when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave!—It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regret and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us as almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave, console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Discoveries at Pompeii.—The Naples correspondent of the *Morning Post* says:—"The following are some of the most remarkable of the objects recently found in Pompeii, and conveyed to the national museum in Naples. I must give the first rank to a beautiful gold lamp, with two burners, standing, with its pedestal, about 18 inches high, and weighing exactly a Neopalitan *rotolo*, equivalent to 33 ounces, without its cover, however, which is wanting, but which perhaps brought the original weight of the lamp to 36 ounces, or three Roman pounds. The gold is perfectly pure, and the quantity and quality of the metal form the value of the lamp, which in other respects is not to be compared to many of the bronze ones extant, being quite destitute of ornament, although not inelegant in design. This prize was discovered in the spring of the present year, in the middle of a newly-excavated street, evidently dropped by its owner or bearer in the hurry and alarm of a nocturnal flight. It is placed in a glass case in the cabinet of precious objects in the museum, together with a pair of gold bracelets,of elegant workmanship, found at the same time. The bronze utensil department in the museum is so full that it has become a difficult matter to find room in it, although it consists of several extensive halls, for the continually recurring contributions from Pompeii. It is on this account that the most recently discovered objects in bronze are as yet on the ground floor at the entrance of the Pompeian painting gallery. Among them I chiefly admired a bronze urn and brazier of very elegant shape and tasteful decoration, the two lateral handles being each formed of a couple of athletes wrestling, whilst the knob, so to say, of the cover consists of a Cupid riding on a dolphin. It is to be regretted that this admirable production should have suffered the same kind of partial decomposition as most of the bronzes found in Pompeii, owing, no doubt, to the chemical nature of the eruption there, which was evidently different from the volcanic stream which overwhelmed Herculaneum, as the bronzes found in the latter city are in perfect preservation, and have kept unchanged their original dark colour, whilst the Pompeian bronzes are generally covered with blue and green oxides and encrustations. The large glass case containing the objects most recently brought in from Pompeii is a museum in itself, with vases, cooking utensils, ornaments of dress, gems, and coins. Two beautiful *aurei* or gold coins, of Vespassian apparently, look as new as if just out of the imperial mint."

Curious Mirage in the West Indies.—Your readers may remember the descriptions given by Latham and Vince of the unexpected appearance of the clear outline of the French coast, with the fishing boats, as seen from Hastings; and the curious phenomenon of having the whole of Dover Castle above the horizon from Ramsgate (see the writer's "Introduction to Meteorology," p. 249, § 275). Analogous to this was a refraction witnessed by the writer, on the 28th of July, 1863, in British Guiana, on the Essequibo. We were then in the closing part of the long wet season, with great sun-heat and heavy showers alternating; and much rain, following thunder, had fallen in the early part of the day. Towards 2 P. M. the rain-clouds took up, and a brilliant sky opened, such as is often witnessed in South America in the rainy months. Having occasion to ride to a plantation on the Wakenaam Island, some miles off, to take boat for one of the Islands higher up, I came to a spot which commands no view beyond a narrow circle of luxuriant trees and pasture. I beheld the whole scene changed. Before me the land was dwarfed, and Hog Island, from its north-western line, onwards to its northeastern, was seen, with the channel between. Though a little hazy, I satisfied myself that the outline was correct, with the tall courada and mangrove trees which gird the beach. It was a mavellous deception, produced probably by strata of air, of unequal density and temperature, not far from the earth. On getting out upon the river, which was very calm, and looking to the north in the direction opposite to that of the mirage described, I beheld a small island at the mouth of the Essequibo floating,so to speak,in air. This phenomenon I have often seen. At night the moon was surrounded by a white halo, about 20° in radius, not unlike the one mentioned by Humboldt, as seen at Cumana. During the night a cold land-breeze blew, and the following morning opened with threatenings of heavy rain, the river was calm, and the foliage of the neighbouring island obscured, the aspect of Nature being gloomy and intensely tropical. But the rain did not fall, and a strong sea-breeze followed.—*Correspondent Athenæum, in British Guiana.*

