THE EXAMINER:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

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Vol. XII. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, December 8, 1862. New Series.---No. 48.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE AND THE BRITISH REVIEWS.

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Charlottetown, October 21, 1861.

A CARD.
Neil Rankin begs leave to inform the MERCANTILE and TRADING COMMUNITY of Prince Edward Island, and the Neighbouring Provinces, that he has made arrangements for the immediate prosecution of business as an
Auctioneer, Commission Merchant & General Agent,
in each of which lines all Commissions with which he may be favoured (at home or from abroad) shall receive his prompt and best attention.
Charlottetown, July 8, 1861.

Rockwell, Higley & Garland,
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Beans, Pork, and Produce generally,
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June 23, 1862. 1 yr

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A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF WATCHES always on sale, and warranted to perform well. Price £3 10s, and upwards.
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For information please apply at the office of
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Charlottetown, Oct. 20, 1862. 1sl 3m

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.
That desirable Water Lot, in Georgetown, containing half an acre of Land, with usual privileges, known as No. 1, or Point Lot. Terms Cash or short time on security. Apply to the Hon. Joseph Hensley, Charlottetown.
December 2, 1861. tf

Valuable Freehold Property
FOR SALE.
The Subscriber offers for sale A VALUABLE FREEHOLD FARM, fronting on the west side of Morell River, containing eighty acres, of which about sixty-eight acres are under cultivation, and the remainder is covered with Longers. There are on the Premises A GOOD SUBSTANTIAL DWELLING HOUSE, and good Out-Houses for farming and mercantile purposes.
For further information application to be made to the proprietor on the premises.
RICHARD. HAYES.
Morell, Nov. 17th, 1862.

PRESTO!
FOR SALE.
An assortment of TEN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, suitable for a Band party, comprising—1 Bass Drum, with shoulder strap; 2 Tramboons, 1 Serpent, 1 Bassoon, 1 French Horn, and Crook; 1 Trumpet and Crook; 2 Clarionetts, 1 Conopian, with Case and Crook; Music Book, &c. The whole will be sold in one lot on very reasonable terms. Application (if by letter, post-paid) to the Secretary of the Charlottetown Amateur Band.
J. R. WALSH, Sec'y.
Oct. 6, 1862.

Summer Valley FARM
FOR SALE.
A Rare Chance seldom to be met with.
To be Sold, the Leasehold Interest of the above *beautiful* FARM, containing about 120 acres of the best land in Prince Edward Island, fronting on the St. Peter's Road, and also on the Hillsborough River, within ten chains of Appletree Wharf, and eight miles from Charlottetown by the road or by the river, subject to the yearly rent of only £5 5s., or about tenpence currency of this Island by the acre, for a term of 999 years; nearly 80 acres thereof is cleared, dyked, fenced and under cultivation, covered with crop consisting of Wheat, Barley, Oats, Potatoes, Turnips, Buckwheat, &c.; the residue is covered with excellent timber (hardwood and soft) of every useful description; there is a comfortable and commodious Dwelling House, 32 × 25 feet, with a frost-proof Cellar underneath, capable of containing nearly 2000 bushels potatoes, with a convenient Draw Well at the door; a large Barn, with Stables, Cowhouses, Granary, gig, cart and harness House, pig and sheep Houses complete, with a walled Cellar underneath the Barn which will hold over 600 bushels turnips; the whole snugly sheltered from the north and west by a beautiful grove of hardwood reserved for that purpose. This Farm possesses many peculiar advantages equalled by none else on the river—commanding a picturesque view of the city and harbor of Charlottetown; there is neither hill nor swamp nor a foot of useless or inferior land on its whole surface. From its contiguity to vast deposits of muscle mud and other manures in the said river, and a reservoir near the shore, in which, with little labour, can be collected and deposited any required quantity of seaweed which floats in abundance into the cove and along the shore of said farm every autumn. The whole of said farm can be manured therefrom. And from its contiguity to the said wharf, a ready market is always open for the disposal of all the products thereof, the undersigned having often shipped 500 bushels therefrom in one day, and frequently £100 worth during the fall shipping. A more profitable, comfortable or commodious location for a gentleman or a good farmer cannot well be found throughout the Island. The terms of sale will be liberal, and made known on application to the Honorable Daniel Brenan, Charlottetown, or the owner on the premises, where plans of the same can be seen.
FRANCIS McQUAID.
8th September, 1862. tf

