The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides.

VOL. XVII. } CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1867. { NO. 44

1867. Liverpool House. 1867.

The Subscriber

HAS RECEIVED by Ship *L. C. Owen* from LIVERPOOL, *Lotus* from LONDON, and *Empress* from GLASGOW, his

Spring Importation

OF

British and Foreign Merchandize,

COMPRISING A SELECT AND VARIED ASSORTMENT OF

STAPLE AND FANCY

Dry Goods,

Suitable for the Season,

among which may be enumerated—a choice selection of Dress Materials; Ladies' White and Colored Hats and Bonnets, in all the latest styles.

A select assortment of Shawls, in Black and Fancy Cashmere and Immitation Paisley, Black Cashmere filled, Balers, Lace, Tissue, &c. &c.

Ladies' Sacques and Paletots, and Mantle Cloths in variety, with Trimmings of all descriptions; and the usual assortment of Cotton, Linen, woollen and Silk Staple Goods, at very moderate Rates.

The Gentlemen's Furnishing Department comprises a select assortment of

THE BEST TOWN MADE CLOTHING;

A choice selection of Felt, Cloth and Straw

Hats and Caps;

Glass, Collars, Neckties, Shirts, &c., &c.

Ladies', Gents' and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES,

in all sizes and qualities, &c., &c.

ALSO,

Choice Congo TEA,
Bright MOLASSES,
Brown and Crushed SUGAR,
New York SOLE LEATHER,
BUCKETS, BROOMS, &c.,

at Wholesale and Retail.

The above Goods having been purchased in selected the best markets and with great care.

Are now offered to the public at the very lowest prices for Cash.

W. FULL.

Charlottetown, June 3, 1867.

EUROPEAN EXCHANGE.

NEW GOODS TO ARRIVE,

Per "Lotus," from London; "Empress," from Glasgow; "L C Owen," "Undine," and "Helen Malcolm," from Liverpool.

35 BALES and Cases DRY GOODS.
4 Bales White and Colored Cotton Warp,
100 Bolts Bleached Navy Canvas,
30 Bolts Clipper Duck, for Boat Sails,
20 Hhds. DeKuyper's Gin,
4 Casks BRANDY,
6 Casks Scotch Whiskey,
44 Chests and half chests TEA,
12 Kegs Bi-carbonate Soda,
6 Casks Washing Soda,
6 Bbls. and Cases CONFECTIONERY,
6 Kegs and 3 Cases Colman's Mustard,
1 Keg Cream Tartar,
1 Cask Epsom SALTS,
1 Case Nutmegs, 3 Bbls. Currants,
1 do Indigo,
1 Bbl. ALUM, 1 Bbl. Saltpetre,
1 do Copperas,
30 Boxes Raisins, 1 Bag Pepper,
2 Cases Castor OIL,
20 Crates EARTHENWARE.

Together with LARGE STOCK ON HAND, will be sold LOW to the Trade for *Cash or approved credit.*

P. W. HYNDMAN.

Ch'town, May 6, 1867.

July 10th, 1867.

Cheap Goods! New Goods!

HEARTZ & SON

HAVE just received by *Java*, direct from ENGLAND, a further supply of

DRY GOODS,

which, owing to the decline in Cotton, they will be able to sell this Importation cheaper than the Stock imported this Spring.

GOODS:—Consisting of Grey, White, Striped, and Painted Cottons, Ginghams, Grey and White Sheeting, Striped Bedding, Cotton, Union and Linnen Ticking, Towels and Towelings, Cheese Cloth, &c, &c.

DRESS GOODS:—French Merino, Circassians, Poplins, Coburgs, Lustres, and Fancies.

CLOTHS:—Fine Cloths, Tweeds, Does, Silk, Mixed, Russel Cord, &c.

SUNDRIES:—Bugle and Straw Trimmings and Ornaments, in Black, White & Mixed; Velvet Trimmings, &c.; Buttons and Clasp Dewdrops, Feathers and Flowers, Corsets, Prunella and Kid Boots, Gents' Hats, Collars, Ties, Braces, Handkerchiefs, &c, &c.

P. S.—The above, along with Stock on hand, will be sold, wholesale and retail, cheap for Cash.

HEARTZ & SON.

July 15, 1867.

NEW GOODS!

FOR

SPRING & SUMMER, 1867,

AT

Glasgow House.

THE Subscriber begs to acquaint his customers, and the public, that he has, by the *Undine* and *L. C. Owen* from Liverpool, *Empress* and *County of Pictou* from Glasgow, and *Abeona* from London, completed his SPRING IMPORTATIONS, which comprise the usual assortment of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

GROCERIES, &c. &c.

which are now ready for Sale.

FREDERICK LePAGE.

Charlottetown, June 3, 1867.

Valuable Freehold Farm for Sale.

TO be sold by private Contract that valuable Freehold Farm and Property belonging to CHARLES DINGWELL, Esq., Morrell; situate one mile from St. Peter's Harbor, on the North side of the Bay, comprising two hundred and forty-two acres of superior land, about thirty-five (35) acres of which are in a very good state of cultivation, and the remainder covered with a growth of Hard and Soft Wood — this valuable Farm has a frontage on the Bay of twenty-nine (29) chains and the same distance on the North or Sea Shore, where large quantities of sea manure can always be had, as well as abundance of mussle mud in the Bay. A Barn and small Farm House are on the premises, also a convenient Well of water, &c., &c., &c.

A good Title guaranteed, with possession when required.

Application to be made to the owner, at Morrell, or to FRANCIS S. LONGWORTH, Attorney-at-Law.

