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. XIV. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, July 25, 1864. **New Series.---No. 34.**

CIVIC ELECTIONS.

BY THE MAYOR.

In pursuance of an Act of the General Assembly of this Island, made and passed in the eighteenth year of the reign of Her present Majesty, intituled "An Act to Incorporate the Town of Charlottetown," I do hereby give public notice, that an Election of

Mayor and Five Councillors,

for the City of Charlottetown, will be held on TUESDAY, 2d August next, at the several places following, that is to say:

In Ward No. 1, at the Store of A. H. Yates, Esq., corner of Queen and Water Streets.

In Ward No. 2, at the Fire Engine House, fronting on Great George Street.

In Ward No. 3, at the City Hall.

In Ward No. 4, at the Fire Engine House, fronting on King's Square.

In Ward No. 5, at the house of Mr. E. Needham, fronting on Great George Street.

And at the said Elections the Poll will be opened at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and continue open till 5 in the afternoon of the same day.

DESCRIPTION OF WARDS.

"Number One shall comprise all that part of Charlottetown which lies south of Dochester Street. Number Two shall comprise all that part of Charlottetown which lies south of Richmond Street and north of Dorchester Street. Number Three shall comprise all that part of Charlottetown which lies south of Grafton and north of Richmond Streets. Number Four shall comprise all that part of Charlottetown which lies south of Fitzroy and north of Grafton Streets. Number Five shall comprise all that part of Charlottetown which lies north of Fitzroy Street, including the Common of the said Town."—See 18 Vic. cap. 34, intituled "An Act to Incorporate the Town of Charlottetown."

T. H. HAVILAND, Mayor.

Mayor's Office, July 18, 1864.

MAILS

BY STEAMERS

'Princess of Wales' and 'Heather Belle.'

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

THE MAILS for the neighbouring Provinces, etc. will, until further notice, be made up as follows:—

For NOVA SCOTIA, via Pictou, on MONDAY mornings, at 7.45, and on TUESDAY evenings, at 8 o'clock; also, via Brule, on Wednesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock.

For NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA, and the UNITED STATES, via Shediac, on TUESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at 7.30; and on WEDNESDAY evenings, at 8 o'clock.

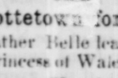
Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland, the Bermudas, and the West Indies, every alternate Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, as follows:—

Tuesday,	7th June	Tuesday,	16th August
Do	21st do	Do	30th do
Do	5th July	Do	13th Sept.
Do	19th do	Do	27th do
Do	2nd August	Do	11th Oct.

Supplementary Mails for England, etc. will be made up the following Wednesday evenings, at 8 o'clock.

L. C. OWEN, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, Ch'town, June 6, 1864.

ROYAL MAIL  STEAMERS

PRINCESS OF WALES AND HEATHER BELLE.

New Summer Arrangement,

Commencing 18th JULY.

Charlottetown for Pictou.

Monday, Heather Belle leaves at 9 morning.
Thursday, Princess of Wales leaves at 8 do.

Pictou to Charlottetown.

Monday, Heather Belle leaves at 7 evening.
Thursday, Princess of Wales at 12 midnight.

Charlottetown to Brule.

Thursday, Heather Belle leaves at 4 morning.
Saturday, Heather Belle leaves at 4 do.

Brule to Charlottetown.

Thursday, Heather Belle leaves at 5 evening.
Saturday, Heather Belle leaves at 5 do

Ch'town to Summerside and Shediac.

Tuesday, Princess of Wales leaves at 7 morning.
Wednesday, " " 4 do
Friday, " " 8 do.

Summerside to Shediac.

Tuesday, Princess of Wales leaves at 11.30 a. m.
Wednesday, " " 8.30 do.
Friday, " " 12.30 do.

Shediac to Summerside and Ch'town.

Tuesday, Princess of Wales leaves at 3.30, p. m.
Wednesday, " " 2 do.
Saturday, " " 2 do.

Summerside to Char'town.

Tuesday, Princess of Wales leaves at 7 evening.
Wednesday, " " 5.30 do.
Saturday, " " 5.30 do.

FARES:

From Charlottetown to Pictou or back, Cabin 12s., Steerage 10s. 6d.
Do. do. Brule or back, Cabin 9s., Steerage 7s. 6d.
Do. do. Summerside or back, Cabin 9s., Steerage 7s. 6d.
Do. do. Shediac or back, Cabin 18s., Steerage 15s.
Do. do. St. John or back, £1 8s. 1½d., or $4. 50c.
Do. do. Eastport or back, £1 17s. 6d., or $6.
Do. do. Portland or back, £2 10s., or $8.
Do. do. Boston or back, £2 16s. 3d., or $9.

Return Tickets to or from Charlottetown and Summerside, 12s., available one week.—Tickets void if parties leave the Island during the time.

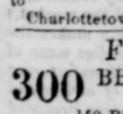
Excursion Return Tickets, at one first class fare, may be issued at any Ticket office, to parties of five or more going and returning together, to and from any one station within one week, it being distinctly understood that unless these conditions are complied with the Tickets will be void.

☞ The Steamer "Heather Belle," leaves Mount Stewart Bridge every FRIDAY morning calling at the different wharves on her way up and down the River.

By order,
F. W. HALES, Secretary.

Ch'town, July 11, 1864.

LONDON TRADER.



THE fine new copper-fastened Barque "LOTUS," A 1, 290 tons register, ARCHIBALD McDONALD, Master, will sail from CHARLOTTETOWN, for the above Port, on or about the 20th instant. Returning, will leave LONDON the first SATURDAY in September. Has first class accommodation for Passengers.