RENFREW HOUSE!
Thomas's old Stand,
GREAT GEORGE STREET,
IS NOW OPEN.
The subscribers have much pleasure in announcing that they have now ready for inspection AN EXTENSIVE AND CAREFULLY SELECTED STOCK OF
British and Foreign Staple and Fancy
DRY GOODS,
received via Halifax, in advance of Fall importations, consisting of—

Grey and White Cottons	**Groceries.**
Striped Regatta Shirting	Tea, Tobacco, Sugar, Molasses, Soap, Candles,
Prints, Ginghams	Indigo, Starch, Pepper,
Denims, Drills	Mustard, Ginger, Blue,
Bed Tick Osnaburg	Baking Soda, Saleratus,
Blankets, Flannels	Washing Soda, &c. &c.
Mantle Cloths, Shawls	and other Groceries,
Bal. Skirts and Skirting	which we can recommend for family use.
Hosiery, Gloves	
Straw & Felt Hats, N.S. Flowers, Feathers, and Ribbons	
Mohair, Silk & Chenill Hair Nets	**Hardware.**
Black and Colored Coburgs, Lustres	Nails—4d, 6d, 8d, 12d, 20d
Wincy Cloths, Gala Plaid	Horse Shoe Nails, &c. &c.
Fancy Dresses and Dress Material, in the most fashionable styles	Table Knives and Forks do do
Polka Jackets,	Carving and Butcher's Knives
Fancy and Chenill Scarfs in great variety	Shoe Knives, Sheath do.
Elastic and Leather Belts	Scale Balances,
White and Colored Stays	Weaver's Reeds
A further supply of Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Feathers, Gloves, Mantles, Shawls, Fancy Dresses, and other fresh Goods shortly expected	AXES
Boots, Shoes, Rubbers in Ladies' and Gents'	Rope, Powder, Shot, Gun Caps, Candlewick
Grain Bags	Plough Mounting
Men's and Boys' Cloth Caps, Storm ditto	Hams, Traces, Backbands
	Shovels, Hoes
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	Blacking, Shoe & Scrubbing Brushes
	Paint, Putty and Glass
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	Patent Stove Polish
	&c. &c. &c. &c.

The above Goods have been purchased with the greatest care, from some of the first Houses in Great Britain, and with a view to suit the requirements of Town and Country, and are offered to the public at prices that will, we are satisfied, compare favorably with any in the trade.
DELANY & WILSON.
Renfrew House, Oct. 6, 1862. 1sl

EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF
NEW GOODS!
BEER & SONS
Have received the greater part of their FALL SUPPLY of BRITISH, WEST INDIA, AND AMERICAN GOODS, which, for variety and price, will compare favorably with any STOCK of GOODS in the Colony.
Persons from a distance visiting the City will do well to call and examine before making their purchases.
WANTED—A QUANTITY OF GOOD HOME-SPUN.
King Square House, Nov. 3, 1862. 2m

Paints and Paint Oil, Bar Iron; also, 100 chests and half chests Tea, for sale cheap for cash by
JAMES DUNCAN & CO.
Charlottetown, June 30, 1862.

LITERATURE.

FOUND OUT.

Some years ago I was attending a college in Paris, and a course of lectures on jurisprudence, with the view of preparing myself to enter the office of an advocate, a Frenchman, who had married my mother's sister. There were several English lads there beside myself, and very hard we worked, though a good many of us had nobody to compel us to do so if we had felt disposed to shirk. The letters I received from my uncle seldom contained anything beside exhortations to work hard; and in the holidays, instead of inviting me to spend them with him and my aunt, he always encouraged the idea of my going to England, so that I was very much astonished when I one day received a letter from him quite unexpectedly, requesting me to start with the least possible delay for the department of Ain. The letter merely told me there was nothing the matter with any of the family, and that he wanted me on account of a case in which he was concerned.

