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, August 22, 1864. New Series.---No. 38.

A FINE CHANCE FOR SPECULATORS AND ENTERPRISING MEN.

THE UNDERSIGNED has been instructed by the owners to offer FOR SALE, or RENT, several VALUABLE FREEHOLD and LEASEHOLD PROPERTIES and FARMS in BELFAST and other parts of the Island, in good cultivation, well wooded, and possessing other advantages; and for which good and valid titles and immediate possession can be given.

ALSO—FOUR LOTS, being the residue of thirteen Building Lots (the other nine having been sold the present season) in that most advantageous mercantile situation known as SUMMER HILL, adjoining MONTAGUE BRIDGE, ten miles from Georgetown, where close on to 150,000 bushels of produce are annually shipped, and nearly all paid for in cash. Americans and other speculators purchase here, and ship for Great Britain, the United States, &c. A number of Stores, Wharfs, a Meeting House, Post Office, and Temperance Society have been established for some time, with many Grist, Saw and Cloth Mills in the vicinity; where also any quantity of all kinds of Lumber can be had in trade at low rates. SUMMER HILL property is the only *Freehold Property* for sale in the place, which renders it most desirable for all classes of artizans, now so much wanted in this rising town. A STORE, and Dwelling in it, capable of holding 15,000 bushels of produce, with a double Wharf and site for Lime Kiln, will be sold cheap or leased on reasonable terms.

Plans, particulars, or any other information can be obtained by calling at the office of Messrs. Ball & Son, Land Surveyors, Charlottetown. Reference can also be had from W. Sanderson, F. P. Norton, Thomas Annear, Georgetown; Jas Broydrick, Campbeltown, Lot 4; F. W. Hughes, *Examiner Office*, Charlottetown; and to the subscriber at Orwell, who is also Agent for the sale of **Manny's Mowing Machine,** the celebrated Yarmouth COOKING STOVE, and also for the Fulling Mills of Messrs Bourke, Mill View, the Hon. Jas. McLaren, New Perth, Finlay W. McDonald, Pinette; where Cloth is received and returned with despatch.

RICHARD J. CLARKE.

Orwell Store, August 15, 1864.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE leasehold interest of 50 acres of LAND, at the annual rent of one shilling per acre, situate at Sea Cow Pond, Lot 1, and fronting on the Gulf Shore, most conveniently situated contiguous to Churches, Schools, Mills, &c. 35 acres are in a high state of cultivation, the remainder is covered with cedar and hard wood. On the premises is a dwelling house 30×24 feet, well finished, and a barn frame 22×26 feet, Granary and other outhouses, with a good well of water near the door.

The above property is a desirable investment for any person wishing to engage in fishing or mercantile business, as it had been conducted on the premises heretofore. The farm is well fenced with good cedar, and partitioned into fields of four acres each.

The subscriber offers the above property for sale with or without the crop, stock, &c., as may be agreed upon. Terms liberal.

PATRICK CONNICK.

Sea Cow Pond, Lot 1, August 15, 1864. 2in

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

FREE LAND At Egmont Bay, Lot 15.

FOR SALE, 125 Acres—20 acres upland cleared, and 20 acres Salt Marsh, fronting 19 chains on the Shore at Rocky Point Fishing Cove. The rear buts on the main road.

ALSO—50 acres of Land, 26 acres cleared, 16 acres of which are fenced and under crop, fronting 10 chains on the shore. The main road leading to Rocky Point runs through this farm.

ALSO—45 acres near the Chapel, on the south side of a beautiful river, with about 20 acres cleared, 9 of which are under crop.

☞ Abundance of sea manure can be had on the shore of the farms. The terms upon which these farms will be sold are very liberal. Please apply to Mr. F. W. HUGHES, Examiner Office, Charlottetown, or to N. J. BROWN.

Brown's Mart, Egmont Bay, August 8, '64.

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

DR. BRIDGE'S PATENT FOOD, For Invalids and Persons of Impaired Digestion.

Recommended by the Faculty.

