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. XXII.] CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 23, 1871. [NO. 4,

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ALMANAC FOR JANUARY.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 6th day, 5h. 11 m., p m., W.
Last Quarter, 14th day, 2h. 44m a. m. S. E.
New Moon, 20th day, 8h. 19m., p. m. N W.
First Quarter, 28th day, 9h 2m., a m. S. W.

D M	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	Sun slow clock	Moon sets	High Water	days Length
		h m	h m	m s	h m	h m	h m
1	Sun	7 49	4 18	3 39	1 31	6 29	29
2	Mon	49	19	4 17	3 34	7 2-	30
3	Tues	49	20	45	3 36	8 2-	31
4	Wed	48	21	5 12	5 37	9 3	32
5	Thur	4	22	39	6 36	9 44	33
6	Frid	4-	24	6 6	9 31	10 25	35
7	Sat	4-	25	3-	8 20	11 2	37
8	Sun	4-	26	57	9 4	11 40	38
9	Mon	4-	27	7 22	9 46	A. 15	40
10	Tues	47	29	47	10 12	0 55	42
11	Wed	7 46	30	8 11	10 38	1 35	44
12	Thurs	46	31	33	11 2	2 1-	45
13	Frid	4	32	57	11 27	3 6	47
14	Sat	45	34	9 19	11 53	4 11	49
15	Sun	44	35	40	A. 21	5 30	51
16	Mon	4-	36	10 1	1 5	6 52	53
17	Tues	4-	38	21	0 31	8 3	56
18	Wed	42	40	41	2 1-	9 2	58
19	Thur	4-	41	59	3 17	9 54	59
20	Frid	41	42	11 17	4 23	10 39	9 1
21	Sat	40	44	35	5 35	11 24	4
22	Sun	39	45	51	6 46	morn	6
23	Mon	3-	46	12 7	7 49	0 4	8
24	Tues	37	48	22	9 7	0 41	11
25	Wed	36	49	36	10 33	1 1-	13
26	Thur	3-	50	49	11 9	1 50	15
27	Frid	34	52	12 4	morn	2 36	18
28	Sat	33	54	18	0 49	3 23	21
29	Sun	32	55	24	1 20	4 20	23
30	Mon	31	57	33	2 23	5 2-	26
31	Tues	7 29	4 58	13 42	3 35	6 37	9 29

Business Cards.

HENRY J. GAFFNEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
OFFICE IN
DesBrisay's Block
(next Apothecarie's Hall,)
QUEEN STREET,
RESIDENCE—North American Hotel.
Charlottetown, Aug 3, 1870.

MR. A. SMYTHE,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,
Has Removed his Academy to Water St.,
(Opposite the late Telegraph Office.)
Pianoforte and Melodeon Tuning punctually attended to.
July 25, 1870. 1y

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

A. McNEILL,
Reading Room Proprietor,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND
AUCTIONEER.
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.
May 31, 1869. tf

SETH D. SHAW,
Attorney-at-Law, &c.
OFFICE—Corner of Great George and Dorchester Streets.
Opposite City Hotel. Formerly occupied as a Law Office by Charles Palmer, Esq., and recently by H. J. Cundall, Esq.
CHARLOTTETOWN.
March 21, 1870. 1yr

H. HASZARD.
Commission Merchant,
GENERAL AGENT,
AND
AUCTIONEER
Upper Queen Street,
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.
N. B.—Orders from abroad, and the country will receive prompt attention.
April 26, 1869

A. HERMANS,
Bell-Hanger, Gun and Tin-Smith,
Dorchester Street,
(Next to "Examiner" Office.)
BEGS to return his thanks to the general public for the liberal patronage extended to him since his commencement in business, and asks for a continuance of the same. He keeps constanty on hand
A neat Assortment of
TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS
&c., &c., &c.
ALL ORDERS in the above BUSINESS will be punctually attended to.
Having lately made large purchases in the Cheapest Markets, intended for House Builders, such as
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Bell Fittings, &c., &c.
I am prepared to SELL THEM at RATES AS LOW AS CAN BE HAD IN THE CITY, and will fit them up in a good workmanlike style
To a generous public, I would say, that all orders in THIS BRANCH OF MY BUSINESS will be attended to with Despatch
A Lot of First Class WATER COOLERS on hand.
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Sold Cheaper than ever.
July 12, 1869.