For freight or passage apply in London to JOHN PITCAIRN & SONS, 69 Cornhill; at Charlottetown to D. G. & S. DAVIES.

Charlottetown, July 11, 1864.

FOR SALE!

300 BBLS. No. 1 Superfine CANADA FLOUR,
150 Bbls No 2 DO DO
10 Puns Muscovado Molasses,
Bags Liverpool Salt,
Boxes Tobacco, 10s,
Bbls choice Biscuit,
Cases Claret, 'Mentferrand.'

J. ROBERTS ECKART,
Telegraph Building,
June 27, '64. 6m Water-street.

Hillsborough Square.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

PERSONS desirous of contracting for the erection of a good, substantial Fence, with suitable Gates, around Hillsborough Square, will please send in tenders for the same, on or before Saturday next, at noon, the 16th instant, to the Subscriber, who will show a Plan and Specification of the work required. WM. MURPHY.

Gas Works, July 11, 1864.

Wanted Immediately,

FOUR CAULKERS. Apply to
BENJAMIN DAVIES.

Ch'town, July 11, 1864.

A Good Chance FOR AN INDUSTRIOUS MAN.

THE Subscriber offers for sale a FARM having a front of Twenty Chains on Kildare River, Lot 4, now occupied by John Kinch, containing about 120 acres, leased at 1s. per acre. About 40 acres are under cultivation, and the balance covered with fencing and hardwood. The Buildings consist of a Dwelling House, 14 x 20 feet, with a Kitchen attached, 14 x 14, finished outside, and a Frame Barn 20 feet square. Any quantity of Sea Manure, marsh and mussel mud, can be obtained close by. Terms easy.

For further particulars apply to
GEORGE W. HOWLAN.

Cascumpec, July 18, 1864. isl 3m

Valuable Farm for Sale.

THE Leasehold Interest of 160 acres of LAND, at the annual rent of One Shilling per acre, situate in Lot 20, New London, and fronting on the Gulf Shore, and is most conveniently situated for fishing and sea manure. 120 acres are in a high state of cultivation; the remainder is covered with hard and soft wood. On the premises is a Dwelling House, 30 x 25 feet, and a Barn 40 x 45 feet; a House Frame completed, 28 x 34 feet; 3000 feet of Boards, pine and spruce.

The above property is a desirable investment for any person wishing to engage in fishing or farming, and will be sold with or without the crop, and immediate possession given. ☞ Terms liberal.

The above Farm will be sold by Public Auction, on WEDNESDAY, the 3d day of August next, at the hour of Eleven o'clock, together with the Crop, Stock, and Farming Implements.

STOCK:

15 head of horned cattle, 60 head of sheep, 1 mare and foal, 8 years old; 1 mare, 7 years old; 1 mare, 3 years old; 1 filly, 1 year old; Entire Horse "*Flying Frenchman*," 11 years old; *Entire Horse* "French Tiger," 4 years old; 8 hogs.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS:

2 carts, nearly new; 1 waggon, new; 1 sulky, 1 iron plough, new; 1 sett of harrows, 3 wood sleighs, 1 box sleigh, 4 setts of harness, 1 horse rake.

CROP:

5 acres of wheat, 25 acres of oats, 8 acres of barley, 20 acres of hay, 5 acres of potatoes, 2 acres of turnips.

TERMS—All sums under £15, to be paid the 1st of November next, and over £15, on the 1st of November, 1865, for crop and Stock.

JAMES HELM,
New London Ponds.
GEO. ANDERSON, Auctioneer.

July 4, 1864. 4w

FREEHOLD PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER, retiring from Public Business, will sell at PUBLIC AUCTION all his FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situate in the flourishing village of ST. ELEANOR'S, in this Island, in FOUR LOTS.

Lot No. 1, comprising "THE HOTEL," long and favourably known as "Ness's Hotel," commodious, well adapted for public business, and in thorough repair, with a suitable STABLE and COACH HOUSE, spacious yard, with an excellent pump and well of water attached thereto.

Lot No. 2 consists of a NEW SHOP, and land in the rear thereof immediately adjoining, situate on the corner of the Western Road and the Public Road leading to Summerside, having a front of 25 feet on the last mentioned road, and extending back 56 feet on the first mentioned road. This Shop is 30 feet by 23, well fitted up, with good cellar underneath.

Lot No. 3 comprises a SHOP on the south-east corner, also well fitted up, with land and wood-house attached, the whole having a front of 24 feet on the public road leading to Summerside, and extending back 65 feet.

Lot No. 4 comprises a BUILDING LOT on the north-west corner, also adjoining Lot No. 1, having a front of sixty feet on the Western Road, and extending a like distance on the street or road in rear of the premises. Each Lot will be sold separately, if not previously disposed of by private sale. Auction to take place on the premises on WEDNESDAY, the 27th day of JULY next, at 12 o'clock, noon.

TERMS—One third of the purchase money to be paid at the time of Sale; one-third in one year, and one-third in two years, with interest, secured on the premises.

Further particulars made known on application to CHARLES PALMER, Esq., Charlottetown, or to the subscriber on the premises

WILLIAM NESS.

St. Eleanor's, July 4, 1864.

Eligible Business Stand.

TO be sold by private bargain, that very valuable FREEHOLD FARM at St. Peter's, the property of the late Capt. JOHN KENNEDY, deceased, consisting of about 62 acres, all under cultivation, and is known to be one of the best stands for business in King's County. It will be sold with all the buildings on it, with or without the stock and growing crop, and possession can be given any time which may be agreed on. Apply on the premises to

ELIZABETH KENNEDY.

