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. XII. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, December 15, 1862. New Series.---No. 49.

NEW GOODS!
FOR PRESENT and ENSUING SEASON.

THE subscribor has received Ex. "Prioress," "Uranus," and "Theresa," from London and Liverpool, a well assorted STOCK of

British and Foreign Goods,

embracing every thing in his line.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

In British and Foreign Reps, Plain and Checked Winceys, Checked Mohairs, Plaid and Printed Alpacas, Cashmeres, Coburgs and Orleans, Black Glacie and Colored Silks, Persians; Shawls and Mantles in the newest styles, Mantle Cloths, Ladies' and Misses' Prize Exhibition Hats, Plumes and Feathers to match; a large assortment in Gloves, Gauntlets, Armlets, Hair Nets, &c. &c.; Black and Colored Silk, Patent Faced and Genoa Velvets; Eaglston's, Bradley's and Balmoral steel Skirts.

Gents' Coatings and Trowserings.

In superfine Black Cloth, Black and Fancy Doeskins, Brown Melton, Black Beaver, Pilot and Seal Cloths, Ready-made Over and Business Coats, Vests and Pants, Neck Ties, Scarfs, Cravats, Mufflers, Rubber and Web Braces, Fancy and White Dress Shirts, Shirt Collars, &c.; Gents' Paris and Exhibition Hats and Caps, latest style, Felt Hats, South Sea, Astracan, Neutria, Sable and Common Seal Caps.

FLANNELS, BLANKETS, SERGES, Grey, White and Printed Cottons, striped ditto, Osnaburgs, Brackabacks and Diaper Towellings, Printed Oil Cloths, &c. &c.

LADIES' & GENTS' BOOTS & SHOES, Rubber ditto, Felt and Kid Slippers.

Hardware, Oil, Paint,

Plough Mounting, Cart Boxes and Pipes; a large assortment of Shear Plates, Blister Steel, 6¼ and 9 feet chain Traces, cut and wrought Nails, from ¾ to 2 inches, English cut, American pattern Horseshoe Nails, &c. &c.; Cutlery, Window Glass, Powder, Shot, Gun Caps, Coffin Mountings, Black Lead, Blacking in tins and packages, Brushes of all kinds, Hoes, Shovels, Manure Forks, Spades, Hames.

A great variety of SMALL WARES and DYE STUFFS.

GROCERIES.

English TEA, of the best quality; bright Porto Rico SUGAR, Crushed, do., Molasses, Soap, Candles, Bloom Raisins, Spices, &c., &c.

The remainder of his Stock daily expected by the "Lady Milne," to Halifax, and Brig "Maria White," from Boston.

PATRICK WALKER.
Walker's Corner, Nov. 17, 1862. 2m

FANCY GOODS!
By Uranus, from London!

RECEIVED, by the above vessel, 15 CASES FANCY GOODS,

In great variety, among which are a quantity of Rich China and Parisian VASES, Toilet GLASSES, Ladies' WORK BOXES, WRITING DESKS, Crotchet Boxes, Dressing Cases, in Paper Machie and Mahogany.

A large assortment of handsome Reticules, Shades of Wax Flowers, two Musical Boxes, splendid Flutinas and Accordions, Stereoscopic Glasses, a lot of JEWELLERY; a large assortment of Toys of all descriptions, Fancy Pipes, a few splendid ENGRAVINGS, I very superior CAMERA, newest style; 1 large BAGATELLE BOARD.

The above are now ready for inspection, and will be sold low for cash, for a few weeks, at the subscriber's Sale Room, Queen-street.

WILLIAM DODD.
Charlottetown, Dec. 1, 1862.

Stoves! Stoves!!
STOVES!!!
New and Improved Style for Economy, Comfort, and Cheapness.

JUST received at ORWELL CHEAP STORE, a new stock of the almost everlasting Yarmouth, N. S. Stoves—NOT YANKEE MANUFACTURE. They are numbered 1, 2, and 3, with single and double ovens for Cooking.

—also—

Large and Small Franklin & Box Stoves,

for Schoolhouses, Churches, &c., &c. They will be sold on favourable terms, if taken during this month, so as to make room for other fall Supplies. In use they will save over other Stoves one half in fire wood, besides much valuable time, which is equal to money. They have given general satisfaction to all parties who have used them for the last five years, and who are ready to testify to their usefulness. The readiness with which they impart great heat, has been remarked by all who use them, and in old dwellings as well as new, have been productive of great comfort, while they do not cost more than the old brick or stone chimneys, which take up so much room, and are now being generally thrown down. They are supplied with large metal Boilers, very useful for dyeing purposes, for making soap, or preparing food for Cattle, and can be kept constantly in use, at a very small cost for fuel, and without the least risk from fire. In short, the great advantages to be derived from these wonderful, celebrated, and unsurpassed Stoves can only be known from a trial of them; and farmers and others are now invited to come and select for themselves, before the cold winter sets in upon them, at the ORWELL CHEAP STORE, cheaper than the cheapest Country Store on the Island, where the greatest variety of GOODS may be found, from a NEEDLE to an ANCHOR, both included.