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Incorporated 1840.
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Head Office, 45 Wall Street, New York.

Paid Up Capital, - - - - - -	$400,000 00
Surplus, - - - - - -	326,399 94
Total Assets, 1st Jan'y, 1870, - - -	$726,399 94

Risks against loss or damage by FIRE accepted on every description of property. Apply to
FENTON T. NEWBERY, General Agent for P. E. Island.
Charlottetown, April 25, 1870.

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant and
AUCTIONEER,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND

PRIZE MEDALS,
1862 AND 1851;
F. S. CLEAVER
Begs respectfully to recommend the following articles of
TOILET SOAP AND PERFUMERY
Manufactured and Imported by him.
All of which may be relied on for their genuine quality, as many years' increasing patronage will testify, rendering unnecessary any further comment. In non-angular tablets, White Glycerine Soap, richly perfumed Lettuce Milk Soap, Floral Soaps, Spermaceti Soap, Otto of Rose Cold Cream Soap, Gentlemen Toilet Soap, Prize Medal Honey Soap Almond, Palm, Glycerine, Sunflower, Mallow and every description of Toilet Soaps, Musk and Treble Scented Brown Windsor, Improved and Extra Scented ditto.
THE LATEST NOVELITIES
F. S. Cleaver's Hyacinth Toilet Soap, F. S. Cleaver's Musk Rose Windsor Soap, Military and Naval Toilet Soap, Plate Rouge Soap. F. S. Cleaver's Honey Pomade for the Hair, F. S. Cleaver's Floral Pomades for the hair, Saponaceous Tooth Powder, Glycerine Shaving Squares, Cosmetiques, &c. The Scent of the Period, also Jockey Club Bouquet, Kiss Me Quick, Frangipanni, Rose Bouquet, Millefleurs, Magnolia Rondeltia, Ylangilang, May Blossom, New Mown Hay, As You Like It, &c., &c.
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CAUTION.—Owing to the recent introduction of Soap made from Cocoa Nut Oil, F. S. Cleaver feels it incumbent on him to remark that he entirely abstains from the use of that pernicious article in any Soap bearing his name, the only advantage of which is to enable the maker to produce soap at less cost, and with a smooth and ivory-like appearance, which treacherous and superficial qualification is to be avoided; as a soap so made possesses a much more powerful alkali than genuine English-made soap; and like many other things, beautiful to behold, leaves its sting behind, by causing a severe irritation to the skin—particularly if used for shaving. It likewise produces a faint, sickly, and disagreeable smell, as the hands of any person who has used it can testify.
Manufactory, 32 and 33. Red Lion Street, London, W. C. Depot, 243, Rue St. Dennis, Paris. Sold by
W. R. WATSON.
City Drug Store, Victoria Building.
Oct. 28, 1869

Wool. Wool.
CASH paid for WOOL, on delivery, at the Store of
H. J. CALLBECK.
Ch'town, May 30, 1870.

CAUTION.
DON'T waste your money in buying BOGUS Wool or Mowing Machine Oil, when you can get the pure Olive or Sweet Oil much cheaper at the
'CITY HARDWARE STORE,'
BOURKE, GILLAN & Co.
August 22, 1870.

Per "Lelia Alice."
CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S Pickles, Sauces, Currie Powder, Ground Spices, Flavoring Essences, Prepared Cochineal, Red and Black Currant Jelly, Scotch Marmalade, Galatine Vermacilli, Maccaroni, Tapiaco, Citron, Lemon & Orange Peels, Mustard in Kegs, Bottles & Packages, Split Peas, Sperm Candles, Mock Turtle, Ox-tail & Green Peas, Soup, &c., &c.
WM. R. WATSON.
City Drug Store, Victoria Building, Oct. 31, 1870.

