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. XIII. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, February 2, 1863. New Series.---No. 4.

Barque "GAZELLE."

THIS well-known regular TRADER, R. Cameron, master, will sail from LIVERPOOL, G. B., on Saturday, the 28th March next. For Freight or Passage please apply at Liverpool to Messrs. D. Cannon, Sons & Co., and at Charlottetown to

W. W. LORD & CO.

THE owners of the above Vessel beg to tender their thanks to the Merchants and travelling public for the very liberal support received since this Ship has been on the route between Charlottetown and Liverpool, and solicit a continuance of the same. They beg to remind that the "Gazelle" makes her three voyages each summer regularly.

W. W. LORD & CO.

Charlottetown, Jan. 12, 1863. 2m

CARGO EX "GEORGE DUNDAS," FROM NEW YORK.

THE Subscriber has JUST RECEIVED per Schooner "George Dundas," the following GOODS, which he

Offers for Sale at the LOWEST PRICES:

100 bbls choice Pastry FLOUR
200 do Extra Family FLOUR
100 do Baker's FLOUR
10 hhds Bright Muscovado SUGAR
20 do Best Porto Rico MOLASSES
10 do Bright Cienfuegos do
20 do Cuba Muscovado do
100 bbls Choice Russet APPLES
20 do PEARS
20 do WASHING SODA
10 Kegs BAKING SODA
100 sides SOLE LEATHER
50 doz BROOMS 30 doz BUCKETS
100 boxes Oriental and Patent Candles
50 do Pale and Extra SOAP
20 do CLOTHES PINS
15nests TUBS 25 boxes assorted Candies.

ALSO, IN STORE,

A Quantity of Tea, Boots, Shoes, Spices, Lozenges, &c.

J. S. CARVELL.

Peake's Buildings, Dec. 22, 1862. tf

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.

£50! £50! NOTICE AND REWARD!

WHEREAS some evil disposed person in this community, did yesterday effectually persuade Mr. George Douglass, Cabinet-Maker, of this City, that the subscriber was on the eve of leaving this Colony to evade debts, the subscriber begs to state that the sum of FIFTY POUNDS will be paid by him to any party or parties who shall afford such information to him or to his Attorney, Mr. Joseph Hensley, as shall lead to the detection and conviction of the originator of this wicked though silly slander.

The subscriber exonerates Mr. Douglass from any blame in this matter, believing that any calumniator, as the agent to the "father of all lies," might readily obtain from him more cogent power of persuasion than those Mr. Douglas has proved himself unable to withstand.

STEPHEN SWABEY.

Ch. Town, Jan. 10th, 1863. 4in

LONDON TRADER.

THE Regular Trader A 1 Clipper Brig "URANUS," 196 tons register, Archibald McDonald, Master, will sail from London for this Port the first Saturday in April, 1863. Has good accommodations for Cabin Passengers. For Freight or Passage, apply in London to John Pitcairn & Sons, 69, Cornhill; at Charlottetown to the Subscribers.

D., G. & S. DAVIES.

Charlottetown, 29th Dec., 1862. I P 5i

Farmers, Attention!

THE Subscriber thankful for past favors, respectfully informs his customers and the public generally that he has ready for sale

Sleigh and Cart Harness

of every description, and of the best quality, suitable for winter driving, which he will sell reasonably for prompt payment.

He is also prepared to execute all orders in his line, and to supply country wholesale dealers, as formerly, on liberal terms.

JOHN BOWERS,
Richmond Street.

Charlottetown, Jan. 15, 1863. 9in

BAZAAR FOR SAINT DUNSTAN'S COLLEGE!

Under the patronage of His Lordship the Bishop of Charlottetown.

A BAZAAR, having for its object the raising of Funds to aid in liquidating the debt incurred by the re-building of St. Dunstan's College, will be held in CHARLOTTETOWN during the ensuing Winter. The ladies of the Convent of Notre Dame are the principal organizers thereof, and are zealously seconded in their laudable efforts by many ladies of the city.

The following articles will be disposed of by Lottery:

1. A Drawing-room Chair, embroidered on cloth and mounted, 6s. per ticket.
2. A pair of Fire Screens, 3s. "
3. An elegant Sofa Cushion, 3s. "
4. A Fire Screen, No. 1, 2s. "
5. Do. No. 2, 2s. "
6. A Work Box, embroidered on purple velvet, 1s. 6d. "
7. A pair of Foot-stools, 1s. 6d. "
8. A Work Box painted on velvet, 9d. "

Contributions in money, fancy work, materials for fancy and useful works, &c., will be thankfully received by the following:—

The Ladies of the Convent,

Mrs. Walker,	Mrs. McIsaac,
Mrs. O. Connelly,	Mrs. D. Reddin,
Mrs. Gaul,	Mrs. Gleason,
Mrs. Eckstadt,	Mrs. J. Murphy,
Miss McDonnell,	Miss McDade,
Miss Reddin,	Miss Kelly,
Miss Longard.	

