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. XV. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, October 9, 1865. New Series.—No. 45.

EXCELSIOR PRINTING OFFICE.

GEO. BREMNER,

Printer, Book-binder,

AND

STEREOTYPER,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.,

Having engaged an experienced

BOOK-BINDER

is prepared to execute all orders with PROMPTITUDE and NEATNESS.

☞ Entrance to Printing Office and Bindery at Mrs. Bremner's Book and Stationery Store, Prince Street, where all orders may be left.

Prince Street, June 5, 1865.

LONDON HOUSE.

ESTABLISHED 1820.

1865! SPRING! 1865!

BY the Ships *Undine, L. C. Owen* and *Edwin & Lizzie*, from Liverpool; *Urania*, from London; *Helen Davies*, from Barbadoes; *City of Bath* and *Commerce*, from Boston; and *China*, from Liverpool, the subscribers

Have Completed

THEIR

IMPORTATIONS

FOR THE SEASON,

which having been bought on the BEST TERMS they are enabled to offer at

EXTREMELY LOW PRICES,

For Prompt Payment.

☞ Wholesale buyers supplied as usual.

G. & S. DAVIES

Char'town, June 5, 1865.

SPECIAL NOTICE!!

THE undersigned have appointed Mr. H. J. RICHARDSON, of Summerside, their AGENT, where TOBACCO can be had at the SAME RATE as in Charlottetown.

LOWDEN & RICHARDSON.

May 1, 1865. tf

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 22, 1865. tf

To Consumers of Gas.

THE Directors of the Charlottetown Gas Light Company will loan, FREE of CHARGE, a few Patent Gas Cooking Stoves. Consumers desirous of proving these most desirable and economical Gas Ranges are requested to make an early application at the Gas Works, as only a limited number will be disposed of. By order,

WM. MURPHY, Manager.

Ch'town, June 19, 1865.

TESTIMONIALS.—Report of Committee of Hotel Proprietors, Published in Guyer's Progressive Age, Chicago, Ill.—We, the undersigned, present by invitation, yesterday, to witness the operation and working of the new principle of gas used for cooking purposes, were present during a series of experiments, in our view fully calling out the utility of these Stoves. As the result of actual experiment the following was performed:—

Beefsteak was cooked in four minutes, its juices and flavor retained; and, further, the claim of the inventor abundantly sustained, by this process tough meat is rendered tender and delicious.

Quail were, in two instances, broiled in five minutes, and that to a turn.

Bread cut fresh from the new loaf was delicately browned in two minutes.

In each case these viands would be pronounced deliciously and thoroughly cooked. In the case of the meats, the exterior surfaces were coagulated and rendered firm; the substance of the whole, when cooked, retaining their juices and flavor.

In neither nor any case was there the faintest perceptible flavor or odor of gas in or about the Stoves, or in the food when cooked. We regard the process as entirely superior and successful.

SAMUEL HAWK, Richmond House.
GEO. H FRENCH, } Briggs House.
W. F. TUCKER, }
J. W. HUMPHERY, Massosoit House.
A. M. STODDARD, Revere House.
JOHN WRIGHT, "Anderson's."

The cost of cooking by this method we append as made up from careful tests yesterday, accepted but not tried: 12½ lbs. bread cooked in 42 minutes, consuming 4 cubic feet of gas, cost 1 cent. 2 lbs. steak broiled in 5 minutes, consuming ¼ of a cubic foot of gas, cost ¼ of a cent. 1 quart water boiled in 9½ minutes, consuming 1 cubic foot of gas, cost ¼ of 1 cent. 24 breakfast biscuit baked in 12 minutes, consuming 1 foot of gas, cost 2½ mills.

Having frequently examined the mode of action of Shaw's Steak-Broiler, I have been led to the conclusion that the tissues and integuments of tough meat are ruptured and broken through the effect of highly heated, even red hot steam, of which this gas-flame is highly composed. At the first instant this steam penetrates and scalds the meat, and the subsequent browning retains a portion of the water formed, with the juices produced.

The gas-flame, as obtained in the devices of Mr Shaw, is the purest flame which art affords; and there is nothing present, as vapor of gas, which can give odor to or any way interfere with the production of the delicious flavour of broiled meat.

This apparatus secures the greatest economy of time in cooking steaks: it renders the toughest meat more tender than in any other mode of broiling it, and, with the simple noting of time, enables the cook to produce with certainty any gradation of effect. Respectfully,

A. A. HAYES, M. D., State Assayer.
16 Boylston Street, Boston.

From WILLIAM M. LORING.

W. F. SHAW.—The Gas Cooking-Range and the Gas Heating-Stoves of your invention, which I have used the past four years, I can unhesitatingly say have given me perfect satisfaction; and I can confidentially recommend them, as I have found them to be the most economical and convenient cooking and heating apparatus I have ever met with.

In the Gas Cooking Range, the quality of the food is most surprisingly improved. The juices of the roasted meat are all retained, so that they do not appear to lose any of the weight. In the course of a season this saving amounts to quite an item in the economy of this mode of cooking, as it is a well known fact that meats lose much of their weight when cooked in the ordinary coal range oven.

