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. XI. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, October 14, 1861. New Series.---No. 40

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE

Pain Killer

We ask the attention of the public to this long tested and unrivalled

Family Medicine.

It has been favorably known for more than twenty years, during which time we have received thousands of testimonials, showing this Medicine to be an almost never-failing remedy for diseases caused by or attendant upon---

Sudden Colds, Coughs, Fever and Ague, Headache, Bilious Fever, Pains in the Side, Back, and Loins, as well as in the Joints and Limbs; Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains in any part of the system, Toothache and Pains in the Head and Face.

As a Blood Purifier and Tonic for the Stomach, it seldom fails to cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Kidney Complaints, Sick Headache, Piles, Asthma or Phthisic, Ringworms, Boils, Felons, White-lows, Old Sores, Swelled Joints, and General Debility of the System.

It is also a prompt and sure Remedy for Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Painters' Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Scalds, Burns, Sprains, Bruises, Frost Bites, Chilblains, as well as the Stings of Insects, Scorpions, Centipedes, and the Bites of Poisonous Insects and Venomous Reptiles.

See Directions accompanying each bottle.

It has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost every nation known to Americans. It is the almost constant companion and inestimable friend of the missionary and the traveller, ---on sea and land,---and no one should travel on our lakes or rivers without it.

Prices, 12½ cts., 25 cts., 50 cts., and $1.00 per Bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON,

MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Sold by dealers every where.

An unrivalled and invaluable Family Medicine, which should be kept always near at hand, in case of accident or sudden attack of Pain. In these days of railroad and steamboat accidents, no traveller is safe without it.

The only Genuine Pain Killer, all others are Counterfeits, Imitations, or Frauds, and as such generally worthless, if not dangerous, and never to be trusted. Beware of them.

Agent, T. DESBRISAY,

Apothecaries' Hall, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

January 28, 1861. 18m

ALFRED PURCHASE,

Watch and Clock-maker, Smardon's Corner.

Horizontal Watches in Silver cases,	£4	0	0
Hunting.....do.....do.....	4	10	0
Lever Escapement	5	10	0
Hunting..do.	6	0	0

Charlottetown, Sept. 23, 1861. 1y

Vessels Wanted.

THE Subscribers will CHARTER British Vessels for the season, as Packets from New York to British Provinces, at fair rates. Apply to

FOWLE, HEWETT & CO.

97, Pearl-street, New York.

New York, July 25, 1861.

GENTLEMEN'S

SHIRT COLLARS (all the newest makes), NECK TIES, Silk and Linen HANDKERCHIEFS, Merino, Lamb's Wool and Shetland Under Garments in every variety, and cheap; White and Fancy Cotton and Flannel SHIRTS.

C. C. VAUX.

Glasgow House, Sept. 16, 1861. RW

Cheap Travelling!

GREATLY REDUCED FARES!!

From Charlottetown to Boston for $7!

THE Subscriber having been instructed to sell THROUGH TICKETS to BOSTON and Intervening Points, viz., *Westmorland* to Shediac, European North American Railway, to St. John, and International Steamship Co's. Steamers to Boston---is prepared to issue Tickets at greatly reduced prices, as under:

Shediac,	$2.50	St. John,	$4.50
Boston,	$6.00		

Freight by this route forwarded with despatch, and at rates below any previous arrangement.

Aug. 12, 1861. tf J. S. CARVELL, Agent.

Bags! Bags!! Bags!!!

1,000 HEAVY GRAIN BAGS, from 2 to 5 Bushels, for sale low. C. C. VAUX.

Glasgow House, Queen Street, Sept. 2, 1861.

FALL IMPORTATION!

Expected early in OCTOBER,

BY "PRINCE ALFRED" from LONDON---A LARGE and CAREFULLY SELECTED STOCK of

TEAS, WINES, SPIRITS,

Liqueurs and Groceries.

ALSO---

By "BLACK DOUGLASS" from BOSTON, U. S.---

200 Barrels FLOUR

40 Puncheons MOLASSES

10 Kegs TOBACCO,

and other smaller articles, which will all be offered on arrival at low rates for Cash by

SWABEY & ROBERTS.

Charlottetown, 9th September, 1861. 1sl & R W 1m.

CAUTION!

ALL amounts OVER DUE to us, that may remain unpaid on the 1st November, will then be sued for, WITHOUT ANY DISTINCTION, OR ANY FURTHER NOTICE.