The ladies and gentlemen belonging to the country, as well as those belonging to the city, are respectfully solicited to send in their contributions as soon as possible to either of the above ladies.

Persons desirous of obtaining tickets for the Lotteries will also please send in their names to any of the same parties.

Charlottetown, December 1, 1862.

Flour, Tea, Leather.

RECEIVED per late arrivals, and for sale by the Subscriber, low for Cash,

300 bbls Extra and Superfine FLOUR
50 " " Pastry do
35 half chests Superior TEA (warranted).
30 sides heavy New York Sole Leather.

MORIN LOWDEN.

Peake's Buildings, Dec. 22, 1862. 2m

Holland Gin!

200 CASES, 1 doz. each, and 5 Hhds. De Kuyper's BEST GIN,
20 chests Congo TEA, (very superior),
1 Bale No. 1 Buffalo Robes,
100 Boxes Lozenges,
all at LOW prices.

WILLIAM DODD,

Dec. 22. isl Queen Square.

Grain, Grain.

THE highest price given for BARLEY and OATS, at

Coles's Brewery and Distillery,

Constantly on hand, at prices cheaper than can be purchased in the Market, the best of Rum, Brandy, Gin, Whiskey, and a superior article of Malt Whiskey. Also—X, XX, and XXX Ale.

Charlottetown, November 14, 1862.

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.

BENZOLE,

OR SPIRITS TURPENTINE SUBSTITUTE. One barrel of this article, now generally used in the place of Turpentine, and sold for less than HALF its COST, for sale at the CITY HARDWARE STORE.

H. E. STARBIRD & CO.

Jany. 12, 1863.

To Arrive, Per MARIA, from HALIFAX,

15 HHDS. Porto Rico MOLASSES,
100 Bbls. FLOUR (Extra),
25 Chests and Half-Chests TEA,
20 Bbls. BREAD.

J. S. CARVELL.

Nov. 3, 1862. isl pro tf

Labrador Herrings.

IN STORE, a few Bbls. VERY BEST LABRADOR HERRINGS.

J. S. CARVELL.

Nov. 3, 1862. isl pro tf

Sole Leather.

JUST RECEIVED, per "Carrie M. Rich" from Boston, and "Thomas Clift" from New York—

210 Sides Superior SOLE LEATHER.

J. S. CARVELL.

Nov. 3, 1862. isl pro tf

MACKEREL.

20 BBLS. No. 2 MACKEREL,
30 do. " 3 DO.
For sale.

J. S. CARVELL.

Nov. 3, 1862. isl pro tf

Molasses.

THE subscriber has in Store, from recent arrivals—

180 Hhds. CHOICE MOLASSES.

J. S. CARVELL.

Ch. Town, Nov. 3, 1862. isl. pro tf

FLOUR.

JUST RECEIVED, 430 Bbls. FLOUR, superfine, extra state, and superior.

J. S. CARVELL.

Ch. Town, Nov. 3, 1862. isl pro tf

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.

APPLES!

JUST Received, by Schooner CECILIA from BOSTON,

50 Bbls. WINTER APPLES.

DODD & ROGERS.

Pownal-street, December 8, 1862.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the Estate of James Coles, senior, of Charlottetown, deceased, are requested to furnish their accounts to either of the undersigned, duly attested; and all persons indebted to the said Estate are hereby required to make immediate payment to either of the undersigned, in Charlottetown.

GEORGE COLES, } Executors.
SILAS BARNARD, }

Charlottetown, 24th November, 1862. [Dec. 22

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

Barley! Barley!

WANTED, 3000 Bushels BARLEY.

J. S. CARVELL.

Charlottetown, Jan. 12, 1863. tf

PRINCE EDWARD ISLNAD CLOTH MANUFACTORY, TRYON.

THE Subscriber, encouraged by the very liberal support received in the Cloth dressing business, begs to inform the inhabitants of P. E. Island that he has imported from the best makers in the United States,

Machinery for Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

and shortly (in addition to finishing Cloth) will be prepared to receive Wool for manufacturing into the various descriptions of Cloth usually made in the Colonies. The charge for Picking, Oiling, Carding, Spinning, and Weaving will be

One shilling and three pence per yard.

Other branches in the same proportion. Wool, which must be washed and dried, may be left with H. J. Callbeck, Sidney Street, Charlottetown, or any of the agents for the Mill, from whom further particulars can be learned.

CHARLES E. STANFIELD.