Phantom Ships.—Two gentlemen strolling upon Beacon hill on the 20th of June witnessed a rare sight. Three large ships, with all sails bent, appeared to rise as it were from the water between Rocky Point and Race Rocks, and with their white canvas glistening in the sun, and the spray dashing from their prows, headed directly for Victoria harbour. The spectators, knowing the dangerous locality in which the vessels were, and alarmed lest they should be dashed to pieces on the rocks sprung to their feet, when suddenly the ships disappeared, seemed to melt from view, and nothing was seen but the rocks and the breakers dashing over them. A moment or two afterwards, instead of the watery space between the lighthouse and Rocky Point, appeared a wall of solid rock, as clearly defined as the Olympian range of mountains on the American shore. The rocks shortly disappeared, and the three ships were again seen, this time nearer the American side, and apparently bound up the Sound. They remained stationary for a few moments, then faded slowly away, and returned no more. The illusion was caused by mirage, which arises from a peculiar rarified state of the atmosphere. It is no uncommon occurrence to see apparitions of dense forests and mountains in the vicinity of Race Rocks, and large lakes open suddenly in the bosom of some mountain on the opposite shore; but objects such as ships under full sail have been rarely seen here as mirage.—*Victoria (Vancouver's Island) Chronicle.*

Beards.—In the seventeenth century lived the German painter John Mayo, nick-named John the Bearded, on account of his splendid beard. Although he was a tall man, it reached to such a length that even when he stood upright, it swept the ground, and therefore he wore this unwieldy ornament hooped in his girdle. The Emperor Charles V. used to take much delight in seeing this extraordinary beard unfastened, and the wind blowing it against the faces of the lords of his court.

By law Russians dare not shave. This enactment was confirmed, in the time of Peter the Great, as a kind of revenge, by compelling the peasantry to wear the beard they refused at his command to part with. A beardless man himself, he was jealous of others, who had a flow of hair, and being a man of a power he was too fond of abusing, he sought to compel the use of razors throughout Russia. On all ordinary occasions, Peter was the idol of the mass of his people; but when he snapped at their beards he was declared a tyrant and an enemy, and the formidable opposition excited against him gave the opening to the discontented of the nobles to excite a rebellion. He was obliged to soften his determination into the form of a *beard tax*, which was afterwards repealed, and the statute executed which enforces the wearing of the beard. However, this statute does not bear very heavily on the Russian peasant, for he glories in his beard.

Asia and some Asiatic people enjoy the monopoly of the finest beards in the world. The Turks, amongst others, have very beautiful beards—that of the late Sultan, Abdul Medjid, being a case in point. But to the Persians is due the credit of growing the most splendid beards ever seen.

The Persians, in very early times, were accustomed to give great attention to beards. We are informed by St. Chrysostom, that Chue-tung had his beard interwoven, or matted, with gold thread, and the accuracy of this information is evinced by the ancient Persian sculptures, which still remain, and in which the common beards are curiously and nicely curled, while those of the throned personages are stiff and matted.

In the same sculptures other persons who, from the offices they are performing, appear to be slaves or servants, have the beard in its natural state. Even in Persia the beards have, however, undergone fluctuations During the Suffavean dynasty it appears that only moustaches were common. Europeans, who travelled in the country during that period, describe and delineate the Persian face as destitute of beard. At the present time the ancient zeal for beards has revived, and the late Shah had one of the finest ever seen. It reached below his waist, and was altogether so imposing an appendage that it formed an unfailing theme of admiration amongst his subjects, who really seemed to think that if there were other claims wanting, his beard alone would entitle him to reign over men.—*Hairdresser's Journal.*

A New Remedy for Diptheria.—The *Revue Therapeutique*, a medical journal published in Paris, has a paper by Dr. A. De Grand, vice-consul at Havana, in which he mentions ice as an infallible specific for this disease. The following cases are related, in which his treatment was perfectly successful:—