This case was the prosecution of a Frenchman named Boiteler, a man of considerable standing in this province, who was in custody on a charge of murdering his wife and manservant. The lady was an Englishwoman of good family, to whom he had been married about four years, and who was commonly termed in the department *L'ange du bois*, on account of her extreme beauty, and the fact of her husband's house being surrounded by a small but very dense wood, which he allowed nobody to meddle with, so that it was completely choked with brambles. She was his second wife, his first having died during a short visit he made to Paris, within a year of their marriage.

Criminal prosecutions in France being conducted by the public prosecutor, it was only in compliance with the wishes of the relatives of the murdered lady, strenuously supported by his own wife, that my uncle had undertaken to assist in obtaining evidence to throw light upon what was felt to be an exceedingly intricate case, and one which it would be almost impossible for the jury to decide upon in a satisfactory manner, unless additional evidence could be got in favour of or against the prisoner.

The evidence on which Boiteler was committed to prison was not inconsistent with the statement made by him on his apprehension; and if the affair had taken place in any other country than France, where it is very much the custom of officials intrusted with the care of the public safety to assume every man involved in a criminal offence to be guilty until he is proved innocent, I doubt whether he would have been retained in custody. He had left his house on the day of the murder in a small open carriage, accompanied by his wife, and attended by a man who had been in his service for several years, for the purpose of going to Bourg, to see an agent concerning the sale of an estate only separated from his own by a river. The matter had been so far arranged that it only remained for him to pay a certain portion of the purchase-money, and he was then to enter into possession. This sum—I forget how much it was, but it was a large one—was in the carriage, a fact with which all his servants were familiar, including, of course, the coachman also. Shortly after mid-day, Boiteler drove up to the barrier at Bourg, with the dead body of his wife in the carriage, and told the officer on duty there that his wife had been murdered by his servant, and that he had shot his servant, who was lying in a lane which he named, and whence he was shortly afterwards brought into the town by some labourers, under the direction of one of the foresters employed by the commune. Boiteler was immediately taken into custody as a precautionary measure; and the following is the substance of the statement made by him in explanation of the affair.

His servant had suddenly stopped the horse in the lane, got down, and came to the side of the carriage with a pistol in his hand, which he fired, but the ball missed him, at whom it was aimed, and entered his wife's side. The pistol was a large one with a brass butt, and his servant had then attempted to strike him with it on the head, but he caught him by the wrist with his left hand, and held him for an instant, while he got hold of a pistol which was always kept in the carriage, and which he had himself loaded that morning, on account of the money he had with him. Having got hold of this pistol, he put the barrel between his knees, and held it there while he lifted the hammer and capped it; he had then leaned over the side of the carriage, put the muzzle close to his assailant's neck, and shot him dead.

There was no living eye-witness to deny that things had passed in the way described, and the apparent absence of motive, together with the appearance of grief he displayed, excited a very general feeling that he told the truth. This feeling was, however, modified when it came to be known that a reason for his commission of the crime might be found in the circumstance that the whole of the money to be paid for the estate had been advanced by his wife's trustees, with the stipulation, that it was to be at her sole disposal as long as she lived, and that at her death, if her husband survived her, he was to inherit one-fourth, and the other three-fourths were to be divided among the children. Failing issue of the marriage, the whole was to go to the husband. This supplied a motive, but it was hardly likely in itself to excite grave suspicions against him, if other circumstances had not been developed by the post-mortem examination. Two doctors had been appointed to perform the examination, and they were both of opinion that the man *must* have been shot by a person who was behind him at the time, though the pistol had been held above him and fired downwards. The reasons they gave in support of their conclusions were so convincing, that Boiteler's statement could only be accepted on the supposition that he was so excited at the time as not to be able to remember the exact position of his servant at the instant he fired. It was also shown that the muzzle of the pistol from which the ball had been fired which killed his wife must have been held quite close to her, as her dress had been set on fire.

I found the excitement in the department respecting the approaching trial intense. The opinion with respect to Boiteler's guilt or innocence seemed pretty evenly balanced, and my uncle told me that he was rather inclined to believe him innocent, but he thought the jury would find him guilty, with extenuating circumstances. My aunt, who had known Boiteler well from her intimacy with his wife, had a very decided opinion of his guilt.