P. STEPHENS.
Orwell, November 10, 1862. 1sl vin

WANTED, at the above Store, 500 COW and OX HIDES, and 500 SHEEP SKINS, for which the highest price will be paid in CASH or trade.

FALL CONSIGNMENT.
Ex "GAZELLE."

THE Subscriber respectfully intimates to Wholesale Purchasers that he has received per above Ship, a Consignment of the under-mentioned GROCERIES, all which were purchased for Cash, he is therefore confident no one in the City can give better value:

8 Casks small still Whiskey, Glenlivet,
6 Hhds. DeKuyper Geneva,
100 Cases do do
4 Quarter casks old Port Wine,
50 Chests Congo TEA, (warranted),
30 Boxes 3 Crown Soap.

N. RANKIN, Queen Street.
November 17, 1862.

AMERICAN GOODS!
Just received from Albany, New York and Boston.

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE JUST received their Fall supply of AMERICAN GOODS, suitable for the season, which they will sell at the lowest possible prices.

DODD & ROGERS,
Dodd's Brick Store, Pownal Street.
Nov. 3, 1862.

Farmers take Notice.

FARMERS' BOILERS AND CAULDRONS, holding from 30 to 75 gallons.

Kerosene Oil and Lamps.

Also extra Lamp CHIMNEYS, for sale by
DODD & ROGERS,
Dodd's Brick Store, Pownal Street.
Nov. 3, 1862.

CONFECTIONARY!
Lower than ever.

BOXES CONFECTIONARY,
BOXES LOZENGES,
Barrels PEPPERMINT LOZENGES,
Boxes CONVERSATION LOZENGES,
For sale by
DODD & ROGERS,
Dodd's Brick Store, Pownal Street.
Nov. 3, 1862.

BUFFALO ROBES,
HATS & CAPS, in variety,
BOOTS & SHOES,
American Rubber shoes,
Do. Clocks, warranted.
Coach Furniture,
Harness Varnish,
For sale by DODD & ROGERS.
Dodd's Brick Store, Pownal Street.
November 3, 1862.

WINTER GOODS!
NEW & CHEAP!
JUST RECEIVED.

☞ *At Cheapside Store, Queen Square, next door to Messrs. W. & A. Brown, opposite the Market House.*

THE SUBSCRIBER has completed by recent arrivals from LIVERPOOL, LONDON, and the UNITED STATES, a general assortment of

MERCHANDIZE,

comprising almost every description of GOODS required for the *SEASON*, of the best quality, which he warrants to sell at the lowest price that Goods of the same kind can be bought for at any of the Mercantile Retail Establishments in the Provincial Towns throughout *British America*.

He takes this opportunity to inform the PUBLIC that he continues to sell for *CASH* only, and that any Goods bought must be paid for before delivery.

By adhering to these *TERMS*, he is enabled to furnish SUPPLIES at a small advance over cost and charges, and at the lowest rate to be had for in *CHARLOTTETOWN*.

He thanks his old customers for the liberal support he has received since re-opening in his present TRADE, and they may rest assured every attention will be offered to those who may favor him with their custom.

☞ Orders from the country promptly attended to when accompanied with the needful.

The Stock in **COTTON GOODS** embraces every variety in that line.

He has *Ladies'* and *Gentlemen's CLOTHS* in variety, Blankets, Carpetting in Wool, Hemp and Coiar, the latter for *Churches* and *Courts*, &c., with OIL and FLOOR CLOTHS, *Ironmongery, Groceries, Sole Leather.*

A good stock of Ladies', Gentlemen's, Misses' and Children's

BOOTS and SHOES,

in Leather, Prunella, and INDIA RUBBER, well worth attention. NAPOLEON BOOTS.

Ladies' Mantles and Sacques,

in the latest London Fashion.

A LARGE STOCK of MENS' CLOTHING

Seal Fur Coats, India Rubber ditto.

A splendid assortment of fine Goods in Ladies' stuff material, Winceys (printed and plain), Coburgs, Delaines, Alapacas, &c. &c. &c., Silk Dresses, Shawls, Ribbons and all kinds of *Haberdashery*, an assortment of *HOSIERY*.

In FUR, he furnishes Ladies' Muffs, Cuffs, Boas and trimming in the *English* and *Canadian* style of fashion, with men's FUR and CLOTH CAPS in various shapes.

TOWEND'S LONDON HATS from 9s. to 35s. together with a consignment of *ROOM PAPER*, the latter he offers at a Discount of 25 per cent. off former prices.