"One of Dr. DeGrand's patients was seized, and as he could not immediately attend, another physician was called in, who ordered emetics and aluminous gargles, which produced no effect. At length Dr. DeGrand came, and found the tonsils greatly swollen, and a false membrane covering them. He immediately administered small pieces of ice, and by the following morning the tumefaction of the tonsils had diminished by half, and the false membrane had nearly disappeared. That very evening she was enabled to take food. Profiting by this example, a few days after her brother was seized with sore throat, presenting the same preliminary symptoms as those of his sister; but he, without waiting for the doctor, at once took some ice, and was rid of his sore throat in a few hours. Some days later, Dr. DeGrand was summoned to a young lady who had been laboring under the disease for some 48 hours; all remedies had failed, and the parents, relations and friends of the family were plunged in the deepest sorrow. When Dr. DeGrand ordered ice, a general cry of astonishment was uttered by all present. Ice for a sore throat! Impossible! It was sheer murder! Dr. DeGrand maintained his ground, and after much expostulation, during which time was lost, he obtained his end. Before 24 hours was over the patient was in full convalescence. Being at Vera Cruz on a mission, he was requested to see a young man who was attacked with malignant sore throat, and had been treated without effect by cauterizations with hydrocloric acid and astringent gargles. Here again he had to battle with the prejudices of the family, but was at length allowed to administer ice. The young man recovered in the course of the following day. Dr. DeGrand has now been using this remedy for the last twelve years, without having met with a single failure. This is what he says, but even if only half of what he says were true, the method should be tried by others. Cold gargles have been employed with success by Dr. Blanc, of Strasburg; why not ice."

We lately met a grammarian, says a California paper, who has just made a tour thro' the mines, conjugating or rather cogitating thus: "Positive mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus."

A Kentucky editor advertises as follows; "Wanted at this office, a bull-dog, of any color, except pumpkin and milk, of respectable size, snub noze, cropped ears, and abbreviated continuation—who can come when called with a raw beefsteak, and will take his 'pound of flesh' from the man who squirts tobacco-juice on the stove, and steals our exchanges!

A lady who drowned herself for love near Pawtucket was recently borne to her grave on a bier carried exclusively by women, and one hundred other women followed in procession.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Examiner.

Sir,—The mal-administrators of this little Island are every day giving proofs of their inconsistency, as for instance, the appointment of Little Dan, or "Dan the Member," to another office at Montague Bridge. This fellow holds no less than five offices under Government at the present time; and the fact is, he is not capable of filling either of them. But "Dan the Member" is capable of doing any dirty work for the sake of gain: such as allowing vessels to dispose of their fish without inspecting one solitary barrel, and then charging the captain half the fees allowed by law for not doing that which the Act requires him to do; and praising the Government for their consistency in the affairs of the Award, in sending the Delegation to England to force the Duke to terms, because, as he says, Mr. Pope has lost his agency, he is therefore very bitter against the proprietors, and will make them submit. (What a farce!) And, Sir, to add to the disgrace of the Government, he is a Universalist, which no man or body of men professing to be such models of christianity would for one moment have in their service. Yet such is the man chosen to fill Government offices at Montague Bridge, notwithstanding there are quite a number of respectable men in the vicinity capable of filling those offices, and men in whom the public could place confidence. And what, Sir, let me ask, is the purport of this office? In my opinion, it is this: the very people that trust the merchant to weigh such as tea, leather, and other expensive articles are not to be trusted to weigh oats at 2s. per bushel. This, Sir, was blown into the minds of a certain race of people, that they ought to petition the Government to appoint an officer to superintend the measuring of grain; and Little Dan knew well, from the particular attention he paid to dirty affairs, that he would likely be appointed, especially as Finley has great influence with the Government. Now, Sir, suppose 20 M bushels of grain will be shipped from the Bridge, Little Dan gets a farthing per bushel, which will amount to nearly £21: a nice sum for farmers to pay to keep him in idleness, especially as the merchants are more worthy of public confidence than "Dan the member," and show by their industry that they eat their bread by the sweat of their brow, and not hang on the public and paltry offices for a subsistence.

Yours, TRUTH.

Lot 59, Sept. 24th, 1863.

The Examiner.

Charlottetown, October 12th, 1863.

MILITARY AND NAVAL MATTERS.