Charlottetown, 18th Feb'y, 1867.

Freehold Farm for Sale,

SITUATED on Lot 65, fronting on Elliot River, three miles from Charlottetown, and one mile from Rocky Point Ferry, 97 acres of land, 40 of which are cleared and in a high state of cultivation, the remainder covered with fence poles and a good growth of hardwood, with good buildings on the premises. For further particulars apply to the subscriber on the premises.

PATRICK McMAHON.

August 19, 1867.

AGRICULTURE AND Local Industry.

THE COMMISSIONERS appointed by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor in Council to carry into effect the intentions of the Legislature relative to the appropriation of last Session for "the encouragement of Agriculture and Local Industry," have ordered a

FAIR and EXHIBITION

to be held in CHARLOTTETOWN early in OCTOBER next, at the new MILITARY DRILL SHED, near Government House — His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief having been pleased to sanction the use of that large and commodious Building for that purpose—at which the following PRIZES will be awarded for the encouragement of Local Industry and Agriculture, viz:—

LIVE STOCK—HORSES.			
Best Entire Horse of any age or breed	£2	10	0
2nd best do	1	10	0
Best Entire Cart Horse	2	10	0
2nd best do	1	10	0
Best Mare with her Foal	2	10	0
2nd best do	1	10	0
Best Filly under 3 years old	2	0	0
2nd best do	1	0	0
CATTLE.			
Best Bull under 3 years old	2	0	0
2nd best do	1	10	0
Best Bull of any age, any breed	2	0	0
2nd best do do	1	10	0
Best Cow in Milk	2	0	0
2nd best do	1	10	0
Best Heifer in Calf or Milk, under 3 years old	2	0	0
2nd best do do	1	10	0
Best Yearling Heifer	2	0	0
2nd best do	1	10	0
Best Fat Cow	1	10	0
SHEEP.			
Best Ram of any age	2	0	0
2nd best do	1	0	0
Best Yearling Ram	2	0	0
2nd best do	1	0	0
Best Ram Lamb	1	10	0
2nd best do	1	0	0
Best Pen of four Ewes of any age having reared a lamb this season	2	0	0
2nd best do do	1	0	0
Best Pen of four Yearling Ewes	2	0	0
2nd best do do	1	0	0
Best Pen of four Ewe Lambs	1	10	0
2nd best do do	1	0	0
PIGS.			
Best Boar Pig	1	10	0
2nd best do	1	0	0
Best Breeding Sow	1	10	0
2nd best do	1	0	0
Best Pen of three Pigs under 6 months of age	1	10	0
2nd best do do	1	0	0
Best fat Pig	1	10	0
2nd best do	1	0	0
POULTRY.			
Best pair Turkeys, Rooster and Hen	0	10	0
Best three Spring Geese	0	10	0
Best Barn-door Rooster ank two Pullets, any breed,	0	10	0
Best three Ducks	0	10	0
Best three Black Spanish	0	10	0
GRAIN.			
Best three bushels Wheat	1	10	0
2nd best do do	1	0	0
Best three bushels two-rowed Barley	1	10	0
2nd best do do	1	0	0
Best three bushels four-rowed Barley	1	0	0
2nd best do do do	0	15	0
Best three bushels Oats	1	10	0
2nd best do do	1	0	0
3rd best do do	0	15	0
PEAS & BEANS.			
Best one bushel Peas	0	10	0
Best one bushel White Beans	0	10	0
BUCKWHEAT.			
Best three bushels Buckwheat	0	15	0
2nd best do do	0	10	0
GRASS SEEDS.			
Best 2 bushels Timothy Seed	1	0	0
Best 56 lbs Red Clover	1	0	0
Best 28 lbs. White Clover	1	0	0
FLAX.			
Best three bushels Flax Seed	1	0	0
2nd best do do	0	15	0
Best sample of Flax in the Straw	0	15	0
2nd best do do	0	10	0
Best sample of Flax Scutched	0	15	0
2nd best do do	0	10	0
ROOTS.			
Best Dozen Swede Turnips	0	10	0
2nd best do do	0	7	0
Best Twenty Field Carrots	0	10	0
BUTTER & CHEESE.			
Best Cheese not less than 20 lbs weight	1	0	0
2nd best do do	0	15	0
3rd best do do	0	10	0
Best Tub of Butter not less than 28 lbs.	1	0	0
2nd best do do	0	15	0
3rd best do do	0	10	0
HORTICULTURE.			
Best one dozen Onions	0	5	0
Do do Beets	0	5	0
Do do Parsnips	0	5	0
Do do Carrots	0	5	0
Best three Cauliflowers	0	5	0
Best one dozen Ears Indian Corn	0	5	0
Best Squash	0	5	0
Best one dozen Tomatoes	0	5	0
Do do Mangold Wurtzels	0	5	0
Best three Cabbages	0	5	0
Do do Savoy do	0	5	0
Best half-dozen Roots of Celery,	0	5	0
BEES.			
Best Hive Bees	1	0	0
Best Box of Honey	0	10	0
FRUIT.			
Best basket Cooking Apples	0	7	6
2nd best do do	0	5	0
Best Eating Apples	0	7	6
2nd best do	0	5	0
Best basket Winter keeping Apples	0	7	6
2nd best do do do	0	5	0
Best sample Green Gages	0	5	0
Do do Plums	0	5	0
