sharp. The negro not unnaturally declined to part with either shirt or trousers. It certainly was rather hard lines for him when you come to think of it—when you put yourself into his position and garments. That a gentleman, of however high a standing in her Majesty's service, and giving references however unexceptionable, should make his appearance in a state of nature, walk up to you in a lofty manner, and coolly demand a most important part of your clothing, was rather hard lines, and the negro thought so. He flatly refused to consent to the arrangement, and not without having some reason on his side either. And yet, what was Jones to do? He must give the alarm, and he must have some clothes to do it in. There was but one course before him; 'to do a great right,' he must 'do a little wrong.' It was exactly one of those cases in which, there being a show of right on both sides, nothing but might can settle it. It is not every man who, after swimming for two miles, would feel himself in a condition to assault a large negro, but Peyton Jones was one in a thousand.

"'Look here, you rascal,'' said Jones, 'I must have your trousers.'

"'Yah, yah, yah!'' laughed the man, as if he were beginning to see the joke.

"'I'll pay you for them, you black scoundrel,' said the gentleman in buff.

"'Yah, yah! Let massa put him hand in him pocket, den, yah, yah!' said the gentleman in black.

"'If you don't give them to me I shall take them,' said Jones.

"'Yah, yah, yah, yah!' laughed the negro as if the joke had been a good one all along, but here was the cream of it.

"Some men can appreciate no argument but force, thought Jones; so he knocked the negro down. Negroes are, as every body knows, hard-headed individuals, but one blow from Jones was more than enough for him; with two he would have slain a bull of Bashan. The negro offered no more resistance. Jones took off his trousers, put them on himself, and showing, to my mind, great moderation in not taking the shirt as well while he was about it, left the *sans culotte* on the ground, ran off for the harbour, reached his ship, and gave the alarm. The hundred hands of H. M. S. *Briareus* were turned up instantly; boats were sent out; and about ten o'clock that night, when we had given up all hope of being rescued from our distressing position till next day, and had set it down as certain that both Jones and Knapton had become food for sharks, the welcome lights, that assured us not only of our own deliverance, but of the safety of at least one of them, shone through the darkness; and in a few minutes we were all taken off that confound-d keel, and lifted into the boat. It was a near thing, though. The boats had been here and there for a couple of hours without finding any trace of us; the lieutenant had given the order to return; and it was only through the boatswain neglecting the order, and making one cast more, happily a successful one, that led to our being rescued. However, 'just in time,' is better than 'too late;' relief reached us at last; and in spite of sharks and shipwreck, there was not a man of us lost, thanks to Peyton Jones's heroic conduct in taking that perilous swim in the dark.—And now he's dead, poor fellow!"

"Possibly; but of influenza? No, I'll never believe it."

MISCELLANEOUS.

WATERFALLS.

If any of our readers imagine that we are about to give a geographical dissertation on the subject of cataracts, we hasten to disabuse them of the impression. We propose to confine ourselves to waterfalls *par excellence*, such as may be seen by hundreds in our streets on any fair afternoon. It is with some degree of fear and trembling that we approach this subject, feeling that in criticising the ladies we are venturing on dangerous, if not wholly forbidden ground. But the subject, or subjects, have assumed such magnitude as to force themselves prominently on public notice, and fairly demand recognition. To begin with, it must be admitted that waterfalls have become one of the institutions of the civilized world; but they ill-deserve the designation which Artemus Ward applies to his "wax figgers" that of "a great moral exhibition." That they are to a great extent an artificial production is easy to believe, but they cannot be styled an artistic triumph. To the artificial character of these excrescences, the rifled churchyards of Europe and America bear ample testimony. Unfortunate horses who have been deprived of that useful and ornamental appendage, the tail, must look, too, with a certain degree of animosity on those who have been the means of despoiling them of their natural possessions, and torturing them into the unsightly forms which are so frequently exhibited on King street. The artistic element is not so apparent. Mere bulk by no means constitutes artistic excellence, and this is the striking feature in very many cases. All will admit that, before fashion became so exorbitant in her demands as to magnitude in waterfalls, some tolerably graceful specimens of the article were occasionally to be witnessed. But these have become things of the past, and now a waterfall which does not outrage every principle of elegance, which does not ignore every line of beauty, would not appease the most moderate demands of the tyrant fashion.