THE PATENT FOOD is so carefully and scientifically prepared that it is immensely superior to Arrowroot, Sago, Tapioca, Bread, Biscuit, Corn Flour, or any other kind of farinaceous food for Infants, not alone from its purity, strength, and nourishing properties, but also from its having been peculiarly and thoroughly cooked in its manufacture, which renders it more easily digestible It cannot cause Acidity or Wind. It is very agreeable, and, from the nature of its composition, is exactly adapted for all conditions of the stomach. It can be made ready for use, without trouble, in two or three minutes.

Mixed in Beef Tea, Milk, or any other fluid, the Patent Food is pre-eminently suited to Invalids, from its wholesome and strengthening qualities. It is a real blessing, and from its remarkable cheapness accessable to all.

One trial will prove its efficacy—it will recommend itself. Sold by W. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, July 18, 1864.

STOVES! STOVES!! STOVES.

JUST received from ALBANY, NEW YORK, and BOSTON,

600 STOVES,

of all sizes and patterns, suitable for wood and coal; among which are the celebrated WATERLOO and NIAGARA for wood, and BLACK DIAMOND, UNION, VULCAN Cook Stoves for coal.

ALSO:

Parlor, Hall, Shop, and Box Stoves in great variety. Purchasers in want of good STOVES and STOVES to suit them, will save 10 per cent by calling at

Dodd's Brick Store, Pownal Street,

and purchasing of DODD & ROGERS.

P. S. Daily expected, a large variety of Grates of different patterns. D. & R.

Charlottetown, July 18, 1864.

DOMESTIC DYES.

40 Shades - - - Fast Colors.

THESE DYES offer the simplest and most perfect means of Dyeing household apparel ever presented to the public.

They embrace forty different shades, and include

All the New and Fashionable Colors,

AND ARE

PERFECTLY FAST!

☞ Attention is invited to samples of colors at the Druggists.—Sold everywhere.

GEO. H. REED & CO., 67 Union St., BOSTON.

W. R. Watson, M. W. Skinner, T. DesBrisay, Dr. Sutherland, Charlottetown.

June 27, 1864.

Cloth Factory!

THE SUBSCRIBER begs respectfully to inform the public that he will continue to manufacture CLOTH, &c., at his establishment in Tryon. Wool will be received in Charlottetown by H. J. Callbeck, Agent, or at the Mill.

☞ Cloth received for Dyeing and Dressing as heretofore.

CHARLES E. STANFIELD.

May 23, 1864. tf

THRESHING MACHINE CASTINGS. BEER & SONS.

August 4, 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, Capboard 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.

THE IMPORTATIONS FOR SPRING 1864 ARE *NOW COMPLETED* AT THE BRITISH WAREHOUSE,

WHERE YOU WILL FIND

An Extensive and General **Supply of** *BRITISH and FOREIGN* **MERCHANDIZE,**

—COMPRISING—

All the requisite Articles in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

—including—

The leading novelties for the Season.

Superior Tea, and other GROCERIES,

Gents' General Outfits,

HARDWARE and CUTLERY,

Iron Bedsteads,

AND

FURNISHING GOODS,

Purchased on the Best Terms, and selected with the greatest care, and

Sold at the Lowest remunerating Prices.

W. & A. BROWN.

Ch'town, June 20, 1864.

Just the things you want.

Call at Bell's Clothing Store. QUEEN STREET.

WHERE you can purchase at MODERATE PRICES—

Beaver CLOTH, Felt, Tweed and Straw HATS, Cloth and Tweed CAPS, Shirts, Ties, Scarfs, Collars, Gloves, Braces, Underclothing, Socks, Oil Clothing, Sou'westers, Overalls, Jumpers; Trunks, Valises, Umbrellas, Water-proof COATS and LEGGINGS, and a

GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

Ready-made Clothing,

Suitable for the Season.

ALSO,

A choice selection of Cloths, Tweeds, Doeskins, Cassimeres, Vestings, and

Tailors' Trimmings,

which will be made up to order at the shortest notice.

CHARLES BELL, Proprietor

May 23, 1864. tf

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

QUEBEC PORTER & ALES.

St. Charles-st. Brewery, Quebec.

Thomas Lloyd, Proprietor.

ALES & PORTER, of superior quality, in Bottles and Wood, for sale by

J. ROBERTS ECKART, Telegraph Building, Water-st.

Ch'town, P E Island, July 11, 1864.

A few facts worth knowing.