Do do Damsons	0	5	0
CARRIAGES & SLEIGHS.			
Best Double-seated Wagon under Forty Pounds value	4	0	0
2nd best do do do	2	10	0
Best Single-seated Wagon under £25 value	3	0	0
2nd best do do do	2	0	0
Best Family Sleigh	2	10	0
2nd best do	1	10	0
Best Single Sleigh	1	10	0
2nd best do	1	0	0
FARM IMPLEMENTS.			
Best Farm Cart, selling price not to exceed £12	2	0	0
2nd best do do do	1	0	0
Best Iron Plough	1	10	0
Do Wooden Plough	1	10	0
Do Sett of Harrows	1	0	0
Do Horse Hoe	1	10	0
Do Horse Rake, wheeled	1	10	0
Do Threshing Machine	3	0	0
2nd best do	2	0	0
Best Fanners	1	10	0
Do Truck Wagon	2	0	0
Do Bait Mill	1	0	0
Do Mussel Mud Digging Machine	5	0	0
Do Broad Axe	0	10	0
Do Narrow Axe	0	10	0
Best collection of Edged and Pointed Tools	1	10	0
Best Iron Spindle	1	0	0
LEATHER.			
Best Side Sole Leather	1	0	0
Do do Upper do	1	0	0
Do Grain Leather	1	0	0
Do Calfskin do	1	0	0
Do Sheepskin with Wool on	0	10	0
Do Side Harness Leather	1	0	0
Do Sleigh Robe	1	0	0
2nd best do	1	0	0
BOOTS & SHOES.			
Best pair Men's Knee Boots	1	0	0
Do do Calf Wellington Boots	0	10	0
Do do Laceing Boots	0	10	0
Do do Elastic side	0	10	0
Best pair Ladies' strong do	0	10	0
Do do light do	0	10	0
HARNESS.			
Best Single Carriage Harness under £15 value	2	0	0
Best do do under £7	2	0	0
Best Cart Harness	1	10	0
Do Plough do	1	0	0
Best Riding Saddle	1	0	0
Best Leather Valise	0	10	0
TEXTILE FABRICS IN WOOL.			
Best 10 yds Black Full dressed Cloth	1	10	0
2nd best do do do	1	0	0
Best Grey do do (dyed)	1	10	0
Best do Wool do	1	10	0
Best Women's wear, plain, 10 yds.	1	10	0
2nd best do do do	1	0	0
Best do fancy patterns	1	10	0
2nd best do do do	1	0	0
Best Gentleman's Plaid	1	0	0
2nd best do	0	10	0
Best Woman's Shawl	1	0	0
2nd best do	0	10	0
Best pair of Horse Rugs	1	0	0
2nd best do	0	15	0
Best pair of Blankets	1	0	0
Best 10 yds. mixed fabric Drugget	1	0	0
2nd best do do do	0	15	0
Best Fancy Shirting	1	0	0
2nd best do	0	15	0
Best Hearth Rug	1	0	0
2nd best do	0	15	0
Best Door Mat	0	10	0
2nd best do	0	5	0
Best 10 yds. White Flannel	0	15	0
2nd best do	0	10	0
KNIT GOODS.			
Best pair of Men's Drawers	0	10	0
Do do Under Shirts	0	10	0
Best three pairs Socks	0	5	0
2nd best do	0	3	0
Best three pairs Stockings	0	5	0
Best pair Winter Gloves	0	5	0
Do do Mitts	0	5	0
Best collection of Knit Work	1	0	0
MEASURES, &c.			
Best Nest of Measures, to contain one bushel, ½ bushel and 1 peck	0	15	0
Best Pork Barrel	0	15	0
2nd best do	0	10	0
Best 5 gallon and 10 gallon Keg	0	10	0
Best Butter Firkin	0	10	0
2nd best do	0	5	0
Best pair of Ash Oars, not exceeding 14 feet	0	10	0
Best 1 bushel and ½ bushel Potatoe Baskets of Indian manufacture	0	5	0
Do do of Ozier or other material	0	10	0
FLAX MANUFACTURE.			
Best Sample Grain Sacks	0	10	0
Best half dozen Towels	0	10	0
Best Table Cloth	0	10	0
Best pair Linen Sheets	0	10	0
POTTERY.			
Best Sample of Pottery	1	0	0
Best Sample of 12 Island made Bricks	1	0	0
2nd best do do do	0	15	0
CASTINGS.			
Best Collection of Metal Castings	1	0	0
FURNITURE.			
Best Set of Drawing Room Furniture	4	0	0
Do do Dining Room do	4	0	0
Do do Bedroom do	3	0	0
FISH.			
Best barrel Mackerel, Island catch	2	0	0
Best ½ do do	1	10	0
Best Quintal Codfish	1	10	0
2nd best do	1	0	0

N. B. No Prizes will be awarded to imported Stock.

Other Prizes, besides those above enumerated, will be given at the recommendation of the Judges.

A PLOUGHING MATCH, in connection with the Exhibition, will also take place on the same day, for which Prizes will be given.

The Commissioners will endeavour to make arrangements with the P. E Island Steam Navigation Company for the conveyance of articles for Exhibition from Prince and King's Counties.

Further particulars relative to admission, &c, hereafter.

By order,
A. McNEILL,
Secretary to Board of Commissioners.

Charlottetown, Aug. 19, 1867.

Notice of Dissolution.

THE Partnership hitherto existing between JAMES McLEOD and JOHN CHRISTIAN, Tailors, under the style and firm of

McLEOD & CHRISTIAN,

is dissolved. The undersigned takes upon himself the settlement of any dealings in connexion with the late partnership.

JAS. McLEOD.