Respectfully yours,
Boston. WM. M. LORING.

From D. B. COOK, 111 Lake st., Chicago.

I regard W. F. Shaw's Patent Gas Smoothing Iron as one of the greatest inventions of the age. It is all you claim for it,—novel, economical, and exceedingly convenient.

The much dreaded "ironing day" is welcomed with pleasure wherever the Gas Iron is used, and no housekeeper will consent to be without it after giving it a trial.

Yours, &c., D. B. COOK.

From MRS. W. W. EVERTS, Chicago.

It is with pleasure that I give my testimony to the great value of the Gas Stove you are now offering to the public. The Stove for ironing I regard as a desideratum long needed in housekeeping.

The fatigue and exhaustion occasioned by many hours spent at the ironing table, in a room heated to the ordinary temperature is all spared by using your stove, which heats the irons quickly, and leaves a comfortable room.

This stove is equally successful as a broiler. Much more might be said in simple justice to this great invention were it necessary.

Yours respectfully, MRS. W. W. EVERTS.

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.

P. E. ISLAND

Steam Navigation Co's. Steamers

Princess of Wales and *Heather Belle*.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT,

Commencing Monday, May 22.

The Steamer 'Princess of Wales'

LEAVES Charlottetown for Summerside, Shediac, Richibucto, Chatham and Newcastle, every MONDAY night, at eleven o'clock, reaching Shediac in time for the morning train on Tuesday.

Leaves Shediac, for Richibucto, at nine o'clock on TUESDAY morning, and Richibucto, for Chatham and Newcastle, at one o'clock same day, arriving at Chatham and Newcastle same evening.

Leaves Newcastle, for Shediac, at four o'clock on WEDNESDAY morning, calling at Chatham and Richibucto on way down.

Leaves Shediac, for Summerside and Charlottetown, on WEDNESDAY afternoon, at half-past two o'clock, immediately on arrival of the Train.

Leaves Charlottetown for Pictou every THURSDAY morning, at half-past nine; returning, leaves Pictou for Charlottetown, at 12 o'clock same night.

Leaves Charlottetown for Summerside and Shediac, every FRIDAY morning at half-past eight o'clock.

Leaves Shediac, for Summerside and Charlottetown, at half-past two every SATURDAY afternoon, arriving at Charlottetown at half-past ten same night.

The Steamer 'Heather Belle'

Leaves Charlottetown for Pictou every MONDAY morning at half-past nine.

Leaves Pictou same evening—on arrival of Mail, about six o'clock—for Charlottetown.

Leaves Charlottetown for Brule every THURSDAY and SATURDAY mornings, at five o'clock; returning to Charlottetown same evenings, immediately after arrival of Mail at Brule, at about five o'clock in the evening.

Steamer 'Heather Belle' also runs to Mount Stewart Bridge and Rocky Point, on the Hillsborough River, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY—being Market days.

FARES:

From Charlottetown to Pictou, or back—Cabin 12s, Steerage 10s. 6d.
Charlottetown to Brule, or back—Cabin 9s, Steerage 7s 6d.
Charlottetown to Summerside, or back—Cabin 9s, Steerage 7s 6d.
Charlottetown to Shediac, or back—Cabin 18s, Steerage 15s.

Charlottetown to Richibucto,	or back,		$5.00
Do Miramichi,	do		6.00
Summerside to Richibucto,	do		3.50
Do Miramichi,	do		4.50
Shediac to Richibucto,	do		2.00
Do Miramichi,	do		3.00
Ch'town to St. John,	or back—	£1 8s 1½d, or	4.50
Do Eastport,	do	1 17s 6d, or	6.00
Do Portland,	do	2 10s 6d, or	8.00
Do Boston,	do	2 16s 3d, or	9.00

FARES—FREIGHT.

Charlottetown to Summerside,	1s per barrel bulk.	
Do Shediac,	1s 6d	do
Do Richibucto & Miramichi,	2s 3d,	do
Shediac to Richibucto and Miramichi,	1s 6d,	do

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

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

SEASON TICKETS may be purchased at Office for individuals or families.

By order,
F. W. HALES, Sec'y.

Charlottetown, May 29, 1865.

THE LONDON AND LANCASHIRE
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY,
HAVING A LARGE PAID UP CAPITAL,
ACCEPT ALL CLASSES OF RISKS,
At Reasonable Rates of Premium.
CHARLES YOUNG, Agent.
October 17, 1864.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS RECEIVED THE USUAL

Spring & Summer

Reports of Fashions for 1865,

With FULL SIZED CUT PATTERNS OF GARMENTS from the representations on the Fashion Plate. Orders punctually attended to.

JOHN BELL.
Queen Street, Charlottetown.

April 10th, 1865.

Labrador Herring for Sale.

122 BBLS. No. 1 HERRING,
13 Half Bbls. do do
40 Bbls. No. 2, do

JOHN S. PURDIE.