St. Peter's, June 27, 1864. 1m

Freehold Property for Sale.

THE front of the Farm owned by the late JAMES ANDERSON, Esqr., consisting of THIRTY ACRES, (more or less.) and in possession of the undersigned, is now offered for Sale. The property is so well known that scarcely any description is needed. It has a front on St. Peter's Bay of Twenty-five chains, and not more than a quarter of a mile from the entrance of the Harbor, and abundance of sea manure heaps up on its front every season, which can be brought on the farm very conveniently by means of an excellent slip in the bank, through which a horse can bring any load. The road once known as the "Old Ferry Road" leads from the road which runs to the Harbor, and passes by the rear of the above land, leading to the Bay, and thus fitting it for a business place, especially a fishing situation. The whole of the above is in a high state of cultivation, and can be kept so by the abundance of manure thrown up on its front by the sea.

The above Property will be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, on the Twenty-first day of JULY next, at the hour of One o'clock, by the undersigned, on the premises.

CHARLES ANDERSON.

St. Peter's, April 18, 1864.

A Freehold Farm FOR SALE.

CONSISTING of 175 acres of FRONT LAND, in a high state of cultivation, with a good DWELLING HOUSE, BARN, COACH HOUSE, THRESHING MACHINE, and all other requisites suitable for a Farm. Also, One hundred acres of WOOD LAND, in the rear, situate on the South side of Elliot River, about seven miles from Charlottetown, and quite near two Public Wharves, for shipping Produce, &c. The above property is well worth the notice of any person wishing to purchase a good Freehold Property, being the Estate of the late J. C. WRIGHT, Esq. Time will be given for two-thirds of the Purchase Money. Enquire at the Office of HENRY PALMER, Esq., or at the residence of the Subscriber in Prince Street.

CATHERINE WRIGHT, Executrix.

Ch'town, April 25, 1864. 4m

The Great Land Commission a failure! Procure free land while you can.

THE Subscriber has THREE FARMS on Lot 15, which he offers to sell on reasonable terms. There is a portion of each of those Farms cleared and under cultivation; they front on the shore, where abundance of sea manure can be had. A Building Lot or two in Charlottetown or Summerside would be taken as a payment. For further particulars apply to the Hon. W. W. LORD, Charlottetown; Mr. P. BROWN, Summerside, or to N. J. BROWN.

Brown's Mart, Egmont Bay, Feby. 29th, 1864.

To Shipbuilders.

THE Subscriber HAS RECEIVED on CONSIGNMENT, from ARBROATH, Scotland, a large quantity of SAIL TWINE and CANVAS in assorted numbers from 1 to 8, which will be sold at small advance.

ALSO, ON HAND:

PITCH,	IRON,	PAINTS,
PITCH OIL,	SPIKES,	PAINT OIL,
Paraffine Varnish,	NAILS,	Do BRUSHES,

H. HASZARD.

Upper Queen Street,
Charlottetown, May 30, 1864.

Money Found!

LATE on FRIDAY evening last, a sum of MONEY was found on Queen Street, by the subscriber, who will return it to the owner, who is required to prove property and pay the cost of advertising.

ALLAN McDOUGALL.

Queen St., Ch'town, July 18, 1864.

SUMMERSIDE.

1864 New Goods. 1864

EX COMMODORE and W. W. LORD, from LIVERPOOL,—COL. ELLSWORTH, ARGONAUT, PEARL, COMET, MARY CLEAVELAND, and Steamer COMMERCE from UNITED STATES.

THE Subscriber has received a large and well-selected STOCK OF GOODS, by the above named vessels,

Direct from the Manufacturers in England, and from first Houses in the United States,

which he will sell at his Store, SUMMERSIDE, for cash, or approved credit, consisting, in part, of—

Coburgs, Lustres, Alpacas, Delaines, Lamas, printed Muslins, Ginghams, Zeriffa Checks; Repps, Prints, Grey and White Cottons, Striped Shirtings, Bedtick, scarlet, blue, white and fancy printed Flannels; Mantles, Shawls, Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, Cap Fronts, Parasols, Umbrellas, Gloves, Hoisery, Hair Nets; a large assortment of ready-made CLOTHING in Coats, Jackets, Pants, Vests, Flannel and Cotton Shirts, Paper and Linen Shirt Collars, Neckties and Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, India Rubber and Cotton Braces; Black and Fancy Doeskins, Blue and Black Broadcloths, Tweeds, Cassimeres, Stocknett, Russell Cord, Linen domestic, Jean, Velvets, Canada bagging, Osnaburgs, Duck, Carpeting, Blankets, Counterpanes, Sheets, Verona. Serge, Oil Clothes, Ladies' Collars, Handkerchiefs, Neckties, Stays and Corsets, Carpet Bags, White and Blue Cotton Warp, Tailor's Trimmings, Ladies' Dress Trimmings.

HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Plough Metals, Cut and Wrought Nails, Pit, Cross-cut, Hand, and Tenon Saws; Window Glass, Putty, Blister and Cast Steel, Pots, Pans, and spare Covers, Sad Irons, Gunpowder and Shot, Shot Bags, Powder Flasks, Gun Caps, Percussion Guns, Fishing Rods, Trout and Cod Hooks; Hoes, Shovels, Spades, Griffin Scythes, Scythe Stones and Rifles, Codlines, Manilla Rope, Frying Pans, Gridirons; a large assortment of Hinges and Screws, Plough Traces, Leading Harness, Halter Chains, Mullen Bitts, Backbands, Watering Chains, Rings, Buckles; with a large assortment of Harness Mounting of every description; Steelyards, Door, Pad, Chest, Cupboard and Chest Locks; Carpenter's Rules, Squares, Handsaw Sets, Latches, Sewing and Pegging Awls, Shoe and Stove Blacking, Bed Screws, Copper Nails, Pump and other Tacks, Jewsharps, Black and White Coffin Furniture, Spoke Shaves, Slide Bevils, Smoothing, Jack and Trying Planes, Screw Bitts, Gimblets, Firmer and Socket Chisells, Drawing Knives, Thompson Screw Augurs, American and English made Horse Nails, Coil Chain, Paint Brushes, Sash Tools, Whitewash and Scrubbing Brushes, Hair Brooms, Horse and Shoe Brushes, Sheep Shears, Preserving Kettles, Fine Tooth and Dressing Combs, Shoe Knives, Steel Pens, Table Knives and Forks, Carvers, Pocket Knives, Table and Tea Spoons, Salt and Mustard Spoons, Razors and Straps, Tooth and Shaving Brushes, Looking Glasses, Sheaths and Belts for sailors' knives, Chalk Lines, Shoe Thread, White and Yellow Closing Flax, Scissors, Violen Strings complete, Oyster Knives, Sail Needles, Carpenters' Brads, Trays and Waiters, Saucepans, Horse Rasps, Mill, Pit, Cross-cut, hand and Tenon Saw Files, Wood Rasps, best Boot Web, Whips and Whip Thongs, Slates and Pencils, Clench Rings, Spikes, Weavers' Reed's Paints, Oils, Red and Yellow Ochre, Blue, Glue, Borax, Washing and Baking Soda, Cudbear, Extract of Logwood, Alum, Log and Red Wood, Annatto, Indigo, Olive and Castor Oil, Epsom Salts, Sena, Seidlitz Powders, Sulphur and Brimstone, Pimento, Rosin, Raisins and Currants, assorted Candy and Lozenges, Cloves, Nutmegs, Lemon Syrup, Walnuts, Filberts, Almonds, Dried Apples, Ginger, Pepper, Mustard, Vinegar, Snuff, Saltpetre, Candles, Soap, Tea, Tobacco, Cheese, Crackers, Pilot Bread, Ginger Snaps, Seed Cake, Matches, Clocks, Pitch, Tar, Oakum, Round and Flat Iron, Tables, Chairs, Bedsteds, Washstands, Rocking Chairs, Settees, Cradles, Sole Leather, Bibles, Testaments, Catechisms, Prayer and other Books, Stationery, Buckets, Brooms, Hay Rakes, Scythe Sneaths, American Broad and Narrow Axes, Adzes, Hatchets, Wool Cards, Hoop Skirts, Cane for Hoops, &c. &c.

—ALSO—

1500 Barrels SUPERFINE FLOUR; and hourly expected 500 barrels EXTRA FLOUR; 100 barrels CORN MEAL, together with a great variety of other GOODS.

☞ The highest price always paid in Cash for OATS, EGGS, WOOL and SHEEP SKINS.

JOHN ANDREW McDONALD.

Summerside, June 27, 1864.

QUEEN SQUARE GROCERY & PROVISION STORE,

Per "Light Boat" from Boston, and "Diadem" from Halifax.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS RECEIVED by above VESSELS—

100 bbls. Maxwell's best extra Ohio FLOUR,
150 " Humbolt's double extra Illinois "
80 " Superior Canada
50 " Kiln dried CORN MEAL,
5 hhds. Bright Porto Rico SUGAR,
10 puns Heavy retailing MOLASSES,
20 chests Letter A No. 1 TEA, (very superior.)
100 bags LIVERPOOL SALT,
100 boxes (20 lbs each) BUTTER SALT,
1 case Grosse & Blackwell's mixed PICKLES,
12 boxes Gray, Dunn & Co's. Fancy BISCUITS,
2 cases CONFECTIONARY,
Barrels Vinegar, Pale, Seal and Sperm OIL,
½ boxes Digby Herring, and a general assortment of Family Groceries and Provisions.

ALSO,

Buckets, Brooms, Brushes, Grain Shovels, Wood Bowls, Candle Wick, Pipes, Travelling Trunks, Manilla Rope, Churns, &c, &c., which he offers for sale on best possible terms for Cash.

ROBERT BELL.

Ch'town, May 30, 1864. 2m

Notice to Wool Growers.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY at the CITY TANNERY,

10 Tons GOOD WOOL,

for which the Subscriber will pay Market prices in Cash at his office, or by the following Agents.

Messrs. Wm. Sanderson,	Georgetown,
" George Adams,	Vernon River,
" John Cornish,	Wood Islands,
" Edward Robertson,	Newtown, Belfast,
" Richard Hibbit,	Summerside,
" John Beer,	Centreville, Bedeque.
" R. Tuplin, jr.,	Margate,
" Samuel Prowse,	Murray Harbor,
" Wm. Findley,	Orwell,
" J. R. McEwen,	West St. Peter's,
" John Carter,	Tignish.

W. B. DAWSON.

Ch'town, May 16, 1864. 8in

NOTICE!

THE Subscriber begs to announce to the people of SUMMERSIDE, and the public generally, that the Business heretofore conducted by the late HENRY VICKERSON, deceased, will now be continued by him, who respectfully solicits a continuance of the patronage so liberally conferred on the late occupant.

L. VICKERSON,
Head of Steamboat Wharf.

Summerside, June 27, 1864. 4w

ON CONSIGNMENT!

