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. 1 | CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. MONDAY, MARCH 4, 1867. | NO. 17

IMPORTATIONS
For Fall Season, 1866,
AT THE
British Warehouse,
COMPLETED.

THE Public in general will find in our Establishment a Large and Varied Stock of
Dry Goods and Groceries,
that will compare favourably with any in the market,
and will prove to purchasers second to none, for style, value, and price.
Inspection solicited.
W. & A. BROWN.
Dec. 3, 1866.

Valuable 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 wharfs 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, Esquire, or of the subscriber.
CATHERINE WRIGHT, Executrix.
June 25, 1866.

ORANGES & LEMONS,
FOR Sale by WM. R WATSON.
Jan. 7, 1867.

FRESH GROUND RICE,
FOR Sale by WM R. WATSON.
Jan 7, 1867.

TO THE TENANTRY OF P. E. ISLAND.
THE Legislature during the late Session having passed "An Act to assist Tenants in the purchase of the Fee simple of their Farms," by advancing to the Tenant ONE HALF of the amount agreed upon by the Proprietor and Tenant, as the Purchase Money of his Farm—
The Commissioner of Public Lands hereby gives notice to all tenants
desirous of availing themselves of the privilege of the above recited Act, that he is now prepared to ASSIST SUCH TENANTS in the purchase of their Farms, as in manner and extent provided under such Act
FORM OF APPLICATION and full particulars may be obtained at the office of Crown Lands, Colonial Building, Charlottetown.
JOHN ALDOUS.
Commissioner.
Public Lands Office, May 8, 1865.

LAND SALE.
TO be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, on FRIDAY, the FIFTEENTH day of MARCH next, at the hour of 12 o clock, noon, at the Colonial Building in Charlottetown, under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the fifteenth day of July, A. D. 1861, and made between ALEXANDER THOMAS COOMBS, then of Halifax, in the Province of Nova Scotia, Tailor, and ELLEN JANE COOMBS, his wife, of the one part; and JAMES MILLER, of Township No. 34, in Prince Edward Island, Esquire, of the other part: All that piece or parcel of Land situate, lying, and being in Charlottetown, in said Island, bounded as follows, that is to say: Commencing on the east side of Great George Street, at the south west angle of a plot of land, the property of Martin Shea; thence by a right angle line with Great George Street, aforesaid, eastwardly, Ninety-six feet five inches; thence by a right angle line therewith southwardly, Nineteen feet four inches; thence by a right angle line therewith, westwardly, Ninety-six feet five inches to the east side of Great George Street aforesaid; thence Northwardly along the same, Nineteen feet four inches to the place of commencement, being part of Town Lots Numbers seventy-eight (78) and Seventy-nine (79), in the First Hundred of Town Lots in said Town, together with the buildings and appurtenances to the same belonging, and also, with the privilege of a Right of way of nine feet three inches in width, commencing at the south-eastern angle of the land above described, and thence extending northwardly along the eastern boundary of the same and the eastern boundary of the said Martin Shea's land to the southern side of Sydney Street—the above described Premises being part of the lands and premises comprised in the said Mortgage.
Dated the 8th day of December, A. D. 1866.
JAMES MILLER.
J. LONGWORTH, Solicitor. [Dec. 10

YARMOUTH STOVES.
JUST RECEIVED by the Subscriber, per Schooner MARY, from Yarmouth, a full and complete Cargo of those celebrated STOVES, consisting of Cooking, Box and Franklin, the character of which is so well known to our Island farmers, to whom they have given such general satisfaction. They will be sold at the usual terms for Cash or approved Notes.
R. J. CLARKE.
Orwell Cheap Store, September 10th, 1866. } 3sl h

Chairs in Variety.
KITCHEN, CHAMBER, HALL, DINING AND DRAWING ROOM
FURNITURE,
Furnished in Sets or single (very cheap.)
Attention paid to Repairing all kinds of Furniture, especially Turned Work, such as chairs, &c. &c. (cheap.)
All kinds of Furniture Painting done to order. Old Furniture Repainted to imitate or match. Chairs (cane) re-seated.
Looking Glasses, Plates &c., &c., on hand, (very reasonable.)
☞ Remember *Hickey's Steam Factory*, south side of Market Square, (nearly opposite Province Building, from which it can be seen.)
A smart Boy wanted to learn the business.
JOHN NEWSON.
December 21, 1866.

Grain! Grain! Grain!
THE highest price given for BARLEY and OATS, at
Coles's Brewery and Distillery,
☞ Constantly on hand, at prices cheaper than can be purchased in the market, the best of Rum, Brandy, Gin, Whiskey, and a superior article of Malt Whiskey. Also—X, XX, and XXX Ale.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1866.