Charlottetown, Jan. 30, 1865. tf

SALT! SALT!

10,000 Bushels Liverpool SALT,
50 Bales OAKUM,
For sale by
I. C. HALL, Water Street.

Ch'town, May 22, 1865.

Register Grates.

JUST RECEIVED, a large assortment of REGISTER GRATES and MANTLES, a very choice lot.

DODD & ROGERS.

Dodd's Brick Store, Pownal street, August 14, 1865.

Removal!

THE Royal Agricultural Society's Store and Office are removed to the lower end of Pownal Street, two houses south of the Hon. ROBERT HUTCHINSON'S Store (See Sign over the door).

J. D. HASZARD, Sec'y.

September 1, 1865.

LITERATURE.

THE WIDOW'S WEDDING RING.

Four years ago, this very day,
With happy hearts and young,
Where ancient oaks dropped o'er the way
We passed, while joy-bells rung;
May sailor love had claimed his bride
To share his future life,
We left the grey church side by side,
Fond husband, grateful wife,
But soon my sailor left his home,
Compelled by bitter fate to roam—
Ah me! he sleeps 'neath ocean's foam.

The glowing roseate hue of hope
From my young life is gone;
As ivy trails without a prop,
So I must creep alone.
I look around the empty room,
Hot tear drops burn my face;
Grim ruin rises from the gloom,
And fills each vacant place.
My child lies sick upon his bed,
My spirit shrinks with lonely dread,
Great Master better both were dead.

Hush, wild heart, hush, I must not sin,
However keen my grief;
Oh, Father, save, ere I begin
To doubt thy sure relief.
I hear my baby's piteous cry,
It drives me almost wild;
What have I left, wherewith to buy
Food for my hungry child?
My husband's gift, my wedding ring,
The purest, sweetest memories cling
Around thee, bright and precious thing.

And must I sell it? Heart be still,
Be still, oh throbbing brow;
What gives my spirit such a thrill,
It cannot matter now.
My love will not be slow to greet
His wife beside God's throne,
Although his marriage token sweet
From her thin hand is gone.
Yea, when we meet beyond the sky,
My glance shall tell his pitying eye,
"I could not let our darling die."

THE HARVEST MOON.

The moon has turned to silvery gold;
The corn is swaying around the fold;
The lark is asleep by the plough at rest;
Day is hushed to the black Night's breast.

Thatched like huts, stand the slanting sheaves,
On the broad field strewn with the poppy leaves;
And the red clouds hang, with a wandering love,
The wood and the meadow and stream above.

AN IRISH BRIGAND.

Effect does not more surely follow cause than brigandage and its attendant sufferings the termination of a civil war. Redmond O'Hanlon and his rapparees and a system of black mail succeeded the Cromwellian struggle in Ireland. The North was his favorite haunt; and he is said to have been connected with bands who took toll through all parts of the island, and met four times in the year to adjust the division of the spoil. The O'Hanlons being of the old race and old religion, and Redmond gentle by birth and generous by nature, the peasants and small farmers stood in no fear of him, but were ever on the watch for his safety. Farmers, travelling pedlars, and people in middling circumstances, on paying Redmond or his trusty agents half-a-crown per annum, were safe from plunder; and if through mistake they suffered at the hands of strangers, their losses were made good on information being conveyed to the chief. One day meeting a poor man who was going to sell his only cow to pay his rent, and pitying his case, he lent him five pounds, and bade him appoint any time and place he choose for repayment. Strange to say, the trust was punctually kept, and the debt discharged.

Being in want of arms, he presented himself to the commander of the garrison in Armagh, dressed as a country gentleman, and requested him to allow a few of his men to go with him beyond a certain place, where he expected the great outlaw to be concealed. 'He had a good sum of money about him and did not wish to lose it.' The colonel complied; and Redmond and his guard went on very pleasantly for about seven miles. Every man had drank more or less on the way at the country gentleman's expense, and when he was about dismissing them with a parting glass from his own flask, they were only too ready, at his suggestion, to fire a *feu de joie* in honor of his safe delivery. Instantly a whistle brought a party of fellows to the spot with charged guns, and the poor red-coats had to resign muskets, bayonets, and every regimental article of use, and walk back to Armagh in a very evil plight.

Redmond was at one time pursued by the military for nearly three days, during all which time he scarcely got a morsel of food. At last in desperation he entered the house of a friend, and fell to a breakfast of bread and butter and milk. He had scarcely eaten a mouthful when the house was surrounded, and the captain, leaning over the half-door, in a polite tone, said: 'Captain O'Hanlon you are a king's prisoner; resistance is useless.' 'So I perceive,' was the answer; 'but as you have not allowed me to take a meal for three days, I am sure you will not disturb me now till hunger is satisfied.' The request being reasonable, was granted; Redmond coming to the end of his cake in great tranquility, at once sprang up, seized his blunderbuss, with which he had cleared the half-door, and the surprise and fear of killing each other prevented the soldiers at each side from firing at him till he got at some distance. Being much refreshed at his good breakfast, and his pursuers tired out, he escaped with a slight wound or two.