IT'S A FACT WORTH KNOWING that R. R. MACLELLAN takes the best and cheapest Photographs in the Colony.

IT'S A FACT worth knowing that R. R. MacLELLAN is at home daily, and keeps always on hand a full Stock of Chemicals and every requisite in the art.

IT'S A FACT worth knowing that no one but an Artist can take an Artistic Photograph.

IT'S A FACT worth knowing that R. R. MacLELLAN takes the largess Photographs ever taken in the Colony, plate 12 x 14 inches.

IT'S A FACT worth knowing that R. R. MacLELLAN gives 16 beautiful Photographs for twenty shillings

George Street, May 23, 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, Water-street.

June 27, '64. 6m

FLOUR! FLOUR!

FOR SALE by the Subscriber—
200 barrels Extra State FLOUR,
250 do Superfine do
150 do Fine

June 13. tf J. S. CARVELL.

MOLASSES!

THE Subscriber has just received, direct from the WEST INDIES,
100 Punchs. and Tierces Choice MOLASSES,
For sale low.

J. S. CARVELL.

Ch'town, June 13, 1864. tf

Union Bank of P. E. Island.

I WILL take the Bills of the above Bank at the face, for Flour, and other merchandise, at market rates, and receive them for accounts.

THOMAS HANFORD, St. John, N. B

July 11, 1864. 3m

W. S. LONGWORTH,

Commission Merchant and Auctioneer, SOUTHPORT, LOT 48.

☞ Produce bought on Commission, and stored ready for shipment.

Southport, July 25, 1864.

FURNITURE!

JUST ARRIVED Schr. *Caledonia*, with a large assortment of GOODS, for GEORGE DOUGLASS.

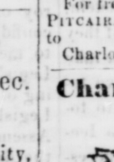
Charlottetown, May 23, 1864.

TO EXCURSIONISTS. ROUND TRIP FOR $13.

TICKETS from CHARLOTTETOWN to PICTOU, TRURO, HALIFAX, WINDSOR, ST. JOHN, SHEDIAC, SUMMERSIDE, and CHARLOTTETOWN, or vice versa, and GOOD for ONE MONTH from date of purchase, may be had of J. S. CARVELL, Agent.

Charlottetown, June 17, 1864. tf

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.

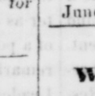
Charlottetown and Souris PACKET.

THE well-known fast sailing schr. CHRISTIANA, Dominick Deagle Master, will run between Charlottetown and Souris this Summer, calling at intermediate Ports.

For Freight or Passage please apply to W. W. Lord & Co. Charlottetown; John McLean, Souris; Ronald Walker, Grand River; Thos. Cameron, Georgetown; D R Stewart, Murray Harbor; J C. McMillan, Wood Islands.

May 9, 1864. tf

FOR SALE,

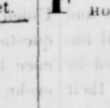


A HOUSE and LOT in Hillsborough-street suitable for a tradesman or a man in business: the Lot is forty by seventy-six feet. Also, a House and Lot in Grattan Lane, of the same description as that in Hillsborough street. Both Houses and Lots will be sold cheap, and time given for a large proportion of the purchase money. Apply to

J. & T. MORRIS.

June 6, 1864.

TO BE LET, With immediate Possession,



THE commodious and elegant DWELLING HOUSE and PREMISES, on the north side of Rochfort Square, now in the occupation of Wm. A. Johnstone, Esq.

For particulars apply at the Bank of Prince Edward Island. [June 6, 1864.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, at the subscriber's WAREHOUSE, in CHARLOTTETOWN,
2000 Bushels Liverpool Salt
50 Sacks Butter Salt
20 Tons ⅜, ½ & ¾ Iron
3 Tons Navy Oakum.

JAMES C. POPE.

June 13 1864.

Saladin Mare for Sale.

TO be sold at Private Sale, at a great bargain, a very fine SALADIN MARE. She is a fast trotter, easy and gentle in harness or saddle, and works well in the Cart or Plough. She has no fault or blemish, and will be sold at a low figure on credit, the owner having no use for her. Application to be made at the "Examiner Office."

May 23, 1864.

Horse! Horse! Horse!