Just on the Square.
NEW TOBACCO FACTORY
AT
SUMMERSIDE.
THE SUBSCRIBER having JUST OPENED a FACTORY at SUMMERSIDE, is prepared to supply Wholesale Customers with the Island Manufactured TOBACCO, warranted a good article, at the very lowest prices, and on the most reasonable terms—and hopes his Factory, being the first of the kind established in Prince County, will meet with liberal patronage from the Traders and Merchants of Summerside, and Prince County generally.
PATRICK REILLY.
Summerside, July 31, 1865.

THE LONDON TRADER.

THE well known Clipper BARQUE "LOTUS," A 1 at Lloyd's, coppered, 280 tons register, will sail from LONDON for this Port, on or about the First day of APRIL next. For FREIGHT or PASSAGE, apply in London, to JOHN PITCAIRN & SONS; at Charlottetown to the undersigned.
DANIEL DAVIES.
Charlottetown, Jan. 7, 1867. 3m

The Centre of Attraction!
The Centre Attraction, in town, for
MILLINERY!
this season, is certainly at ROBERT YOUNG'S.

The largest variety and cheapest
BONNETS & HATS
are always to be found at ROBERT YOUNG'S.

If you want to buy
Velvets or Terrys,
the best and cheapest are to be found at ROBERT YOUNG'S.

The Largest and most Beautiful Assortment of
Flowers & Feathers,
is sure to be found at ROBERT YOUNG'S.

All the newest things in
Ribbons and Laces,
to be had at ROBERT YOUNG'S.

The cheapest and best place to buy
Gloves and Hosiery!
is at ROBERT YOUNG'S.

An immense variety of
Stays, at all Prices,
from 3s. 9d. upwards, at ROBERT YOUNG'S.

The favourite place, because the cheapest, to buy
Cottons of all kinds,
is acknowledged on all sides to be ROBERT YOUNG'S.

If you intend buying
Coburgs or Winceys,
you will do well to call at ROBERT YOUNG'S.

If you want to see a stock of
Fancy Dress Goods,
that is entirely new, call at ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Every one knows that the largest, cheapest, and best assorted stock of
HOOP SKIRTS
is always to be found at ROBERT YOUNG'S.

A Mammoth stock of
Paper Collars and Cuffs,
for both Ladies and Gentlemen, on hand at ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Ladies never fail to have the most complete satisfaction from the
BOOTS
bought at ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Beautiful
Shawls & Mantles,
all quite new, at ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Great varieties in
Mantle Cloths,
very cheap, at ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Gents' Crimean
Shirts and Shirtings,
cheaper than ever, at ROBERT YOUNG'S.

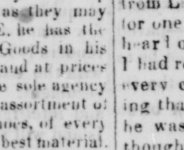
A great profusion of Ladies' and Gents' Woollen
Scarfs and Clouds,
from 9d. upwards, at ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Ladies cannot fail to get suited with
Hoods and Sontags
at ROBERT YOUNG'S.

To all who want a first-rate
TEA,
we would say buy it at ROBERT YOUNG'S.
Dec. 17, 1866. tf

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—to Cash.
W. E. DAWSON.
Great George Street, Dec. 3, 1866.

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.

LONDON TRADER
To Charlottetown direct!

THE first-class fast-sailing Barque ABEONA, a 1, an English Lloyd's, 7 years, ALLAN CAMPBELL, Commander, of the burthen of 450 tons, will sail from LONDON, G B. on or about the 1st APRIL, 1867, will be despatched punctual. Intending Shippers will please have their Goods alongside at an early date. Can accommodate a few passengers. For further particulars apply to Messrs. GEO. DUNCAN & CO., East India Avenue, Leadenhall st, London, G. B., or to J. D. MASON, Ch'town, P. E. I.
January 7, 1867.

FRANCIS S. LONGWORTH,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
OFFICE—PAVILLION HOTEL.
(next door to Hon. Joseph Hensley's)
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. Island.
Jan. 14, 1867.

CARD.
THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister-at-Law, Notary Public,
AND
CONVEYANCER,
Summerside, - - - - - P. E. I.
Dec. 10, 1866. 1y pd

R. REDDIN,
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office:—Great George Street, Charlottetown.
(*Near the Catholic Cathedral.*)
September 3, 1866. tf

TO THE TRADE.
CORN BROOMS! CORN BROOMS!
THE Subscriber begs to inform the Trading Public that he has commenced the
Manufacturing of Corn Brooms,
and trusts, that as this is the first of the kind attempted in the Island, he will receive such encouragement as to enable him to continue and enlarge the Business.
BROOMS can be had from Mr. DODD, Auctioneer, Queen Square, (who will act for the Sale of them,) as Cheap and better quality than imported.
JOHN McLEAN,
Manufactory, Sydney Street.
Ch'town, Oct. 29, 1866.