O'Hanlon's life did not entirely prejudice him against law and order. Meeting a poor pedlar one day bitterly lamenting, and hearing from him that he had just been robbed of five pounds in money and maltreated by that notorious robber, Redmond O'Hanlon, he roared at the fellow, and applied a title to him which reflected on his mother's good name. 'You son of an unvirtuous woman,' said he, 'how could I rob you that never laid eyes on you before?' 'Sir,' answered the poor man, 'the rogue that robbed *me* said he was Redmond O'Hanlon.' 'Let us follow him,' said the other, 'and never fear that I won't make him sing to another tune.' Coming up to the thief, they eased him of his acquisitions, which Redmond restored to the right owner, and bound him over to prosecute the robber at the next assizes. He then wrote the following mittimus, and entrusted it and the thief to three trusty followers, to be delivered over to the charge of the Armagh gaoler:—

"By Redmond O'Hanlon, *in loco*, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for County Armagh, and Chief Ranger of the Mountains.

"I herewith send you the body of ———, who was this day brought before me, and examined for robbing Mr. ———, on the king's highroad, requiring of you to hold him in safe custody till next general assizes, to be held for the said county, and for your so doing this shall be your sufficient warrant. Given under my hand this 1st day of March, 1595.

"REDMOND O'HANLON.

"To ———, Gaoler of Armagh."

However informal the commitment, the rogue was secured, and sworn home against by the pedlar. Audience, officers, counsellors, judge and all, joined in one roar of laughter at points of the trial when O'Hanlon's magisterial interference came before the court.

As the chivalrous Robin Hood suffered more than one defeat from tanners, tinkers, and sturdy beggars, so Redmond met a vanquisher in a shopkeeper's apprentice. This youth's master having to receive a good round sum of money in Newry, was afraid to risk an encounter with Redmond or some of his gang on his return to Dundalk, his native town. In his perplexity, his apprentice, sixteen years of age, offered his services, which, after some hesitation, were accepted. The youth, in the words of Mr. Cosgrave, author of the 'Irish Rogues and Rapparees,' went to the field, and brought home an old vicious screw, with much of the same humor of Sir Teague O'Regan's war-horse, on which he rode out to meet Duke Schomberg after the surrender of Charlemont, that when any other horse came up to meet him on the road, he always strove to bite or kick him, by which means he commonly kept the road to himself. As he wended on his way, he was overtaken by a well-dressed gentleman, with whom he freely entered into discourse, making no secret of his buisiness, or of his expectation of being about the same place on his return to-morrow with £100 in his possession. 'I wonder,' said his fellow traveller, 'you are so free in your communications with strangers. How can you tell but that I may be Redmond O'Hanlon, or one of his gang?' 'Oh, oh!' said the boy, bursting out laughing, 'such a nice looking gentleman as you to be a robber! Do you think I haven't eyes?' 'Well, at all events, I advise you to be more discreet. Redmond is famous at disguises, and will pin you if he gets wind of your business. Here's a crown for you to drink my health, but keep a bridle on your tongue.' The grateful youth, sobering at once, made the promise. And even as the boy expected, the gentleman overtook him as he was returning next day, and conversation was resumed. 'Well, my boy, I suppose from your looks you have not met with any bad company, and your money is safe?' 'Indeed it is, sir; many thanks for your good advice.' 'How are you carrying it?' 'In the two ends of this ticken wallet.' 'Dear me, I would like to feel the weight of it out of curiosity.' and he approached, but the horse lashed out, and he was obliged to keep his distance. 'Throw over that wallet,' said he, rather sternly for such a nice spoken gentleman. 'Oh, sir, honey, sure you wouldn't think of robbing me; what would the master say?' 'I don't know, but this is what I say, if you do not surrender it at once, I will send a bullet through you, and another through your garren.' 'I promised my master not to let myself be robbed till I was in danger of my life. Here is the money, but you must take the trouble of crossing the ditch for it.' So saying, he heaved the bag over the slough that bordered the road, and the hedge beyond it into the next field. This annoyed the highwayman, but judging the prize worth the trouble, he dismounted, scrambling over the dyke and fence higher up, and laid hands on the bag. Hearing a clatter, he raised his head, looked over the fence, and saw the innocent youth making the road to Dundalk short on his own (Redmond's) good steed, and the vicious beast prancing about on the road, and longing for some one to let fly at. He was enraged for being so taken in, but much more so when he found the two ends of the precious bag containing nothing more valuable than the copper half-pence of the time, value for thirty or forty shillings. So there we must leave our outlaw, incumbered with his copper, and not daring to lay hands on the ill-tempered and dangerous garran left at his discretion. The boy arrived safe in Dundalk with the hundred guineas quilted into his waistcoat.