Tryon, April 21, 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.

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.

The Liverpool and London FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE Agent for the above first class English Fire Insurance Company begs to call the attention of the public to the advantages offered by this Company, in respect to the security to the assured, and promptness to pay losses, which, without disparaging other Companies, may be safely asserted to be superior to those afforded by any other Company in the Island. The Liverpool and London F. & L. Insurance Company has been in successful operation since 1836, with agencies all over the world, and has paid in losses about two millions and a quarter sterling. Its subscribed capital is £2,000,000 sterling, and its invested funds alone amount to £1,312,000 stg.; and the fire premiums for 1861 amount to £360,130 19s 9d; and in addition to this very large capital, the Company, having been established before the recent Limited Liability Act, the individual fortunes of each of the shareholders, comprising some of the wealthiest merchants in Liverpool and London, are liable for the losses, should the whole of the capital be swept away. In this respect it differs, it is believed, from any other Company established here.

And lastly, the Agent being appointed by Power of Attorney directly from England, is authorised to draw Bills the moment a loss occurs, and without referring to the Home Company, to the extent of one thousand pounds sterling.

With these superior advantages, the Company is not disposed (though it might be well justified) to ask a higher rate of premium than other English Companies, which do not present the same advantageous features, and the Agent has been advised that an uniform rate has been agreed upon by the Directors of this Company and the "Queen's," and that the Agents here should, in this respect, "act in concert."

W. A. JOHNSTONE,
Agent of the Liverpool and London Fire Insurance Company.

Nov. 10, 1862. isl

LITERATURE.

"ALL QUIET ALONG OUR LINES."

And is it truly so?
Does quiet reign beside the blood stained stream
Which separates us from our brother foe,
Whose cannon yonder gleam?

Nay, quiet is not here;
Beneath this seeming silence there are sounds
Which, like suppressed volcanoes, seem not near,
Until they leap their bounds.

Approach the doleful place,
Where lie the victims of the vengeful ire
Of men, who seek the thraldom of a race
As their supreme desire.

Where gallant lives outflow
Through gaping wounds in forms of sturdy braves;
Where fever's fatal flushes fade and glow,
And wild delirium raves—

Where hapless cripples groan;
Where vulture-like consumptions gloat and feed
Upon the vitals of the soldier prone—
Does quiet rule indeed?

Now mark yon leader's mien,
Whose brow, contracted with its weight of care,
Scarce serves the tumult of his soul to screen!
No quiet can be there.

Or pass along the lines,
Where quick commands and rattling arms resound;
Where War her nightly enginery confines—
Can gentle Peace be found?

Or where the pickets watch
With practised eye and ear the wily foe,
Anon with fluttering hearts alarm to catch
Of some unlooked-for blow.

Like the electric stream,
So soon to startle in the lightning's flash,
Is the false quiet which, though true it seem,
Portends the thunder's crash.

The storm about us raves,
Though we may sleep unconscious of its power;
Oh that, while higher rise the dreaded waves,
We soon may hail the hour,

When some benignant form,
Like His who quelled the tempest by His will
On Galilee, may tower amid our storm,
Commanding—"Peace; be still!"

IN WINTER.

The valley stream is frozen,
The fields are cold and bare,
And the wild white bees of winter
Swarm in the darkened air.

I look on the naked forest:
Was it ever green in June?
Did it burn with gold and crimson
In the dim autumnal noon?

I look on the barren meadow:
Was it ever heaped with hay?
Did it hide the grassy cottage
Where the skylark's children lay?

I look on the desolate garden:
Is it true that the rose was there?
And the woodbine's musky blossoms,
And the hyacinth's purple hair?

I look on my heart and marvel
If love were ever its own,—
If the spring of promise brightened,
And the summer of passion shone?

Is the stem of bliss but withered,
And the roots survive the blast?
Are the seeds of the Future sleeping
Under the leaves of the Past?

Ah, yes! for a thousand Aprils
The frozen germs shall grow,
And the dews of a thousand summers
Wait in the womb of the snow!

THE PROFESSOR'S ADVENTURE.

Between eight and ten years ago I engaged in a long vacation campaign among the Alps of Savoy. I was alone. My object was not amusement, but study. I occupy a Professor's Chair, and I was engaged in the collection of materials for a work on the Flora of the higher Alps; and, to this end, travelled chiefly on foot. My route lay far from the beaten paths and passes. I often journeyed for days through regions where there were neither inns nor villages. I often wandered from dawn till dusk, among sterile steeps, unknown even to the herdsmen of the upper pasturages, and untrodden save by the chamois and the hunter. I thought myself fortunate, at those times, if, towards evening I succeeded in steering my way down to the nearest chalet, where, in company with a half-savage mountaineer and a herd of milch goats, I might find the shelter of a rafted roof, and a supper of black bread and whey.