THE Subscriber has FOR SALE a THOROUGH BRED CART COLT, 3 years old, of the old Champion and Clydesdale breed, weighing 1500 lbs.,—16½ hands high A better stock for the country cannot be imported.

☞ Terms liberal.

GEORGE COLES.

Ch'town, May 2, 1864.

Wanted Immediately,

FOUR CAULKERS. Apply to BENJAMIN DAVIES.

Ch'town, July 11, 1864.

Rum! Rum!!

A FEW PUNCHEONS of superior old DEMERARA RUM for sale by GEORGE COLES.

Also at his Brewery, Whiskey, Gin and Ale.

February 15, 1864.

LITERATURE.

REVELRY IN EAST INDIA.

The following remarkable poem appeared originally, it is believed, in the St. Helena 'Magazine,' and was afterwards copied into the London 'Spectator' and other journals. It will be new to most readers. It relates to the early service of English officers in India when the army was mowed down by pestilence. When Lord McAulay's account of the effects of small pox in England is remembered, as it describes the separation of brothers, sisters and lovers, it will be seen that this poem gives, with wonderful effect, what is far nobler, however painful, the very poetry of military despair, but still the dying together of brothers in arms:—

We meet 'neath the somding rafter,
 And the walls around are bare,
As they shout to our peals of laughter
 It seems that the dead are there.
But stand to your glasses steady,
 We drink to our comrades' eyes,
Quaff a cup to the dead already;
 And hurra! for the next that dies.

Not here are the goblets glowing;
 Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold, as our hearts are growing,
 And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
 And soon shall your pulses rise,—
A cup to the dead already;
 Hurra! for the next that dies.

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles;
 Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall, midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
 As mute as the wine we drink.
So stand to your glasses, steady!
 'Tis this that the respite buys,
One cup to the dead already;
 Hurra! for the next that dies.

Time was when we frowned on others;
 We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers,
 We hope to see them again.
No! stand to your glasses, steady!
 The thoughtless are here the wise;
A cup to the dead already;
 Hurra! for the next that dies.

There's many a hand that's shaking;
 There's many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
 They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
So stand to your glasses, steady!
 'Tis here the revival lies;
A cup to the dead already;
 Hurra! for the next that dies.

There's mist on the glass congealing,
 'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;
And thus doth the warmth of feeling
 Turn ice in the grasp of death.
Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
 For a moment the vapor flies;
A cup to the dead already;
 Hurra! for the next that dies.

Who dreads to the dust returning?
 Who sinks from the sable shore?
Where the high and haughty yearning
 Of the soul shall sting no more.
No! stand to your glasses, steady!
 The world is a world of lies;
A cup to the dead already;
 Hurra! for the next that dies.

Cut off from the land that bore us,
 Betray'd by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
 And the dullest remain behind.
Stand! stand to your glasses, steady!
 'Tis all we have left to prize;
A cup to the dead already;
 And hurra! for the next that dies.

BURIED HISTORY.

What are the secrets that remain in the keeping of our Mother Earth? Such was my soliloquy as I passed out of the galleries containing the antiquities in the British Museum. All things earthly must pass away, we know; but the mind is staggered as it contemplates the relics still left to us of great empires of which history gives us but a hazy dream. Year by year Earth, the great tomb of all animate and inanimate things, is casting up fragments which speak of the mighty past—fragments which come like a resurrection to corroborate the traditions of history, and sometimes to correct or restore its lost or faded pages. Everything that we see about us, from the primal granite rocks to the child's toy which ministers to the whim of the moment, is, by a slow process of disintegration, passing away into a fine dust, which goes on forever, building up the crust of the globe—a fine dust which in the course of time becomes animated with verdant sod, and to all appearances silently obliterates the marks which humanity is ever graving upon its surface, or building or shaping with pigmy hands. To all appearances only, however, for year by year we are discovering that beneath the smiling sod and the sad-coloured earth, lie the scattered remnants of the ages that have gone. The successive waves of men that have passed over the globe have left traces as indelibly inscribed beneath our feet as the light ripples of the ocean, thousands upon thousands of years ago, have graven themselves upon the sand-stone shores of the pre-adamite world.