LIVERPOOL and LONDON.
PER "UNDINE" and "L C OWEN," from LIVERPOOL, and "LOTUS," from LONDON, the Subscriber has received
An Unusually Large Supply of Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines.
PERFUMERY, (English and French); SOAPS, BRUSHES, PICKLES, SAUCES, MUSTARD, (in Kegs and Bottles); CURRIE POWDER, Candied CITRON, LEMON and ORANGE PEELS, MARMALADE, Essences, SPICES, Malt and White Wine VINEGAR, SARDINES, ANCHOVIES, MUSHROOMS, CAPERS, and United Service SAUCE, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, Dying JAPAN, KNOTTING, DYE STUFFS, and Miscellaneous Articles, of the Best Quality and at Moderate Prices.
Wm. WATSON.
Nov. 5, 1866.

Lands to Let.
TO be let for a term of 4 years from 1st MAY next, that valuable property situated in the Royalty, about one mile distant from the City of Charlottetown, fronting on the St Peter's Road on one side and on the lower Royalty Road and on the Hillsboro' River on the other side, and containing nearly 200 acres, known as the "Belvidere Farm," part of the Estate of Capt GEORGE BEAZELEY, Esq., R N The property being so well situated as to road and water frontage that it can be let in two, three or four separate tenements, and will be let together or separately as may be desired. No wood, trees or brushwood of any kind to be cut unless for use on the farms. Sealed tenders for the whole or any part or parts thereof will be received by the Subscribers until the 16th MARCH next.
D. BRENAN
D. HODGSON.
Ch'town Dec. 17. i & p 3m

1866.
NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
BY the recent arrivals from London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Canada, and the United States, the subscriber has received a large and well selected STOCK of Seasonable Goods, comprising:
Woollen Goods.
Blankets, Flannels, Serges, Rugs, Carpetings, Hearth Rugs, Horse Rugs, Flannel Shirtings in great variety, Druggets, Cloths, a large stock in Black, Blue, Brown, and Invisible superfine Broad Cloths; Mantle Cloths in variety; Whitneys, Beaver, Devons, Moscow, Pilot, Lambskin, Seal, Astracan, Doeskins and Tweeds, and other varieties, very cheap—Shawls, a large variety.
Staple Dry Goods.
Printed, Brown, Striped and White Cottons, Fancy Shirtings, Red Blue and White Cotton Warp, best quality, Linen and Cotton Ticking, Bags and Bagging, Towels, (Turkish) and other kinds, Towelling Osnaburgs, Canvas, &c., &c.
Dress Goods.
In Silks plain and fancy, Baratheas, Parwattas, French Merinos, Cashmeres, Camlets, Coburgs, Lustres, Alexandra Cloth, Alpaccas, Cloth of Gold and other varieties in the latest styles, very low for cash.
Gents' Furnishing Department.
Over and under Coats, Pants, Vests, Flannel Shirts, White and colored Cotton Shirts, Collars Ties, the newest styles in Hats, Cloth and Fur Caps, Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Mufflers, Drawers, under Shirts in variety, Web and Rubber Braces, Socks, Gloves, &c., &c., cheap and good.
Furs.
Stone Martin, Mink, Fitch, Kolenski, Chinchilli, and Mountain Martin, in sets and separately, Musquash, Ermine and other kinds, Fur Gloves, Mits and Cuffs, Siberian Lambskins, &c., &c.
Varieties.
Brussels Carpeting, Stair Rods and Eyes, Door Mats in variety, Dressed Sheepskins, Skirts, Skirting, Cane Hoops, Black and colored Silk and Ther Velvets, Buttons and trimmings for dresses in great variety, Feathers and Flowers, very good and cheap, Jewellry, Ribbons, Laces, Hair Nets, Gloves, Hosiery, Veils in great variety, Ladies' Linen, Lace, Paper and Steel Collars and Cuffs, Curtain Damasks, Fringes, Rings Loops and Pole Ends, Shoe Thread, Twine, Candle Wick.
Hardware.
Iron and Steel well assorted, Glass, Putty, Paints, Linseed Oil, Machinery Oil, Nails, Spikes, Brads, Tacks, Blacking, Knives and Forks, Jack and Pen Knives, Scissors, Shot, Gun Wads, Files, House and Sleigh Bells, Cash Boxes, Brushes of all kinds, Wine Glasses, Tumblers, &c., &c.
Groceries.
Tea very superior, Cocoa prepared, Crushed, Brown and Granulated Sugars, Rice, Pearl Barley, Mustard, Spices, Washing and Baking Soda, Raisins, Currants, &c., &c.
The whole will be sold at the lowest prices for prompt payment, either at wholesale or retail.
H. HASZARD.
Ch'town, Nov. 26, 1866. isl

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Boot and Shoe Factory,
South Side Queen Square.
THE Subscriber would respectfully intimate to his COUNTRY CUSTOMERS and WHOLESALE BUYERS, that he has engaged Mr. CHARLES WELDON to travel for him, and that he will be at all times ready to fill up their Stock and take their Orders, as they may require. For the FALL TRADE, he has the largest and choicest Stock of all Goods in his line, ever exhibited in this Island, and at prices that defy competition. Having the sole agency for the Canadian Rubber Co., his assortment of Felt and Rubber Boots and Overshoes, of every class, will be found complete, of the best material, and lower than ever. The Retail Trade will, in future, be conducted on strictly Cash Principles, but at such prices as will prove most advantageous to all parties purchasing. All persons indebted to the subscriber are requested to make immediate payment of their Accounts.
GEORGE NICOLL.
Charlottetown, August 27th, 1866.