The reason my uncle had sent for me was, that I might be there to act as an interpreter at the trial, if one was required, and that I might make inquiries among the English servants, whose knowledge of the French language was too imperfect to allow them to detail many little circumstances perhaps calculated to throw light on the affair. It wanted but five days to the trial when I arrived, and it was not till the next morning that my uncle took me to the office of the Commissaire of Police, to request that one of his agents might be sent with me to Boiteler's house. We found here the carriage in which the murder had been committed, which had been brought down for the jury to inspect. We were told that the prosecution relied on the effect which the examination of this vehicle would produce to procure a conviction. To show us the importance of the evidence which his acuteness had obtained, the Commissaire sent for a woman, and directed her to seat herself in the carriage in the position occupied by Madame Boiteler. He then seated himself beside her, and one of his agents stood beside the carriage, and pointed the pistol at the woman, and it certainly appeared to be impossible that the ball could have struck the deceased on the wounded spot; the inference he drew, that Boiteler had fired the pistol which killed her with his left hand, and had then instantly risen behind the coachman, and shot *him*, holding the pistol, as he imagined, perpendicularly, but in reality with the muzzle slightly inclined, as to give the ball a direction towards the front of the body, a direction which it was proved the ball had taken by the doctor's evidence.

Our examination of the servants elicited nothing of any importance. They agreed in saying that their master and mistress lived on very good terms, and that anything like a dispute among them was very rare.

The day of the trial every place in court had been secured by private arrangement beforehand, the audience consisting chiefly of ladies. The prisoner entered the court with a polite and comprehensive bow. Without bravado, and without any manifestation of anxiety as to the result, he took his place in the dock; his bearing, in fact, was remarkably good and prepossessing, and seemed to impress the jury in his favour. There was a general shudder when one of the officials of the court proceeded to spread out the different articles of dress which had been stripped from the bodies of the dead: and I noticed that the prisoner turned ghastly pale when his wife's dress was laid out, with the blood-stain ostentatiously displayed. The case for the prosecution and the defence was, down to a certain point, substantially what I have already stated; the position of the wound in madame's body being explained by the prisoner saying, that the instant he saw the pistol pointed towards his body he instinctively threw himself back in the carriage, and that his wife must at the same moment have thrown herself forward, because, after he had disabled her murderer, he found her lying with her head against the forepart of the carriage; whereas, had she been sitting upright, she must have fallen backward.

The excitement of the audience had been raised to the highest point when the jury retired to consider their verdict. Instead of the low hum of conversation ensuing, which I have so often heard since in French courts on similar occasions, the most profound silence was kept. Indeed, nearly everybody must have been exhausted by the emotions produced in the course of the trial. The murdered lady had been personally known to all present; so that when one of the maid-servants related some touching little circumstances, showing the sweetness and amiability of her character, the proceedings of the court were for some minutes brought to a stop in consequence of the violent sobbing of the women.

While the jury were absent from court, the prisoner's advocate turned to my uncle, and whispered: 'My man will be acquitted;' and the latter nodded in apparent acquiescence. With the restlessness natural to my age, I could not long remain still under circumstances of such excitement; and to occupy myself, I began to examine the various articles produced by the prosecution in the course of the trial, and among them the bullets which had been extracted from the bodies of the deceased. While rolling them over in the palm of my hand, I observed that each had an initial scratched on it, and that these initials were those of the medical witnesses. They were of different sizes, and I really cannot account for the sudden inspiration which induced me to walk over to the doctors, who were waiting in court to hear the verdict, and ask them from which body each had extracted the ball which bore his initial. I then returned to the table, and took up the smaller pistol, and found that the largest ball would not enter it. I spoke to my uncle, who stepped hastily to the table, and satisfied himself that what I told him was true. The public prosecutor had left the court, but my uncle sent one of the ushers to him with a slip of paper, on which he had written a few words. He came in immediately; and after exchanging a few words, he again left the court, and my uncle returned to his seat. The agitation exhibited by the latter, and the excitement of the former as he left the court, could not fail to be observed by the audience, who evidently perceived that something fresh had been discovered. The judge resumed his seat on the bench, and the jury were recalled to their box, when the following scene took place.