Just Received
400 Yards WATR PROOF CLOTH,
HEARTZ & SON.
Nov. 29, 1869.

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Christmas Gifts!
Achme Skates, all sizes,
Extra Wrenches Clamps, & Screws for do.
Table Knives, Carvers and Steels,
Fine Pocket Knives and Scissors,
Plated Call Bells and Spoons.
Kerosene Lamps, with the new Burner.
Mechanic's Tools, of all descriptions.
Sleigh Bells and Whips.
Fire Iron Stands, Blower Stands, Umbrella Stands Apple Parers, Clothes Wringers.
Shewers, Curling Tongs, Fluting Scissors.
Pinking Irons, Tin Can Openers, and
SAPOLIO.
To Clean and Polish all the old things.
A. A. BALDWIN & Co.
Dec 26, 1870.

CLUBBING RATES!
WE will send the "Examiner" for 1871, and any one of the following periodicals at the annexed rates, payable in advance:

American Agriculturist,	£0 18 0
Atlantic Monthly,	1 3 0
Harper's Magazine,	1 3 0
Galaxy	1 3 0
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Dublin University Magazine,	2 0 0
London Review, } Dublin do }	3 0 0
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Westminster do,	1 3 0
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North American do,	1 10 0
Every Saturday, Illustrated,	1 8 0
Appleton's Journal, do,	1 8 0
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Harper's Bazzar,	1 8 0
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,	1 8 0
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We can supply any of the English, American, or Colonial Publications, at the lowest cash rates.
P. R. BOWERS.

Notice.
GENERAL POST OFFICE CH'TOWN
December 10, 1870.
IN future, Money Orders will not be issued on Great Britain on the days on which Supplementary English Mails are closed.
JOHN A. McDONALD, P.M.G.

BUFFALO ROBES.
NO. 1 WHOLE SKINS,
For Sale Cheap at
LONDON HOUSE!
G. & S. DAVIES.
Dec. 5, 1870.

Do Not Ruin Your
EYE-SIGHT
By Wearing Common Spectacles;
Nine-tenths of all Eye Disease
IS CAUSED BY
Wearing Improper Glasses.
Lazarus & Morris'
PERFECTED
SPECTACLES
AND EYE-GLASSES.
For which I am the SOLE AGENT, are the most
Perfect and Beautiful Ever Offered.
They will cause a continuous and abiding improvement in the Eyes, and assist your sight most brilliantly.
W. R. WATSON,
Sole Agent for Charlottetown
Ch'town, November 7, 1870.

Laths! Laths!
FOR SALE
300,000 Spruce Laths (4 feet),
Best Quality. Apply to
A. McNEILL, Auctioneer.
Exchange Building, June 6, 1870.

Having been disappointed in receiving the remainder of the STORY commenced in our last issue, our readers will, we trust, grant us their indulgence for a week or two, when we will publish the conclusion.

ALICE OF THE GLEN.

Wildly howled the wind through the glen, sighing through the well-nigh leafless tress, in melancholy wail, as Ranald Allen was returning from the autumnal fair, held in Dunlow. It was late—the hour being past midnight. Besides, Ranald had not only over-staid his time, but spent that time at the change house 'wi'a a couple o' neebor lads, and a dim consciousness hung about him of being, at the present time, 'do that gley.'

'But she canna, an' she be Christian, say aething an' me bringing her hame sic a gown, wi' stripes in't like a duchess,' and Ranald carefully folded an additional wrapper around the peace-offering. 'For bye to lang syne the fair held.'

Thus soliloquizing, he shook the reins, and urged his pony forward.