We have given, in another column, from the pen of Our Own Reporter in charge of Military Affairs, a somewhat lengthy review of a letter which recently appeared from one of the paid Instructors of the Volunteers, and we feel that we ought to offer a word of apology for devoting so much space to that matter. Sergt. Major Bacon—the letter-writer referred to—is not, we believe, a very important individual,—we have not had the felicity of hearing his name before, although he has done us the honor to call us his friend, which, in truth, we are, being a friend to all men of genius and valour—but his letter derives some importance from these facts:—That he is, or has been, a paid servant of the Government—that, from being a Drill Sergeant, instructing our Volunteers, he does, and ought to, know a great deal about the working of the Volunteer System, and that he confirms our opinion, to a degree that we did not expect, as to the worthlessness of the sham that has been imposed upon us as a Military defence. The Sergt. Major hugely admires *the* Movement, but he admits that it has been going to the dogs here, on account of the stupidity or incompetency of all other Drill Sergeants but himself connected with it, and that the Reviews which have been held here at Head Quarters, under the nose of the Commander-in-chief, have been very laughable farces indeed. We knew all this long ago, but certainly we did not expect that it would be blurted out by an old experienced soldier, and one of the pillars of the Volunteer movement; and least of all, did we expect to find such testimony in the columns of the principal Government paper.

Nothing could be more opportune to corroborate Mr. Bacon's statements than the character of the Shooting Match which took place on Government House grounds the other day. An official report of the affair has been given in the *Royal Gazette*—(how the Queen's Printer must chuckle when he reflects that he pockets more money than any other individual out of the Volunteer jobbery!) From this report we learn that the whole number of competitors was fifty-four. Now, fifty-four is a very small number out of a Force alleged to be at least a thousand strong; and we may be sure that there were none except officers, besides the Shooting Half Hundred, on the ground. We have a right to assume that *they* were the flower of the P. E. Island Army—that *they* were the only individuals who could afford to sport the "imposing uniform," which, the *Islander* assures us, is worn by our Volunteers—that *they* were the men of the "graceful and upright carriage," who, as the *Islander* hath further saith, "are irresistible in the eyes of the women." We shan't question the personal attractions of the fifty-four Military Adonisses—we saw a few of the "irresistible" fellows, and we confessed to ourselves that it would be superfluous to "ask the women" a question touching the charms of the said Adonisses. But our admiration for the Flower of the Prince Edward Island Army was slightly disturbed when we further learned, from the Adjutant General's Report, that out of the fifty-four shooters "thirty seven were disqualified after the first five rounds." The disqualification is, of course, understood to mean bad shots—so that there were only seventeen out of a thousand Volunteers who were allowed to pass muster as passable shots! This fact is more stunning than all the hard things that Sergt. Major Bacon could write against the Volunteers from now until dooms-day.

Now, let us see what were the guerdons for which the seventeen "irresistible" shooters of the "graceful and upright carriage" had to contend. There were eleven money prizes—besides one sett of shirt studs, and one rifle. We can't say whether the latter were offered in mockery or earnestness, but the prizes are such as to suggest some queer thoughts. One would suppose that a rifle was not the kind of thing to be presented to men who had exhibited such questionable skill in the use of that article; and as for the shirt studs, would it not have been more sensible to have offered half a dozen shirts—no matter whether of cotton or linen—than bits of cheap jewellery that were much less required? Falstaff's Company—as we learn from that veracious historian, William Shakespeare—had only a shirt and a half between them, which were made up of napkins stolen from the nearest hedge; and the gallant Captain declared he would be d—d before he would march with them through Coventry. Captain Sir John Falstaff was a comical fellow, but there was one thing wanted to make his comicality complete, and that was the offering of a set of shirt studs to the best shooter in his Company. The Duke of Wellington was once asked what did a soldier most require? he answered, "a pair of boots." His Grace was then asked, what next did the soldier most require?—he answered, "another pair of boots." The question was put touching the third requisite of the soldier, when his Grace replied—"A good pair of boot soles in his knapsack." We are astonished that his Grace never thought of the studs!