On one particular evening I had gone further than usual, in pursuit of the Senecio unifloris: a rare plant which I had hitherto believed indigenous to the southern valleys of Monte Rosa, but of which I here succeeded in finding one or two indifferent specimens. It was a wild and barren district, difficult to distinguish with any degree of precision on the map; but lying among the upper defiles of the Vale de Bagnes, between the Mount Pleureur and the Grand Combin. On the waste of the rock-strewn moss to which I had climbed, there was no sign of human habitation. Above me, lay the great icefields of Corbassiere, sormounted by the silver summits of the Graffeniere and Combin. To my left, the sun was going down rapidly behind a forest of smaller peaks, the highest of which, as well as I could judge from Osterwald's map, was the Mont Blanc de Cheilon. In ten minutes more those peaks would be crimson; in one short half hour, it would be night.

To be benighted on an Alpine plateau towards the latter end of September is not a desirable position. I knew it by recent experience, and had no wish to repeat the experiment. I therefore began retracing my route as rapidly as I could, descending in a north-westerly direction, and keeping a sharp look-out for any chalet that might offer a shelter for the night. Pushing forward thus, I found myself presently at the head of a little verdant ravine, channelled, as it were, in the face of the plateau. I hesitated. It seemed, through the gathering darkness, as if I could discern vague traces of a path trampled here and there in the deep grass. It also seemed as if the ravine tended down towards the upper pastures which were my destination. By following it I could scarcely go wrong. Where there is grass, there are generally cattle and a chalet; and I might possibly find a nearer resting-place than I had anticipated. At all events, I resolved to try it.

The ravine proved shorter than I had expected, and, instead of leading immediately downward, opened upon a second plateau, through which a well worn footway struck off abruptly to the left. Pursuing this footway with what speed I might, I came, in the course of a few more minutes, to a sudden slope, at the bottom of which, in a basin almost surrounded by gigantic limestone cliffs, lay a small dark lake, a few fields, and a chalet. The rose-tints had by this time come and gone, and the snow had put on that ghostly grey which precedes the dark. Before I could descend the slope, skirt the lake, and mount the little eminence on which the house stood, sheltered by its background of rocks, it was already night, and the stars were in the sky.

I went up to the door, and knocked; no one answered. I opened the door; all was dark. I paused—held my breath—listened—fancied I could distinguish a low sound, as of some one breathing. I knocked again. My second knock was followed by a quick noise, like the pushing back of a chair, and a man's voice said, hoarsely:

'Who is there?'

'A traveller,' I replied, 'seeking shelter for the night.'

A heavy footstep crossed the floor, a sharp flash shot through the darkness, and I saw by the flickering of tinder a man's face bending over a lantern. Having lighted it, he said, with scarce a glance towards the door, 'Enter, traveller,' and went back to his stool beside the empty hearth.

I entered. The chalet was of a better sort than those usually found at so great an attitude, consisting of a dairy and house-place, with a loft overhead. A table with three or four wooden stools occupied the centre of the room. The rafters were hung with bunches of dried herbs, and long strings of Indian corn. A clock ticked in the corner; a kind of rude pallet upon trestles stood in a recess beside the fire-place; and through a lattice, at the furthest end, I could hear the cows feeding in the outhouse beyond.

Somewhat perplexed by the manner of my reception, I unstrapped my knapsack and specimen-box, took possession of the nearest stool, and asked if I could have supper?

My host looked up, with the air of a man intent on other things. I repeated the inquiry.

'Yes,' he said, wearily; 'you can eat, traveller.'

With this, he crossed to the other side of the hearth, stooped over a dark object which until now I had not observed, crouched in the corner, and muttered a word or two of unintelligible patois. The object moaned; lifted up a white bewildered woman's face; and rose slowly from the floor. The herdsman pointed to the table, and went back to his stool and his former attitude. The woman, after pausing helpless, as if in the effort to remember something, went out into the dairy, came back with a brown loaf and a pan of milk, and set them before me on the table.

As long as I live I shall never forget the expression of that woman's face. She was young, and very pretty; but her beauty seemed turned to stone. Every feature bore the seal of an unspeakable terror. Every gesture was mechanical. In the lines that furrowed her brow there was a haggardness more terrible than the haggardness of age. In the locking of her lips, there was an anguish beyond the utterance of words. Though she served me, I do not think she saw me. There was no recognition in her eyes; no apparent consciousness of any object or circumstance external to the secret of her own despair. All this I noticed during the few brief moments in which she brought me my supper. That done, she crept away, abjectly, into the same dark corner, and sank down again: a mere huddled heap of clothing.