Let us for a moment retrace the long Egyptian galleries that have given rise to these reflections. As we pass along, the self-same shadows from the statues of the gods fall upon us as darkened the white-robed priests of Isis four thousand years ago. We pass the Rosetta stone which alone retains the key of that language, in which the science and learning of the early ages of the world were inscribed. Those sculptured stones, as we proceed, as plainly as though they spoke, yield up traces of the Greek conquest of this ancient people, and as plainly we see succeeding these, the rougher marks of the Romans who followed. But time, the reader will say, has been resisted by enduring stone. This is true, but the extraordinary circumstance is, that the most perfect records of these long-past ages are to be found associated with the most fragile materials. As we ascend the stairs, for instance, towards the upper Egyptian gallery, we find the walls covered with the brightly painted hieroglyphics inscribed upon papyri born of the trembling reed. As we enter the mummy room, peopled with the silent dead, one of the first coffins that strikes our attention is that of King Men-ka-re, the builder of the third pyramid! And near it are the remnants of a body supposed to be a portion of that of the monarch himself. Together with the dust of kings there has been preserved to us, in these Egyptian tombs, an infinity of articles, which show us how this ancient people lived and moved and had their being. Herodotus gives us many microscope pictures of the habits of this people in his time; but here we have before us their very surroundings, even the food they ate — the corn, the barley, the oats of which they made their bread, the very bread itself, and the remains of wild duck, roasted, and looking as though it had been only just cooked. The folding-chairs of the present day may have been copies of the one to be found in this section of the Museum, and the wig that once belonged to an Egyptian lady of rank may, from the brightness of its curls, have just left the curling-tongs of Truefitt. The balls, the jointed dolls, draughtsmen, and dice we see here, show that both children and men of this ancient race amused themselves pretty much as we do now.

Perhaps the most frequented stall at the late International Exhibition, was the one in the gallery devoted to the products of Egypt. Among these, appearing like a ghost at a festival, were the famous antiquities found in old Egyptian tombs. Nothing startled the spectator so much as being led back by these remains to a period coeval with many events related in the Bible. The well-made bronzed weapons, the gilt car, in the shape of a boat with rowers, representing the passage of the soul to another world, and (more interesting still to the ladies) a diadem, a necklace, and armlets of gold. How little the Pharaohs of that period imagined that their old-world art would be exhumed and laid before the curious eyes of a nation that in their day had not even begun its move westward, borne on the surges of the great Caucasian wave. Of all the remnants handed down to us by antiquity, the *most wonderfully preserved* are articles of pottery, glass, and gold; the first are almost absolutely indestructible, and gold, in consequence of its unoxidizable nature, is almost as everlasting. In the Italian Court, for instance, we all of us saw the old Etruscan jewellery, necklaces, and bracelets, as perfect as the day they heaved upon white bosoms, or clasped the delicate wrists of maidens of a race about whom history itself is silent.

In our own Museum again, the Etruscan vases, as perfect as when they came from the hands of the artist, are to be seen by the hundred. The mind can scarcely believe that these precious works were made long before the appearance of Christ upon earth. They look rather, in their modern glass cases, like the stock in trade of Minton's shop, especially the Greek rhytons, or drinking horns, terminating in an animal's head, one of which, shaped like a mule, is probably one of the most delicately designed and the most perfectly preserved work of art of its kind in existence.

It would seem as though Nature treasured up the features of the past in her bosom, in order to show to the children of the present, that our toys and geegaws are but reproductions of those of the most remote generations. We should recommend all those who seek to dive deeper into ancient history to study well before they write, what the spade has brought forth from the depths of Mother Earth. Can it be denied that Mr. Layard has made us better acquainted with the public and private life of the Assyrians than all the historians who have written about them? How many eyes have gazed upon the sand mounds that covered ancient Nineveh, in ignorance that beneath them history itself lay buried! If the historians who wrote in their hazy way about the nations of antiquity, in the last century, had been told that Assyria lived beneath those misshapen mounds, or rather slept like the enchanted princess in the fairy tale, and that one day she would come forth and speak—tell us her tale, graven on enduring marble, and would show us through her royal halls, and take us to the steps of the throne of Sennacherib himself—would they not have smiled incredulously? What Rollin of the pen could tell us a hundredth part of what Layard has written for us with the spade? The stranger tired with his desultory wanderings in the British Museum, at last loiters into the long low gallery in which the spoils of Assyria are ranged. If he happen to be of an imaginative turn, he finds food enough around him to fire his flagging spirits. These sculptured slabs discover to him a picture history of one of the greatest eastern empires. He may see the very throne upon which Sardanapalus sat, and the sceptre he used, and—we say it in order to show that we need not despair of having presented to us even the minutest details of the past—we find the very studs and buttons, and pins that that mighty monarch probably wore, for they were discovered in these royal halls. Need we despair that the earth will yield up thousands of secrets equally curious with those she has so long kept silently in the stand beside the swiftly flowing Tigris? Let us salute those human-headed winged bulls, for they guarded the portals through which monarchs have passed, whose deeds and sufferings the sacred historian has chronicled in the Great Book.