SWABEY & ROBERTS.

Charlottetown, Sept. 9, 1861. 1sl & R W 1m

BEER & SON

BEG to intimate to their country friends that their Accounts to October first are now ready for delivery, and would be obliged by their calling for the same.

Sept. 30th, 1861. All papers, 5 w

Ex "Martha Maria,"

JUST RECEIVED FROM BOSTON.

DOZENS BROOMS, Dozens BUCKETS

Do CLOTHES LINES Nests TUBS

Boxes Clothes Pins, Cauras, &c., (cheap by the dozen.)

Sept. 23, 1861. N. RANKIN.

One door below W. R. Watson's.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Charlottetown Marble Works.

GREAT GEORGE STREET,

THE Public are respectfully invited to call and examine the best assortment of MARBLE ever imported to this Island.

HEADSTONES, TOMBS and MONUMENTS furnished at reasonable prices, and equal to the best.

S. WELLS.

July 15, 1861.

Literature.

AUTUMN.

A DIRGE OF SUMMER.

Ah m! so soon the summer dies,
Above the gathered sheaves!
The gold that tinsel'd Summer skies
Now tinges Autumn leaves.

Night sooner draws her starry veil
Across the swooning Day;
The Robin's song grows clear and strong—
The swallow is away!

The Summer air no longer sighs
Like lover's whispered vows,
But ruder breezes now arise,
To shake the rustling bows.

The leaves fall ever more and more
In Autumn's sullen wrath;
And what was Summer-shade before
Will be a Winter-path.

Ah me! so soon the Summer dies:
So short her happiest hours!
All pale and motionless she lies
Among her fading flowers!

"She's dead!" speak softly! not aloud
Let those sad words be said:
Till Winter weaves her snowy shroud
We cannot think her dead!

FAMISHING WOLVES.

I had been living for some months in a town on the Volga, in the centre of European Russia, forty versts from Jaroslav, the government country town. To reach that town I must traverse a wild and uninhabited track, where there were only two small hamlets, at one of which the twenty-verst post-station was to be found, if not buried in snow. My team of three horses, commonly called in Russia "a troika," had been carefully selected from the various stabling establishments in the place; the cost for driver and horses to be three and a half roubles (or about half a guinea, the rouble of a hundred copecks being worth a half-penny or two more than three shillings), which was no great price for such a journey in such weather. Two wolves had been killed in our principal street within a week. One I had shot in my own court-yard the day before we started, and many reports were current of their hunger and unusual boldness. It was even said that a small village, about thirty versts distant, had been attacked by them in force. These facts and stories made me careful about requisite defences. My six-barrel travelling companion was carefully loaded, and placed in my sash ready for use, [illegible] nine inch bear-knife in a sheath, and a formidable [illegible] Budgel, heavily weighted at the handle, belonged also to the armament. The brandy flask, bag of provisions, bottle of water, matches, cigars, and portmanteau having been stowed away, I was about to step into the open sledge, when a Russian neighbor came up and asked leave to join in the journey to Jaroslav. My neighbour, though a gentlemen for whom I had much respect, was the last man I should have chosen as a travelling companion in a narrow sledge, for he weighed over twenty stone, had great difficulty in breathing, and, when once he was seated almost required horse-power to get him up again. He was a phlegmatic, lazy, good-natured, monosyllabic cigaret-smoking monster who was not to be refused; so, his request granted, he rolled in on the right side and filled three parts of the sledge. My Russian house servants crossed themselves, whereby they meant, "God give you a safe journey!" the members of my own family cried "Good-by, God bless you!" and the driver having gathered up the rope reins, I jumped in, and with a noo-noo to the cattle, off we went dead against a blinding drift.

Fat-sides having observed my weapons, grunted in his own Russian, of which he made the least possible use. "Pistolet. Wolves. Shoot. Good."

'Have you any weapons?' I asked.

'No.'

'Well, take this bear-knife."

'Good,' he said again, and relapsed into his corner.

Daylight came struggling through the heavy morning clouds, and disclosed a cheerless waste of ridges and snow. The trees, which at wide intervals indicated the route, did not save us from often plunging into great pits of soft snow the moment our driver turned but a few feet from the track. This took place so frequently, and gave us so much trouble in digging ourselves out, that it was noon before we had made sixteen versts—hardly ten miles—having been six hours on the way.