A few Bars of Sanders & Sons' best AXE-STEEL, *a Bargain.*

BENJAMIN DAVIES.
Ch. Town, Nov. 10, 1862. wkly 6i

Furniture Warehouse.
GEO. DOUGLAS

MOST respectfully returns thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal support awarded to him for the past seven years, and begs to assure them that in the future no effort will be spared on his part to merit a continuance of their favors. He also invites the people generally to examine his STOCK, confident that those wanting goods in his line will find it for their interest to examine the same before purchasing elsewhere, his being the largest and best Stock in the city to select from. All of his work is got up in the best and most substantial manner and in the latest styles.

In this assortment can be found DRAWING ROOM SETS, in green plush, reps, shalley, and hair cloth; fine assortment of parlor sofas and chairs, lounges, easy chairs, and smoking chairs; handsome chamber furniture in sets; mattrasses in hair, husk, excelsior, and straw; spring beds, bedsteads, cribs, and cradles; drawing room tables with wood and marble tops; extension, card, side leaf, and kitchen do. SIDE BOARDS and bureaus wood and marble tops; book cases, whatnots, writing desks, and tables; window cornices, bands and tassels: Patent window rollers and curtain fixtures; fringes: curtain laces and upholstering goods. MANTLE GLASSES, dressing glasses, with English and German plate; pictures and frames, oval and square; large lot of cane and wood seat chairs; arm, rocking, and nurse do.; office chairs and stools, cane and wood; children's chairs in variety. Other articles too numerous to enumerate.

The goods are all offered cheaper for CASH than similar articles can be bought for anywhere in the Island. Please call and judge for yourselves.

GEO. DOUGLAS,
Kent Street, next door to the Hon. Geo. Coles.
Nov. 17, 1862. 4in

NOW LANDING,

PER Schr. Thomas Clift, from NEW YORK—
155 Bbls. Extra and superior FLOUR,
Which will be sold low for Cash.

M. LOWDEN, Peake's Buildings.
Nov. 3, 1862.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

THE Steamer *NEW BRUNSWICK* will make her last trip for the season, leaving ST. JOHN on THURSDAY, 13th instant. The 'NEW ENGLAND' will continue as heretofore, leaving ST. JOHN for BOSTON on MONDAY in each week, until further notice.

J. S. CARVELL, Agent.
Charlottetown, Nov. 17, 1862. 4w

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as

IMPORTERS & DEALERS

IN

British, French & other Foreign DRY GOODS,

Under the Style and Firm of

VAUX BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL.
C. C. VAUX.
H. B. VAUX.

Tropolit's Buildings, 152 Granville-street,
Halifax, Nova Scotia, Sept. 9, 1862.

Hardware.

THE Undersigned is landing, per EDA MARIA, from Boston and from England,—
EAGLE PLOUGHS,
EAGLE O. PLOUGH MOUNTINGS,
HORSE NAILS,
POWDER AND SHOT.

ALFRED PHILLIPS.
Charlottetown, Oct. 13, 1862.

LUMBER.

SPRUCE DEALS and DEAL ENDS,
PINE BOARDS,
Pine Palings
Cedar Shingles,
Sawn do.
Laths and Deal Edging for Sale.

JAMES PURDIE.
Charlottetown, Aug. 12, 1862.

No More Choking!

THE Hairs of Hopkin's Adamantine Cemented Tooth Brushes will not come out by main force. For sale at the City Drug Store.

W. R. WATSON.
Ch. Town, Nov. 10, 1862.

A Beautiful Set of Teeth.

PERFECT freedom from premature decay, and Teeth of a pearl-like whitness, by the use of John Gosnell & Co's CHERRY TOOTH PASTE. For sale at the City Drug store of W. R. WATSON.
Ch. Town, Nov. 10, 1862.

LITERATURE.

GATHERING STRAWBERRIES.

The long June day had throbbed away its hours of light and sunshine—the tangled thickets of wild roses that leaned over the forest rivulet, and scattered pink petals like showers of rosy snow upon the crystal surface, at every murmur of the wind, were faint with sunset fragrance, and the velvet streaks of moss that clung to the gigantic roots of the old eak-tree were barred with gold, more beautiful, by far, than the amber shadows that grow through the tinted oriels of grand old cathedrals. Just on the edge of the rustling woods, clusters of pink azaleas flushed back the level splendor, and the burnished buttercups in the smooth meadow that sloped away from the road nodded softly, in the evening breeze, as if exchanging arch salutations with the wealth of crimson strawberries that sprinkled the short grass wherever a sheltered, hollow, or gentle ridge wooed the ripening sunshine down around their slender stalks.

Walter Bernall, reclining in an unconsciously picturesque position, by the roadside, with his little basket partially filled with the blood-red berries, paused ever and anon from his task of gathering, to watch the purple and orange glory of the bending west, and to wonder, vaguely, why it made his heart leap up, and ache, with a sort of tender, wistful yearning!

Ah, Walter, you are an artist, if you did but know it. The angel of revelation has never yet rolled the stone away from your inner life, but the soul of genius is strong in your boy-nature!