Judge. 'Gentlemen of the jury, you have been recalled to hear some additional evidence against the prisoner.' Then looking towards the prisoner, he continued: 'Prisoner, you say your servant came to the side of the carriage and fired at you with this pistol?

Prisoner. Yes, sir.

J. That he then tried to strike you with the butt-end?

P. Yes, sir.

J. That you caught him by the wrist, and held him in that position while you drew this smaller one with which you shot him?

P. Yes, sir.

J. Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard what the prisoner says. If his statement were true, you will perceive the larger bullet should have been found in the body of his wife, and the lesser in the body of his servant. The public prosecutor will place the weapons and bullets in your hands, and you will be able to see for yourselves that the bullet extracted from the body of the male deceased will not enter the smaller pistol; consequently, the prisoner has stated that which cannot by any possibility be true.

The confidence of the prisoner on hearing this entirely deserted him, and he sank down on the floor as though he were merely a heap of clothes. A chair was brought, into which he was lifted; and as soon as he had recovered his senses a little, the medical men were recalled and sworn anew, and gave evidence in confirmation of what had been stated by the judge. The jury again retired but the impression seemed general that they must find the prisoner guilty. Their deliberation was very short, and merely turned on the question whether they should admit extenuating circumstances, which, after a few minutes consultation, they decided in the negative. They then returned to the box, and delivered their verdict of Guilty, and the judge passed sentence accordingly. At this very instant, I can imagine I see the convict's face on the paper on which I am writing as he looked round the court at the audience. Nothing but unpitying looks met him in whatever direction he turned his head. Ladies who must have often listened to his flatteries with pleasure, for he had a reputation for gallantry, now regarded him scornfully. Had he killed his wife from jealousy they would have had a certain sympathy and admiration for him; but now that they saw in him only the murderer who had destroyed his wife for so vulgar a motive as money, they despised him, and showed it. Suddenly the prisoner sprang upon the ledge placed there for the convenience of prisoners who had papers to consult, or who wished to take notes, which ran along the front of the dock in which he was standing, and with a shrill cry, plunged head downwards on the stone floor. The crash was sickening, and the screams of the women heightened the painfulness of the scene. The convict was senseless when picked up, and remained so for many hours, but he had only inflicted torture on himself unnecessarily, for he recovered, and underwent his sentence in the manner prescribed by the judge.

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

In 1793, M. de Talleyrand was in Boston. One day, whilst crossing the market-place, he was compelled to stop by a long row of wagons, all loaded with vegetables. The wily courtier, generally so dead to emotion, could not but look with a kind of pleasure at these wagons, and the little wagoners, who, by-the-by, were young and pretty country-women. Suddenly the vehicles came to a stand, and the eyes of M. de Talleyrand chanced to rest upon one of the young women who appeared more lovely and graceful than the others. An exclamation escaped from his lips. It attracted the attention of the fair one, whose country dress and large hat bespoke daily visits to the market: as she recognized him immediately, she burst out laughing.

'What! is it you?' exclaimed she.

'Yes, indeed, it is I. But you, what are you doing here?'

'I,' said the young woman; 'I am waiting for my turn to pass on. I am going to sell my greens and vegetables at the market.'

At that moment the wagons began to move along, she of the straw hat applied the whip to her horse, told M. de Talleyrand the name of the village where she was living, requesting him earnestly to come and see her, disappeared, and left him as if riveted on the spot by this strange apparition.

Who was this young market-woman? Madame la Comtesse de la Tour-du-Pin, (Mademoiselle de Dillon,) the most elegant among the ladies of the court of Louis the Sixteenth, King of France, and whose moral and intellectual worth had shone with so dazzling a lustre in the society of her numerous friends and admirers. At the time when the French nobility emigrated, she was young, lively, endowed with the most remarkable talents, and, like all the ladies who held a rank at the court, had only had time to attend to such duties as belonged to her highly fashionable and courtly life.

Let any one fancy the sufferings and agony of that woman, born in the lap of wealth, and who had breathed nothing but perfumes under the gilded ceilings of the royal palace of Versailles, when all at once she found herself surrounded with blood and massacres, and saw every kind of danger besetting her young and beloved husband and her infant child.