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

LITERATURE.

THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

'No! Carrie, not even a bud, can I spare from my peerless rose. No doubt, it seems selfish to keep them all, when you so much desire a single one. You have been very kind to me, darling, since my illness, brightened by your presence and sympathy many dark hours of suffering. The rose-tree shall be yours, when my nights have become days in that other land. Since little Eva was in, prattling of your two lovers, I have a story to tell you; if you have leisure to remain, I think I feel strong enough to relate it now. Raise my head a little please; that will do ·Fely—thank you.'

It will be twelve years to-morrow since my twentieth birth-day. Your mother was but one day past eighteen, but we always celebrated the festivals together. Upon this occasion uncle gave us a great party. I dressed early, for my betrothed, Lawrence Elmore, had promised to come before the company arrived and bring me flowers. I anticipated something beautiful, for his taste was exquisite. He came, bringing a bouqet of half opened rosebuds and blue violets; besides this, a branch from a rose-tree, bearing three fragrant white buds, just ready to expand into full flower. The buds he insisted upon twining with his own hands among my braids and ringlets, which he accomplished with wonderful skill, making the green leaves and snowy buds gleam here and there among the dark curls in a way that won praise and admiration from all. 'My taste' was commended again and again, and I laughed the compliments off as well as I could; for to no one, not even your mother, had I told the secret of my engagement. Lawrence was a clerk, industrious and economical. Still, he deemed it not prudent to marry in less than two years, and I insisted that if he waited so long the engagement should not be public. My only motive was to avoid the comments and discussions of acquaintances.

Our party passed pleasantly; the refreshment, music, flowers, everything were admirable; the company were in fine spirits, and nothing occurred to mark it as a dark hour in my life. Among the guests was Mr Hueton, just returned from a lengthened tour in South America.

Early in the evening he was introduced to me, and entertained me greatly with accounts of wild adventures and descriptions of tropical scenery. Several times during the evening we were thrown together, and that subtle something which tells a maiden when she has won a new admirer, told me that Lewis Hueton would pursue the acquaintance. Months of gayety followed, and people began to notice the attentions Mr Hueton paid me. Lawrence was seldom present; books and study occupied his time, save when he spent a quiet evening with me. These evenings became less frequent, for I went out constantly. There was a new charm in the devotion of the wealthiest, best educated men of the set. I never stopped to think whither I was drifting. One day, some six months after the party, a beautiful boquet was sent me with a note. I had not seen my betrothed for two weeks, and said to myself, he has sent this to say that he is coming to-night. I opened and read:—

'CLARA:—With the flowers, accept the devotion of one who would be more than your friend. LEWIS HUETON.'

The paper fell from my startled fingers, and for the first time in months I was obliged to stop and think. Stepping to raise the note, I brushed against the rose, with infinite care and patience I had reared from the branch worn upon my birthnight. The gentle touch of the leaves upon my check smote me like a blow.

All that day was spent in thought. Lawrence, I argued, does not really love me, or he would be more attentive. I have scarcely seen him for two months, and he is coming so quiet and abstracted that his visits are not as pleasant as formerly. Why should my youth and beauty be wasted in planning little economies, as a clerk's wife, when as Mrs. Hueton every wish would be gratified! At evening, having stifled love and conscience, dressed to meet Mr Hueton. He came—told me how I had grown into his affections and offered heart and hand for my acceptance. I did not then accept his proposal, though I gave him reason to expect my answer would be favorable, if my relatives were pleased.

Before sleeping, I wrote to Lawrence, saying as gently as possible, that I could not happily share his lot; that, brought up in luxury, though having no fortune of my own, I could not cheerfully labor as I ought, to make his salary suffice for us; therefore, I asked freedom from my engagement. Three days later it came, in the following words:

'CLARA:—My best beloved—you are free. I have nothing of yours to return, save a bit of blue ribbon that once tied your curls. I retain that. LAWRENCE.'

I felt instinctively, that my freedom had been purchased at the price of mortal anguish to another, and would gladly have undone my work. Shutting myself from every eye, that day, I did not weep; but suffered none the less that tears were denied me. The evening brought Mr Hueton, and with the hearty approval of my uncle and aunt, I was again betrothed. Lewis urged an early day for the marriage, but aunt insisted that four months was the least possible time in which my outfit could be prepared. The next three months were passed in a whirl of silk laces and muslins, which wearied me. Mr Hueton often remarked my silent ways and thoughtful looks, which he attributed to shyness and over-exertion. With his grand faith in me, he never imagined my love was half vanity.