Only fourteen, with olive skin, and hair of midnight swarthiness, there was nothing attractive about the boy. He was rude, uncultured and very poor, and yet—who can account for the freaks of Nature when she hides her diamonds in the sunless depths of desolate mines? And life is a riddle also.

As he turned slowly from the splendor of the burning Occident, a carriage paused, just where a knot of willows drooped over the bend of the road, and a fair, jewelled hand beckoned to him from the window. He rose, with shy, downcast eyes and obeyed the summons — the insignia of wealth was new and wonderful to him. Through his eyelashes he observed a delicate, high-bred lady whose light lace mantle lay, like a cloud, over the carriage cushions.

'My boy,' she said, in a soft and winning voice, 'will you sell us some of your strawberries? my little daughter is very thirsty, and fancies they will refresh her.'

Walter's cheeks flushed proudly as he leaned against the carriage door. He had been gathering them with the intention of sending them to the next market town, yet—so full of contradictions is human nature—at the first mention of bargain and sale, his haughty spirit rebelled.

'I will not *sell* them, madam,' said he, 'but the young lady is welcome to as many as she will accept!'

A pretty head leaned forward, with a profusion of short brown ringlets only half-confined by a straw gipsy hat, whose blue ribbons were exactly the shade of her large, liquid eyes—a web-like embroidered handkerchief was extended to receive the fruit. Walter looked earnestly at the face—somehow it made him think of the slender-stemmed anemones that grew by the brook, and filled his mind with strange, sweet thoughts about the angels!

'You are a singular boy,' said the lady, smiling. 'Annie, cannot you thank him for his kindness?'

Annie lifted her sapphire eyes to the large jet-black orbs, partly overshadowed by the broad rim of a coarse country hat, that were fixed so earnestly upon her.

'I wish I could give him something that *he* would like,' she said, softly, 'but I have only these flowers. Will you take them, strawberry-boy?'

She held out a bunch of withering wild-flowers, crimson clover-heads, and gleaming butter-cups, wreathed about with the graceful draperies of the purple wild-vetch. Walter took them, with a shy blush glowing through the olive shadows of his complexion.

'Shall I give you a kiss too?' she asked, artlessly. 'I always pay mamma with a kiss when she is kind to me!'

The touch of her soft lip to his sunburnt cheek sent an electric thrill through every fibre of his frame. He scarcely heard her innocent 'Good-bye,' nor the kind farewell of the gentle-eyed lady, her mother.

Long after the last cloud of dust had subsided in the road — long after the red fires of the West had faded into dim twilight, and the young moon hung, like a silver thread, over the purple hills—Walter Bernall stood gazing there. And then he went home, and tried to reproduce the fair head, with its haloes of golden hair, upon a scrap of paper, with a worn pencil stump. Like a sudden flash of light, his vocation had been revealed to him!

It was a cosy little studio, bright with radiant pictures, and pure with the pearliness of marble statuettes. The carpet was of emerald velvet, with wandering vines of golden moss, giving one pleasant ideas of a transplanted bit of the primeval woods. The table was strewn with costly books and rare engravings; cushioned chairs were drawn within the recess of the deep bay window, and the easel was established just where the moonlight streamed over its half-pictured canvas.

Walter Bernall, the occupant of this sunny nook, stood musingly before the painting, but half conscious of the desultory chit-chat of a young man who lounged on the velvet divan opposite. Twelve years had wrought but little change in his dark beauty—the brow was perhaps a little broader, and the eyes luminous with the sense of conquered destiny and a career of almost uninterrupted success; otherwise he was the same Walter Bernall who had gathered strawberries on the fragrant June slopes, and watched the sunset with an artist's longings.

'There's no denying the fact, Walter,' said the youth, who was idly turning over a portfolio of sketches, 'you're getting to be a famous artist. By the way, you can't form an idea of how much that Madonna head of yours is admired. Pray who may be the original of that heavenly face? Of course I know you never dreamed its outlines in the crucible of your own brain, and, besides, I can trace the same idea, vaguely delineated, in half a dozen of your sketches.'

Walter only smiled.

'I don't know, Fred,' said he, 'I wish I did.'

And his mind went back with a tender thrill to the evening glory over the green meadow, with the red, ripe strawberries shining through the grass, like drops of blood.

'You don't know? Walter Bernall, I shall begin to believe what Miss Vernon says about you!'

'And what may that be?'

'That you are an enigma. Upon my word, Walter, I believe the girl loves you—an heiress and a beauty! These women do worship so! Why wasn't I born with a genius for chopping at marble, or dabbling in oil!'

Walter laughed, as he went on mixing colors on his pallet; and Fred resumed:

'Of course you will marry her.'

'Of course I shall not!'

'Not marry Emily Vernon?' and the astounded Fred Hartely raised himself on his elbow with a jerk. 'My dear fellow, do you know what you are saying?'

'Perfectly well—why should I marry a lady whom I do not love?'

'Do you expect an angel to come floating down some day, with ready-made wings and a diamond crown, to become Mrs. Walter Bernall?'