At this point in our journey the driver sent the blood dancing through my veins by the alarming cry of "Volka! Volka!"—'Wolves! Wolves!" I sprang from my seat, and, looking ahead, saw six great, gaunt, and no doubt hungry wolves, sitting exactly in our way, at the distance of about a hundred yards or less. Our horses had huddled themselves together, trembling in every limb, and refused to stir. We shouted and bawled, but the wolves also refused to stir. My fat friend, gathered a large handful of hay from the sledge bottom, rolled it into the form of a ball, and handed it to me saying, "Match." I understood him at once. The driver managed, by awful lashing and noo-nooing, to get the horses on, until we came within a short distance of our enemies. By this time I had succeeded in setting fire to the ball of hay, and just as it began to blaze out well I threw it in among them. It worked like a charm. Instantly the wretches parted, three on each side, and skulked off slowly at right angles, their tails dragging as if they were beaten curs. On dashed our brave team—lash, lash—noo, noo.

'Hurrah!' I shouted, with a lightened heart; 'we are safe this time, thank God!'

'Wait. Look back,' said Fat-sides!

'I did so, and I saw the wolves, who had joined each other again in the centre track, pausing, as if to deliberate. Our horses were going at their utmost speed, the driver standing up and using lash and voice with all his might to urge them on to the station, then only about a mile and a half ahead. Luckily the road or track, as far as we could see, was free from drift, and our hope was that we could gain the station before the wolves, should they pursue us. Looking back just as we turned a bend in the track, I saw the whole pack in swift pursuit.

I had often been told that wolves will not attack a party unless in a large pack. Six was no large pack, yet here they were, coming up to attack us; there was no doubt about that. Hunger through a long and severe winter must have made them daring. With the consciousness of an impending death struggle, I prepared for the result. My thoughts went for one moment to my wife and children; for another, to the Great Disposer of events. Then, throwing off my sheepskin coat, so as not to impede the free action of my arms and legs, I sprang on the front seat beside the driver. 'They are coming, brother; drive fast, but steadily. I have six bullets in this pistol. Don't move from your seat, but drive right in the centre of the track.' My fat companion sat still in his corner, and neither moved nor spoke; but I saw the blade of my bear knife gleaming in his hand.

The track had become worse, so that the horses could not maintain their pace. In a short time the wolves ran beside the sledge, the horses strained and shot on, keeping their distance, but in forcing our way through a drift, we came to a walking pace, and the first wolf on my side made a dash at the horse next him. The pistol was within a foot and a half from his head when I fired, and the ball went through his brain. I shouted my triumph in English; my companion echoed it with a 'Bravo!' The second wolf received my second fire in the leg, which must have shattered the bone, for he dropped behind instantly. 'Bravo!' was again cried from the corner. But the same moment was the moment of our greatest peril. My pistol fell into the sledge, as, with a sudden jolt, our horses floundered up to their bellies in a deep drift; then they came to a dead stop, and there was a wolf at each side of the sledge, attempting to get in.

My bludgeon still remained. With both hands I raised it high and brought it down with the desperate force of a man in mortal extremity upon the head of the wolf on my side. He tumbled over on his back, and the skull was afterward found to have been completely smashed. As I stooped to regain my pistol I was astonished to see my companion coolly thrust one of his arms into the wolf's mouth, and as coolly, with the disengaged hand, make a deep and sharp cut across his throat. A peculiar cry among the horses arrested my attention. Looking round, I saw another wolf actually fastened on the off-horse by the neck. The driver was between me and the wolf. He cried, 'Give me the pistol!' I did so, and the poor horse was free. So also were we; for the other wolf ran off, followed by the one with the broken leg. The wolf last shot was tumbling among the snow. The driver handed me the pistol to put right, and begged another shot at the brute. This finished the engagement.

I cannot tell how I felt. I could scarcely realize our great deliverance. The driver secured the carcasses to the sledge, and when we reached the station, I was completely exhausted from the reaction of the strong excitement. My friend of the twenty stone chuckled much at his own trick upon the wolf he had killed. Instead of putting his arm into the animal's open mouth, as I supposed, he had stuffed into it the loose sleeves of his great sheep-skin coat, thereby getting plenty of time to cut the monster's throat. His own arm was untouched. But the poor horse's neck and shoulder were much torn.