Why the name of waterfall has been given to these monstrosities, no one can imagine. That there is the slightest resemblance to nature's waterfalls, no one will suspect, unless the model adopted for the fashion is a straw-stack in a shower of rain. Who would look for the graceful lines of falling waters in the objects which bear the name of waterfalls? Who ever imagined a Venus or a Juno with such a deformity? Fancy a Venus with a waterfall! During the present generation no other fashion has so marred female beauty, with a single exception, and that was tabooed about a score of years since. Of course, there is a tendency in fashion to run to extremes, and this is no exception. Were this fashion confined to a certain class of women, few would hesitate in denouncing it as essentially and irredeemably vulgar. But it has too wide a range—too strong a foothold in society—to allow of its being characterized in this sweeping manner. Some very refined young ladies indulge in waterfalls, *ergo* the waterfalls is not wholly vulgar, however strong appearances point to such a conclusion. No one can suspect ladies who exhibit "grace in every motion" of such a total depravity of taste, of such deplorable ignorance of the principles of beauty as is implied by admiring the waterfall. The correct explanation of the phenomenon must be sought elsewhere, and doubtless the whole blame is chargeable to that old offender, fashion, who has long shown himself amenable to no æsthetic rules. Charity would plead that as each young lady is unable to see the unsightly monstrosity at her own back, she tries to fancy that her waterfall is less unbecoming than those she witnesses on her friends. On no other supposition can the prevalence of this unseemly fashion be accounted for. If each waterfall-bearer could be convinced that her own was no less ugly than her neighbour's waterfall, the fate of the deformity would be sealed instantly.

It is a melancholy fact that each particular waterfall is like every other—only a little more so. Let those fair damsels who have been hugging delusions on this subject abandon them at once, and with them the ungraceful, positively ugly waterfall. If they hold malice against men for failing to admire something which is wholly incapable of exciting admiration, let them decree some fitting punishment for the offence; but let them no longer disfigure themselves in this unnatural manner. Any old fashion may be revived to replace this if a new one cannot be devised; and as the nineteeth century furnishes no other example of an equally ungraceful *coiffure*, the change will be for the better. There has been but one fashion in vogue within the memory of the present generation at all rivalling this one in ugliness, and that was forgotten nearly a score of years ago, and there need be no fears of its resuscitation.—*Canadian paper.*

SOCIETY IN NEW YORK.

A late New York paper contains the following faithful sketch of "society" in that metropolis:—

"To be fashionable it is not enough to be rich, to be respectable, to live and dress well, to give parties and to entertain many acquaintances. All this is requisite, but something more is necessary. Fashionable society is organized by a clique of wealthy persons, who, having nothing else to do, make it their business to give dinners and parties. They are generally intelligent, reside in handsome houses, dress richly but in good taste, drive fine but not fast horses, and can trace their ancestors as far back as their grandfathers, although their great-grandfathers are often enveloped in a dim and romantic mist, through which it is quite impossible to distinguish whether they were shoemakers or noblemen. These organizers compose their society of a few hundred ladies and gentlemen, divided for convenience into half a dozen cliques. Most American ladies are in a hurry to get married young; they know that time is fleeting, and they want a man to pay their dry goods bills. Fashionable young ladies are in no such haste. With rich parents, and on an assured position, they do not care to marry before they are twenty-five. Having finished their education at a fashionable school, they pass the interval until their marriage in dancing the German, attending the opera, and receiving the attentions of the gentlemen, with whom, however, they do not go so far as to flirt.