At length, but eight days would pass before our marriage. The rose tree was full of opening buds, and I anticipated wearing them at any bridal. Two buds were half open, and I brought the plant down to show Lewis, when he came in to spend the evening.

'Do you know, darling,' said he, 'that the charming taste with which the roses were twined in your hair, the first time of our meeting, was what attracted me to you.'

I bent over to hide my glowing face. He continued:

'But I have not told you—I can remain no longer this evening, having promised to spend the night with a sick friend. By the way, he is passionately fond of flowers—give me those two, for they will fade before the *day*, and those will come out.'

I cut the flowers and he left me. The day following, a messenger brought a request from Lawrence Elmore, that I would lend him for one day my rose-tree; he was ill,—had heard of its wondrous beauty, and knew how I had reared it. I could not but send it, with every caution for its safety. Instead of calling that evening, Mr. Hueton wrote, saying he was staying with a dying friend. The thought that this was my discarded lover did not cross my mind.

The next morning Mr Hueton brought the rose tree shorn of every bud and blossom. He placed it upon the table, saying:—

'My friend, Lawrence Elmore, took them off, and started upon a long journey with them in his hand!'

'O, pity me!' I cried and fell senseless upon the floor. When consciousness returned, he was holding me against his heart; but with a desolate, broken-hearted look in his face, that I was faint to turn away my eyes.

'Pity *you*? Clara,' said he, 'pity *me*! I have lost my best loved friend, and my betrothed wife. Lawrence did not willingly betray your fault; it was only in the delirium of his dying moments, that I learned what had caused his illness and death.'

Gently placing me on the sofa, he left the house.

The wedding invitations had not been given out, and were now delayed by my sudden illness. From a servant I learned when Lawrence's funeral would take place, and in spite of remonstrance, attended, dressed plainly, and wearing a heavy veil to avoid recognition. He was buried in Greenwood, and alone in the carriage which my uncle sent, I went to the grave. Mr Hueton stood by my side, as the last solemn words were said though I fancy he did not recognize me, until, as we turned away, he offered his arm, conducted me to the carriage, and left me without one word.

May my darling Carrie never know such agony of remorse as I suffered this day, and for many years, feeling that I had murdered the man I loved, and destroyed the happiness of one so worthy of respect and affection as Mr. Hueton. At evening the package containing the few notes I had written him and my miniature was handed me by a servant. I looked in vain for one written word of his. He was too noble to add one reproach to those he knew I suffered, yet too truthful to attempt a palliation of my fault. It then became necessary to tell my uncle that there would be no marriage, that the fault of the broken engagement was mine, yet I could not bring his contempt upon me by telling him all. I have related this to you, Carrie, as a warning. Your affections are given to one man,—do not trifle with the honest feelings of another. Sometime when I am gone, and you come to Greenwood, bring a rose for Lawrence Elmore.'

IRISH DROLLERY.

An amusing story of Daines Barrington, Recorder of Dublin, appears in the English papers.

Having to appear for a plaintiff, in a case at Clonmel, Barrington let into the defendant in unmeasured terms. The individual inveighed against, not being present, only heard of the invectives. After Barrington, however, had got back to Dublin, the defendant, a Tipperary man, named Foley, lost no time in paying his compliments to the courts. He rode all day and night, and, covered with sleet, arrived before Barrington's residence in Harcourt street, Dublin. Throwing the reins of the smoking horse over the railing of the area, he announced his arrival by a thundering knock at the door. Barrington's valet answered the summons, and opening the street door, beheld the rough-coated Tipperary fire-eater, with a lam-stick under his arm and the sleet sticking to his bushy whiskers.

"Is your master up?" demanded the visitor in a voice that gave some intimation of the object of his journey

"No," answered the man.

"Then give him my compliments, and say Mr Foley—he'll know my name—will be glad to see him."

The valet went up stairs, and told his master, who was in bed, the purpose of his visit.

"Then don't let Mr. Foley in for your life," said Barrington, "for its not a hare nor a brace of ducks that he has come to present me with."

The man was leaving the bed-room, when a rough, wet coat pushed by him, while a thick voice said, "By your leave," and at the same time Mr. Foley entered the bedroom.

"You know my business, sir," said he to Barrington, "I have made a journey to Dublin to teach you manners, and its not my purpose to return until I have broken every bone in your body," and at the same time he cut a figure of eight with his shelalah before the cheval glass.

"You do not mean to say you would murder me in bed?" exclaimed Daines, who had as much humor as cool courage.

"No," replied the other "but get up as soon as you can."

"Yes," replied Daines, "That you might fell me the moment I put myself out of the blankets."