They succeeded in flying from France. It was their good fortune to escape from the bloody land where Robespierre and his associates were busy at the work of death. Alas! in those times of terror the poor children themselves abondoned with joy the parental roof, for no hiding-place was secure against the vigilant eye of those monsters who thirsted for innocent blood.

The fugitives landed in America, and first went to Boston, where they found a retreat. But what a change for the young, pretty, and fashionable lady, spoiled from infancy by loud and continual praises of her beauty and talents!

Mons. de la Tour-du-Pin was extravagantly fond of his wife. At the court of France he had seen her, with the proud eye of a husband, the object of general admiration. Indeed, her conduct had always been virtuous and exemplary; but now, in a foreign land, and among unsophisticated republicans, (1793) what was the use of courtly refinements?

Happy as he was in seeing her escape from all the perils he had dreaded on her own account, still he could not but deplore the future lot of the wife of his bosom. However, with the prudent foresight of a good father and a kind husband, he nerved himself against despair, and exerted himself to render their condition less miserable than that of many emigrants who were starving when the little money they had brought over with them had been exhausted. Not a word of English did he know; but his wife spoke it fluently, and admirably well.

They boarded at Mrs. Muller's, a good-natured, notable woman, who on every occasion evinced the greatest respect and admiration for her fair boarder; yet M. de la Tour-du-Pin was in constant dread lest the conversation of that good, plain and well-meaning woman might be the cause of great *ennui* to his lady. What a contrast with the society of such gentlemen as M. de Norbonne, M. de Talleyrand, and the high-minded and polished nobility of France! Whenever he was thinking of this transition, (particularly when absent from his wife, and tilling the garden of the cottage which they were going to inhabit,) he felt such pangs and heart-throbbings as to make him apprehensive on his return to Mrs. Muller to meet the looks of his beloved wife, whom he expected to see bathed in tears. Meanwhile the good hostess would give him a hearty shake of the hand, and repeat to him, "Happy husband! Happy husband!"

At last came the day when the fugitive family left the boarding house of Mrs. Muller to go and inhabit their little cottage, when they were to be at last exempt from want, with an only servant, a negro, a kind of Jack-o'-all-trades, viz: gardener, footman and cook. The last function M. de la Tour de-Pin dreaded most of all to see him undertake.

It was almost dinner-time. The poor emigrant went into his little garden to gather some fruit, and tarried as long as possible. On his return home his wife was absent; looking for her he entered the kitchen, and saw a young countrywoman, who, with her back to the door, was kneading dough; her arms of snowy whiteness, were bare to the elbows. M. de la Tour-du-Pin started, the young woman turned round. It was his beloved wife, who had exchanged her muslins and silk for a country dress, not as for a fancy ball, run to play the part of a real farmer's wife. At the sight of her husband her cheeks crimsoned, and she joined her hands in a supplicating manner. 'Oh! my love,' said she, 'do not laugh at me. I am as expert as Mrs. Muller.'

Too full of emotion to speak, he clasps her to his bosom, and kisses her fervently. From his inquiries, he learns that when he thought her given up to despair, she had employed her time more usefully for their future happiness. She had taken lessons from Mrs. Muller and her servants—and after six months, had become skilful in the culinary art, a thorough housekeeper, discovering her angelic nature and admirable fortitude.

'Dearest,' continued she, 'if you knew how easy it is. We in a moment understand what would cost a countrywoman sometimes one or two years. Now we shall be happy—you will no longer be afraid of *ennui* for me, nor I of doubts about my abilities, of which I will give you many proofs,' said she looking with a bewitching smile at him. 'Come, come, you promised us a salad, and I am going to bake for to-morrow; the oven is hot. To-day the bread of the town will do—but oh!—henceforward leave it to me.'

From that moment, Madame de la Tour-du Pin kept her word; she insisted on going herself to Boston to sell her vegetables and cream-cheeses. It was on such an errand to town that M. de Talleyrand met her. The day after he went to pay her a visit, and found her in the poultry-yard, surrounded by a host of fowls, hungry chicks and pigeons.