'Och, but it's a drear night an' a mirk,' he continued: 'the very night for bogies and kelpies to dance. I na like, noo, to meet ane i' the glen. Guide guide us, what's you?'

The horse shied, then trembled, his whole appearance denoting terror. Straining his eyes through the almost impenetrable gloom, Ranald peered into the darkness, and became certain that his head, although somewhat dizzy, was not deceiving him. A white object lay in the road, a few yards in front of his horse.

'It's a ghaist, for certain, an' means death!' muttered Ranald, holding his breath.

His horse, which, at first had shared the terror of his master, now pricked up his ears, and, trotting forward, brought him close upon the object. A child's voice arose distinctly, and the kind hearted fellow leaped from the steed.

'Mamma, pretty mamma, look up!' cried the soft tones.

Ranald bent over the white object, and beheld a female, apparently dying about whose neck a child was twining its arms.

'Mamma sleep,' said the child, as he endeavored to raise the still form. It was cold and pale, though life had not departed. Taking mother and child in his strong arms, he placed them on his horse, folding them carefully in the much valued fabric, which he bought for his dame, and hastening forward, soon arrived in front of a small cabin from the window of which a ruddy gleam shot far into the darkness.

'Ranald, man, where hae ye been?' exclaimed a half-kind, half-angry voice.

'Now mither, houd yer tongue; I'se been saving life, cried the farmer, as he bore the inanimate figure through the door.

'O father, she is dead; and a leddy born!' cried Mary, the fair-haired daughter of the cabin. 'How beautiful!' she said, chafing the white hands and temples, and putting by the dark wet masses of hair that swept the face of the sufferer.

'An' a baby, too,' as Ranald placed a child of two years in her arms.

The threatened tempest which had gathered on the brow of the good dame melted into the sweetest expression of love, as she hurried about the cabin in search of restoratives.

'Ranald, pile on maer peat, and take yoursel' to the village. Ye maun bring medicines and the minister belike.'

Ranald heard her orders, and scratched his great red head heard as if a dim idea of hot browse simmering on the fire suggested the needs of the inner man.

'Och, ye need na stan' glowering there,' said his loving helpmeet, 'when life and death hang on her speed.'

'An' that's true, mither,' said Ranald, replacing the bonnet he had dropped. 'I'll be back in a thought. And instantly the good-natured fellow departed on his mission to the village, eight miles distant.

Left to themselves with the stranger, mother and daughter redoubled their efforts, and at last were rewarded by a faint sigh. She opened her eyes stared wildly about, then broke into a passion of tears.

'She has not spoke,' said the dame, as she met her husband on his return. He was accompanied by the minister—a pale, thin old man, whose benevolent features bore traces of his indefatigable labors.

'The same kind, good girl I ever knew,' he said, laying his hand on the head of Mary, as he stepped to the side of the low couch where the stranger was lying, followed by an aged female, one of those dear old souls who belong to everybody. Aunt Elspath, or, as she was called, Elsey, was ever welcome at cot or castle. Her distaff was ever twirling, and, if it accomplished but little, that little clothed the orphan; and not a farmer in the halidome but would add a lock to Aunt Elsey's single sheep.

She now stood beside the minister, who added a small stock of medical skill to his many abilities, and looked with intense curiosity at the stranger. She might be about twenty. Her features, of Grecian regularity, were now pinched by the approach of death, and the heavy folds of her dark hair, still damp with dew, clustered about her shoulders. Beside her lay the child asleep, one little arm flung protectively about her mother, while the other hand was tucked under the dimpled chin.

'Poor wanderer,' said the minister, 'perhaps she hath brought her here, but it hath led thee to friends.'

She opened her eyes, and motioned them to place the child in her arms.

'Stand aside!' said Ranald; 'here's what would bring the dead back,' as he held a glass of sparkling cordial in the light of the fire.

Elspath put it to the lips of the sufferer—she chocked, gasped, and raised herself upon her pillow, supported by Mary.—Her eyes sought the face of the minister. She pressed the child to her bosom.