'No, I haven't any such extravagant expectations.'

'Then what on earth are you waiting for?'

'That's a question easier asked than answered,' said Walter laughing. 'Perhaps I have an ideal of my own.'

'An ideal—an artist's ideal!' said Hartley, shrugging his shoulders with a look of despair. 'Walter, I give you up once for all!'

As he sank back on the divan in comic desperation, there was a light tap at the studio door; he leaned over and opened it.

A slender figure, clad in faded bombazine, stood there, deeply veiled, and apparently hesitating in painful embarrassment. It was not until Walter had courteously asked in what manner he could serve her, that she mustered up courage to throw aside her veil.

'I was told, sir,' said she, in a voice so low that it was scarcely audible, 'that you desired to obtain some antique vases for modelling. We have some, with which we would like to part, if——'

She paused, and looked wistfully at the young artist, as if anxious that he should comprehend the unspoken 'if,' without further explanation.

The instant the long deep veil was removed, Walter's heart had given a sudden throb. It was the fair Madonna face—the clustering rings of golden hair—the eyes of blue, ocean-light — the same tender brow that had bent over his own, from the stately equipage by the roadside. It gave him a nameless pang to see that she did not remember him. Yet how should she? had not the slender, swarthy boy grown to a tall and dignified man?

'Yes,' said he, gently. 'But — excuse the remark—these rare Pompeian vases are so seldom to be found. Surely you are not mistaken in imagining those in your possession to be the genuine antiques?'

'Oh, no, sir!' said she blushing. 'Our circumstances have not always borne their present aspect, and these vases were selected in Europe by my father, years ago.'

'Will you be kind enough to give me your address?' said Walter. 'I will send for them—no, I will call myself—this evening.'

She gave him a pencilled card, and withdrew with a slight inclination of her queenly head.

'Shades of Apollo!' exclaimed Hartley, when the door was closed, 'what a lovely face!'

Walter made no answer, but the moment his friend lounged out of the studio, he went to a satin-lined secret drawer in his richly carved *escritoire*, where lay a tiny bunch of faded flowers — dusky red clover, buttercups, and shrivelled wild-vetch, and gazed long and earnestly on their withered bloom!

'I have found her!' he murmured. 'I knew that it would be so—I knew that the threads of our destinies were intertwined! Thank Heaven that I have found her!

'I shall be very grateful, if you will condescend to give lessons to my daughter, sir,' said the wan, pale widow, who lay, wrapped in shawls, on the threadbare sofa. 'I think Annie has an artistic genius, and the time is coming when she will be utterly dependent on her own exertions for a livelihood. I cannot at present foresee how we are to pay you, perhaps when Annie's productions are sufficiently finished to command remuneration——'

'I beg you will not mention it, madam,' said Walter, with the old blush on his forehead. 'It will be a pleasure to me, I assure you.'

And Annie looked up into his face with a grateful smile that hovered around her lips like a glory, and made her beauty exquisite as that of an angel!

A year had elapsed—and in the widow's low-ceiled room Annie Dale was bending over her portfolio of water colour paintings, with her young teacher beside her.

'How much you have improved, Annie,' said he, admiringly scrutinizing the landscape she was just completing. 'This slender little hand has achieved a skill near akin to perfection—I can teach you no more now!'

'Then you pronounce me a graduate?' said she, playfully.

'I do!'

'But what shall I do with my newly-acquired powers? how am I to employ them?'

He knelt beside her chair, taking both her hands into his own:

'Dearest Annie, I am very unwilling to lose so skilful a disciple, and I don't know how I shall contrive to keep you unless you will consent to be my wife! Will you marry me, Annie? May I have her, Mrs. Dale?'

Apparently the answers were both satisfactory, for within half an hour Annie was sitting beside her mother's sofa, one hand in the languid clasp of the invalid, the other in Walter Bernall's fond keeping. Her damask cheek was yet crimson with the soft shadow of the lover's first kiss.

'You needn't blush so prettily, love!' said Walter, archly, as he drew her fair head towards him; 'you have kissed me before now!'

'I, Walter? Never!'

'You have, and you volunteered the caress yourself, little lady!'

'What do you mean?' she asked, gazing up in his face in innocent wonder.

He looked down upon her, with a sweet seriousness of deep emotion, playing with her bright curls as he spoke.

'Don't you remember a June sunset, thirteen years ago — a meadow sprinkled with red strawberries — a golden-haired lassie in a carriage, who purchased the fruit from a dark browed boy, and then paid him with a kiss and a bunch of red clover and buttercups?'

'Yes—perfectly well!' said Annie, with sparkling eyes. 'Dearest Walter, are *you* the strawberry boy?'

'I have the flower in my treasure casket yet,' he answered pressing his lips to her sunny forehead. 'I have loved you ever since, little fairy!'

'What a strange, strange riddle life is!' said Annie, musingly.