She was all that she had promised to be. Besides, her health had been so much benefitted that she seemed less fatigued by the housework than if she attended the balls of the winter. Her beauty which had been remarkable in the gorgeous palace of Versailles, was dazzling in her cottage in the New World. M. de Talleyrand said so to her.

'Indeed!' replied she with *naivete*, 'indeed do you think so? I am delighted to hear it. A woman is always and everywhere proud of her present attractions.'

At that moment the black servant bolted into the drawing-room, holding in his hand his jacket with a long rent in the back. 'Misses, him jacket torn; please mend him.' She immediately took a needle, repaired Gullah's jacket, and continued the conversation with a charming simplicity.

This little adventure left a deep impression on the mind of M. de Talleyrand, who used to relate it with the tone of voice peculiar to his narrations.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Richard Martin of Galway.—In one of his speeches in the House of Commons upon the subject of cruelty to animals, he was interrupted by ironical cheers, but he went on to the end without stop or notice, and when he had finished, stepped quietly across the floor towards the quarter whence the noise had proceeded, and with the utmost mildness of manner presumed to ask who it was that cried "Hare, hare!" To an Irish gentleman, and one famous, too, for his skill in the duello, it was no trifle to volunteer a reply to such a question, and the derisive "hear, hear!" was unacknowledged—only a member on a back seat pointed slyly down to a city representative sitting on the bench below him, and Martin's wrath was instantly appeased. "Oh," he exclaimed, "was it only an alderman?" and turning on his heel, walked back to his place. Another of his Parliamentary escapades was yet more laughable. A leading morning journal incurred his ire by a report of his speech, and he waited upon the editor for an explanation. The editor stated that it was written by one of the most intelligent and accurate reporters upon his staff, and he could hardly imagine any, far less any deliberate intention to misrepresent the honourable gentleman. To this excuse the complainant only replied by pulling a copy of the paper out of his pocket, and indignantly pointing to the obnoxious passage, exclaiming, "Sir, did I ever spake in italics?' The effect was so ludicrous, that both parties burst into a fit of laughter, and the affair was compromised without rancour or bloodshed.—"*Men I have known*," *in Leisure Hours.*

A Poet's Inspirations.—"We recognize the beauty which nourishes the soul in the bright orbs that shine in heaven—in the volutes of the flower—in the waving of grain fields—in the slanting of tall, eastern trees—in the blue distance of mountains—in the grouping of clouds, and in the gleaming of silver rivers. We perceive it in the song of birds, in the harp of Æolus—in the sighing of the night-wind—in the repining voice of the forest—in the surf that complains to the shore—in the perfume of the violet—and in the suggestive odour that comes at eventide from far-distant, undiscovered islands—over dim oceans illimitable and unexplored!" And, further, "we own it in all noble thoughts—in all unworldly motives—in all chivalrous, generous and self-sacrificing deeds. We find an interpretation of divinity in the beauty of woman—in the grace of her step—in the lustre of her eye—in the melody of her voice—in her soft laughter—in her sigh—in the harmonious rustling of her robe. Deeply we feel it in her winning endearments—in her burning enthusiasms—in her gentle charities—in her meek and devotional endurance; but above all! above all—we kneel to it, we worship it, in the faith—in the purity—in the strength—in the altogether divine majesty of her love."—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

Loss of a Yacht in Lough Derg.—Major Bruce, of Parsonstown, is the owner of a pleasure yacht named the *Lurline*, which was built on the Mersey. He and his friend Mr. Hutton, 23rd Fusiliers, were taking a cruise in Lough Derg, when they were overtaken by the severe storm of Thursday week, and not being able to make their way back to Banagar, they were endevouring to get into a safe anchorage for the night under the island of Inishallen, when, from some misconception of distance, and during the darkness, the yacht pitched, struck upon a projecting reef, where she was soon stove in and sunk. Major Bruce and his companion and the crew succeeded in effecting a landing on the island in the mast of the yacht, where they were obliged to remain during the night, exposed to the clemency of the weather. The yacht, which was well equipped and found, has been totally lost, with some valuable fowling-pieces and other property.—*Saunders's News-Letter.*