'Bless thee, my Alice,' she murmured, and fell back in the sleep that knows no waking.

The pipes wailed mournfully down the glen, as the boat, in which stood Mary, the minister, and Ranald, and Aunt Elspeth sitting by the rude coffin, floated across the small lake to the beautiful isle of Liversly. The infant clasped the neck of Mary, and sobbed and prattled about 'mamma' as the little group gathered about the grave.

'Rest, poor stranger,' said the pastor; 'here ends the journey; and here we pledge to protect the orphan.'

And months and years the promise was kept by the simple peasants. Elipath claimed the little Alice, because she was lonely, and when the May gowans floated in fragrance down the glen, the pair might be seen on the green bank beside her cottage the bent form of the matron contrasting with the fairy-like beauty of the child, and the white locks mingling with her curls. Around the neck of her mother was found a locket containing the portrait of a soldier in the uniform of a colonel, with the inscription in a delicate hand, 'From Ellery;' and from this circumstance the little girl was called by that name. The good minister slept on the island, yet none the less did Aunt Elspath protect her charge; and though the bowl of goat's milk might have been larger, it was cheerfully shared with the friendless one.

The glen of Inversly was one of exquisite beauty. Silvery larches hung as it by magic from its sides, and velvet mosses settled in its hollow. Birches of every shade rose above, and alders dipped in the pure wave of Lock Alow. The red deer and ptarmigan were, as yet, undisturbed inhabitants, yet the spirit of modern enterprise had entered the glen, and desecrated it by building an hotel at its remote extremity. To this hotel, in the mid-summer and early autumn, the fashionable belles of Edinburgh, and the still more wondrous beauties of London, came to admire and be admired.

At the present time, the star of the first magnitude was Lady Bycoft, the wife of a baronet, who, with much magnificence, had established herself for the summer at Inversly.

Great was the wonder, as her ladyship's carriage, with real gold on it, rolled through the glen; and greater still the wonder at the untold wealth which these noble personages seemed to possess. Taking her accustomed airing one morning, Lady Byeroft came upon the romantic cottage of Elspath, and, from its modest door came bounding a beautiful girl of ten. With natural grace, she courtseyed to the noble strangers, and then, tossing back the soft hair that shaded her face, she began to sing; so soft, so silvery, even the rocks seemed to prolong the echo. It was a simple Highland air, yet the taste of the songstress rendered it charming; and, when she had finished, presenting the lady with a wreath of blue-belles, she stood modestly silent before her.

'Here, sweet maid of the mist,' said the baronet, placing a gold piece in her hand, 'that merry glee was well sung!'

'How much that child looks like Agatha,' said Bancroft. 'Make allowance for her youth, and it is her face!'

'Yes—perhaps—wonderfully like—for a peasant child,' said Sir Hugh. 'Drive on!'

Whether it was this incident or the beauty of the moors, the noble pair were silent until they reached their hotel, and for some time neither spoke of the beauty of the glen.

We must now ask the reader to journey to London, in St. James' Square, on the second floor of a magnificent mansion. Enter a drawing-room, where heavy curtains are carefully folded, as if to exclude the light. A fire is burning in the grate, although it is still late summer, and the rich furniture, that is a little old fashioned, reflects the cheerful blaze. The most conspicuous ornament of the apartment is a portrait of a lady, whose surpassing beauty seems too life-like for art. An expression of sadness seemed to follow the beholder.

In an armchair, opposite the fire, sat a gentleman, whose pale face and slightly marked gray hair gave him the appearance of age, although he could not be more than forty. He started, as if from a reverie, as the door opened, and a frank, pleasant face became visible.

'Welcome, Mathew, welcome,' said the invalid, with a faint smile.

'Glad to see you, general; and had you been with me on the healthy braes, you would not need the fire yonder.'

A shake of the head was the only answer, and a fitful glance at the picture.