These fashionable gentlemen are also a peculiar class: they toil not, neither do they spin, except in waltzes; but Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like unto them. The German is their sole occupation. They rise late, breakfast at noon, and then come down town, ask the price of gold, and drink a cocktail at the lower Delmonico's by the way of business. Fatigued with this exertion, which they perform with great solemnity and regularity, as if the finances of the nation would be disarranged should they omit it, they then ride home and dress for dinner. After dinner they go to various parties, lead the German, and retire at two o'clock, A. M., to be awake for several hours, trying to invent a new figure for their favorite dance. Their only ambition, like Von Bismarck, is to be the German leader. If the dance go off well no prince could be prouder. If the couples get confused the leader is exiled, like Napoleon after Waterloo. When they grow too old to dance they marry fashionable women, and when they die they expect to enter a fashionable heaven, and dance the German, throughout eternity upon floors of pure gold and music at angelic harps.—These are the real fashionables, and to apply that term to any other class is a mistake. They set the fashions in dress, in amusements and in society, and a host of admirers and imitators are ready to follow them. They did not patronize the watering place hotels last summer, and consequently the season was a complete failure. The fact is that these fashionables have been crowded out of many of their old haunts by the newly rich people who have more money and spend it more extravagantly. The true fashionables never waste a dollar. They have the best things, but buy them at the lowest price. Only the shoddy people give their carriages to their coachmen and light their cigars with greenbacks. It is as unfashionable to throw away money foolishly as it is to earn it by hard work. The newly rich may flourish at the watering place hotels, pay enormous bills, and make the fortunes of rapacious landlords; but the fashionables have quietly withdrawn to their neat cottages and secluded villas, where they are more comfortable at a much cheaper rate."

SENSIBLE AT LAST.—The American people are too practical to allow "Reciprocity" with British America to remain long suspended. The advantages are too apparent. The N. Y. *Journal of Commerce* says:—"Eastern people are heartily tired of the suspension of reciprocity with Canada, and evidently hope to get the subject before the next Congress for reconsideration. The act intended as a punishment of our neighbours in Canada for alleged violation of neutrality, falls most heavily on merchants and manufacturers in the Eastern States. The latter complain that a serious diversion of trade with the United States has taken place without any compensating advantages. On the contrary, the removal of the competitors from the British provinces has operated to encourage extortionate prices, and without any increase of public revenue. Not only is the national treasury suffering, but the people at large are the victims of enormous prices for many agricultural products and products of the forests, in consequence of bad legislation. But where the shoe pinches is in Massachusetts, heretofore highly favored in the interchange of commodities with Canada, on account of geographical position. 'Bluenoses' and other inhabitants of the maritime provinces are painfully scarce. For these reasons the experiment of abolishing reciprocity has been tried long enough. New England is to some extent convinced of its folly. The absurdity of destroying our own market is beginning to be perceived by the dull eyes of the most ardent protectionists."

A SENSATIONAL NOVEL OF REAL LIFE.—It is not often that a man who begins his career by embezzlement turns out right in the long run, and refunds, with interest, the abstracted money. An instance of the kind, very remarkable in its character, has come to light in Liverpool. About six or eight years ago a young man who had been educated at Trinity College, Dublin, arrived in Liverpool to push his fortune. He was engaged as correspondence clerk by an influential firm, in whose service he worked himself up to such a point of efficiency that they increased both his pay and his responsibilities. In order to cover his personal extravagance, the young man helped himself to his employers' cash to the extent of £3,000. He, of course eloped, and all the ingenuity of the detective officials could not disclose his whereabouts. In the meantime the fugitive went to America and (as afterwards transpired) engaged himself to a well-known dry goods merchant of New York, with whom he remained until the outbreak of the American war. His master being an ardent patriot, offered to advance handsome sums of money to any of his clerks who would volunteer for the war, and the hero of this brief narrative was one who accepted the offer. He went through some of the severest brushes of the campaign without receiving a wound, fought at Fredericksburg, Seven Oaks, and other places, and held a subordinate command during Sherman's great march. At the close of the struggle he fell in love with and married the wealthy young widow of one of the federal generals who was killed at Gettysburg. After their marriage the lady wished to visit England, but there was one little difficulty in the way—the £3,000! Ultimately, however, it was decided that the wisest course would be to refund the amount, and to the delight of the Liverpool firm they received by the last steamer an order for the amount, with five per cent. interest from the date of the cashier's elopement.