But Walter Bernall thought its solution very sweet. He had found his "ideal."

MATRIMONY MADE EASY.

It was a beautiful fancy of the poet that marriages are made in heaven. As a matter of fact, they are made in Manchester. There are published in that wonderful city two daily papers of large circulation, which have managed somehow to absorb the floating elements of matrimonial inclination that exist in the population of England. If any man or woman in any English county wants to be married in a general way, but has no special object of hope, the votary of a possible passion confides this innocent desire to the columns of the *Manchester Examiner* or the *Manchester Guardian*. There is a regular department in these journals allotted to matrimonial advertisements. In the most business-like way, Matrimony follows Education, and precedes Houses to Let in the list of advertisements. Marriage is one of the peculiar products of Manchester, as gloves are the peculiar products of Woodstock, and ribands that of Coventry. Both sexes resort freely to this convenient market and artlessly display the simple wares they have in stock. A. has got so much money, such coloured hair, such an amount of religious principle. B. is 18, gushing, architectual, without brothers, rosy, ebon haired. Why should not A. and B. come together? The theory of the thing is perfect. This is a marriage that might have been made in heaven. But practice is at fault. How is A. to know anything of B.? How is B. to let the dreamy idea of her float in the mind of A? Somehow heaven does not seem inclined to facilitate so rapidly as might be expected the union of an adorable bagman and an adorable milliner. But Manchester intervenes. The useful goddess of that dreary-looking place appears on a printing machine. A. and B. are brought together. A. looks down the long list of advertisements. His soul repels one fair applicant after another. C. is a widow, glossy, rich and fond of her local Ebenezer; she will not do. D. is too business like. She distinctly balances her £5,000 against a wooden leg. Neither will do. But B.—dear delightful B.—is all his bagman soul can long for; she is the antitype of the forms of his most soaring imaginaaton; she is the young woman that has been reserved to him from her cradle. He answers the advertisement, satifies her he is not hoaxing, receives her alluring reply, and all is in train.

A person who saw these Manchester advertisements for the first time would be inclined to think they were all nonsense. They would be considered an effervescence of the youthful folly of some waggish clerks. This is quite a mistake. Nothing can be more serious than these offers are, and nothing more business-like than the mode in which they are made. Nor do the advertisements come by chance, or at intervals. Marriages are a regular settled branch of Manchester manufacture. The shortest and simplest form they take is this: 'A gentleman, 23 years of age, wishes to correspond with a young lady, with a view to matrimony. Address, with real name and portrait, 153, at the printer's.' Sometimes a little economy is practised, and an advertisement appears destined to kill two birds with one stone:—'Two gentleman, aged 24 and 25, of prepossessing appearance, in business, and highly respectable, are desirous of meeting two suitable ladies, with a view to marriage.' We add one more of these simple announcements, merely on account of the gentleman's address. There is a roll about its sonorous syllables that would captivate any young woman addicted to the piano:—'A gentleman desires the acquaintance of a young lady of good family, education, appearance, and some means. Communications, with real name, strictly confidential. Address Publius Mensurius, Dromara, by Liburn.' But generally there are additions to this naked simplicity which throw light on the circumstances and demands of the advertiser. For example, we read:—'A young gentleman in good circumstances is anxious to correspond with a genteel lady, of middle stature, with a view to matrimony. One who has control over her own expectations, similar to the advertiser, preferred.' Another advertiser is still more explicit and exacting; but then his own contributions to love-making are sufficient to warrant a certain degree of confidence:—'A young gentleman who is highly respectable, good-looking (dark), and possessed of a good income, wishes to meet with a lady whom he could make his wife. The lady of his choice must be young, handsome, engaging, and accustomed to good society.' But although these young and handsome ladies are of course in the greatest request, others of a different order of merit may find their market in Manchester. 'Wanted,' we read, 'a middle-aged, sensible, polite, educated, domesticated, and economical lady for a wife — no objection to a widow — by a widower in considerable business, with a comfortable home. She must be of good character.' Nor is it only that ladies of different ages and accomplishments are applied for; there is even a special demand for brides with very special tastes. One adventurer declares that "A lady equal to the advertiser in pecuniary resources, and who has a taste for British and foreign fancy goods, may hear of something to her advantage by placing confidence in this genuine advertisement.' There is something quite touching in the thought of a lady growing up from infancy with an ardent taste for foreign fancy goods, finding, as life wore on, this taste blighted, and her soul languishing in a world from which foreign fancy goods seemed to be absent — and then her eye suddenly falling on this advertisement, and the bright rainbow of a new hope dawning on her, and the blissful dream swimming before her that she might, by merely sending her portrait and a little letter, secure the nice young man and the foreign fancy goods of her undeveloped affections.