'General,' said the stranger, 'I have a request to make. Although I have known you for years, yet you have never favored me with the story of your lost child. Have you any objection to do so? I have an object.'

'Indeed, Mathew, indeed,' said the general; 'it is to all but myself, a dull tale—a story, by the way, that I care not to tell to others. Yet, if you insist—'

'I do,' interrupted his friend, bowing.

'Well, then, I was, as you know, an ensign in the —— regiment, India. Being fond of my calling, I rose rapidly, and at twenty-seven found myself a colonel, and on the way to further promotion. Perhaps my connection with the Earl of Edredalbane helped matters. Be that as it may, I then first saw my Agatha;' he pressed his hand nervously to his forehead. 'We were married, and, as the regiment was ordered home, we returned to England. Nothing could exceed the happiness of my life for two years. At the end of that time a subaltern became acquainted with me, and of course with Agatha. She was all grace and kindness to her husband's friend, and—I was all jealousy. In each word, however trifling, I fancied some slight to myself. Well—to cut the matter short—I left her—' his voice faltered—'and my sweet Alice—turned north to join my regiment, to return to India forever. Whether Agatha suspected my design I cannot say. I received several letters from her couched in terms that should have touched my heart. At length she left London for, I know not where, taking my child with her. You have my history; at least all that interests me. Since that weary year life has been a blank, Mathew. You see what she was. Yet, no, only the outward! Excuse these tears!'

'And your daughter—general—your daughter was never found?'

The old man sighed.

'No, my search has been unavailing.'

'Then,' said his friend, striking the arm of his chair, 'I am right. She had eyes like her mother? Golden hair in abundance?'

Short and hurried were the few words that followed. Suffice it to say that, in less than an hour, General Lamont's carriage stopped before the mansion of Sir Hugh Bycroft in Grosvenor Square.

In a few moments Lady Bycroft entered the chamber of her young protege. Taking her hand kindly, she said,—

'Now, Alice, dear, remember all you can of your pretty mamma. Tell your own story from the night Ranald found you in the storm. A friend of your mother wishes to hear all about her.'

In a few moments Alice was riveting the attention of Sir Hugh and the company by her story, while the general buried his face in his handkerchief.

'It is—it is my child,' he cried, as the locket, which Alice had always worn, was placed in his hands

General Lamont's mansion in the north, in a few months was refitted to receive a happy party, and the village bells rung merrily, as Lady Alice and her youthful groom, the one who had restored her to her father, in an open carriage, entered the park. Beside the gate they paused. Alice sprang from the carriage and threw herself into the arms of a tottering form, which appeared at the door of the neat cottage just erected, whose tiny garden was fragrant with flowers, the gift of the grateful general and his daughter, to Elspath.

"SCAT."

A ROW ON TOP OF A ROW—HOW THE FUR FLEW, AND HOW "FUR" IT FLEW.

The fact that Mr. Oliver, lived in a uniform row of houses in the Fourteenth Ward, says the Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch*, was the reason why he was unfortunate. One moonlight night last week the noise made by the cats on his roof was simply awful. Mr. Oliver lay in bed, trying in vain to get to sleep and grinding his teeth in rage, until at last the uproar overhead became unendurable. Mr. Oliver crept out of bed softly, so that his wife would not be awakened. He put on his slippers, seized a boot with each hand, and, clad in the snowy robes of night, he opened the trap-door and emerged upon the roof. There were thirty or forty cats out there holding a kind of a general synod in the cool of the evening, enjoying the bracing air and singing glees. As Mr. Oliver advanced and flung a boot at them. They then adjourned suddenly to the summit of the adjoining residence. Mr Oliver projected another boot and went over after the first one.