Charlottetown, Aug. 14, 1867.

THE above Establishment will from this date be conducted under the control and management of Mr. ALEXANDER McDONALD, who will have the transacting or settling of all business in connexion with or belonging to the Firm.

JAS. McLEOD.

Charlottetown, Aug. 14, 1867. [19]

A GOOD LIVING.

ANY person wishing to purchase one of the most valuable and beautiful FARMS within twenty miles of Charlottetown, can do so by early application to

NEIL RANKIN, Auctioneer,
or HENRY WADMAN, Crapaud.

Charlottetown, April 1, 1867.

Cotton Duck.

HAVING been appointed Agent for the sale of the celebrated

Russels Mills Cotton Duck,

the subscriber is prepared to receive orders for all the different Numbers, in quantities to suit purchasers.

I. C. HALL.

Ch'town, May 20, 1867.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

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

Wholesale and Retail,

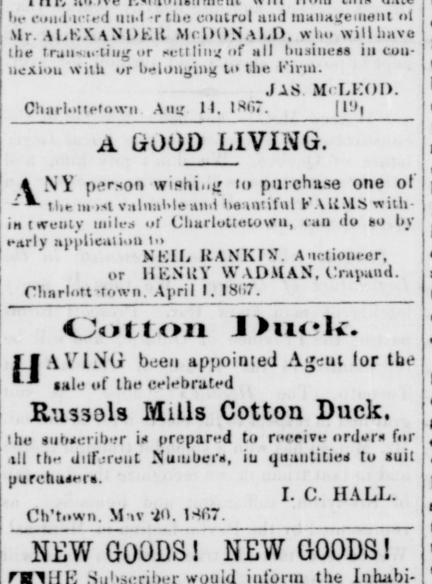
For Cash or good Joint Notes of Hand,

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

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

ARTEMAS LORD.

Oct. 29, 1866.



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. hairs (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.)

JOHN NEWSON.

December 24, 1866.

LITERATURE.

NOT PARTED.

They are not parted, though their feet
Have wandered far in different ways:
And though they never more may meet
On Winter eves or Summer days.
It matters not though realms divide,
Though boundless seas between them roll;
For still defying wind and tide,
Heart yearns to heart and soul to soul.

They are not parted—only those
Are parted who no love unite:
Their absence breaks not our repose
Who have no share in our delights:
They may be by our side, and still
As far from us as pole from pole,
Who lack the sympathetic thrill
Of heart to heart and soul to soul.

ANOTHER AFFAIR OF HONOR.

I am reminded, by a recent article in the Journal, of the single combats which in former time were wont to defile the green turf of my native island. Of course I need not name that island; the two simple ideas of 'fighting' and 'green' will infallibly suggest to the least logical intellect in Great Britain a compound one representing the locality intended. But although the progress of civilization in my country has through many painful causes, been woefully retarded, yet there is some comfort in reflecting that the enormity of duelling may now be classed among the things that 'have been, and are not.' I will, however, for the amusement of my readers, relate the history of an affair of honour which took place in a district of Munster some sixty or seventy years ago.

Albeit a wild locality, so far as the natural features of the landscape were concerned, yet the vicinity of Harnogore, as, for the double reason of concealment and euphony, I shall call it, was a tolerable peaceable place, viewed with respect to its inhabitants. Barring the occasional beating of a tithe-proctor, or ducking of a sheriff's officer, the country for miles around the village which gave it a name was singularly free from agrarian outrage. The land was divided into moderately-sized estates, each supporting the hospitable mansion of a country gentleman, with his good natured wife, and their handsome rollicking progeny. During a long series of years various intermarriages had taken place between the several families; so that, at the time I write of, there was scarcely an individual of note in the country who could not claim cousinship with each and every one of his neighbors. One gentleman there was, however, who was wholly unconnected with the magnates of the district. He was a Mr. Fooks, a rich old bachelor, residing in a pretty cottage close to the boundary hedge of a large estate which had laid for some time unoccupied. The dwelling of Mr. Fooks stood in the midst of a beautifully-cultivated pleasure ground, and a wilderness of sweets, where the emerald turf of the lawn was soft, and rich, and smiling, as though it lay in the heart of England's sunny Hampshire. A kind man was Mr. Fooks; beloved by the squires with whom he never quarreled, when, in the heat of the chase, following the hounds in full cry afterRevnard, they trampled his harvest fields. He was beloved by them, I say, notwithstanding his uniform desertion of the dining-room after the first magnum of claret had gone its rounds a grevious direliction from the rules of good-fellowship, which would not have been easily pardoned in any one else; but Fooks was a privileged man, and as the ladies were wont to remark, 'it was really a comfort to feel sure of having *one* gentleman steady on his legs in the drawing-room, so that one might venture to give him a cup of coffee without the chance of having half of it spilled on one's best satin.'