After consuming an enormous quantity of tea, and part of our provisions, we left the station, and, without meeting more adventures, except several diggings out, arrived at Jaroslav at eight o'clock, having accomplished about thirty miles in thirteen hours. Next morning we found ourselves popular characters in the town. The driver's tongue had not been idle. My revolver underwent many an examination. The government or local reward for a dead wolf is three roubles, which we claimed and received for three. So the wolves, instead of killing us, paid our travelling expenses. The fourth animal I caused to be skinned for preservation, as a remembrance of the greatest peril I was ever in.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

GENTEEL CRIME IN ENGLAND.

At a meeting of the Social Science Association, a paper on "Joint Stock Frauds" was read, from which we clip a few paragraphs concerning "defaulters," whose names are known in this country.

WALTER WATTS.

The result of the extraordinary success of the joint stock principle, within the last 20 years, has been that numbers of persons of humble origin, of indifferent moral principles, have been brought into contact with enormous sums of money, the appropriation of which has been extremely easy, and these persons have appropriated enormous sums, careless about detection, and ready to pay the penalty of their liberties or their lives, if detection should follow. The first case to which I think it right to call attention is the case of Walter Watts. He was a clerk in the Globe Insurance Company in London, at a salary of £200 per annum. Between the months of August, 1844, and February, 1850, he abstracted £70,000. When he commenced the system of defalcations, he was only 25 years of age; but the life he led during his six years of public plunder was remarkable. In 1841, the name of Walter Watts suddenly became associated with fashionable and Corinthian life in London. He became a patron of art and pleasure in its most extravagant form; he kept an establishment at the West End, and a country house in Brighton, stocked with the rarest vintages; he had some of the best horses in London; he was a devoted attendant on the theatre. In 1847, he became lessee of the Marylebone theatre, and during that year the celebrated Mrs. Warner appeared there as the star of the unsuccessful legitimate drama.

During the season of 1848 and 1849, Mrs. Howatt and Mr. Davenport, two American artists, played at Watts's theatre. Watts spared no expense. Mrs. Howatt's drawing-room beneath the stage was fitted up like a bower of the genii in the "Arabian Nights." In fact the brilliancy of the expenditure on the Marylebone theatre was the subject of conversation all over London during the year 1849. The only persons who knew nothing about it appeared to be the directors [illegible] Office, in which Watts, spending £10,000 a-year, was a clerk at £200 a-year. In 1849 he opened the Olympic theatre, but the extravagant and splendid management of this Temple of Thesis only lasted a few months before his fraud was detected. The defalcations during the year 1849 alone amounted to £18,000. In the receipt department of the office there was no effective check against fraud, although owing to the integrity of the officials, no fraud took place; in the accountant's office, in which Watts was employed, the lax practice prevailed of making the banker's pass-book the foundation of the entries in the books of the company, instead of the documents referring to the payments ordered, so that if the persons having the custody of the pass-book chose to falsify it, the false entries were transferred to the general books of the office, and thus made to cover abstractions through the bankers. Watts, being tried and convicted, committed suicide.

JOHN SADLIER.

The next case of a similar character is that of John Sadlier John Sadlier, in 1836, was admitted as an Irish attorney, and practised with success in the country and in Dublin. In 1847, he was elected a member of Parliament. In 1853 he was appointed Lord of the Treasury under Lord Aberdeen. He looked forward to the Chief Secretary for Ireland, or Chancellor of the Exchequer, and had a fair chance of either of these great offices. All this splendid position he owed to the fact of being enabled to use the money of the Tipperary Joint-Stock Bank. He himself was a man of simple and inexpensive habits, and the only relaxation he took was hunting, which he did not carry on in an expensive manner. His resignation of his place at the Treasury, and retirement from the government, were followed by his resignation of the post as chairman of the London County Bank. His credit was then gone in London. His forgery of the title of deeds of the Irish Encumbered Estate Court was detected; and, on the 16th of February, 1856, John Sadlier committed suicide at the age of forty-two. From the Tipperary Bank John Sadlier abstracted over £200,000. As chairman of the Royal Swedish Railway company, he issued false shares to the amount of £150,000, the whole proceeds of which he appropriated. The most singular part of John Sadlier's fraud is this—that over a quarter of a million of money he received is unaccounted for; that is, there is no tangible method of explaining how the money was spent, or who received it from him.

THE BRITISH BANK DIRECTORS.