In this manner the synod retreated and Oliver advanced until the last of the row of twenty houses was reached, when the cats arranged themselves in a line along the parapet, ruffled up their fur, curved their spines, and spat furiously at Oliver. That bold warrior gathered up his boots and determined to retreat. He walked back over a dozed houses and descended through a trap-door. He went down stairs to his bedroom, and opened the door. There was a man in the room in the act of walking up and down with a baby. Before Oliver had recovered from his amazement, the man flung the baby on the bed, and seizing a revolver began firing rapidly at Oliver. It then dawned upon Oliver that he had come down the wrong trap-door. He proceeded upstairs again suddenly, the man with the revolver practising at him in a painful manner. When Oliver reached the trap he shut it quickly and stood upon it. The man fired through the boards twice, and then hooked the door upon the inside. A moment after Oliver heard him springing a watchman's rattle from the front window. As soon as the neighbours knew there was a man on the roof they all flew up stairs and fastened their trap-doors, and Mrs. Oliver fastened hers with the firm conviction that some predatory villain had entered while she slept and stolen her Oliver. When he tried the door it was fast, and Mrs. Oliver was screaming so fiercly that he could not make himself heard. By this time the street was filled with policemen, all of whom were blazing away at Oliver with their revolvers, while the young men in the houses across the street kept up a steady fire with pistols shot guns and miscellaneous missiles. Oliver, with every advantage for forming an opinion, said that Gettysburg was a mere skirmish to it. He hid behind the chimney, and lay up against the bricks to keep himself warm, while the policemen stationed themselves all around to capture him when he would slide down one of the water spouts.

But Oliver did not slide. He sat out on that roof all night, with the bitter air circulating through his too trifling garments, listening to the howling cats and the occasional shouts from the picket line below, and thinking of the old Jews who used to pray from the house-tops, and wondering if Mussulmen were ever shot at or bothered with cats and policemen when they practised their evening devotions on their roofs. And then he wondered how it would do to take off his night shirt and wave it over the edge as a flag of truce! He concluded not to, because of the danger of a bullet from some misguided policeman not familiar with the rules of war. When daylight came, the neighbours rallied in a crowd, armed with all kinds of weapons from howitzers down, and mounted to the roof. Oliver was taken down and put to bed, and he now has more influenza for a man of his size than any other citizen of the Fourteenth Ward. He says he is going to move as soon as he gets well, he is going to move into a house that is next door to nobody, a house that stands in the middle of a prairie of some kind, and he intends to stencil his name in white on the trap door.

A private letter from Christiania, received in London, gives some details concerning the French balloon which fell in Norway. It appears that the balloon was sent up from Paris on the morning of the 24th. The wind blew it in a northerly direction with such rapidity that it soon passed over the North Sea, without the occupants of the car knowing where they were. When, however, they found themselves dangerously close to the sea they sent off a carrier pidgeon with a message that they thought themselves lost, at the same time throwing out ballast. Ultimately the balloon reached Norway, and when over Mandel, a small town on the southern cost twenty-three miles west-south-west of Christiansand, a sack of letters and news-papers were thrown out, which fell among the astonished inhabitants, who were watching the balloon pass over their heads. After having been many hours in the balloon, the acronauts, whose names are not given, decended several miles further north, on a snow-covered mountain, as best they could, and without even knowing in what country they were, there being no habitations near. For nineteen hours they wandered about in the snow in light boots, which later had to be cut off, so saturated had they become. In the meantime the balloon was discovered by some of the natives. The acronauts were not to be seen, but the remains of meat, bread and wine in the car showed plainly enough that it had recently contained passengers. Six carrier pigeons were also found in it, seemingly none the worse for the journey. Eventually the voyagers reached one of the small cabins which are to be seen at wide intervals among the mountains, which give shelter to those who look after cattle, and where an aged and poor woman gave them some food. They then discovered, by seeing upon a match-box the word 'Christiania,' that they were in Norway, and made the woman understand as well as they could that they desired to proceed to the town. They were then shown the way to a farmer's house, where they received the attention of which they stood so much in need, as well as dry clothes and shoes. The news of the arrival of the balloon passengers did not reach Christiania till Sunday, the 27th ult. On the evening of the 28th thousands of people went to meet them on their entry into Christiania, and gave them a cordial reception. They were feasted in Christiana that night, and on the following day were to start for Tours, *via* London.