With the young people he was an especial favorite. No better partner in 'Sir Roger de Coverley,' or merrier opponent in the game of 'Matrimony,' could be found in the entire country, while his skill in making 'hurleys' for the boys, and carving 'wooden babies' for the ladies, secured for him a wide-spread popularity among the rising generation. By common consent he was known in the neighborhood as 'Holy Fooks;' and this epithet was bestowed not in ridicule, but as a sincere acknowledgment of his singularly blameless and useful life. Perhaps it also meant to commemorate a peculiarity in his character—he was never known to fight. From the tithe proctor, whom he hospitably entertained and regularly paid—an unprecedented line of conduct, which caused that much endured man to exclaim, 'Sure Barnagore would be a heaven upon earth if every man in it was like Holy Fooks'—from the tithe-proctor down to the urchins whom he often caught snaring hares or cutting sticks in the wood, he never abused or quarreled with any one. Yet Holy Fooks was no coward; *that* the poor widow at the mill could testify, whose fair-headed boy he saved from drowning by jumping into the mill-pond at the imminent risk of his life. And when Tom Maloney's house was burned, who but Holy Fooks could be found to tread the falling floor; and with one hand clinging to the blackened rafters, with the other to seize in succession three children, and hand them safely to those outside? Mr. Fooks in short, was that, I grieve to say, anomalous character in Ireland—*a brave good man who would not fight!*

The estate which bounded his had lain, I have said, for some time unoccupied; but at length a tenant for it appeared in the person of a professed duelist from Tipperary, who, having made even that fiery locality too hot to hold him, and possessing as much money as impudence, resolved to settle at Barnagore, and break fresh grounds among its quiet inhabitants. Tom Magennis, for such was his name, had not been long settled in his new residence ere he managed to establish several "very pretty quarrels" with his neighbors. He was an unerring shot, seldom failing to kill his man at any number of paces, and was as prone to take offence as the infamous Fighting Fitzgerald. He challenged one young gentleman for accidently touching him with his whip as they were leaping together across a stream while following the hounds All attempts at reconciliation were rejected by the scornful bully: they met; and an hour afterwards a fine lad, the hope of his house, was carried home a lifeless corpse.

The neighboring gentlemen tried to send Magennis to "Coventry," but it would not do; he was a man of good family, and contrived to maintain his position in society literally at the point of the sword. Every one wished him away, but who was to 'bell the cat?'

It happened that a small field belonging to Mr. Fooks lay next the upper corner of Magennis' lawn, to which the latter wished to have it annexed; he accordingly wrote a letter, couched in a very high and mighty style, requiring his pacific neighbor to sell him the piece of land in question. A polite reply in the negative was returned; and Magennis, boiling with rage at having his will opposed, hastened fo seek an interview.

'Mr. Fooks, am I to understand from your letter that you refuse to let me have the lawn field?'

'Certainly, sir; I have no intention whatever of parting with it.'

'But I tell you I want it, and have it I will.'

'I should be sorry,' said Mr. Fooks, mildly, 'to disoblige a neighbor; but I am sure Mr. Magennis will see the impropriety of pressing the matter further, when I repeat that I am quite determined not to sell the field.'

'You wont sell it?'

'No, sir.'

'Then,' said Magennis, with a fearful imprecation, 'if you don't give me the field, you shall give me *satisfaction*; and maybe I'll find your 'heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns' easier to deal with than yourself.'

A quiet smile passed over the countenance of Fooks.

'Do you mean, Mr. Magennis, that you want me to fight a duel?'

'Certainly; name your friend, and I'll send mine to meet him.'

'I am not much versed in these matters,' said Fooks, 'but I believe, as a challenged party, I have a right to select the weapons and the place of meeting?'

'Oh, certainly; nothing can be fairer. Choose what you like, my boy, the sooner the better.' And the bully rubbed his hands with delight at the prospect of slaying another man.

'Then,' said Mr. Fooks, 'I wish to dispense entirely with seconds, to fight on horseback, and to arrange that each of us can come armed with whatever weapons he may choose. Let the place of meeting be the wide common between the school-house and the mill; the time twelve o'clock to-morrow; and let him who is first driven off the field be declared vanquished.'

'Queer arrangements as ever I heard,' said Magennis. 'Why, my good fellow, don't you know that if I come armed with a long sword, and mounted on my hunter Highflyer, I'll ride you down and spit you like a lark before you can say Jack Robinson? However that's your look out, and not mine; so of course I agree to what you propose; and have the honor to wish you a very good morning.'

He then walked away, marvelling much at the coolness of his antagonist, and thinking what fun he would have on the morrow. Every one he met was told of the jest, and invited to witness the combat. Great was the consternation caused by the news throughout Barnagore.

'To think,' said Mr. Penrose, one of the chief landed proprietors, 'that our own honest Holy Fooks, who would not willingly offend a worm, is to be slaughtered by this scoundrel; it musn't be. I'll go to him, and offer to fight him in his stead.'

Accordingly, he repaired to the dwelling of Fooks, and found that gentleman as tranquilly occupied with his books as when he was visited by Magennis in the morning.

'A bad business this, Fooks,' said Mr. Penrose; 'a very bad business. Why, man, rather than you should meet Magennis, I'll fight the rascal myself.'

'Thank you, my friend,' replied Mr. Fooks; 'I feel most grateful for your kindness; but since Mr. Magennis has chosen to take causeless offence, I am resolved to give him the meeting desired. Perhaps' he added, smiling, 'the result may be better than you expect.'

'Oh, my dear Fooks,' said his friend, 'don't, I beseech you, build on *that*. The fellow is a regular assassin, and if he had his deserts, would long since have gained promotion at the hangman's hands. However, there will be a score or two of your friends on the ground to see fair play, and have satisfaction from him for your death.'