A Curious Marriage Point.—A curious point of law was raised at the Westminister Police Court on Wednesday. A man was charged with bigamy, and a second marriage was not disputed. But, as the prisoner's second "wife" was his own niece—a girl of seventeen—and as a niece is within the prohibited degrees, the question was raised whether a second marriage contracted under such circumstances could be held to constitute the offence of bigamy. The Magistrate at first seemed disposed to hold that it could not, but on being referred to a case reported in "Archbold," he found that "it was of no importance whether the second marriage was void or not for the purpose of prosecution for bigamy." The prisoner was therefore committed for trial.—*London paper.*

ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY.

An account of some explorations made in England a few weeks since, says:

A few weeks ago, in clearing out the ruins of an old chapel at Nuneham Regis, in Warwickshire, the laborers came on a great many bones and skeletons, from which the coffins had crumbled away, till finding the earth had been removed, we went deeper, and discovered a leaden coffin quite perfect, but without date or inscription of any kind; there had been an outer wooden coffin which was decayed, but quantities of the black rotted wood were all round it. We cut the lead and folded the top so as not to destroy it; beneath was a wooden coffin in good preservation, and also without an inscription. As soon as the leaden top was rolled back, a most overpowering aromatic smell diffused itself all over the place; we then unfastened the inner coffin, and found the body of a man embalmed with great care, and heaps of rosemary and aromatic leaves piled over. On examining the body more closely we found it had been beheaded, the head separately wrapped up in linen, and the shirt that covered the body was drawn over the neck where the head had been cut off; the head was laid straight with the body; and where the joining of the neck and head should have been, it was tied with a broad black ribbon. His hands were crossed on his breast, the wrists were tied together with black ribbon, as were also the thumbs. He had a peaked beard, and a quantity of long brown hair curled and clotted with blood round his neck; the only mark of anything about him was the linen on the chest, just above where his hands were crossed: on it were the letters T. B. worked in black silk.

On trenching towards the chancel we found on four leaden coffins laid side by side, with inscriptions on each: one contained the body of Francis, Earl of Chichester and Lord Dunmore, 1653; the next the body of Anne, Countess of Chichester, 1652; another the body of Lady Audrey Leigh, their daughter, 1640; and the fourth the body of Sir John Anderson, son of Lady Chichester, by her first husband. We opened the coffin of Lady Audrey Leigh, and found her perfectly embalmed and in entire preservation, her flesh quite plump, as if she were alive, her face very beautiful, her hands exceedingly small and not wasted; she was dressed in fine linen, trimmed all over with old point lace, and two rows of lace were laid flat across her forehead. She looked exactly as if she were lying asleep, and seemed not more than sixteen or seventeen years old; her beauty was very great; even her eyelashes and eyebrows were quite perfect, and her eyes were closed; no part of her face or figure were at all fallen in. We also opened Lady Chichester's coffin; but with her the embalming had failed; she was a skeleton, though the coffin was half full of aromatic leaves; her hair, however, was as fresh as if she lived; it was long, thick, and as soft and glossy as that of a child, and of a perfect auburn color. In entrenching on one side of where the altar had been, we found another leaden coffin with an inscription. It contained the body of a Dame Marie Browne, daughter of one of the Leighs, and of Lady Marie, daughter to Lord Chancellor Brackley. This body was also quite perfect, and embalmed principally with a very small coffee-coloured seed, with which the coffin was nearly filled, and it had also so powerful a perfume that it filled the whole place. The linen, ribbon, &c., were quite strong and good in all these instances, and remained so after exposure to the air; we kept a piece out of each coffin, and had it washed without its being at all destroyed. Young Lady Audrey had earrings in her ear, black enameled serpents. The perfume of the herbs and gums used in embalming them was so sickening that we were all ill after inhaling it, and most of the men employed in digging up the coffins were ill also. The chapel is on the estate of Lord John Scott, who inherited it from his paternal grandmother the Duchess of Buccleuch, daughter of the Duke of Montagu, into whose family Nuneham Regis and other possessions in Warwickshire came by the marriage of his grandfather with the daughter of Lord Dunmore, Earl of Chichester.