After many escapes from armed foes and from prisons, O'Hanlon was treacherously murdered by his own foster-brother, for sake of the rewrd, an almost unprecedented crime in his country. The names of his chief associates were Patrick McThegue, John Reilly, Shan Mernagh, Phil Galloge, Phadruig Maol (bald), Arthur O'Neil, and the determined O'Kelly. O'Hanlon was distinguished by acts of kindness to the poor and weary soldiers on their march, and by abstaining from wanton bloodshed. His followers were obliged by a most solemn oath *never* to shed blood unless in self-defence, never to rob a poor person, nor to offer violence to a woman.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

Until lately, it was very difficult, almost impossible, to obtain a complete official statement of the various disbursements to individuals out of the British revenue, on account of salaries, allowances and pensions. As far back as the year 1847, the late Joseph Hume succeeded in carrying a motion, in the House of Commons, that such a list or statement should be published as "a blue book," by the government. It did not appear in 1847, nor yet in 1848; but as parliament was being prorogued in the July of the latter year, Mr. Hume was informed, in reply to an enquiry, that it was considered too troublesome to comply with the order of Parliament. Since Mr. Gladstone has had the financial administration, the report or list in question has regularly appeared. The volume of 1864-65 gives us some facts which may astonish some of our readers.

Queen Victoria's annual allowance is $1-925,000, *to which must* be added $125,000 from the surplus revenue of the Duchy of Lancaster. Total, $2,150,000. She also has a variety of first-class palatial residences, such as Buckingham Palace, Kensington Palace, St. James' Palace Kew and Windsor Castles—all of which are kept in repair, decorated, and frequently furnished, at the expense of the nation. Besides this, the Prince of Wales has Marlborough House to live in, and a nice little allowance of $500,000 per annum. With the annuities to the King of the Belgians, (£50,000 a year, out of which he returns about £30,000) and to the Duke of Cambridge, his mother and sisters, the immense sum of $3,000,000 is annually payable to royalty in England. Besides having over two million dollars a year for herself, Queen Victoria further has the interest of the $5,000,000 which Prince Albert had at the time of his decease.

The members of the Government are handsomely paid. Lord Palmerston's salary is $25,000 a year—and five Secretary's of State, (Home, Colonial, Foreign, War and India), respectively receive the same. So does Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the exchequer. The Irish Viceroy has $100,000, and the Irish Secretary, $27,500 a year. The first Lord of the Admiralty has $22,000 a year; the Lord Chancellor $50,000; the Irish Chancellor, $40,000; the Attorney General about $50,000; the Solicitor General, $25,000; the Lord Advocate of Scotland, $30,000; the Irish Attorney-General, $30,-000. When a change of ministers takes place, about seventy persons, all holding high office, have to retire—and the gross amount of all their salaries is $850,000 a year. All the working staff remain in office for life, their salaries gradually rising, and after 30 years' service, each man may retire on a pension equal to his full salary at the time. A clerk in the treasury in England commences with $400 a year, and cannot obtain the nomination untill, in a strict competitive examination, he has shown himself to possess a certain quantity and variety of general information. When he retires, after a thirty years' service, his income may be, and often is, between $10,000 and $12,000 a year.

These are a few of the items of national expenditure in England. In some instances, such as the enormous payments to royalty, the salaries may appear high. Yet, most English statesmen having extensive hereditary estates, the amount of the salary is not of much consequence to them. Each, in his way, has to make a large annual expenditure, and office increases the necessity of making it.

COTTON PROSPECTS.—The cultivation of cotton in the South has long been one of the sources of wealth in this country, but its importance will be vastly increased and the product greatly enlarged by the social changes which have occurred in the South. Heretofore the cotton plantations have been of vast dimensions, usually embraced several thousand acres, and the extent of land has been too great to admit of proper attention. It is with cotton cultrue as with every other branch of farming—fifty acres of land properly cultivated will produce more than one hundred acres carelessly attended to. There is no doubt that the Southern cotton crop might be made to double the yield of past years. The natural effect of the overthrow of slavery will be to break up the large landed estate of the South and convert them into cotton farms, the owners of which will have an incentive to bring every acre up to the highest pitch of cultivation. There was no disposition of this kind among the old planters. They were rich, and every year brought them in a nice income from their plantations. This was all they desired; and the management of the business was left to overseers, who had no more interest at stake than the monthly salary. In addition to the expected increase in the cotton crop by a subdivision of the land, the extent of country devoted to the culture of this staple will be rapidly enlarged. Texas alone presents an almost boundless field for the culture of cotton; territories that have been erected out of New Mexico are in a great part well adapted for this purpose, and in California the practicability of cotton growing has been fully demonstrated. It would not be strange if the cotton product of the United States ten years hence should be double what it has ever been heretofore. If the Southern people will now encourage emigration from the North, and allow the energetic Yankee element to help them in the work of restoring their industrial interest, they will yet see the day when cotton will truly be king, not politically, but productively.—*New York Sun.*

MEETING OF THE FRENCH AND SPANISH SOVEREIGNS.—The Emperor Napoleon and the Empress arrived at San Sebastian on Saturday, and met with a cordial reception at the railway station. The Queen of Spain descended to the bottom of the staircase to receive their Majesties, and the Emperor, as their Majesties met, kissed the hand of the Queen. The Sovereigns of France and Spain subsequently appeared on the balcony, and were greeted with loud cheers by the assembled crowd. A military review afterwards took place in honour of the Imperial visit. Their Majesties dined at the Hotel de Ville.