400 sides New York and Nova Scotia SOLE LEATHER,
200 bbls Extra Family FLOUR,
20 do Pastry do
15 chests CONGO TEA,
6 hhds. SUGAR,
20 puncheons MOLASSES,
5 kegs Baking SODA,
10 " COPPERAS, [STARCH.
A quantity of Benson & Aspden's superior
20 bbls. NAVY PITCH,
All at lowest figures for Cash or approved paper.

WILLIAM DODD, Queen Square.

June 27, 1864. 4in

Flour! Flour!

PER Brigantines "HOUND" and "EXPORT," from NEW YORK

200 Bbls. Superfine and Extra STATE FLOUR.

Cheap for Cash.

R. W. BRECKEN,
Water Street, adjoining the Bank.

May 23, 1864. 3m

FLOUR!

CANADA & NEW YORK FLOUR!

500 BBLS. BEST No. 1 CANADA and NEW YORK FLOUR, for sale at King's County "Flour Depot," Georgetown, at lowest prices for cash, or credit till the Fall, on approved paper. F. P. NORTON.

Georgetown, July 11, 1864.

LITERATURE.

PALINGENESIS.

I lay upon the headland height, and listened
To the incessant sobbing of the sea
In caverns under me,
And watched the waves, that tossed and fled and glistened,
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started;
For round about me all the sunny capes
Seemed peopled with the shapes
Of those whom I have known in days departed,
Apparelled in the loveliness which gleams
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory
Faded away, and the disconsolate shore
Stood lonely as before;
And the wild roses of the promontory
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed
Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers
Of all things their primordial form exists,
And cunning alchymists
Could recreate the rose with all its members
From its own ashes, but without the bloom,
Without the lost perfume.

Ah, me! what wonder-working, occult science
Can from the ashes in our hearts once more
The rose of youth restore?
What craft of alchemy can bid defiance
To time and change, and for a single hour
Renew the phantom-flower?

"Oh, give me back," I cried, "the vanished splendors,
The breath of morn, and the exultant strife,
When the swift stream of life
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and surrenders
The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap
Into the unknown deep!"

And the sea answered, with a lamentation,
Like some old prophet wailing, and it said,
"Alas! thy youth is dead!
It breathes no more, its heart has no pulsation
In the dark places with the dead of old
It lies forever cold!"

Then said I, "From its consecrated cerements
I will not drag this sacred dust again,
Only to give me pain;
But, still remembering all the lost endearments,
Go on my way, like one who looks before,
And turns to weep no more."

Into what lands of harvests, what plantations
Bright with autumnal foliage and the glow
Of sunsets turning low;
Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellations
Light up the spacious avenues between
This world and the unseen!

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,
What households, though not alien, yet not mine,
What bowers of rest divine;
To what temptations in lone wild rnesses,
What famine of the heart, what pain and loss,
The bearing of what cross!

I do not know; nor will I vainly question
Those pages of the mystic book which hold
The story still untold,
But without rash conjecture or suggestion
Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed,
Uuli "The End" I read.

THE MAD SAVANT.

'Just take a look in here before you go, my dear English friend, at No. 45; it is a curious case; and presently over our wine in the balcony I will tell you the story,' said Dr. Frochot, the famous mad doctor of Berlin, to me, with professional *sang froid*. The doctor, as he spoke, slid aside the little round piece of brass that hid a glazed aperture in the wall, and then took an elaborate pinch of snuff, while I looked through it into the cell of No. 45. It was a small, bare room, with no furniture but a trestle-bed, one chair, and a small triangular table. At this table sat a tall, thin, gray-haired man, with a vacant, care-worn face, who was busy counting a heap of those round, prismatic pieces of glass that are used as ornaments to chandeliers. Having counted them some twenty times over, he proceeded to breathe on each of them, and then, one by one, to rub them, and hold them to the light. Suddenly he rose, drew himself to his full length, struck his forehead, as if he was in pain there, or as if some momentary flash of reason had lighted up his mind, then gave a loud shriek, and fell in a swoon upon the floor.

I replaced the brass slide with an involuntary sigh. 'He has swooned; should he not have help, Dr. Frochot?' said I to my friend the mad doctor.

'No; he is often so,' replied the imperturbable doctor; 'he will be better when he comes to. We never visit patients but at regular hours. If we were always visiting patients, what time should we poor doctors have for ourselves?'

Some ten minutes later, the doctor and myself were seated in the balcony of one of the pleasantest houses in Berlin, watching the little heart-shaped leaves of the lime-trees waver and flutter in the street below, as we smoked our cigars and sipped our *Hocheimer*. It was a quiet street in the suburbs, and that part of the house where the patient was confined was far away from us, and separated from the quarter that the doctor inhabited by a large garden, and thus no groan or shriek could reach us. A pale, fat man, a recovered patient, waited on us, and the children from time to time ran out to us, laughing and shouting, from the inner rooms. As it began to get dusk, and the air grew cooler, and the first star sparkled over the General Graufenclau's house opposite, the doctor, planting one foot on the upper ledge of the balcony, and resting the other on a china garden-seat, began his story:

You must know, my dear English friend, that in 1812—that is to say, exactly eighteen years ago—I, then a mere lad, accompanied the French army to Russia. I was surgeon in Davoust's corps, and was often in the Emperor's tent. No. 45 — then a well-known astronomer in Berlin — was also with the Grand Army, having been expressly commanded by Napoleon to make observations on the climate of Russia, and to record its variations. His name was Krautzer, and he was well known at that time in Berlin as an acute observer of great industry and sagacity, but of an envious and avaricious spirit, that had led him to waste much time in alchemic pursuits, which he had finally abandoned in disgust, only to give himself altogether up to place-hunting and money-making. We knew each other by sight, and I frequently saw him both during the advance and the retreat. The story I tell you is partly from my own knowledge, and partly from the mouths of his intimate friends, many of whom were acquaintances of mine.