The Royal British Bank was started in the year 1850, with a capital of £100,000, one half of which was paid up. The board managed its affairs in the way every dishonest board in every joint stock bank can do if they please. Mr. Cameron, the manager, became indebted to the amount of £30,000; Mr. McGregor, £8,000; Mr. Mullins, £7,000; Mr. Gwyn (another of the old directors and original projector), £13,000; of which no account was rendered to the shareholders, and of which it is extremely problematical whether the creditors have recovered one penny. And one of the auditors, who, it may be presumed, was a little too prying, found it more convenient to accept an advance of £2,000, than to enter into disagreeable questions of vouchers and cheques. Mr. Humphrey Brown, M. P., on the day he opened his account paid in £181 14s., and he drew money until he was debtor to the company to the amount of £70,000. The bank stopped on the 3d Sept., 1856; during its existence of six and a half years, it exhausted the whole of the £158,000, subscribed by the shareholders, and left them besides half a million in debt. The British Bank directors were tried for a conspiracy to defraud, and they were convicted. Still the heaviest sentence was only twelve months, and there are thousands of persons who would submit to twelve months' imprisonment for £50,000.

WILLIAM JAMES ROBSON

Has immortalised himself in the annals of crime, by his frauds on the Crystal Palace Company. In 1853 he obtained a salary there of £1 per week, and in June, 1854, he was appointed chief clerk in the transfer department, at a salary of only £150 per annum. But Robson was a well educated, refined, and gentleman-like man, 34 years of age, with literary tastes, the author of several plays, and having a large circle of expensive relations in London. The simple plan by which he obtained £27,000 by false pretences was this—Robson directed a Mr. Clement, a stockbroker, to sell a hundred shares in the company, and he accordingly sold them—fifty to Mr. Joseph Lowe, and fifty to another person. For these shares the broker received £295, which he paid over, less commission, to Robson. The document by which these shares were transferred purported to convey the shares from Johnston to the purchasers. The signature to the deed, where the transfer should be, was that of Henry Johnston—nominally, of course, written by that gentleman, who, however, had no existence, the whole being a forgery on the part of Robson. Like Watts, Robson lived in a most extravagant style. He was sentenced to be transported for 20 years.

LEOPOLD REDPATH

Commenced his career as a lawyer's clerk in the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company. Leaving his office he set up business as an insurance broker, but shortly afterwards failed for £5000. About the age of 35 he obtained the appointment of clerk in the service of the Great Northern Railway Company, and in that office exhibited one of the most extraordinary instances of successful swindling, combined with high moral reputation and a truly benevolent career. Redpath's simple plan was, like Robson's, to create fictitious shares; and all the while the directors, though they found themselves paying dividends which they could not account for, appeared to entertain no suspicion of the fact that they were daily being robbed to a large extent. Nay, so far duped were they, that some three years after Redpath had commenced his swindling, the following document was actually placed upon record by the auditors of the company:—

Accountant's Department, Aug. 7, 1856.—To the chairman and directors of the Great Northern Railway Company. Gentlemen:—The accounts and books in every department continue to be so satisfactorily kept, that we have simply to express our entire approval of them, and so to present them to you for information of the shareholders, and with our usual certificates of their correctness. We have the honor, &c., (signed) John Chapman, J. Cattely, auditors.

Redpath was a public subscriber to all the great charities of London. He had a splendid house at Weybridge, part of it a pleasure ground, and fifteen servants. The anecdote of the occurrence that led to his discovery is remarkable. Mr. Denison, the chairman of the line, was standing on a station platform conversing with Lord D——, when Redpath happened to come up, and lifted his hat to Mr. Denison. The nobleman, however, was on easier terms. Taking Redpath cordially by the hand, "Ah, my dear fellow," said he, "how are you?" Having parted, the chairman turned to Lord D——, and asked him what he knew of their clerk. "Oh," said he, "he is the jolliest fellow in life. He gives the most sumptuous dinners that I know of." Redpath was sentenced to be transported for the term of his natural life—stock to the amount of £220,000 having been fraudulently issued by him.

COL. WAUGH AND OTHERS.