With this somewhat equivocal piece of consolation and hearty shake of the hand, Mr. Penrose took leave of his friend, who, during the remainder of the day, stayed within doors, and declined seeing any visitors. On the following morning, a large concourse of people, including, indeed, nearly every inhabitant of the parish, assembled on the common to witness the approaching combat. Long and loud were the lamentation of the poorer people, who had experienced much kindness from Mr. Fooks, at the fate which awaited him; while the deepened tones and darkened looks of the gentlemen testified their sympathy with him and their abhorrence of his antagonist. Precisely at twelve o'clock Magennis appeared on the field, mounted on a splendid blood horse; a dagger was stuck in his belt, and he brandished an enormous two-edged sword in his hand. He cast a scornful glance around, and not seeing his opponent, exclaimed, without addressing any one in particular, 'I thought the cowardly fool would be afraid to meet me; but if he sneaks away, perhaps one of his *friends* (with a sarcastic emphasis) will take his place.'

'Here he comes himself!' cried a boy throwing up his hat, and a general cheer announced the approach of Holy Fooks.

He advanced rapidly, mounted on a Kerry pony of so diminutive a size, that its rider's feet were but little raised above the ground. He was completely enveloped in an ample crimson dressing gown, which waved and flaunted in the breeze after a singular fashion. In his right hand he bore something which had the appearance of a very long lance; but which, having both extremities covered by the extended folds of the dressing-gown, was not as yet clearly visible. With his left hand he shook the bridle, and urged his tiny steed towards the spot where stood the astonished Magennis.

Whatever the latter gentleman may have thought of Mr. Fook's costume, his nettled horse seemed to have formed his own private opinion on the subject; for no sooner had the gaudy dressing-gown flaunted beneath his eyes, than he started, shied, and began to prance in a manner which caused his rider to exclaim, with an expletive too forcible for transcription. 'What's the meaning of this buffoonery? Come on and meet me like a man.'

'Always happy to oblige a friend,' said Mr. Fooks; and suddenly throwing back the offensive garment, he raised the weapon and shook it full in the face of his adversary. It was a long slender pole, having at one end a distended bladder containing some dried peas. A fearful thing it looked in the eyes of Highflyer; and so appalling to his ears was the rattling noise it made, that despite the furious efforts of his master, he fairly bolted, turned tail, and galloped at full speed across the common. After him rode Fooks, shaking his rattle, and shouting, 'Come back, Mr. Magennis! come back! 'tis a shame for you, man, to be afraid of a dressing-gown and a child's rattle.'

But faster and faster flew the affrighted horse, bearing his enraged master beyond the sound of the inextinguishable laughter which hailed the defeat, and the bloodless triumph of Holy Fooks. The bully had not courage to return to the country and brave the merciless ridicule which awaited him. He disposed of his property and retired to England, where he was compelled to live in peace, as his neighbors soon learned to appreciate him, and snubbed his propensity for fighting. Yet the few persons who continued to associate with Mr. Magennis were often puzzled to account for the transport of rage which possessed him whenever the slightest allusion happened to be made in his presence to dried peas, Kerry ponies, or crimson dressing-gowns.

THE PRESERVE CLOSET.

'Upon my word, this is about the coolest proceeding I ever knew!'

Col. Templar sat in his bachelor sanctum, where the rays of an April sunshine shone in lines of glittering gold among the Neapolitan violets in the window, and drove the little canary half wild with silver voiced delight—a sanctum crowded with miscellaneous confusion of meerchaums in different stages of color, dressing-gowns, cigar-boxes, newspapers, and gorgeous velvet slippers—he contracted his brow moodily over a letter whose pink paper and delicate scent of foreign perfume betokened a troublesome lady correspondent.

''DEAR SIDNEY.'—Yes, I'm always 'dear' when Bertha wants a disagreeable commission executed—what hypocrites women are, to be sure—'an eligible house, somewhere, in some nice locality, it surely can be no trouble to engage one for us.' No trouble, quotha! that's just a woman's random idea! No trouble to rush from pillar to post house-hunting. Where's the indemnity of bachelorhood, I'd like to know? I might as well be a married man in good earnest, if I'm to be saddled with all the responsibility of the thing. I won't be imposed upon—I'll write to Bertha at once and tell her——'

Col. Templar gave his jet black moustache a savage jerk, and pulled his writing-desk resolutely forward. Then a softer mood seemed to dawn athwart his mind—he hesitated, biting the handle of his pen meditatively.

'Poor little Bertha—she has always been my pet cousin, and I suppose it is rather inconvenient for her to come all the way here to look for a house—and her husband will be in India till the middle of May, and—well, the upshot of the whole matter is that I am doomed to victimize myself, and the sooner it's over the better. Heigho! where's the newspaper? I'll just look over the 'To let's' first, and then I'll go to the estate agencies!''

The sun was peeping from behind the masses of flying clouds, like a shy beauty who alternately smiles and hides her face—the air was full of faint spring odors, even in this brick-and-mortar wilderness, when Col. Sidney Templar sailed bravely forth, armed and equipped with various references, directions and addresses, to engage in the momentous business of house-hunting.

He was not a handsome man—yet you would have turned involuntarily to look after him as he sauntered by, attracted by the deep smothered fire of his dark eyes, and the firm outline of his lips. No—Col. Templar was not handsome, but he was what the ladies term 'interesting.' Moreover, he carried an empty sleeve where the left arm should have been—an everlasting memorial of the red battle-clouds.

'It appears comical enough for me to go house-hunting,' mused Templar, as he strode onwards through the dusty streets. 'For me, the solitary, homeless recluse of one-and-thirty years old. Four years ago things appeared differently to me—four years ago I might have dreamed of a home of my own, with Marion Caryl's bright eyes to light up its hearth-stone! Ah, me! this is a world of change! A careless word—a little misunderstanding—and here I am a crippled old soldier, while Marion is probably making the sunshine of some other man's life. Hold on—I'm getting maudlin and romantic—eh, Sidney Templar? This will never do, old fellow.'