But let me delay for a moment, my dear English friend, to recall the glories of that vast army of three hundred thousand men that crossed into Russia. Only yesterday an old country woman was brought to see me, who had beheld that army pass her cottage. She described Napoleon as sitting on her small table, alternately consulting his maps, and cutting huge slices from a loaf that lay on the table. All his marshals were round him, and all day the troops moved past the doorway in dusty columns. The country girls were peeping in at the window, to catch a glimpse of the Emperor. 'Why do you look at me?' he said good-naturedly to one of the prettiest, chucking her under the chin as he spoke. 'I am a poor little fellow. Look at these fine tall fellows' (pointing to Davoust and Murat). The old woman who told me this had a head that kept nodding with the palsy; and it took one years back to fancy her young, graceful, and pretty. But that little story recalled to my mind how our army looked when we arrived at Gjat, just before the affair at Borodino.

We all know what happened then. The Emperor rose at three in the morning, called for a glass of punch, sent Rapp for the reports, and transacted business with Berthier till five; then mounted on horseback, and ordered the drums to beat and the trumpets to sound. 'It is the enthusiasm of Austerlitz,' he said as he rode forward, and the troops began to cheer. We lost ten thousand men, the Russians fifteen thousand; but, a few days after, the Russians retreated, and we advanced straight on Moscow.

I dare say you have read a dozen times about this famous battle, but I cannot resist—pardon an old soldier—briefly reminding you of its chief points. The Russians were in a strong position, strengthened by field-works; their right flank rested on an entrenched wood; a brook running through a deep ravine covered their right wing; from the village of Borodino the left extended to Lemonskoie, another village, protected by ravines and thickets in front, secured by redoubts and batteries; while in the centre, on an elevation, rose a double battery, that commanded the whole line.

Davoust wanted to turn their left, but Napoleon thought the plan too dangerous. Poniatowski therefore attacked their right and centre; while Ney tried to storm the redoubt in the centre; and Prince Eugene broke into Lemonskoie. If Napoleon had brought up his reserve of the Young Guard, the Russian retreat would have been a rout; and if Davoust had got in their rear, Kutusow would have been unable to have retreated on the capital.

Ma foi! those peasants in the grey frocks, encouraged by their bearded priests, with their painted images, fought like Turks, and would take or give no quarter. With nearly twenty thousand men wounded, and thirty generals *hors de combat*, you may imagine that I had a busy time of it the day after the battle. I was the chief doctor in the great convent of Kolotskoi, where our wounded were brought. We had no lint or anything, and our hussars had to scour the country for linnen and beds. I was up to my waist in legs and arms; and at night, when I went to take a breath of fresh air, as tired as any butcher on market-day, the groans from that great building rose as from a dying giant.

On the night of the 11th, Napoleon being uncertain whether the Russians had taken the Road to Moscow or Kalouga, was informed by Jewish spies that Kutusow had really fallen back on the capital. The next morning we were advanced on Krymskoie We are all in high spirits; even the poor wounded cheered faintly when I reported the news in the hospital.

That same night, as I was walking round the bivouac fire, just to observe how the soldiers took the news, I came upon a singular group near a clump of firs, at the east end of the convent garden. There was Krautzer whom I knew perfectly by sight, and a Jew spy, tormenting an old Russian peasant, who knelt before them. They had each got a lighted brand, and were, I suppose, going to torture him into some sort of confession. Two or three soldiers, in their bear-skin caps and grey great-coats, were leaning on their muskets, and laughing as they watched them. The Jew was a lean, haggard man, with a dry, thin, wrinkled face, and withered eyes, that looked like dried currants. As he stood there in his greasy caftan, and dirty boots drawn over his trowsers, I thought he might have passed muster for the very spirit of Avarice himself.

'Burn his head off, great sir!' I heard him say to Krautzer; 'I tell you he knows all about the Rostopchin Palace.'

'And the celebrated Rostopchin jewels?' said Krautzer eagerly.

'Yes, everything. He was steward's man to the prince, and knows all the family secrets.' Then he held his torch close to the eyes of the wretched peasant, who shrank into a heap and screamed for mercy.

'Burn his fingers off!' cried the Jew.

'Mercy! mercy! and I'll tell all,' cried the peasant. 'All the finest jewels are kept in a malachite cabinet, under the floor of the third bedroom to the right, on the third storey, as you go up the grand staircase.'

'He's lying,' said the Jew; 'my great sir, burn his toes off—do burn his toes off.'

I was just going to interfere, and had indeed spoken to Krautzer apart, much to his indignation, when an old soldier came up, and striking the Jew with the butt-end of his musket, told him with an oath not to ill-treat the Russian.

'We owe them a turn,' he said, 'and we'll singe them with our cannon; but once prisoners, brave men should be merciful. Now, then, old Muscovite, run for your life, and no Jew or savant shall hurt you while I've a cartridge left. I've got an old father at home in Auvergne just your age. Go, *mon enfant*.'

The old Russian did not probably understand a word this old *moustache* said to him, but he saw that Krautzer and the Jew were restrained by some one or other, and he saw the wood to which the grenadier pointed. That was enough. In a moment he blundered through the fire, and ran off as hard as his old legs could carry him; and as I returned to the hospital, hearing the soldiers' laughter, I looked back and saw the Jew, nose on ground, stealing like a blood-hound on the track of the old Russian. But I thought no more of it. Hard work drove all other thoughts out of my mind, and I had my large family, my twenty thousand men, to look after.