As for her husband, there was something unnatural in the singular immobility of his attitude. There he sat, his body bent forward, his chin resting on his palms, his eyes staring fixedly at the blackened hearth, and not even the involuntary quiver of a nerve to show that he lived and breathed. I could not determine his age, analyse and observe his features as I might. He looked old enough to be fifty, and young enough to be forty; and was a fine muscular mountaineer, with that grave cast of countenance which is peculiar to the Valaisan peasant.

I could not eat. The keenness of my mountain appetite was gone. I sat, as if fascinated, in the presence of this strange pair; observing both, and, apparently, by both as much forgotten as if I had never crossed their threshold. We remained thus, by the dim light of the lantern and the monotonous ticking of the clock, for some forty minutes or more: all profoundly silent. Sometimes the woman stirred, as if in pain; sometimes the cows struck their horn against the manger in the outhouse. The herdsman alone sat motionless, like a man cast in bronze. At length the clock struck nine. I had by this time become so nervous that I almost dreaded to hear my own voice interrupt the silence. However, I pushed my plate noisily aside, and said, with as much show of ease as I could muster:

'Have you any place, friend, in which I can sleep to-night?'

He shifted his position uneasily, and without looking round, replied in the same form of words as before:

'Yes; you can sleep, traveller.'

'Where? In the loft above?'

He nodded affirmatively, took the lantern from the table, and turned towards the dairy. As we passed, the light streamed for a moment over the crouching figure in the corner.

'Is your wife ill?' I asked, pausing and looking back.

His eyes met mine for the first time, and a shudder passed over his body.

'Yes,' he said, with an effort. 'She is ill.'

I was about to ask what ailed her, but something in his face arrested the question on my lips. I know not, to this hour, what that something was. I could not define it then: I cannot describe it now; but I hope I may never see it in a living face again.

I followed him to the foot of a ladder at the further end of the dairy.

'Up there,' he said; placed the lantern in my hand; and strode heavily back into the darkness.

I went up, and found myself in a long low granary, stored with corn sacks, hay, onions, rock-salt, cheeses, and farming implements. In one corner were the unusual luxuries of a mattrass, a rug, and a three-legged stool. My first care was to make a systematic inspection of the loft and all that it contained; my next, to open a little unglazed lattice with a sliding shutter, just opposite my bed. The night was brilliant, and a stream of fresh air and moonlight poured in. Oppressed by a strange undefined sense of trouble, I extinguished the lantern, and stood looking out upon the solemn peaks and glaciers. Their solitude seemed to me more than usually awful; their silence more than usually profound. I could not help associating them, in some vague way, with the mystery in the house. I perplexed myself with all kinds of wild conjectures as to what the nature of that mystery might be. The woman's face haunted me like an evil dream. Again and again I went from the lattice to the ladder, and from the ladder back to the lattice, vainly listening for any sound in the rooms below. A long time went by thus, until at length, overpowered by the fatigues of the day, I stretched myself on the mattrass, took my knapsack for a pillow, and fell fast asleep.

I can guess neither how long my sleep lasted, nor from what cause I awoke. I only know that my sleep was dreamless and profound; and that I started from it suddenly, unaccountably, trembling in every nerve, and possessed by an overwhelming sense of danger.

Danger! Danger of what kind? From whom? From whence? I looked round—I was alone, and the quiet moon was shining in as serenely as when I fell asleep. I listened—all was as still as when I fell asleep. I got up, walked to and fro, reasoned with myself; all in vain. I could not stay the beatings of my heart. I could not master the horror that oppressed my brain. I felt that I dared not lie down again; that I must get out of the house somehow, and at once; that to stay would be death; that the instinct by which I was governed must at all costs be obeyed.

I could not bear it. Resolved to escape, or, at all events, to sell life dearly, I strapped on my knapsack, armed myself with my iron-headed alpenstock, took my large clasp-knife between my teeth, and began cautiously and noiselessly to descend the ladder. When I was about half way down, the alpenstock, which I had been keeping studiously clear of the ladder, encountered some dairy vessel, and sent it clattering to the ground. Caution after this was useless. I sprang forward, reached the outer room at a bound, and found it, to my amazement, deserted, with the door wide open and the moon-light streaming in. Suspecting a trap, my first impulse was to stand still, with my back against the wall, prepared for a desperate defence. All was silent. I could only hear the ticking of the clock, and the heavy beating of my own heart. The pallet was empty. The bread and milk were still standing where I had left them on the table. The herdsman's stool occupied the same spot by the desolate hearth. But he and his wife were gone—gone in the dead of night—leaving me a stranger, in sole occupation of their home.