But what shall we say to our Mother Earth not only handing down to us the belongings of the past, but often preserving for our curious inspection the very attitudes of terror, and the passing actions of a despairing people who perished long before the birth of Christ? Pompeii has been famous as the one startling example of a petrified past, if we may be allowed the expression. Destroyed in a moment, as it were, by the overwhelming fall of dust and ashes, it presented to us an ancient city with its full tide of life suddenly arrested. The wine stains upon the counters of the vinters, the bread just broken at the meal, the tools of the mason and the mound of mortar beside the wall in the act of being built, and the most perfect collection of the appliances of a great city, and of the furniture of houses of every condition, have long been shown to the public in the National Museum at Naples. Amid all these relics of the overwhelmed city, thus, like a fly in amber, so carefully preserved to us, there was, however, wanting some memento of human terror to make the picture complete. It will be remembered that Pompeii was not so suddenly destroyed as Herculaneum—that the rolling waves of liquid lava did not reach the former city and destroy it at once; but that timely warning was given by the fall of the fine dust and pumice stones, and it is supposed that the inhabitants had time to escape; at all events very few human remains have been found within its walls.

A discovery within these last few months has been made which will give a ten-fold interest to that ghostly city, which cannot now be said to be deserted, at least by its silent dead. The chief of the works of excavation, M. Fiorelli, has lately been pushing his enquiries in the neighbourhood of the Temple of Isis; one day inside a house amid fallen roofs and ashes the outline of a human body was perceived, and M. Fiorelli soon ascertained that there was a hollow under the surface. In accordance with a plan he has adopted of taking casts of any hollow he may find, he made a small hole into the cavity, through which he poured liquid plaster of Paris until it was filled up; the result was a cast of a group of human figures transfixed as it were at the very instant of their agony, and petrified for ever in the last attitudes of their terrible death. The first body discovered was that of a woman lying on her left side with her limbs contracted and her hands clenched, as if she had died in convulsions. The bones of the arms and legs were slender, and from the richness of her head-dress and the texture of her robes, it was evident she was of noble race. The plaster had given the impression of the hair with the greatest minuteness; on the bones of the little finger of this lady were two silver rings, and close to her head the remains of a linen bag of pieces of silver money and some keys; she was evidently the matron of the house. By the side of the Roman lady lay an elderly woman with an iron ring on her finger; from her large ear it was supposed that she was a servant of the family. A girl was found in an adjoining room. She had fallen in her terror, and it was evident that she was running with her skirts pulled over her head. Pliny the younger, in his account of the catastrophe, tells us that the inhabitants escaped with pillows bound over their heads, in order to protect themselves against the shower of stones that poured upon them. This poor girl wandering in the total darkness of that day, having taken the like precaution, must have been suffocated as she tried to escape. The other personage was a tall man lying at full length. The plaster had taken, with the utmost minuteness, the form, the folds of his garment, his torn sandals, and his beard and hair. The family appear to have remained within the shelter of the house, hoping that the dreadful fiery tempest would soon cease. In this hope they remained until the fine dust, which penetrated everywhere and completely filled the interior of the house, suffocated them. The dust continued to fall, however, and completely buried them, hardening in the course of ages into a perfect mould, the impress of which the Italian savant took two thousand years after it was made, and presented the world with such a posthumous group as it had never seen before.