At sunrise on the 14th of September, the vanguard reached a hill called the Mount of Salvation, and where the pilgrims kneel and pray before entering the holy city.

'Moscow! Moscow!' cried a hundred thousand voices. The steeples and gilt domes shone in the sun; the huge triangular Kremlin, half palace, half citadel, rose above the tree.

As I stood among the crowd, I heard two harsh voices at my elbow. One said: 'Where—where is it?' The other replied: 'That is the Rostopchin Palace there among the trees, to the left of the Kremlin, by the Kolomna Gate. All will soon be ours now.'

I looked round; it was Krautzer and that carrion-crow of a Jew. They were evidently thinking of the Rostopchin jewels.

'Monsieur Krautzer,' I said, 'you have not heard that Marshal Mortier has forbidden all pillage?'

'I suppose we may take keepsakes,' he replied. 'But to what do you refer?'

'I was thinking,' I replied, 'of the malachite cabinet in the Rostopchin Palace.'

'A peasant's lie,' said Krautzer, pale with anger and confusion, as he spurred on his horse, and joined the vanguard. That man had but one thought now. The beast of a Jew ran by his stirrup. How or where he had picked up this man or what common interest had brought them together, I never could learn.

Presently the news came that the two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants of Moscow had left the city. It was ours. No one was left in Moscow but beggars and thieves, and we entered the city soon after noon.

While others sought the Kremlin or the bazaars, the churches or the cafes, I employed myself in selecting a fit place for the wounded to winter in. When I had made my arrangements, under the guidance of a Cossack officer, a prisoner, I stopped at a great gateway, next door to our new quarters, and asked to what place that led.

'That is the Rostopchin Palace, Frenchman,' said the prisoner, 'and contains furniture worth half a million of rubles, all left for your Corsican's plunderers.'

'We are no thieves,' I said. 'Marshal Mortier, the new governor of Moscow, is ordered, on pain of death, to prevent all pillage.'

'Ha!' says he, 'look there; they have begun already.'

I looked up to where he pointed; there were two men tearing down some shutters, and thrusting their heads out of a window on the third story. I looked; it was Krautzer and that accursed Jew. They were evidently in full cry after those Rostopchin diamonds.

'Take charge of this officer,' I said to the picket of grenadiers that accompanied me, 'and wait below. I have business here.'

'Another of Marshal Mortier's robbers,' muttered the Cossack; but I did not deign a reply.

I leaped through the shattered door, and in a moment was up the staircase. That moment a gun was discharged, and a bullet shivered the balustrade that my hand rested upon. I drew my sword, and ran into a room on the third story where the door was open.

I stumbled over a still smoking musket. There in the half-lit room, with light streaming through the broken shutters, were Krautzer and the Jew, bending over a hole in the floor, from whence they had removed two layers of cedar planks and much plaster and fresh earth. There, between them, was the malachite cabinet—the forced-off lid carefully replaced.

I was in a furious rage at the attempted assassination. 'I don't know which of you it was who shot at me,' said I, 'but one of you it *was*. If it was this cursed Jew—who already I know to be a spy, and half suspect to be a murderer—I will kill him on the spot. If you, Monsieur Krautzer, I shall report you to Marshal Mortier.'

'I know what you want,' said Krautzer, sullenly, loooking up. 'Don't swagger. You want your share; well, then, here take it;' and so saying, he threw off the lid of the malachite cabinet with a hideous grin of triumph. It was empty; its velvet-lined recesses still bore the impress of tiaras, carcanets, chains, and bracelets. 'You see we were too late; other men had the fruit, and left the shell for us. As for the shot, we took you for a stray Russian, and being here alone, feared violence. For that shot, a thousand pardons, my dear doctor; but pray, keep this casket as a small remembrance of Moscow.'

I left the room with a curse, dashing the malachite box to pieces with a kick of my foot, and saw no more of Krautzer and his Jew for many a day, although I heard a rumour, that he had undertaken, for several thousand rubles, to convey back to France a Russian lady of rank, whose husband had been taken prisoner at Wilna, and sent to the Temple. I never knew a man so transformed by a lust for wealth as that Krautzer—fame, science, honor had all been sacrificed to that moloch.

That night our ruin began—the Russians fired Moscow, the flames first breaking out in the coachmakers' warehouses. From that moment, the Emperor knew it was all over with him. The fatal retreat soon after began.

Every day matters grew worse and worse. When one morning, on the 6th November, at Dorogobuj, the first snow-flakes fell large as half-crowns, the Russian prisoners smiled bitterly, for they knew well what was coming. From that day, it grew worse and worse—thicker and thicker; and the Cossacks skimmed round us like Arabs round a plague-struck caravan. As Segur says grandly in his great work: 'In this vast wreck, the army, like a great ship tossed by a tremendous tempest, threw into that vast weltering sea of ice and snow all that could impede its progress.' First, plunder, guns, arms, powder, shot; then the wounded, the women, the sick, sutlers, prisoners, standards At the convent of Kolotskoi, it went to my heart to find thousands of my poor wounded dead, and the rest, whom we could not move, crowding to the door, lame and bandaged, stretching out their arms, and praying them with us. There was no ford but some wagons or guns were abandoned at it; no storm of Cossacks but swept off some miserable stragglers; no bivouac lit but in the morning some of our wretched soldiers were found dead, with their feet half-burned off, and their hair frozen to the ground.