While I was yet irresolute whether to go or stay, and while I was yet wondering at the strangenss of my position, I heard or fancied I heard, something—something that might have been the wind, save that there was no air stirring—something that might have been the wailing of a human voice. I held my breath—heard it again—followed it, as it died away. . . . I had not far to go. A line of light gleaming under the door of a shed at the back of the chalet, and a cry of anguish, bitterer and more piercing than any I had yet heard, guided me direct to the spot.

I looked in—recoiled, giddy with horror—went back, as fascinated: and so stood for some moments, unable to move, to think, to do anything but stare helplessly upon the scene before me. To this day, I cannot recall it without something of the same sickening sensation.

Inside that hut, by the light of a pine-torch thrust into a iron sconce against the wall, I saw the herdsman kneeling on the body of his wife; grieving over her, like another Othello, kissing her white lips, wiping blood-stains from her yellow hair, raving out inarticulate cries of passionate remorse, and calling down all the curses of Heaven upon his own head, and that of some other man who had brought this crime upon him! I understood it all now—all the mystery, all the terror, all the despair, She had sinned against him, and he had slain her. She was quite dead. The very knife, with its hideous testimony fresh upon the blade, lay near the door.

I turned and fled—blindly, wildly, like a man with blood-hounds on his track; now, stumbling over stones; now, torn by briars; now pausing a moment to take breath; now, rushing forward faster thon before; now, battling up-hill with straining lungs and trembling limbs; now, staggering across a level space; now, making for the higher ground again, and casting never a glance behind! At length I reached a plateau above the line of vegetation, where I dropped exhausted. Here I lay for a long time, beaten and stupified, until the intense cold of approaching dawn forced upon me the necessity of action. I rose, and looked round on a scene no feature of which was familiar to me. The very snow peaks, though I knew they must be the same, looked unlike the peaks of yesterday. The very glaciers, seen from a different point of view, assumed new forms, as if on purpose to baffle me. Thus perplexed, I had no resource but to climb the nearest height from which it was probable that a general view might be obtained. I did so, just as the last belt of purple mist turned golden in the east, and the sun rose.

A superb panorama lay stretched before me, peak beyond peak, glacier beyond glacier, valley and pine forest and pasture slope, all flushed and palpitating in the crimson vapours of the dawn. Here and there I could trace the foam of a waterfall, or the silver thread of a torrent; here and there, the canopy of faint blue smoke that wavered upward from some hamlet among the hills. Suddenly my eyes fell upon a little lake—a sullen pool—lying in the shade of an amphitheatre of rocks some eight hundred feet below. Until that moment, the night and its terrors appeared to have passed away like a wicked vision; but now the very sky seemed darkened above me. Yes—there it all lay at my feet. Yonder was the path by which I had descended from the plateau, and, lower still, the accursed chalet, with its background of rugged cliff and overhanging precipice. Well might they lie in a shadow! Well might the sunlight refuse to touch the ripples of that lake with gold, and to light up the windows of that house with an illumination direct from heaven!

Thus standing, thus looking down, I became aware of a strange sound — a sound singularly distinct, but far away—a sound sharper and hollower than the fall of an avalanche, and unlike anything that I remember to have heard. While I was yet asking myself what it could be, or whence it came, I saw a considerable fragment of rock detach itself from one of the heights overhanging the lake, bound rapidly from ledge to ledge, and fall, with a heavy plash, into the water below. It was followed by a cloud of dust, and a prolonged reverberation, like the rolling of distant thunder. Next moment, a dark fissure sprang into sight all down the face of the precipice—the fissure became a chasm — the whole cliff wavered before my eyes—wavered, parted, sent up a cataract of earth and stones — and slid slowly down, down, down into the valley.

Deafened by the crash, and blinded by the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and anticipated instant destruction. The echoes, however, died away, and were succeeded by a solemn silence. The plateau on which I stood remained firm and unshaken. I looked up. The sun was shining as serenely, the landscape sleeping as peacefully, as before. Nothing was changed, save that a wide white scar now defaced all one side of the great limestone basin below, and a ghastly mound of ruin filled the valley at its foot. Beneath that mound lay buried all record of the crime to which I had been an unwilling witness. The very mountains had come down and covered it—nature had obliterated it from the face of the Alpine solitude. Lake and chalet, victim and executioner, had disappeared forever, and the place thereof knew them no more.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

The Intercolonial Railway. — The St. John *Globe* makes the following remarks on this important subject:—