The Queen and King of Spain, accompanied by the Prince of the Asturias and the Infanta Isabella, arrived at Biarritz on Monday on a visit to the Imperial family. The Emperor and the prince Imperial went at three p. m. to meet the Queen at the railway station. The route taken by the Imperial and Royal party was thronged with people. Upon arriving at the villa Eugenie the Spanish Royal Family were received by the Empress at the bottom of the staircase. After having rested a short time the French and Spanish Sovereigns went to Bayonne to visit the Cathedral, when a *Te Deum* was sung, after which a review took place in the *Place d'Armes, in presence of the Sovereigns* and a numerous suite of both nations. The streets were decorated with French and Spanish flags, and much enthusiasm prevailed. At six p. m. the Imperial and Royal party returned to Biarritz to dinner, after which there was a display of fireworks. The Spanish Royal Family left by the half-past ten train, being accompanied to the railway station by the Emperor and Empress. Prince Amadeus also paid a visit to the Emperor and Empress. The statement that a marriage is projected between Prince Amadeus of Italy and the Princess Isabella, eldest daughter of the Queen of Spain, is contradicted.

A PRETTY LITTLE INCIDENT AT BIARRITZ.—From Biarritz a private letter tells us of an incident which occurred during the journey of the Imperial family to the south. When the train entered the Lamotte station, it was received by a formidable body of warriors, consisting of twelve little boys, perfectly equipped and armed to the teeth, one of whom wore the uniform of a sapper and another that of a drummer, under the command of the Prince Imperial's intimate friend General Espinasse's little boy, and attended by his two little girls in the costume of *cantinieres*. The drummer beat "Aux-champs" as the train stopped; the Emperor and Prince immediately got out of their carriage, and the Prince reviewed his friend's company, who executed their manœuvres very creditably. Meanwhile the Empress sent for the little *cantinieres* to her saloon carriage, and as they were lifted down again the children were a perfect mass of flowers and fruit. As the train started, the Espinasse Regiment shouted "Vive l'Empereur," and waved their *kepis* after the most approved fashion.

The *Great Eastern* had on board when she returned from her last trip, the substance brought up from the bed of the ocean 2,000 fathoms deep. When dry it formed into a white substance, like chalk in appearance, but which crumbles at the touch, and leaves minute traces on the finger, like so much down from a butterfly's wing.

DEATH OF MRS. MOORE.—"*On September 4th, at Sloperton Cottage, Mrs. Moore, widow of the late Thomas Moore, Esqr., author of 'Lalla Rooka,' aged 68.*" This is an announcement that one of the last roses of a glorious summer has at length disappeared. Few are now left of the brilliant company who adorned the early part of the nineteenth century, and whose names are famous in our literature. Among these names none is or will be held in more kindly remembrance than that of the lady to whom the poet Moore gave his heart. Moore not only loved her—he was proud of her, and it is delightful to see in his letters and in his diaries with what eagerness he sounded her praises. He writes to his mother in 1813:

"You cannot imagine what a sensation Bessy excited at the ball the other night. She was very prettily dressed, and certainly looked very beautiful. I never saw so much admiration excited. It strikes everybody almost that sees her how like the form and expression of her face are to Catalani's!"

And so through all his letters and journals, he is never tired of referring to her—quoting what she said, telling what she did, describing how she looked, and recording how she was admired. He married her in 1811, and her history is summed up in this one phrase—that she was the delight of his life. She does not appear to occupy a great place in his poetry; but it is one of the curious traits of many a poet that he is excited to sing less by the real mistress of his heart than by some imaginary heroine, or by some beauty that kindles a passing flame. Mrs. Moore was not a Lesbia, nor a Beatrice, nor a Laura, nor a Highland Mary, destined in song to live for ever; but as much as any of these, if not more, she was a poet's idol.

She died at three o'clock on the morning of Monday last. She was sensible to the end: she knew that she was dying; and she said that she was quite happy. She was the *last that remained to us of the Moore family*, and now that she has departed, we begin to count with some sadness how many links are there left to connect the present generation of letters with the past.—*Times.*