Numerous other instances might be given; but the result is this, that nothing appears more easy, either for a dishonest servant, or a dishonest director, than to rob a joint stock company. In fact, for the last ten years, every species of robbery and fraud has been practised on the shareholders and creditors of these bodies. The evil is increasing. The London and Eastern Banking Company was instituted in 1854, on the principle of extending the joint stock banking system to England. Colonel Waugh was one of the first directors, and in two years he, without security, drew £224,000, almost the entire subscribed capital of the company. The bank failed in 1857. Waugh's case resembles Sadlier's in this: there was no tangible account of what became of the money. Many other cases might be given in detail for the last ten years. Pullingar's frauds on the Union Bank, to the amount of over £400,000, and divers others; the most recent is the fraud on the Commercial Bank of London, discovered only in February, 1861, and in consequence of which the business of the Commercial Bank was transferred to the London and Westminster Bank.

PROPER PROTEST AGAINST THE FRYING-PAN.—Frenchmen abuse us for being able to make but one sauce. How fortunate that they have not yet penetrated the mysteries of the private American *cuisine*, and discovered that we have but one process in cooking, and that is *fried!* The worst, the most wasteful, the most destructive of all flavour, of all juices, in fish, flesh, or fowl, is the method which is universally adopted, and which is not confined to this part of creation, but extends to the fruit and vegetable kingdom. Fried beef, fried mutton, fried veal, even fried chicken, we have swallowed with tears, but without absolute loathing; but when it comes to fried apples, fried cake, fried pies, and fried cucumbers! ye gods! we cannot hold our peace, not even one piece.

In the rage for putting everything in the frying-pan, very few articles of food have escaped, but among these, any child of two years, of ordinary intelligence, would have been able to vouch for cucumbers and watermelons. Now, alas! cucumbers have been drawn into the frizzling, greasy whirlpool, and how soon may not even watermelons follow! As proof of the horrid fact, we cut the following from a scorcher in one of the family journals before mentioned, to which it was contributed by some energetic farmer's wife, who had exhausted nature without wearing out her "spider," and finally had to resort to cucumbers. To add exasperation to injury, she lays down, as the attentive reader will see, a rule that the cucumbers shall be "fresh" and crisp!" as if it made the slightest difference what other qualities they possessed after being *fried*:

"Select your cucumbers—fresh, crisp, medium size—just as you would prefer it stirred up in the usual manner; pare and slice lengthwise in cuts a quarter of an inch thick; rinse in cold water, dip each singly in flour, and hurry them into the dripping pan, using for material to fry them the gravy in which either beef-steaks, veal cutlets, or mutton chops were cooked, or butter may be used; but be sure to fry briskly until the slices are a light brown on both sides; have your bread toasted, buttered, or dipped, as you prefer, and close at hand; slip the slices of cucumber, hot from the pan, between the slices of toast, and serve at once. Any one following these directions implicity will find cucumber toast really good to eat."

What is meant by "stirring cucumbers up in the usual manner?" It is hard to say. Possibly it refers to some other receipt, in which griddle-cakes have been made of them. One could believe anything of a woman who could fry cucumbers in cold blood, or rather gravy.

Certainly, this question of the frying-pan is more serious than it looks. It is the secret of our lean, cadavorous, dyspeptic generation; it is the secret of the poverty of the mechanic, who earns from ten to twelve dollars per week; it is the dark, indigestible horror which sits by the fireside in the cottage, and the farmhouse, in the city mansion, and miserable attic of the crowded tenement. It assists the climate to make the national temper nervous and irritable, and spoils the complexions of the women by keeping them perpetually corrugating their smooth skins in the fumes of heated stoves. It is bad enough to have steaks undistinguishable from chops, and chops from cutlets, and all hard, tough and dry as the best tanned leather, but to have the little relief which is afforded by fresh fruits and vegetables, simply prepared, taken away, their cooling and grateful qualities destroyed, and mere hot grease and fry substituted, is beyond human nature to bear, and we protest against it, and beg the "practical housewife," who gives the result of her labours to the "agricultural" corner, to confine her experiences to her own family, and not induce women still more simple to turn every good gift of God into a fry.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

SPECIMENS OF TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCHES, NOW-A-DAYS.

Bunkumtown, Sept. 22 (Midnight.)

A terrific battle was fought here to-day between one million rebels, under General Fire-eater, and one hundred National troops under General Go-in. The rebels were intrenched behind four miles of frowning masked batteries, mounting no less than two thousand rifled cannon, which had been stolen by that arch-thief, Floyd. The battle commenced before breakfast and raged with unabated fury for nineteen hours. At least a million and a half of rebels were left dead on the field. Generals Beauregard, Jeff. Davis and Ben. McCulloch were among the slain. Their bodies have been preserved in whisky. It was an awful sight—a sight never equalled in the bloody annals of horrid war. An enormous amount of plunder fell into our hands. We took all the enemy's arms and cannon. Only one man on our side was slightly wounded, and that was by a ten-inch ball near the small of the back, a little lower than the region of the *sphincter ani*. The moral effect of this victory will endure for ages.