The money prizes, as we learn, were eleven in number,—eight of these were given by the ladies, which shews how completely they were conquered by the "irresistible" Volunteers. We have a great respect for the ladies, as we said in a former article on this subject, and we hope our respect will not be questioned when we ask them, would it not have been more creditable to have consolidated their funds into one or two handsome prizes, than have them doled out in driblets of 20s., 16s. 8d. and 13s. 4d. stg. each? The whole amount subscribed—partly dunned for even on Government House grounds, and there shelled out with reluctance—was exactly £31 13s. 4d. stg., which would average less than three pounds a piece to the eleven prizes. Old maids and old women are known to be stingy, generally, in their *contributions to public funds*, but we did not expect to find such an illustration of this knowledge as has been just furnished to us by the amount of the money prizes to the "irresistible" Volunteers. For two mortal days was the great Volunteer Force stirred to its inmost depths to produce seventeen shooters who could see the target, and who were, each, ambitious of carrying off a portion of the booty, amounting to the munificent sum of £31 13s. 4d. stg., to make up which, demanded the united energies of the Lieut. Governor, the Admiral, the Bank, and many of the ladies of the land,—to say nothing of the studs, which cannot fail to make the winner more "irresistible" than ever he was, and the rifle, which it is to be hoped, by improved shooting, will bring additional glory to its winner and to the cause in which it was won.

It is not proper, perhaps, that we should mix up Naval with Military affairs, but we have one or two facts to record that have so much relation to the subject on which we have been discoursing, that, in our humble opinion, the record of the facts should be made in this connection. The Town, as every body knows, was alarmed last week by the arrival of two U. States war vessels. The Hero of Inkerman House was consulted. His Honor saw at once the magnitude of the case, and regretted more than ever that fortifications were not erected at Braddock's Point. The Volunteers were thought of—there was some little demur, we believe, about bringing them out, on account of the paucity of numbers; but, at all events, report sayeth that ball cartridges were served out to the seventeen sharp shooters above referred to, and they were required to report themselves for actual service at a *moment's notice* so as to protect "our hearths, our homes, our sweethearts and our wives." Before making any warlike demonstration, it was deemed, however, prudent first to try what virtue there was in peaceful measures, so Mr. Deputy Secretary Morrison was ordered to limp his way, as best he could, to the U. S. Frigate *Athol Allen*, and having found a dirty jolly boat, in which he was propelled by dirty rowers for a few pence a piece, this representative of our Government hopped on board of the frigate. The officers of the Federal ship were not particularly alarmed at the sight of Mr. Morrison, even when that important individual unrolled and read the ominous parchment scroll which he flourished,and which was merely a copy of the Queen's proclamation on the neutrality laws; but they felt disgusted at being ordered out of the port by such a personage scarcely three hours after they had dropped anchor. They were well aware of the rights and privileges which international treaties gave them, but they could not understand the stupid officialism which reminded them of those treaties before there was any attempt, on their part, at the slightest breach of them. The Feds. shewed their good manners by declining a parley with the Deputy, or by not even pitching him overboard, but they heaped coals of fire on his head by treating him as he was never treated in his life before; and the gratified Deputy has made up his mind, we believe, to write a special despatch to the Lords of the Admiralty, showing conclusively that the U. States Government have as yet manifested no hostile intentions; and that we may, for a little while longer, interchange international courtesies without endangering our connection with the British Crown.

THE MONTGOMERY ESTATE.

"The Earth hath bubbles as the Water hath,
And this is of them."

"The Tenantry on Lot 59 will be glad to hear that Mr. Robert Montgomery has authorized his agent here to sell his part of it to the Government on the same terms that his brother sold his share of the same estate last year, and that His Excellency in Council has accepted the offer."—Monitor.

The above statement from the *Monitor* is repeated in the *Protestant* of Saturday, and the substance of it is done up with a great flourish of trumpets in the *Islander* of the previous day. Now what does it all amount to? Nothing at all. If the brother of Mr. Robert Montgomery "sold his share" of Lot 59 to the Government last year, why has not that year's sale been completed? We are told that wills, legacies, titles and matters of that kind, stand in the way. Then no actual sale has taken place. It is quite certain that the Commissioner of Public Lands has not yet acquired any control over the estate, otherwise we should have seen his advertisements inviting the tenantry to come and purchase the freehold of their farms. We suspect that the whole thing is one of those shams in which the Government of this country are so very fond of dealing.