In another house, just uncovered, all the furniture was found in a very perfect condition, and in the triclinium or dining-room a most completely served table, covered with the remnants of dishes filled with food. On the table-beds around, made of bronze and adorned with gold and silver, several skeletons reposed. The guests had evidently been suffocated by some noxious gas, while partaking of the meal, and thus we have preserved to us a dinner-party of the antique world. Elegant statues adorned the board, and many precious jewels were scattered around. About the same time a baker's oven was discovered with eighty-one loaves in it. They retained their shape perfectly, which is identical with that of loaves now made at Palermo and Catania.

From these cultivated people of Lower Italy, let us turn for a moment to the rude inhabitants of England at the time of the invasion of the Romans.

History gives us the most unsatisfactory accounts of their habits and customs. The child is taught to believe that they tatooed themselves with woad, like the Australian savage; but the earth has disclosed to us remnants of this so-called barbarous people which lead us to doubt their being so extremely barbarous after all. For instance in the department devoted to Ancient British Antiquities, the first thing that strikes the eye is a shield of bronze, so beautifully and boldly designed that we do not believe it could be better executed in the present day. Its centre is inlaid with different coloured enamel. It was found a few years since in the bed of the Thames, at Battersea; its owner probably perished in some battle with the Romans whilst contesting the passage of that river.

But Mother Earth has preserved to us tokens of the aboriginal inhabitants of this country of an earlier and later period than was the chief who owned this curious shield. The traveller, in the lonely wilderness of Exmoor comes upon the circular foundations of the huts of the ancient Britons, of a very remote period, and the marks of their hearths are yet observable stained with smoke. Perhaps there is no period of the history of our aboriginal inhabitants—at least within the historic limit — that is so dark as the time which immediately succeeded the withdrawal of the Roman Legions, and the brief attempt of the Romanised Britons to stand alone. History confines itself to a few lines in which they are described as attempting to repel the savage Picts, who finally overwhelmed them.

The future historian who dwells upon this stage of history, must dig his facts, not out of these threadbare and untrustworthy records, but out of the ground. Fot far from Shrewsbury, on the banks of the Severn, underneath some fields of turnips and wheat, the very facts of which the historian was in search lay hidden. Within these last few years a perfect Roman city, (as far at least as its ground plan was concerned), has been disinterred, streets, halls, market-places, baths, houses, — a perfect British Pompeii—in fact has been laid open to the public eye. Among these ruins vast numbers of articles of daily use were found; half-finished stag-horn work, such as the Germans and Swiss are so fond of making, was discovered in an old workshop; a supply of charcoal, in the shop of a baker, the stoke-hole still covered with the soot of the sweating bath, and tessellated pavements, without number. But relics such as these are plentiful enough in the world. The ruins of Uriconium have an interest far surpassing the possession of even these curiosities; it was evidently the scene of one of those terrible conflicts the half emasculated Briton and the Pict who destroyed him. It is pretty evident that the fair and beautiful Uriconium was destroyed by fire, and that its inhabitants were put to the sword. In one of the hypocausts the skeleton of a man, hiding in the corner, was discovered, and a little heap of money, together with the fragments of a money-box, lay immediately beneath his hand. He had evidently crept into the place for security, in the moment of peril, and the conflagration must have prevented his egress. The coins bear the effigies of the Constantines, *thus marking the period* of the city as about the end of the fourth century. Immediately outside the walls, upon some irregular ground being examined, it was found to contain numerous skeletons lying in all directions, and emtombed possibly as on the field of battle. There had evidently been *a great struggle at this spot*, which was immediately beneath a water-tower guarding a ford across the Severn. Here there is every reason to believe Mother Earth has preserved to us, together with many implements of battle, the veritable invading Picts themselves, as the configuration of the skulls was entirely different from those found within the city itself.