AYTOUN AND THACKERAY.—*Apropos* of the death of Professor Aytoun, when Thackeray was giving his famous lectures on the Four Georges in the Music Hall, Edinburg, Aytoun was present. Every one has read those lectures, and must remember the sarcastic allusions made to the virtue of Queen Mary, and the half contemptuous, half-pitying mockery at Aytoun's well-known hobby. Aytoun was in the hall close under the lecturer, listening intently to the great novelist, as he rolled out his period of delightful criticism. At length he came to the "Queen Mary" passage, and Aytoun's face flushed and his brow knitted. On he went in his mocking, bantering tone of scepticism, and the Professor's brow grew darker, and his hands began to work convulsively. At last came the allusion to Aytoun himself, and his chivalrous advocacy of Mary, and the half contemptuous, half flattering notice was accompanied with the marked side-glance and half-bow which gave it its point. Aytoun was irritated beyond endurance. He durst not and did not interrupt the lecturer, but deliberately got up, and stalked down the passage to the door, muttering as he went something that sounded strangely like "infernal quack." He was last seen that day striding furiously along George Street, on his way to his house in Great Stuart Street, gesticulating as he went, and moving his arms in a way that boded little good to any one who at the moment should block his path with a slur on Queen Mary. Be this as it may, he ever after disliked to hear the name of Thackeray mentioned.—*English paper.*

The Paris correspondent of the *Publisher's Circular*, relates the following anecdote of Thiers:—

"Since M. Thiers' name is flowing from my pen, let me repeat to you an anecdote I recently heard, and which places in a striking light his wonderful talents for narration. One evening on which M. Thiers received company at his house (a veritable *bastide* of Marseilles) in the place of St. George's, the Swedish ambassador, Count de Lownustein, told the assembled company the particulars of the assassination of Charles III. He was present at that bloody scene which furnished M. Scribe the incident on which he built Gustave III. and Bertrand et Raton and gave M. Verdi the "book" of his "Ballo in Maschera." During this narrative M. Thiers said *nothing*; but when Count de Lowenstein ended his story, the host remarked: "Capitally told, my dear Count, and every assertion you have made is strictly true; nevertheless, you have forgotten some important particulars." The Count exclaimed, "I have forgotten some particulars?" M. Thiers *smiled*, and began to tell the history. He rejuvenated it, and mentioned new, curious, and omitted particulars. The circle were astonished and delighted, and Count de Lowenstein said: "You are right; that is the true history. I had forgotten it, I confess, dear Minister; 'twas you who saw Charles III. assassinated, not I!"

PRETTY WELL DOCTORED.—The English papers are now enjoying the luxury of several first-class sensations—the Fenians, the naval fetes, and the cattle plague, the last of which furnishes matter for very grave reflections for our beef-eating friends. At last advices the ravages of this strange disease was spreading into every quarter of the United Kingdom, and bade defiance to the skill of the veterinary surgeons. The modes of treatment appear to be conflicting, and often rather wild. Two Ayrshire cows, belonging to Miss Bardett Coutts, were attended during their sickness by one of the most celebrated veterinary surgeons in England, one of them being so far gone that its recovery was pronounced impossible. An account which has been going the round of the English papers, says that after being severely purged they were drenched in the course of a week with "eight bottles of whiskey, twelve bottles of brandy, thirty bottles of port wine and other strong drinks." As the result of this somewhat expensive *spiritual* treatment, one of the surgeon's patients died in a fit of *delirium tremens*; the other, whose dissolution had been confidently predicted, recovered from the disease, but exhibited all the symptoms of having been on a "high old spree." We agree with the *Pall Mall Gazette* in doubting whether it is desirable to be an English millionaire's cow at the present crisis.—*N. Y. Times.*

PAINFUL BUT LAUGHABLE.—In "Notes of an Army Surgeon" we find the following:—"I remember one day in my hospital rounds, a patient just arrived presented an amputated forearm, and in doing so he could hardly restrain a broad laugh; the titter was constantly on his face. 'What is the matter? This does not strike me as a subject of laughter.' 'It is not, Doctor; but excuse me; I lost my arm in so funny a way that I still laugh when I look at it.' 'What way?' 'Our first sergeant wanted shaving, and got me to attend to it, as I am a corporal. We went together in front of his tent; I had lathered him, held his nose, and was just about applying the razor, when a cannon ball came, and that was the last I seen of his head and my arm. Excuse me for laughing so, Doctor, but I never saw such a thing before.'"

Three native East Indian cotton-farmers, from Madras, have been lately "prospecting" at Manchester.

AN ARABIAN LAUGHING PLANT.—For the first time I met with a narcotic plant very common further south, and gifted with curious qualities. Its seeds, in which the deleterious principle seems chiefly to reside, when pounded and administered in a small dose, produce effects much like those ascribed to Sir Humphrey Davy's laughing gas; the patient dances, sings, and performs a thousand extravagance, till, after an hour of great excitement to himself and amusement to the bystanders, he falls asleep, and on awakening has lost all memory of what he did or said while under the influence of the drug. To put a pinch of this powder into the coffee of some unsuspecting individual is not an uncommon joke, nor did I hear that it was ever followed by serious consequences, though an over quantity might perhaps be dangerous. I myself tried it on two individuals, but in proportions, if not absolutely homœpathic still sufficiently minute to keep on the safe side of risk, and witnessed its operation, laughable enough, but very harmless. The plant that bears these berries hardly attains in Kaseem the height of six inches above the ground, but in Oman I have seen bushes of it three or four feet in growth, and wide-spreading. The stems are woody, and of a yellow tinge when barked; the leaf of a dark-green colour, and pinnated with about twenty leaflets on either side; the stalks smooth and shining; the flowers are yellow and grow in tufts, the anthers numerous: the fruit is a capsule, stuffed with a greenish padding, in which lie embedded two or three black seeds, in size and shape much like French beans; their taste is sweetish, but with a peculiar opiate flavour; the smell heavy, and almost sickly.—*Palgrave.*