When we get a little used to these advertisements, there are still two things that provoke our wonder. We can understand that young men should go to Manchester for wives, if they were of humble means; but we should never have expected that young ladies would have advertised in Manchester for husbands, or that men with a good income would have advertised at all. But we find a large proportion of the advertisers state themselves well off. The ladies go through the same gradations from pure dry business to confidental statements and requirements. There is Kate, who simply announces that 'A young lady of fortune wishes to correspond with a gentleman, with a view to matrimony.' 'M. O.' is a little more explicit. She describes herself as 'A young lady, the daughter of a deceased M. D., having lived in strict retirement, and possessing some means.' She goes on to say that correspondents will receive a portrait for six stamps, which seems to us a very moderate amount for the representation of such a tender lily of the valley. And in the way of wealth, Manchester really supplies matrimonial offers that astonish us. 'A gentleman aged 22,' we read, 'desires to correspond with a lady with a view to marriage. Income about 500*l.* yearly. It might be thought that he was merely a stray young fool, but he is kept in countenance by an advertiser of the sober age of 34, who states that he is 'respectably connected, with a certain annual income of 600*l.* or more.' Still more overwhelming is the offer of a certain 'X.,' who declares that he is of good appearance and habits, and has 5,000*l.* and an income of 700*l.* a year.

Nothing, perhaps, could better illustrate than these advertisements how very little any of us know of our country. We do not believe that one in a thousand of our readers ever heard of these Manchester advertisements, and yet we find that there is a constant succession of persons wanting to marry, able to afford it, or calculated to adorn the life of marriage, and yet able to hit on no better way of accomplishing their object than that of advertising in a Manchester paper. Who can these people be, with their comfortable incomes and their inabilities to get wives? It might be conjectured that they were really people in very low life, but with a little money. What, then, are we to think of a gentleman who takes the trouble to send an advertisement all the way from High Wycombe, and who is able to announce that he is of prepossessing appearance, and twenty-eight, a graduate of Oxford, and holding an easy Government appointment of £400 a year? How comes it that he cannot meet with a wife except by sending to Manchester?—*Sat. Review.*

Gleanings from late Papers.

THE PAPER MARKET.

The Boston *Courier* differs with its contemporaries concerning the causes which have led to the enhanced price of every description of paper. It says:—

"The exorbitant rise in the price of all kinds of paper must be owing principally to the efforts of speculators to enhance it. In this case, there must necessarily be a crash before long, and the loss will fall upon those who have thus endeavored to aggravate the public distress for their own advantage. Whatever reason there may have been for a moderate advance in the price, owing to a certain deficiency of the material, and, so far as it was imported, to the difference in the rate of exchange, we are satisfied there is only one cause for the extravagant rates demanded, which is the monoply of the article in the hands of speculators. The panic, for it can be called nothing less, is of very recent and sudden origin; though, as in all such cases, no doubt, preliminary pains were taken to bring it about. The public has a great interest in this matter; for a corresponding advance in the price of newspapers must necessarily take place, or other means be resorted to save the publishers from losses which no newspaper could endure for any great length of time.

"In the mean time, resort will be had to other materials than rags, as ordinarily used for the manufacture of paper, so as to meet the exigency. Rags have been used chiefly because they were plenty and cheap, although excellent paper may be made of a great variety of other materials. Among these, we observe, are the fibres of beech and bass wood, for the manufacture of paper out of which there are mills already several years in operation, and many are fitting for the purpose. A contemporary states that the New York *World* is printed upon this species of paper, which seems to us at least equal to any other for newspaper uses. It appears probable, therefore, that this and other materials, so cheap and easily procured, will, at no distant date, quite supplant the employment of rags for this manufacture, or at least bring that article down to its proper level. We have the best reasons for believing that the scarcity, though no doubt real to a considerable extent, is to a still larger extent fictitious, and owing to the reasons suggested by us. In fact, the breaking-up of the shoddy supplies for the army ought of itself to have a very serious effect in reducing the price of paper, to the making of which the same material goes. At present, the burden is exceedingly onerous; but we cannot help thinking that enterprise and energy will, before long, overcome it, in regard to an article of such absolutely essential importance as paper."

Alarming Accident on the Caledonian Railway.—A very alarming accident, though happily unattended with fatal consequences, occurred on Wednesday, the 4th ult., near the Garteosh station on the Calidonia Railway. The 10 a. m. train left Airdrie for Glasgow with a larger complement of passengers than usual, on their way to attend the weekly market. All went well with the train until it approached the Garteosh station, when, without the slightest previous warning, except an insignificant check to the speed, the passengers experienced a violent shock, and were hurled upon and over each other and against the carriage sides in much confusion. The train having come to a dead stand immediately after the shock, the alarm occasioned by the accident speedily subsided, and the injured persons were taken from the carriages and their wants attended to so far as the means at hand permitted. Information of the occurrence having been transmitted to the Coatbridge station, Mr. Dickson, the station-master there, procuring the services of Dr. Wilson, proceeded to the scene by a special engine, when Dr. Wilson rendered valuable assistance to the cut and bleeding passengers. Upwards of 20 were unable to proceed on their journey, and were sent back to Airdie by a special train procured from Coatbridge. Those who were either uninjured, or had so far recovered from the shock, were able to go on to Glasgow. Thomas Harper, the guard, got dreadfully bruised on the side, from being driven against the handle of the brake, and it is suspected that some of his ribs are broken. The engine driver and stoker escaped uninjured. The immediate cause of the accident was the breaking of the coupling between the first passenger carriage and the engine. So soon as this occurred, the engine, losing the drag of the train behind it, started off in advance. When this was observed by the engine driver he shut off steam, and applying the brake strongly, brought the engine to a stand very quickly. The train of carriages, preserving a very high rate of speed, then ran into the tender, and caused the smash. As an instance of the force of the concussion it may be mentioned that the head of one of the male passengers was driven right through a pannel of the carrige in which he was sitting. None of the carriages left the rails, but some were injured to such a degree as to necessitate their being shunted into a siding at Gankirk.