A NEW MATERIAL FOR SHIPBUILDING.—A correspondent informs us (*Globe*) that a private view of some inventions was given to a number of noblemen and scientific gentlemen on Thursday, at the establishment of Colonel N. C. Czerchney, Oxford Street. This officer has perfected a discovery named "Zopissa," out of which he made paper boards with which to construct ships, forts, houses, &c. The specimens exhibiting consisted of huge sections of boarding applicable for armor plates, ships or forts, sections of houses and churches, gas and water mains, rocket tubes and hospital tents. One of the boards an inch in thickness was fired at by a Whitwoath rifle, and a similar shot was directed against a solid block of oak of ten inches thick. On examing the paper board, it was found that the bullet had only penetrated three quarters of an inch, whilst through the 10-inch oak a clean hole had been drilled. The invulnerable properties of these Zopissa boards were next tested, and the results suggested their employment in shipbuilding. They are non-absorbent, incombustible, and it is impossible that animal or vegetable life can exist upon them. A large jet of gas being applied to the surface of one of these boards, there was presented an inflammable surface, combustion only taking place at that part to which the heat was applied. The Zopissa material was discovered many years ago in Egypt by Colonel Czerchney; and it appears, from Thursday's experiments, when applied to paper it constitutes a material an absolute non-conductor to heat, cold, and electricity.

IMPORTANT TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.—In the recent work of Dio Lewis, he gives an account of one week in which the sum total expended for his food was 54½ cents. Two days out of the seven he indulged in a beef stew, the meat for which each time cost exactly two cents, and he says 'there was really enough for two of us!' As for the other days, the *carte* for a couple of them will give an idea of all:—'Sunday breakfast, hulled Southern corn, with a little milk. My breakfast cost three cents. I took exactly the same thing for dinner. Food for the day, six cents. I never take any supper. Tuesday's breakfast, two cents' worth of beans, with half a cent's worth of vinegar. For dinner, one quart of rich bean pooridge, worth one cent, with four slices of coarse bread, worth two cents. Food for Tuesday, five and a half cents. In conclusion, Dr. Lewis remarks: 'Of course I don't pretend that every one can live in this luxurious way. It isn't everybody that can afford it. I could have lived just as well, so far as health and strength are concerned, on half the money. Besides, on three days I eat too much altogether, and suffered from thirst and dullness. But then, I may plead that my habits are very active. Not only have I written 40 odd pages of this book during the week, but I have done a large amount of hard muscular labor.

THE MARTINI HENRY RIFLE.—We should be very glad to confirm the announcement in the *Times* that a step has been taken towards the rearmament of the British infantry with a superior weapon by the issue to the 2nd battalion 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers and the men of the various depots attached to the general depot battalion at Chatham, of Martini-Henry rifles. Unfortunately, this announcement, like that of the *Army and Navy Gazette* respecting the definitive adoption of the weapon (which our contemporary repeats in its last issue) is premature. The Martini-Henry rifle has not yet been adopted; and as for its alleged issue to the troops at Chatham, we believe that only twelve Martini-Henry rifles of the proposed pattern (with the 'short chamber') are in existence. It is probable that the *Times* correspondent has mistaken the issue of one or two of these rifles for experiment for a general rearmament of the troops. We are afraid that many months must elapse after the rifle is finally adopted before a supply will be ready for issue to the troops; and we believe we are correct in stating that it is improbable, under any circumstances, that the manufacture of Martini-Henry rifles will commence before the 1st of April next, if so soon.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

IT is reported that Dr. Livingstone has been heard of at Mozambique, waiting for a vessel to take him to England.

THE state debt of Main is $8,038,000, becomes due the present year, and is provided for in the sinking fund.