"As regards that road and telegraph to be opened through to Vancouver from Western Canada, we were put in possession of this information on the arrival of the Hon. Mr. Tilley, but having overlooked it among our memoranda, we failed to lay it before our readers. We do not like the "hitch" discovered since Mr. Howe's arrival, in the railway proceedings. We thought the Canadian Delegates were opposed to a sinking fund going into operation at once, for the debt to be paid off in 20 years, but had no idea that they would sulk when the distant period of 40 years was extended to them. If the truth were known the Canadian Delegates went upon their mission with very little heart in it. The dissaffection from their ranks, in the retirement of Mr. Dorian, on this railway question alone, we have no doubt had a tendency to discourage and make them faint hearted. Had they been less actuated by party considerations, and more influenced by a loftier ambition, that of trying to bring the Colonies together in a solid mass, they would not have allowed this sinking fund issue to stand in their way, or shirked the responsibility of the acceptance of the whole scheme, by shifting it upon the shoulders of their colleagues. Surely the people of Canada cannot expect to borrow money without calculating upon paying it back in a given period! and surely 40 years is an extension of time which no one can deny is sufficient even for the most burthened people in the world! Instead, therefore, of the whole thing having been settled in Downing street, as we had fondly believed, the matter still remains open in a very ugly quarter: for if the Government of Canada feel themselves to be politically weak, and there is any stout opposition there to the Intercolonial Railway, they will have a good excuse to back out of the arrangement entered into at Quebec in September last.

Death of an Eccentric Farmer—Bushels of Gold and Silver stored away and brought to light after his Death.— Mr. Abraham Hersey, an aged farmer, died at his residence in West Hempfield Township, Lancaster County, last week, and was buried on Friday. After his death a large amount of specie, gold and silver, was discovered in the house, and deposited in the bank. The gold was in match-boxes, bags, &c., and when counted amounted to $28,884 41. The silver was also in bags of various sizes, and from the weight, is estimated at over $24,000. Mr. Hersey was an unmarried man, but lived in his farmhouse, occupying a room up stairs as a sleeping chamber and a depository for his wealth. In this chamber he kept his "iron chest," containing part but not all his wealth, for beside the specie, he holds bonds and mortgages, and owned the farm of 156 acres, on which he toiled and died. Since the above was in type we learn that on Monday another "deposit" was found in the house. This time the "bank" was an old blanket, and on the contents being investigated, it was found to contain $1,400 $950 of this was in gold, and the balance in bonds, &c.—*Lancaster Examiner and Herald.*

Snow Plough.—Captain Thomas Lamb of Quaco has recently shown to us the model of a Snow Plough, an apparatus for clearing roads from the serious obstructions to which they are liable immediately after heavy falls of snow. The invention, so far as we are enabled to judge, is at all events ingeniously arranged and appears to be adapted to effect the purpose intended. Two horses are employed, and these are located in the rear of the snow removing apparatus, which is of a simple character, and can be constructed at a small expence. Captain Lamb informs us that he has tried his invention upon a reduced scale, operating it by manual power only, and has found it to answer his expectations in every respect. We learn that it is the intention of the inventor to apply for letters patent through the agency of Peter Stubs, Esq.—*St. John News.*

At a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society in London, Colonel Sykes remarked on the ignorance which generally prevails in that country respecting the people of India, who, since the beginning of the century, have taken $150,000,000 of silver from us, in return for their produce. India contains twenty-one distinct peoples, who speak twenty-one distinct languages.

The New York *Herald* says that two officers of the British Army, who have been for some weeks past the guests of the Confederate Government, reached Baltimore from Richmond last Wednesday. Immediately on arriving at the former city, one of the gentlemen—Captain Wynne — was arrested by orders of the government, and forthwith removed to Washington, his companion being permitted full liberty of action, as no proofs of culpability were forthcoming in his case. After making the above announcement, the Herald remarks: "Although the causes of the above arrest are for the present kept secret by the Government it is intimated that Capt. Wynne has been guilty of acting as an emissary or agent of the rebels, and was on his way to Europe with important despatches."

The new ship George Griswold, Capt. Lunt, for Lancashire, England, with provisions for the distressed operatives of that place, sailed from New York on Saturday, 10th. At a meeting held on board the ship, Mr. Low, Treasurer of the Committee, stated that the amount contributed was over $108,000, and that there was on board the ship eleven thousand two hundred and thirty-six barrels of flour, two hundred boxes of bacon, fifty barrels of pork, five hundred barrels and boxes of bread. There yet remained in hand $30,900 in cash.