Here is a culminating point in the past history of Britain. Sealed and preserved to the present time—put away, as it were, under the verdant turf, and the feet of beasts, and the golden crops to be exhumed by the chance stroke of the labourer's pick. There are countless such treasure troves as these, however, yet to be discovered. The Danes have left innumerable marks of their invasion of the island; not so very long ago, the skin of one of these sea-kings was to be seen nailed to the door of the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey; and on some of the doors of the old Lincolnshire parish churches may yet be witnessed the epidermis of captured and flayed Vikings of old. But may we not go back ages and ages, and yet find Mother Earth preserving for us the story of the past? was she not busy in making the moulds, and taking off the delicate impressions of a chain of life that was not destined to reach to the period of man's appearance on this globe? The many pages of the great stone book preserved in the geological department of the Museum come to our recollection as we write. What texture so delicate or perishable, the impression of which she has not preserved to us by means of soft mud which afterwards gradually hardened into stone? The scales of fishes, the forms of the softest insects, as well as the skeletons of the most tremendous creatures that crawled, and swam, and walked the splashy earth, ere yet it was fit for the foot of man, are to be found in this museum, and may be dug out any day from the lias of the Weald or Kent. Nay, the earth and the waters are yielding up the relics of man himself of the stone period, which it is estimated must have been at least ten or twelve thousand years ago. On the banks of many of the existing Swiss lakes have been found the indications of the pile-built habitations of these ancient people. Like many of the South American races at the present day, they built over the water, and the soft mud of the lakes has preserved to us their skulls and skeletons, the remnants of their food, including even their bread, the stone implements of the chase, and others of domestic life. The further that science examines, however, into the secrets of our great mother, the more quaint are the records she brings forth from her bosom. In the limestone caves of Belgium, the bones of man have been discovered, together with those of the larger carnivora and pachydermata that roamed this earth, possibly a hundered thousand years ago. Who shall say what a depository, thus faithful through such long ages to its trust, may not yet bring forth to elucidate the history of the past? Madame de Stael used to say that if you scratched the Russian, the Tartar appeared;—it may be said with still greater truth:—You have but to scratch the earth, and there you will find the records of man.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FLOWERS.

The following is a portion of an address delivered before the New York Horticultural Society:—Flowers have always been cultivated by civilized nations in all parts of the world. The ancients spread them upon their feast tables, scattered flowers in the way of heroes, or warriors, returning from conquest, and used them for adorning their gods. They are our second children, and in beholding them we never tire, though the eye is soon satisfied in viewing a thing of art. We surround our homes with them, and rejoice in the early blooms of spring. Besides all these they have a commercial value, and the apothecary's shop is oderous with their perfumes alone. A single grower in Southern France sells annually 60,000 pounds rose flowers, 30,000 pounds each jasamine and tuberose, 40,000 pounds violet blossoms, besides thousands of pounds of mint, thyme, rosemary, &c., and he is but one out of hundreds engaged in this branch of horticulture. The atmosphere of some of these towns is so filled with fragrance that a person is made aware of his approach to them by the odours which greet him miles away. America has every variety of soil and climate, equal to France or Italy, and she may yet rival the old world in her perfumery. Already hundreds of acres of peppermint and lavender are planted in this country, and the product exported to Europe. Though the old worlds bears the balm in the perfumery line, and London and Paris, with their Covent Gardens and Marcheaux Fleurs, lead our own city in window gardening and the cultivation of flowers in pots generally, yet New York carries on a larger trade in cut flowers than either of the cities mentioned, or any other in the world. To show what is done in that line, he instanced his own sales of some of the leading flowers since last September, which were 50,000 Carnation Blossoms, 30,000 Bouvardias, 70,000 Chinese primroses, 30,000 Tuberoses, besides over 10,000 Roses, Camelias, Heliotropes, &c., and he was but one of a large number engaged in this business.

A PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.—The interior of a pawnbroker's shop is a curiosity. Here every article on which a few pence can be borrowed may be found, for a penniless family, whether reckless or not, would pawn almost anything that is uneatable rather than go without food. And it has been observed as a fact, that when poor persons purchase cheap articles at these places they very often cast an inquiring glance at the pledgeable quality of the thing purchased, as if making a mental calculation how much they could borrow on it if necessity arose. Within these establishments, and generally entered by a distinct door from that which opens into the shop proper, is an arrangement known to very few except those who are in the unpleasant predicament of requiring a loan. A number of boxes or recesses open from a dark passage to the front of a counter at the back of the shop. These recesses are a concession to pride, homage to honest poverty, a recognition of the fact that persons do not wish their pawnings to be known in the world. The customers quietly take their places, each in a recess or box and wait their turn to be served. They bring with them the articles that are to be left in pledge for the money obtained on loan. What a medley! it is almost everything portable (if not perishable)