"No," replied the other, "I pledge you my word not to touch you until you are out of bed?"

"You won't?"

"No."

"Upon your honor."

"No."

"That is enough," said Daines, turning over and making himself comfortable, and seeming as though he went to fast asleep, "I have the honor of an 'Irish gentleman,' and may rest as safe as though I were under the castle guard."

The Tipperary salamander looked marvelously astonished at the pretended sleeper, but soon Daines began to snore.

"Halloa," said Mr. Foley, "ain't you going to get up?"

"No," said Daines, "I have the word of an Irish gentleman that he will not strike me in bed, and I am sure I am not going to get up to have my bones broken. I will never get up again. In the meantime, Mr. Foley, if you should want your breakfast, ring the bell; the best in the house is at your service. The morning paper will be here presently, but be sure and air it before reading, for there is nothing from which a man so quickly catches a cold as reading a damp journal," and Daines affected to go to sleep.

The Tip had fun in him as well as ferocity; he could not resist the cunning of the counsel "Get up Mr. Barrington, for in bed or out of bed, I have not the pluck to hurt so droll a heart."

The result was, that in less than an hour afterwards, Daines and his intended murderer were sitting down to a warm breakfast, the latter only intent upon assaulting a dish of smoked chops.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

HIS DOMESTIC LIFE AND HIS PECULIARITIES.

The Emperor is not the most exemplary of husbands. For years past he has not been on good terms with the Empress, whose feelings as a husband he has outraged in the most barefaced manner. His liasons with women infinitely inferior to her in every sense have been so open, so flagrant, that ignorance of them on her part was impossible. This naturally soured her temper and rendered her cold and indifferent toward the man who made it apparent to the world that he neither loved nor respected her. As an instance of the indiscreet course pursued by the Empress, may be mentioned the fact of her repeated efforts to leave Paris clandestinely. On one occasion she was forcibly taken out of a cab at the palace door, just as it was being driven away. With only her maid, Eugenie had determined to take the night train for England. The Emperor got wind of the escapade and frustrated it. A little later on, Eugenie succeeded in taking her departure, and did not return until the Countess of Castiglione had been banished from the court. It is well known that with his cousin, Prince Napoleon, the Emperor has never been on very good terms. A mutual jealousy exists which events tend to inflame. The fact that Prince Napoleon is next to the Prince Imperial, heir to the throne of France, renders the Emperor, and also the Empress, quite jealous of him. They seem to dread that he may, in case the opportunity should present itself, supplant the Prince Imperial; and, as a natural result, they dislike their cousin, and very often let him see this. The servants in the palace tell many amusing stories regarding the queer doings of the Emperor when the morose fit is upon him. They say that in his room he arranges things to suit himself—hangs his engravings and family portraits, places the furniture, and piles away his letters and papers. So long as he is, in his way, cheerful, he seems satisfied with the disposal of the rooms; but during "the darker days," he takes down the pictures, moves the furniture and the books, all the while grumbling and growling at himself. On these occasions the maitre d'hotel of the palace is in despair. The dinners are always "detestable," the wines "sour"—in short, the great "Cæsar" is as fretful and whimsical in his blues as the most petted and spoiled girl. By contrast, at other times, he eats and drinks anything, makes no complaints, and gives less trouble than the most insignificant member of the household!

Napoleon has one fixed idea which has almost become a maxim; that is, the discovery of some terrible engine of warfare, some extraordinary musket or cannon. He is theoretically and practically one of the most skilful artillerymen of the day; and he bends his energies toward the perfection of that branch of military science unceasingly. It will be borne in mind that he was the first to use rifled cannon, to the efficacy of which, he owed in a great measure, the brilliant series of victories, which marked the campaign of 1859, as one of the most successful the French may boast of. At the Tuileries, at Fontainebleu, at Compeigne and at St. Cloud there are rooms which may be termed arsenals, so filled are they with the arms which the Emperor has invented, bought or received from those who are aware of his passionate desire to examine and try every species of fire arms. He is somewhat of an alchemist, and, at times, diligently endeavours to fabricate explosive substances of unheard of power, but the constant requirements of office and the routine of imperial life, take him away, per force, from these cherished pursuits. I might cite many little incidents to prove that Napoleon has no very fine feelings, but the following will suffice. As is well known he is fond of riding and driving splendid horses. Naturally enough, one would suppose that, when these latter have done him good service, in fact been used up by his over-riding and over-working them, for the rest of their lives they would be well taken care of. Nothing of the sort; no such good fortune awaits them. I have seen horses, which, for years, had borne his majesty faithfully, ending their days in the shafts of a butcher's cart. When they are no longer up to the market they are given away or sold for a trifle. They must no longer encumber the imperial stables. This fact speaks volumes in proof of the utter selfishness and want of sentiment on the part of the Emperor. A gentleman grants a home to a horse or dog that has been faithful and true. He sees to it that after their toil and service, they may end their days in comfort. As far as Napoleon is concerned, the dogs are shot and the horses sold.—*The Galaxy.*

THE FERGUSON BEQUEST.