Thus far the season has been a most remarkable one — mild, free of storms, with scarce enough snow to make good sleighing, frequent showers of rain, and a large majority of the days bright and sunny. Cold frosty days have been very few.—*Miramichi Gleaner, Jan. 17.*

Canadian Woods in Europe.—We omitted to state, in alluding to Dr. Hurlburt's efforts on behalf of this Province, that he has distributed the specimens of woods exhibited at the recent Exhibition, among the museums and governments of the European continent. That is a practical method of encouraging orders for those woods from this country, and cannot fail to have the desired effect.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

Another Murder in Canada.—From the St. Hyacinthe *Courier* we learn that a man named Langley, keeper of a public house at Mettle Bridge, Eastern Township, had a quarrel with his son. They came to blows, and the father, feeling himself unable to cope with the son, seized a knife and plunged it into his side. The young man died the next day.

The weight of England's national debt is estimated in gold to be 6282 tons, in silver 220,000 tons. To transport it across a sea, in gold, would require a fleet of 25 ships of 300 tons burden, or it might be carted by land in 12,680 one-horse carts; these would extend in a single line 55 miles. 281,709 men might carry it, each man to carry 50 pounds. Put it in five dollar gold pieces, and pile it one upon another, and it would be 170 miles in length.—*Exchange.*

Well Done Chatham.—Our enterprising townsman, William Muirhead, Esq., has contracted with the Hon. Samuel Cunard for the building of a steamer of 485 tons. Mr. M. has two other vessels on the stocks, one of 1200 and the other of 400. The three vessels are under the supervision of Mr. William Sinclair, a master builder of much experience. We understand that Mr. Henry Bowser builds the steamer by contract for Mr. Muirhead; and Mr. James Desmond has the contract of the 1200 ton vessel in the same way. Preparations to build the steamer were only begun last Saturday, and the keel is laid to-day. The whole three are expected to be launched in June next. It is no unusual thing lately to see some 30 to 40 horses in the vicinity of the building yard, at one time, with ship lumber for the different vessels—a source of much benefit to the farmers during the present winter.—*Chatham Times.*

A "Very" Strange Story.—A very singular occurrence is reported to have happened in the North Sea a few days ago. On the 21st inst. the steamer "Jutland," of Hull, Captain Watson, while on her passage from Pillau, was caught in a storm. A sea struck the vessel, and a goose belonging to Mr. Tate, the second engineer of the "Jutland," and which had a label tied to its leg bearing the owner's name and address, was washed overboard. The poor bird was carried away and lost sight of. It appears that sometime afterwards it was devoured by a shark. Subsequently the shark was entrapped in the traul of the fishing smack "Violet," of Hull. On the net being hove in the monster was opened and the lost bird was found in its stomach. Observing the label on its leg, the captain of the smack determined to take care of it until he got home. On his arrival at Hull, on Saturday, he went to the address indicated on the label, and presented the goose to the engineer, who was naturally astounded to see the lost bird. He, however, recovered his surprise as well as his property — took it home and had it cooked for dinner on the following day, and pronounced the twice eaten biped to be excellent.

Paper Mills Burned. — We learn with much regret that the Paper Mills of Philips Bros., by whom, as a general thing, the publishers of this Province were supplied with paper, were accidently burned by fire at an early hour this morning. The Mills were situate on the old Loch Lomond Road, about four miles from town; they were the only establishment of the kind at which printing paper was made in the Lower Provinces.— The proprietors were partially insured in the Liverpool and London office; they assure us that very little time will elapse before they will be again under way, and that in the meantime they can supply their friends and customers as usual. — *St. John Globe, Jan. 24.*

A Great Lion for the British Museum. —A very important addition has been made to the sculpture galleries of the British Museum in the form of "The Lion of Cheronea." This noble animal once stood upon a monumental tomb, erected in Bœotia, B. C. 338, to the memory of those who fell in the battle of Cheronea, which the Bœotians fought against Macedonian Philip. Pausanias, mentioning this monument, declares that it had no inscription upon it, but only the figure of a lion, "as an emblem of the spirit of those men." About 20 years ago it was discovered in fragments scattered about the ruins of the tomb. These fragments have now been brought over, and and are being put together.

Reciprocity Treaty.—The Governor of Maine in his message to the State Legislature recommends them "to pass an emphatic declaration of opinion in favor of the abolition of this misnamed Treaty, and take such steps as will induce Congress to act upon the subject."

Horrible Tragedy.—On New Year's night a fearful tragedy was enacted at a place called Brigantine Beach, Atlantic County, New York. A young man named Ganey entered the public house of a Mr. Benjamin Turner during his absence, and attacked a son of Mr. T.'s with an axe. A daughter of Mr. T. flew to her brother's rescue, and ejected the intruder, He returned with a gun, broke his way into the house, shot the boy, who was in bed, and afterwards shot the girl, inflicting a severe wound in her arm. The girl then managed to escape, and the house was then set on fire and consumed, together with the body of the murdered boy, and also a little girl and inmate of the family. The murderer escaped to a boat in the stream, and afterwards shot himself. It looks like the work of insanity.