The colonel gave his heavy black locks a backward toss, as if impatient at his own folly, and vigorously directed his attention to the list of eligible residences in his pocket-book.

'No 41——street; here's the very place. Wants painting badly on the outside, but may present a more promising appearance within. At all events we'll try.'

He rang the bell, and a brief skirmishing of servants in the hall, a faded lady, in dyed silk and hair in crimping-pins, appeared.

'Is this house to let, madam?' inquired our colonel deferentially.

'Well, yes, it's to let, but you can't see it now.'

'Can't see it now?'

'No,' snarled the lady vindictively. 'Hours are between two and four.'

'I'm quite sure the female in the crimping-pins is an old maid,' decided the colonel, mentally, 'and I think she must have breakfasted off broken glass and cambric needles. I wonder if the people at No. 171——street will be any more affable.'

A pretty, blue-eyed woman, in a torn wrapper, and slippers down at the heel, answered the door-bell.

'Can I see this house?' meekly questioned Col. Templar.

'Could you call again in about an hour?' asked the blue-eyed one. 'My husband is out, and we've been so troubled with thieves and respectable-looking agents who carried keys with 'em, that——'

'Oh, I beg your pardon. Under the circumstances I will not intrude,' said Col. Templar, with a comic elevation of his eyebrows. 'Perhaps, however, you will be good enough to observe that I leave the door-mat behind me, quite safe.'

The blue-eyed lady looked after Col. Templar as he strode away, with a puzzled face.

'It's well I didn't let him come in,' was her internal comment. 'He looks as if he might be a little crazed.'

While Col. Templar stroked his moustache and pondered dubiously within himself:

'I wonder if I do look like a rogue.'

* * * * *

'Herbert! Bertie! don't you hear the door-bell? Bertie, I say?'

The gentleman apostrophized as 'Bertie' was sitting at an old-fashioned mahogany desk, absorbed in a pile of blotted manuscript, with dishevelled hair, and middle finger deeply stained with ink—evidently a young author, very much in love with his profession. Directly before him stood the speaker, a young lady of twenty-three or thereabouts.

She was exceedingly pretty, with the innocent, dimpled beauty of a white kitten or a pet rabbit; blue eyed, with a complexion where faint roses seemed to glow through the transparent skin, and a mouth like a dash of scarlet velvet. While her lovely golden hair was fastened straight back, in a great lustrous twist. *En dishabille*, evidently, but quite pretty enough to excuse all defects of flour-sprinkled hands, and hair half loose.

'Door-bell?' repeated the young man, starting vacantly.

'Yes; some one to see the house, I suppose, and I such a figure. Do, please, go to the door, Bertie; there's a jewel. Mary has gone to the grocer's, and see what a state I am in.'

She held up both dimpled hands, and nodded archly in the glass at a huge floury patch on the peach-bloom cheek.

'There it goes again! Do make haste, Bertie, and on your life, don't show any one into the kitchen. Tell 'em its a gem of a little kitchen, but don't let 'em in, for the cake is half made, and the bread half-baked and I am half distracted; and the rolling-pin and spice boxes, and egg-beaters all lying round loose, and—there.'

And the young lady expedited matters with a push that left five white dots from her five finger ends on the back of Mr. Herbert's cashmere dressing-gown.

'The dear, absent-minded goose!' she pondered, as she fluttered down stairs into the kitchen; 'if there's any mistake to be made he'll be sure to make it. The more absent-minded he grows, I do believe.'

'Why, yes, this house is to let,' said Mr. Bertie, in answer to the courteous inquiry of the tall stranger. 'And I suppose you want to look at it?'

Col. Templar smiled.

'I should like to inspect the rooms; that is if it's quite convenient.'

'Oh, quite—walk in. This is the hall, and—I believe those are the stairs, and—oh! here are the parlors.'

Sidney Templar glanced carelessly around the lofty rooms, thinking they would suit his ambitious little cousin very well, when suddenly a portrait hanging over the carved marble mantlepiece caught his eye.

'Marion Caryl!'

He did not articulate the syllables, but they sounded through his brain as if a thousand silver-tongued bells had pealed them forth! Yes, it was Marion Caryl, with the bright golden ringlets floating away from her fair, blue-veined temples, and the rose-mouth ready to break into smiles that were answered by the dewy sparkle of her eyes.

'Marion Caryl!' he repeated vaguely to himself. 'And this is Marion's house, and Marion's husband is leading me through the rooms. How dreamlike it seems.'

'I'm afraid you are tired,' said honest Bertie, looking compassionately at Sidney's ashen pale face, and wondering that he had not before noticed how colorless it was.

'A little tired,' stammered Col. Templar, feeling the hot blood rush to his brow once more. 'But no matter—don't let me detain you. I believe you said the rent was——'

'Rent? I have'nt the least idea. I believe it's either one hundred or eighty, or perhaps sixty. I know we paid fifty, but the landlord is going to raise it, and Marion and I are thinking of a furnished cottage in the country, somewhere.'

'Marion's husband is not a man of business,' thought Sidney.

'Marion's husband!' How the words cut to his heart.

'Well, I'll ask Marion, she knows' said Herbert. 'Now, then, I'll take you down into the lower department.'

Oh, Bertie, Bertie, had you already become obvious of the words of caution heaped on your luckless ears?

Pretty Marion, screwing the top on to one of her spice boxes, heard the advancing of foot-steps with a sudden thrill of apprehension.