A Dublin correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who says that the Fenians are very quite but very formidable, gives the following as the causes of the prevalent discontent:—

"No country on the face of the world can present a sadder picture than Ireland does at present. Land either waste or quickly being turned into vast pasture tracts for rearing supplies of 'roast beef' for the English markets; tenant farmers either the slaves of their landlords, blindly following the dictates of their bailiff, or forced by enormous increase in the rate of rent to eke out existence on a minimum of profit; told to be thankful that they are not summarily ejected from house and home; driven as beggars from the spot where their fathers before them worked and slaved from the early morning of life till its very close, to create a home; the natural resources of the country neglected; harbors, some of which might compare with any others in the world, decaying for want of the expenditure of a comparatively small sum; fisheries, formerly the source of much wealth, wasting away for the want of a little government aid to sustain them; these, and other grievances, form the load that is bowing down the hearts of the Irish people, and make them the willing followers of any man who raises the standard of revolt."

One half the commercial portion of Kingstown, the capital of the Island of St Vincent, West Indies, had been destroyed by fire on October 29th. Middle, Egmont and Back Streets are nearly all in ruins. Many poor persons have lost everything.—"It is estimated that £80,000 will not rebuild, refurnish and restock the property destroyed. It is stated in one of the local journals that it is impossible to picture the misery entailed on the sufferers. Besides a large number of stores and dwellings the whole of the buildings in the ordnance yard, with the exception of the police barracks, were destroyed. Among the buildings consumed were the offices of the Treasurer, Auditor and Postmaster. The Government of the Colony immediately took measures with the view of relieving the sufferers." The fire was occasioned through carelessness in a kitchen of a building which was occupied both as a store and dwelling house.

COIN USED BY JUDAS.—The 'piece of silver,' thirty of which were paid to Judas, in his trade of betraying Christ, was considered a peculiar piece by the Israelites, and was always spoken of in their holy books as a holy shekel of the sanctuary. It was the amount which each Israelite, between the ages of twenty and fifty, was required to pay into the public treasury, as a ransom for their delivery, during their sojourn in the wilderness. According to the British currency, a shekel was worth two shillings three pence three farthings—equal to about fifty cents of our money. The coin was somewhat larger than an American half dollar and was smooth edged. On one side it bore the emblem of Aaron's rod, as mentioned in Numbers xvii. 8, surrounded with the inscription in Hebrew which is given in the eleventh chapter of Leviticus—with the words "Shekel of Israel."

TRAITORS IN THE FENIAN CAMP.—The Dublin correspondent of the New York *World* says he knows that every plan and every action of the Fenian organization is made known to England; and not only that, but that if she liked she could at this moment lay her finger on every Fenian in Ireland. The writer asserts some five weeks ago a man named Sutton or Dutton arrived in Ireland, said to be the accredited agent of Stephens, and vested by him with full powers; entrusted by him with all the secrets of the organization. This man has been bought, and is at this moment doing the work not for which he may have been sent by James Stephens to do, but that for which he is paid by the British Government.

The fellows are rather importunate out West. Witness the following newspaper announcement: "Engaged—Miss Anna Gould to John Candal, City Marshall, both of Leavenworth Kansas. From this time henceforth and forever, until Miss Anna Gould becomes a widow—all young men are requested to withdraw their particular attention."