SLAVE INSURRECTION IN THE WEST INDIES.

The fact has been already noticed that the free negroes in one of the British West Indian Islands were in insurrection a few weeks ago, and caused considerable terror among the white inhabitants, as well as some bloodshed. From full accounts now received, it appears that several hundred negroes in St. Vincent arranged for a general massacre, for which their superior numbers gave every advantage, besides possessing cutlasses and firearms in abundance; but they were speedily overcome by a small body of white men, who killed or wounded about thirty and took two hundred prisoners. A letter dated St. Vincent, Oct. 16, says:

"It appears that the negroes had been planning this rising since Christmas last. They made the stoppage of some allowance on the sugar estates a pretext for attacking all the managers and overseers on whom they could lay their hands — many they left for dead, and a few escaped into the cane pieces, but everything they possessed was totally destroyed. Their families were turned out of doors, in some cases they were unmercifully beaten, and in others stripped naked and abused."

Meanwhile, the whites raised a small army. The writer continues as follows:—

"Our corps was the first to get in action; and in fact a couple of charges produced such a panic amongst the negroes that the rest of the campaign was mere hunting. They never formed or stood fire afterwards, and the march of our little army of 200 men, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, all told, was merely an affair of capturing prisoners. I must tell you of a brave dash made by twenty-four of our cavalry men. Headed by our captain, they went to reconnoitre. On a narrow road, they unexpectedly fell in with a body of negroes, 300 in number. On one side there was a bank forty feet high, and on the other there was a deep descent to the river. The negroes, hurrahing and shouting, drew up to recieve them. A charge was ordered, and our little band burst through the crowd, using their swords and pistols with great effect. The negroes re-formed in their rear, and a fresh crowd of blacks hastened down the road in front, while crowds appeared on the back above the road, who stoned our men unmercifully — the situation, as you may well conceive, was desperate. Two of our men were dismounted, and barely escaped with their lives by a miracle, and the bravery of their comrades, who charged again and again, and dashed manfully about them, bringing off two prisoners, and leaving seven bodies on the road. With this mishap they escaped scathless. Besides those killed, there were from fifteen to twenty wounded in this affair. We brought in from Windward some 220 prisoners, and we also "catted" a good many more.

"Exeter Hall may probably take up the cause of the blacks, and accuse us of maltreating the poor dear negroes. But truly, if anything, we have been too humane with them. Fancy how matters might have been if they had got the upper hand of us before assistance arrived."

Here we have a foretaste of slave insurrection, should the President's proclamation have any effect, with its inevitable result.

Robbery of Bank Note Paper.—Up to the 8th inst., the preliminary investigation before the Lord Mayor of London respecting the robbery of the Bank of England note paper, had not terminated, but enough has been disclosed to prove that the principal offenders are in the hands of justice, and that the gang in this nefarious business have had their course of infamy arrested. A mere glance at the facts will shew the little care which has been taken of the Bank paper, and the comparative ease with which its abstraction was effected. Hitherto, the great check to the public has been the paper on which the notes of the Bank are printed, and if half the care which has been bestowed on the mechanical auxiliaries of the paper had been extended to its preservation—if when manufactured and perfected, its retention in proper hands had been as well looked after, these frauds and forgeries would not have occurred. The evidence proves that a youth attached to the paper mill at Laverstoke, named Brown, and a moulder in the same establishment, named Brewer, had access at all times without let or hindrance, to the mill, from which they were enabled to abstract the Bank paper, and this was immediately forwarded to the engravers and other scoundrels engaged in the production of the counterfeit notes. The ease with which this was done seems culpable, as far as the custodians of so valuable a commodity are concerned; and the next thing which excites surprise is the comparatively trifling amount of remuneration which those who betrayed their trust received from the wretches to whom they supplied the coveted article. Great ingenuity, it must be acknowledged, has been shown in the detection of the conspiracy. One of the forgers, a man named Griffiths, was detected by the London officers in the very act of producing the notes on the stolen paper, and when arrested made a clear breast of it—told all, informed the offic