'It can't be possible that that goose Bertie has forgotten what I told him,' she thought. He has, though, as sure as the sun is shining, and I'm caught.'

Marion dropped her box of fragrant allspice and looked with wide-open eyes of dismay at her bib-apron.

'They are coming,' she stammered, turning alternately red and white. 'There's no help for it. I shall have to hide in the preserve closet.'

And our little heroine, ignominiously taking refuge in flight, ran lightly across the kitchen floor and hid herself among preserved strawberries, East India ginger, and glimmering jars of cherries.

'If I don't lecture Bertie,' said Marion, setting her little white teeth together like belligerent pearls, as the two gentlemen came into the kitchen, and she heard their voices discussing the relative merits of stoves and ranges.

'By the way,' said Herbert suddenly, 'I believe there are some nice closets down here; at least, Marion says so, and—hullo! the door seems to stick!'

He gave it a jerk. Marion's two hands held resolutely on the door knob on the other side. Another resolute pull, full of well directed energy, and the two little hands succumbed.

The door flew open.

Bertie staggered back into the middle of the room, and Marion stood there among the preserves, wofully confused, yet laughing withal, like a marvellously pretty mouse in a novel species of trap.

'Oh, Bertie, Bertie, I——'

She stopped suddenly as her shy glance met the eyes of the tall stranger. She stopped in the middle of the floor, checked in her instinct of flight by some stronger instinct, and blushing like a pink moss-rose, down to the very tips of her tapery, floury fingers that were so tightly interlaced, while the blue eyes, half hidden by their white lids, were full of sparkling tears, and the mouth was breaking into a tumultuous smile; for Marion did not know whether she most wanted to laugh or cry.

'Sidney, oh Sidney.'

He bowed gravely.

'Until you introduce me to your husband, Marion, I scarcely know by what name to address you.'

'My husband!' repeated Marion, wonderingly following the direction of Sidney Templar's eye.

'Oh, you mean Bertie! but he isn't my husband; he's my brother! Herbert, this is Col. Templar, who fought so bravely.'

Marion's face lighted up as she spoke; she had forgotten all about the preserve closet and the bib apron now.

'Col. Templar, I'am glad to shake hands with you,' said straightforward Bertie. 'Marion has talked about you many and many a time, ay, and cried, too, when she talked of you.'

'Bertie!'

Now she coloured indeed, deep crimson, like the red heart of a pomegranate blossom opening under tropical skies.

'But your husband, Marion?'

Bertie Caryl broke into a genial laugh.

'What fellows you soldiers are for sticking to one idea. Our Marion isn't married!'

'Not married! Oh, Marion!'

He took her hand and looked wistfully into her eyes.

'Marion, we were very foolish once, but I think we are both wiser now.'

She did not raise her long lashes, and he went on:

'But Marion, the crippled, war-worn soldier dare not ask the question that the lover would have pleaded so earnestly once.'

She looked up now, with tears lying brightly on her flushed cheek.

'Then I will ask it. Sidney, do you care for me still!'

'Do I care for heaven's sunshine? do I care for the blessed life that beats within my own heart? Oh, Marion! mine, mine, forever.'

As he murmured the tender words close into her ear, Herbert Caryl, who had been abstractedly spinning the rolling-pin round, brought it down on the snowy pine table with a bang.

'I have it! Fifty pounds a year!'

'What is fifty pounds a year!' questioned his brilliant sister.

'Why the rent, to be sure!'

'Never mind the rent just now, Mr. Caryl,' said Col. Templar, laughing good humouredly.

'Oh, but it really is fifty pounds a year,' said Herbert, solemnly; 'and, why look here! what is this about?'

For Marion had led Sidney Templar up to him, and was smiling even while the tears hung on her wet eyelashes.

'Will you love him ever so much, Bertie? For I think he is going to be your own brother.'

'Exactly like the last chapter in my novel,' said Caryl, sagely. 'Shake hands, Colonel. And now, Marion, you take care of him, for most of my writing is shockingly behind hand!'

So it happened upon that sunshiny April day that Col. Sidney Templar, engaged not only a house for his cousin Bertha, but a wife for himself.

'We'll take down the bill, Bertie,' said Marion, demurely, 'because Col. Templar likes the house, and I don't exactly think showing rooms is your *forte!*'

'Don't you?' retorted Herbert. 'Now only suppose Col. Templar had gone away without seeing what a convenient closet that was where the preserves are kept!'

But Marion made him no answer.

A private letter from the capital of Mexico, bearing date of the 27th ult., contains the following with reference to the disposition of the remains of the late Emperor: "Make known to the American people that the Emperor was spat upon in his prison; that his corps was insulted during the eight days they had it hung up naked by the neck for public exhibition from the bannister of a stair case in the exchurch of the Capuchins. It is now on view, under glass, for money, and they are selling the hair of his head and beard." We do not remember having ever read anything more indicative of Mexican barbarity or the savage spirit of revenge, than the above extract. We could scarcely belive it possible, were it not that we have too many proofs of Mexican atrocities. Should this turn out authentic, surely the day of retribution cannot arrive an hour too soon.

A GOOD DEAL OF SNAKE. A few days ago Henry Yale, of Elk County, Pa., while out on Boon's mountain after huckleberries, with two small brothers, came upon a den of rattlesnakes, and found themselves surrounded by them. The boys were on a rock. Before they could get away they killed fifty-seven snakes and piled them on a rock. All the snakes were females, containing from eight to twelve young ones inside, making a loss of snakes of from five to six hundred. The boys say that they killed about half the snakes, the balance taking refuge under the rocks.