HARD TO BEAT.—For the past six or eight weeks an Irish woman, who lives in Billerica, has come to the city every morning, performed a full day's work on the Lawrence, Corporation and returned to her home at night. The distance she has walked twice a day is not an inch less than five and a half miles, making *eleven miles per day!* Besides this she did the cooking at home and other housework for her husband and one child. She was always on time in the morning, and quit the mill with the other operaters at 6½ o'clock at night. Summed up, we have this result: A walk of eleven miles, a full day's work in the mill, and the care of a family at home, every day for six weeks. This actual occurrence we believe cannot be excelled.—*Lowel Courier.*

In one village in the Delta of the Nile, celebrated for the cultivation of watermelons, the whole of the inhabitants died during the recent prevalence of cholera. Being unable to sell their fruit, they ate it themselves and died to the last man. It was necessary to employ forced labour to bury the last. It is said that in all eighty-two thousand victims of the contagion and bad living were buried in Egypt within six weeks.

JOSH BILLINGS INSURES HIS LIFE.—I kum to the conclusion lately that life was so onsartin, that the only way for me to stand a fair chance with other folks was to git my life insured, and so I kalled on the agent of the Garden Angle Life Insurance Co., and answered the following questions which were put to me over the top of a pair of specs by a thick old feller, with a round grey head on him as any man ever owned:—"Are you mail or femail? If so, state how long you have been so. Had you a father or mother? If so, which? Are you subject to fits? And if so, do you have more than one at a time? What is your precise fitting wate? Did you ever have any ancestors? and if so, how much? Did you ever have any nightmare? Are you married or single, or are you a bachelor? Have you ever committed suicide? And if so, how did it affect you?" After answering the above questions like a man, in a confirmatiff, the slick little fat old feller with gold specks on, said I was insured for life, and probable would remain so fur sum years. I thanked him and smiled one of my pensive smiles.

TALLEYRAND.—There are a set of men who are continually boring people for autographs; few have the talent of refusing them with politeness. Talleyrand being once asked a *similar favor* by an English nobleman, promised to send him one in a few days, and thus kept his word. He sent him an invitation to dinner: "Will you oblige me with your company to dinner, on Wednesday, at eight o'clock? I have invited a number of exceedingly clever persons, and do not like to be the only fool among them."

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.—The agitation of the question of negro suffrage naturally awakens a desire to know how the blacks are distributed in the South. The war has of course made the census tables of 1860 less valuable for use than they were. But according to them the colored population was in excess over the white in 20 counties of the 52 in Alabama, in 6 of the 55 in Arkansas, in 6 of the 21 in Florida, in 43 of the 132 in Georgia, in 33 of the 48 in Louisana, in 31 of the 60 in Missisippi, in 20 of the 87 in North Carolina, in 20 of the 30 in South Carolina, in 2 of the 75 in Tennessee, in 19 of the 154 in Texas, in 44 of the 143 in Virginia. In many others the black population was only a little less than the white.—*Halifax Express.*

A rich old widower in Canada is said to have practised a very artful scheme to gain the hand of the belle of a village. He got an old gipsey to tell the young lady's fortune in words which he dictated, as follows:—"My dear young lady, your star will soon be hid for a short time by a very dark cloud, but when it reappears it will continue to shine with uninterrupted splendor until the end of your days. Before one week a wealthy old widower, wearing a suit of black and a fine castor hat, will pay you a visit and request your hand in marriage. You will accept his offer, become his wife, and be left a widow in the possession of all his property, before the close of the year. Your next husband will be a young man of whom you think most of at present." Three days after the old gentleman, dressed in the manner described by the gipsey, presented himself to the young lady, and the marriage took place.

BEAUTY IN POLAND.—"Because," says Bayard Taylor, "there girls do not jump from infancy to young ladyhood. They are not sent from the cradle to the parlor, to dress, to sit still and look pretty. No, they are treated as children should be. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed, and allowed to run, romp, and play in the open air. They are not loaded down, girded about, and oppressed every way with countless frills and superabundant flounces so as to be admired for their clothing. Nor are they rendered delicate or dyspeptic by continual stuffing with candies and sweet cakes as are the majority of American children. Plain, simple food, free and various exercise, and an abundance of sunshine during the whole period of childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after life."

The British Cabinet must possess a mysterious and far-reaching power, if we may credit the following statement, put forth by the London correspondent of a contemporary:—"The Prince and Princess of Wales, and I presume their two children—both boys, thanks to Lord Palmerston and a liberal Cabinet—have followed the Queen to the Continent."