A great stir is being made in Scotland just now about the administration of a fund left for religious purposes, some time since, called the Ferguson Bequest, and the *Glasgow Herald* gives some interesting particulars of the individual by whom it was devised. Mr. Ferguson had no claim to the title of philanthropist till he was on his death-bed. His chief pleasure in life seems to have consisted in amassing an immense fortune, and something of niggardliness marked his conduct in that not very amiable pursuit. When he was worth hundreds of thousands he could squabble like a beggar for a six-pence. He was too grasping to enjoy his wealth; but he seems also to have been of too shrewd a disposition to be able to feel all the raptures of the miser. He used to say to his friends, 'I am a poor rich man—burdened with money, but I have nothing else.' He was in the act of signing a check for £10 000 when he was struck with paralysis, and the check remained after his death with only half of his signature appended. He remembered on his deathbed the poor relations whom he had forgotten during his lifetime, and he made amends for his neglect of the interests of religion and charity by some noble Bequests. Upwards of 100 private persons, some of them already in good circumstances, shared in his wealth; but the sudden transformations which took place among many of them from poverty to affluence were both astonishing and amusing. Day labourers, masons, grocers, and, in one case, a poor hawker of fish, became possessors of thousands. More than half a million of money was thus disposed of. Mr. Ferguson's great religious bequest somehow looks like a lump sum paid to Heaven for oversights during a long, intensely worldly, and even mean sort of life. He was not what is called a religious man. Some have asserted that he was a member of the Church of Scotland; but the *Herald* believes it would be more correct to say that he had not been within the walls of a church for 40 years before his death. When near the close of his life, the stoical indifference 'to these things' broke down somewhat, but, too proud to go to church, he actually asked a minister of Irvine, who was at the time preaching on the Sunday evenings in the streets, to come opposite his door and deliver his sermon there. And this 'poor rich man,' wrapped up in shawls, sat in the lobby and listened to it. This was the man who left about £400 000 for the spread of the gospel, who made as a condition that the trustees should be communicants of the Churches which they represented, and who was specially careful to note in his will that the books of the fund should be balanced every year, on the 31st of December, except when that day fell upon a Sunday.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A REMEDY FOR FENIANISM.

Cornelius O'Dowd, *in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, has the following remedy for Ireland and the Fenians:—

"We want a Viceroy whose acts should never be subordinated to the necessities of party; who could promote without dread of reproof, and punish without fear of dismissal; who, independent of and aloof from all the exigencies of official rivalry, could afford to govern Ireland for itself, and for Irish interests, rather than for the critical conditions of a Cabinet; who could disabuse Irishmen of the belief that the trade of politics was the one grand royal road to success in life, and also convince Englishmen that the game of party could not be honestly played at the cost of a whole people. Let the rivals for power in England agree upon some man—he ought to be an able, but still more important is it that he be an honest man—to rule Ireland for ten years. Of course, I mean only with such power as Viceroys now enjoy, but free to use his judgment without any reference to party, or as much as a thought for the result of a division. Let him address himself to the question of land tenure, the poor-laws, the condition of education, the conflicting claims of rival churches and the other momentous questions of the country—submitting his opinions on these to whatever party might be in power, as freely as an Embassador at Constantinople writes to the Foreign Secretary of State his views on the events around him. Let him do this with the confidence that the Empire, whose servant he is, will judge and pronounce upon his acts—not a Cabinet nor a Council—and Ireland may yet emerge from her calamities, and become the credit instead of the reproach of England."