SECOND DISPATCH.

Bunkumtown, Sept. 23 (Mid-day.)

It is now believed that the strength of the rebels was slightly overrated in our first dispatch concerning the great battle fought yesterday, 20 miles from this place. It is now ascertained that the whole force of the enemy consisted of three regiments, and most of them only half full. On our side there were the Ninety-Ninth Regiment of New York Plugs, the One Hundred and Thirteenth and One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiments of Bull Runners, the First and Last New Jersey Terribles, the Pennsylvania Scallywags, besides artillery, cavalry and Zouaves. Our force slowly *retreated* for fifteen miles, keeping up a terrible fire upon the rebels, who swore that they never saw such fighting in all their lives. Altogether, we did not lose more than a few hundred of our brave men.

LATEST.

Sept. 24 (2 A. M.)

It is now ascertained that there was no fight at Bunkumtown on the 22d, as some of your contemporaries say. But there will undoubtedly be a terrific battle either there or somewhere else, some time between now and doomsday.

SOUTH-SIDE DISPATCH.

Richmond, Sept. 22.

Colonel Thunder went out alone on foot to make a reconnoissance in force towards Washington. When within half-a-mile of the capital, he came upon seven companies of blue-bellied Yankee cavalry, who formed the body-guard of the gorilla President Lincoln. When the Abolition cowards saw the brave South Carolina hero (who had no weapon save a palmetto switch) they took to their heels and fled. The gallant Colonel Thunder gave them pursuit, and surrounded the whole party in the City Hall barracks, New York, and took them all prisoners. He has just brought them in here. The patriotic ladies of Richmond have presented the brave colonel with a magnificent posegay, as an evidence of their appreciation of his heroic deed. We have now over a million of the gorilla's mercenaries as prisoners.

WAR AGAINST WOMEN.—A Mrs. Baxley was recently arrested in Baltimore for the crime of wearing a secession ribbon, red, white and red, in alternate stripes. Such things were done in Italy a few months ago, but that country is regenerated, and tyranny has found a home in the United States.—*Montreal Advertiser.*

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Our Newfoundland exchanges received by the R. M. Steamer *Ospray* do not contain any news of special importance. The party papers are engaged in doing all they can to create an intense political excitement; and it will not be their fault if no serious consequences ensue.

A number of actions, arising from political spite, are being brought. The Bulletin says:—We learn that George J. Hogsett, and Charles Furey, Esqrs., have taken actions against Mr. Hoyles, the Attorney General, and Mr. Mitchell the Inspector of Police, for ejecting them from the Assembly on the first day of its last sittings. Damages are laid at £2,000.

We also learn that an action has been brought against the editor of the *Ledger*, by Messrs. P. Jordan and Sons, for libel damages, £1,000.

Mr Hogsett, the ex-Attorney General, has also brought an action for libel against the Chief Justice, on behalf of Mr. Furey, who feels aggrieved at an allusion made to him in a recent decision of Sir Francis Brady.

We understand that letters have been received from Labrador, giving an account of the fishery there, up to the last inst. At Ship Harbor and Batteaux the catch was short; at the latter place there was still some fish taken. The weather had been bad for some time, and in consequence there was great difficulty in curing the fish. When the letters were written there was some prospect of fine weather.

The Commercial Journal of the 25th inst., says:—The catch of shore fish will be deficient. Large sales are making at our quotations. There is not much Cod Oil offering.

The French war steamer *Milan*, Capt. Cloue, arrived at St. John's on Sunday last, from the Straits of Belle Isle; and H.M. steamer *Hydra*, Commander Hamilton, on Tuesday from the Labrador.