Pounded corn and horseflesh had been gradually superseded by birch-bark and saw-dust loaves. The Emperor gave orders to destroy one-half the wagons, so as to use the horses and cavalry, by the time we reached Studzianka—and many even of the Sacred Squadron, the five hundred officers who formed the bodyguard of the Emperor were dismounted. Some of our men had their bleeding feet bandaged with rags to replace their worn-out shoes. There were generals wrapped in women's pelisses. All discipline was rapidly going.

During the retreat, I had frequent glimpses of Krautzer, who was always followed by that carrion-crow of a Jew. The day we left Moscow, I had seen him riding beside the sumptuous carriage that contained the Russian lady of rank whom he had undertaken to convey to Paris. A day or two later, when we halted at the lake of Semelin, to throw into it the ancient armour cannon, and the great cross of Ivan, and other trophies of Moscow, the carriage had disappeared, and Krautzer and his charge were both mounted on horses. There was no sun visible, and the thick fog had suddenly changed into a heavy snow, that blew round us, and almost blinded the soldiers. Emaciated, dirty and unshaven, our men already had begun to look more like hungry brigands than grenadiers of the Grand Army. It was on this day that the Emperor himself dismounted, seized a musket, and marched at the head of the Old Guard, to encourage them. When I shut my eyes I can see him now, with the stern, griped mouth and the broad white forehead, over which one black tress of hair fell. I was riding quietly along with the vanguard, wrapped in thought, when one of my assistant-surgeons tapped me on the shoulder, and pointed at Krautzer.

'Look at that man, Monsieur Frochot,' he said; 'observe how his hostlers are stuffed out. The soldiers tell me they are full of jewels that he stole from a palace in Moscow. *Parbleu*! I would give a hatful of diamonds now myself to be safe in the Boulevards.'

'And look at that poor woman, *camarades*,' said a grenadier from the ranks—, how frightened she is of him; they say he beats her if she lags behind, he is so afraid of the Cossacks. Brute! I should like to put a bullet through him!'

'And here comes that Jew that never loses sight of him,' cried a third fellow with a red rag round his forehead—'follows him like a weazel does a wounded rabbit. I'd shoot that Jew if he followed me so.—Ugh! how this snow blows in one's eyes.'

Worse and worse; you could trace our march by long lines of snow-hillocks, the graves of our unhappy soldiers. Four days from Smolensko, where we hoped to get food, I saw the poor Russian lady riding in a sutler's wagon, the next day on a gun-carriage. The day after that, I met her walking with almost bare feet, clinging to an old soldier, who had taken compassion on her; her hair was dishevelled, her rich dress had turned to rags. A day before we reached Smolensko, I came upon her body among a heap of camp-followers who had been spared by the Cossacks. The snow already had partly covered her. I stopped for a moment, and even in the cruel selfishness of that terrible retreat, covered her face with some snow. Poor woman, at last her sufferings were over, she was beyond the reach of pain, sorrow, and hunger. As for that wretch Krautzer, he, intent on saving his plunder, was riding hotly on to Smolensko, hoping to be first to reach the ovens, where the Jews were baking bread for the army. At the sight of Smolensko, with its half-burned walls and dismantled towers, hope once more visited our hearts, we waved our flags and bayonets, and hurried headlong to the ovens.

I found an infuriated mob of soldiers besieging the doors of the bakehouse where the rations were to be distributed. Alarmed at their menaces, the frightened Jews were handing out lumps of the unbaked dough. Hundreds of bayonets were tossing in the air, muskets were discharging, and here and there men were actually fainting with hunger on door-steps within arm's-length of the crowd. All order and discipline were gone, and amid a group of infuriated men screaming for more bread, officers were seen clamouring loudly as the meanest camp-follower.

Foremost among these, more cowardly and more importunate than any, I saw Krautzer; he was mounted on a strong artillery-horse, and the well-stuffed holsters were still conspicuous objects on his saddle. He was breasting his way to the front among the cursing soldiers, and the Jew was clinging to his stirrup-leather. His arms were up in the air entreating for bread, and the bayonets were all round him before and behind, and on the right hand and on the left, so that he could not move them either up or down.

'Shoot the savant!' cried a drummer, on whom his horse had trodden; 'soldiers first, savants after. Why didn't he forsee the bad weather?'

'Bread, bread, accursed Jews! bread, dear Jews!' screamed out Krautzer, alternately wheedling and threatening.

'Bread, or we'll slay every Jew!' shouted the soldiers tearing the dough to pieces as the Jew-bakers threw it in great white lumps among them, fierce as sharks fighting for bait.

I was about four ranks off from Krautzer, and was waiting patiently for my turn, when my attention was drawn to the Jew at the savant's side. He was bending down and evidently cutting at the savant's holsters with a thick, sharp knife. I was fascinated with the sight; so fascinated, that I lost all thought of giving the alarm, though amid the war of four or five thousand hoarse voices, it is not possible that any alarm I could have given could have reached him. Suddenly I saw the holsters slide off, and the Jew stoop down and crawl under the horse's belly, and winding through the crowd disappear down a side-alley.

'I think,' said I to an officer next to me, 'that a Jew has robbed that man in front of us. I saw him cut off his holsters.'

'*Cha*!' said the officer I addressed; 'this is no time to look after thieves. Here Jews—bread, bread; I'm starving; bread Jew, or I'll fire my pistol.'

Presently from the ravenous crowd Krautzer emerged, devouring a huge lump of dough, tearing it with his hands, and cramming it in huge morsels into his mouth.

'Is there no more to be got, Monsieur Krautzer?' I said.

'I don't know or care,' soid the wretch; 'it is every one for himself now. I'm off to Wilna.'