ENGLISH VIEW OF CLUB LIFE IN NEW YORK.—The rapid development of social club life in New York must be taken as one of various indications of the changes which the American character is now undergoing. Until lately the genuine statesman has been one of the most unclubable of human beings, for it is only on the most superficial glance that the passion for living in hotels could be supposed akin to the taste for congregating in clubs. Men and women live in superb hotels in New York because the men are too eager in business to care for the life of a house and because women share their husband's publicity, and add to it all their own love and splendor in dress. But the very essence of club life is sociability, leisure, and exclusiveness. It is as purely an aristocratic institution as the House of Lords. It implies the two facts that men wish to associate chiefly with those who are not personally disagreeable to them on terms of mutual forbearance, and that their whole life is not passed in the tremendous race for getting riches. As it is said that there are three or four times as many clubs of considerable pretensions in New York as there were a very few years ago it is clear that no little progress has already been made in this revolution in the typical national character. One good result, also, will probably follow from the same change. It is difficult to believe that when men more or less wealthy and cultivated are in the habit of thus meeting together, the political action of the higher class of minds should continue so slight as it still is in the States. Club life must give unity, and giving unity it will give force, to all who heartily enter it. The refined minority in America shrinks from contact with the rude majority, because it is not only numerically small, but because it has no practical cohesion when it comes to face unscrupulous majority. Its individual members do not hold together in action, forming their plans beforehand, and supporting one another at all hazards. Let us hope that as London club life has become a powerful instrument in political action we may see the same result in New York, and that one of the finest cities in the world may soon cease to be one of the very worst governed either in Europe or America.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A FEMALE CAVALRYMAN.—A Mrs. Frances F Sigel is now in Washington, applying at the pay department for back pay for services rendered in the Western armies as a cavalryman. She says she enlisted in 1861, with her husband (a John Clayton) in the 13th Missouri cavalry, and fought for two years as a cavalryman in our armies. She fought under Grant, Sheridan and Rosecrans. She was in the battles of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing, and Stone River, and at the latter battle her husband was killed and she severely wounded. Her sex became known and she was discharged the service. She has married since, and is now endeavoring to get the pay due her when discharged, but there is no law which would authorize the payment, females not being recognized by any as soldiers. Mrs. Sigel's appearance and manners cannot be said to very prepossessing. She has evidently seen hard service in camp or elsewhere, and has contracted all the rude airs, attitudes and manners of a man. She wears a Scotch cap cocked on one side of her head, chews tobacco, smokes and swears like a very trooper, as she claims to be. She is accompanied by her present husband. Both are very poor, and have been compelled to sleep in the station-house every night they have been in Washington. Altogether, Mrs. Sigel, who bears traces of having once been in better condition—once even good-looking—presents a sad illustration of the effects of a woman stepping out of her natural sphere to enter upon a career entirely foreign to the design of her creation. A friend asks, 'Would she not be a valuable subject for the study of the advocate of what is called 'woman's rights?'

VICTOR EMMANUEL A VICTIM OF A WOMAN'S WILES.—There is a scandal current in Florence which tells how a certain king was out-witted by a woman. It seems he has lived with a Peidmontese lady some years *en famile*, and has three olive branches with the bar sinister on their escutcheon. About a year ago he received a telegram from the lady's confessor, telling him if he wished to see her once more he must not delay, as she was *in extremis*. All agree that Victor is kind-hearted, so he took a special train for Turin, entered the chamber filled with all the paraphernalia of death, confessor included—found the lady scarcely able to speak, but she contrived to whisper she could not die happy until she made her peace with heaven. This meant marriage. The good natured king, in knowing that she was dying, consented. They were married. He returned to Florence, mourning the loss of the fair Rosini. In a week after the lady arrived in Florence, blooming in health and beauty, to take her place at the king's table in the Petti palace. Here was a coup d'etat not looked for, but of course that could not be; so she lives a short distance from the city, in great state. Morgantic marriages, I am told, are legal, so far as either party marrying again, having two legitimate heirs to the throne. But one would have supposed the creator of a kingdom would have scarcely been so outwitted.

THE COOLIE TRADE.—A Hong Kong letter of Nov. 25, in the New York *Herald* remarks:

"Notwithstanding all the local and national restriction upon the traffic in 'Chinese laborers for exportation,' that business is as brisk as ever at the present time. There are twenty-four ships (principally Spanish and Portugese) lying at Macao awaiting Cargoes of Coolies. Stout labourers are either seduced into contracts by specious promises, or snatched boldly and bodily from a peaceful existance, on board their little fishing boats. The *modus operandi* upon which this free emigration is conducted, would appear to be something like the following:—A Chinese junk armed and manned by Portugese, openly attacks the fishing boats and transfers their occupants to herself. These they lodge in the Macao slave-pens, or ship on board some coolie vessel bound to the Chincas or to Havana, already having half of a cargo of emigrants. Any overplus which may be thus shipped will not fail to be satisfactorily balanced by the deaths which invariably occur on the passage out."

The best Cashmere shawls, the long shawls with plain ground, blue, green or yellow—green are best—never cost less than £15 a pair, and are never sold singly. The next kind, or square shawls, much more frequently imported into Europe, are either loom-worked, or needle-worked, needle-worked being the more original, and they cost from £30 to £50 in the Punjaub, without freight or interest or profit to the importer—little facts which we commend to the attention of women who think they can buy the "best Cashmeres" at £15 or even £10 a shawl. What they do buy is either an imitation, which was never in India at all, or a Delhi shawl, very good in its way, but no more approaching a Cashmere shawl in beauty than in durability. A man may lie on heather in a black Cashmere for twenty years, and it would be as perfect as on the first day, while every imitation whatsoever will wear out.—"*The Textile Manufactures of India*," by Dr. *Forbes Watson.*

A tragedian had his nose broken. A lady on one one occasion said to him, "I like your acting, but I cannot get over your nose." "No wonder," replied he, "the bridge is gone."

Somebody in Paris is selling small packets of cards, purporting to be "billets d'entree pour le ceil," or "tickets for Heaven."