THE FUTURE OF NOVA SCOTIA.—The *Scottish American Journal* contains an article on the report of the Hon. Mr. Howe, on the gold fields of Nova Scotia, the concluding paragraph of which we copy:

"There can be no doubt, from the facts which experience has established, that gold mining can be carried on at considerable profit in Nova Scotia. It is more than probable that it will be carried on at very great profit. What will be the result on the condition of the Province? We naturally seek a refuge from speculation in Australia and California—results as familiar to us any facts of contemporary history. Fourteen years, aided by the discoveries of gold, have sufficed to turn California from a wilderness under the drowsy authority of a handful of monks into one of the richest States of the Union. Australia, which ten years ago was valuable only as a great sheep farm, outstrips Canada ten-fold in its trade with Great Britain, has a vast population, and has reared cities almost without parallel on this continent. If Nova Scotia produces gold as California and Australia have produced it, is there any reason why the destiny of Nova Scotia should be less brilliant than theirs? A glittering prospect opens to the hardy inhabitants of the Province; may they realize it in all its splendor!"

GOLD DIGGINGS AT WINE HARBOR.—We have been favored with an inspection of some fine specimens of gold from this new locality, obtained by Major Norton, the U. S. Consul at Pieport, who returned on Saturday evening. From this gentleman we learn that there is undoubtedly a very extensive deposit both at this point and at "Indian Harbor," in the immediate vicinity; and that discoveries are being made in other places, viz: within a few miles of Sherbrook, also at Stillwater, St. Mary's. Individuals are also prospecting at Sutherland's river in this country with great hopes of success. At Wine Harbor there are about 150 persons engaged, and a large number of persons were met by this gentleman on his return, bound for this new "Eldorado" of Nova Scotia. His Excellency the Lieut. Governor was there on Thursday, and after making a critical examination of the scene of operations, addressed the miners, and expressed himself highly gratified with the developements of the precious metal, and with the good order prevailing among the miners. The Consul speaks in high terms of the hospitality and kindness of the people in that portion of the province, and of the beauty of the scenery and richness of the soil bordering on the St. Mary's river.—*Pictou Standard.*

GOLD IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—The Chatham *Times* says that quartz containing Gold has been found in Kingston, Kent County.

THE REVIVAL OF BUSINESS IN THE STATES.—The Boston Commercial Advertiser speaks encouragingly of the prospects of business in Boston and New England generally:—

"A stranger dropping into the streets of Boston would hardly be aware that we were in the midst of a civil war, until he reached Washington street and read the bulletins of the dailies, or went down town and saw the offices of the Southern packets closed, with the notice on the doors, 'Absent for the present, enquire, &c.' Among the different branches of trade generally there is an active, healthful appearance. The commerce of the city is not suffering so much as we would suppose. The demand from California for goods is increasing, and the prices are such as to warrant liberal shipments. The prices of merchandize generally are remunerative. We hear of quite a large business doing in the Mediterranean trade, and several vessels are on their way thither for cargoes for this country. Those of our merchants whose credit abroad is unimpaired are obtaining freely letters of credit from English bankers. Our home trade is fully up to the average of former seasons, and we hear no complaints from our jobbers in groceries, hardware, dry goods, or boots and shoes."

Factories are commencing to run again, and the operative houses of almost every kind are gradually resuming their labors. According to the papers the coming winter in the New England States is not likely to be one of such hardship as was feared.

A WINTER OF SUFFERING IN THE STATES.—According as the winter approaches, many of the American papers express forebodings of the sufferings that must prevail among the poorer classes in the large cities. The New York *World* says:

Immediate organized efforts should be made in all parts of the Union for relieving the multitudes suffering under business interruptions resulting from the civil war.

Saying little at present about destitution among men, (and there is much distress among males whose age or infirmity prevents them from sustaining and being sustained by the national government in military service,) we confine our remarks to the destitution among the weaker sex.

Among the million in and around New York, as among the inhabitants of other large cities of the Union, there are multitudes of females, including thousands upon thousands of mothers with helpless children, whose usual income leaves little or nothing for sustenance when employment ceases, and whose condition now, on approaching winter, appeals imploringly to the kindliest sympathies of humanity.

Patriotism will promptly combine with benevolence in relieving the multitudes of helpless women and children thus indirectly suffering from the struggle for national existence.

The necessities of the suffering, growing daily more importunate as winter approaches, forbid longer delay in organizing relief committees for effecting these benevolent objects.

AFTER THE WAR.—At the conclusion of this war we shall have in the field over three hundred thousand veteran soldiers; and our navy will comprise over five hundred ships of war, and we shall have a naval brigade of about fifty thousand men. Let European governments be careful then how they treat us during the continuance of this war, for when we have settled our domestic troubles the slightest word of insult or provocation may let loose upon Canada and Cuba this terrible force, and sweep the last vestige of monarchial rule from this continent.—*New York Herald.*