If it should ever come to pass that the Government have really purchased the Montgomery Estate at two shillings and four pence sterling an acre, it must be sold to the tenantry at a very small advance on that price; and, then, what, in the name of common sense and justice, should induce that *same Government to send Delegates* to England for the purpose of asking the other proprietors to take sixteen years rental for the fee simple of their estates, which would make the price of land range from twenty to forty shillings an acre against the tenantry, who would likewise have to pay their arrears of rent? If the Montgomery property can be sold to present settlers for 6s. or 7s. 6d. currency an acre, like the Worrell, Lot 11, and Selkirk estates, where are the tenantry who will be fools enough to give three or four times these amounts to other landlords?

We are amazed at the inpudence of the Government journals,as shown by their claiming credit for their patrons and employers, over a little prospective advantage to the country by the purchase of a large landed property. Surely they cannot forget that the Act under which such a transaction can now be effected was solely and wholly the work of the Liberal Party, and was fiercely opposed in its passage through Parliament by those in power. The Belfast people may thank the Liberals for becoming freeholders. If the Montgomery tenants should ever attain to a like condition—of which we see no prospect so long as a Proprietary Government are continued in office—let them be sure that the Grays, Palmers, Popes and Company, are not the men who are entitled to their gratitude.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

Some persons were unreasonable enough to object to our article last week, touching Scottish Music, on the ground that it was too partial to the Irish. We are not aware of having written a word on this subject in which we are not borne out by authentic history. We had, and have, no desire to disparage the very plausible claims of the Scotch to the bagpipes, but we could not shut our eyes to the fact which history unfolds, that the Irish were by long odds before the Scotch in possession of this admirable instrument. We gave almost day and date to prove the thing—we certainly quoted history in support of our position, and no one has yet ventured to controvert it. A writer has, indeed, appeared in the *Protestant* of Saturday, in whose production there is a great deal of antiquarian and historical lore displayed. We have read the article with zest, and we trust with profit; we subscribe to every sentence it contains; we admit to the full that the pipes are an ancient instrument, and that their music serves to nerve the arm of the soldier in the shock of war. But this does not in the least alter the case, as we laid it down. In fact, the contributor to the *Protestant* has, in the most agreeable and conclusive manner, confirmed our view of the case. It will be remembered, as we proved, that the ancient Romans possessed the bagpipes, and we shewed where, how, and when they got them—that Cæsar's legionaries, when they found their way to Ireland, which they were never able *to conquer*, had *some* very confused notions touching the rights of property, and that amongst the treasures which the rogues carried to Rome, when they were tired of sacking the savage Britons, the Irish Bagpipes were strangely found to be of the lot. Now, so enamoured were the Romans of the pipes that they were introduced into their most ingenious sculptures. The *Protestant* writer admits this, when he says: "The Romans must have taken it—(that is, the bagpipes) from the Phœnicians or the Greeks." Precisely so. Whoever yet disputed the fact, that the Phœnicians, the Greeks and the Irish, were all one large family? and stealing a thing from the Greeks was like stealing it from the Irish. We learn from Robertson's History of Scotland—(Edinburgh edition, 1821, page 7: we like to be particular in quoting our authorities,) that when the Roman General Agricola "repulsed" the Caledonians, that race were found to be very rude and uncivilized, but soon acquired some knowledge of arts, letters and science from the conquerors,—the North Britons, indeed—(see Robertson, page 7)—were indebted for their knowledge of writing to the Romans. How could such a people as the Caledonians, in this state of barbarism, which their own historian ascribes to them, be capable of cultivating the music of the bagpipes which require such delicate manipulation? It is morally certain that Agricola brought the Irish pipes and the Irish music from Rome, with the other refining arts which he bestowed upon the Caledonians, and that the latter, in adopting them as their national instrument, *did not improve upon their Irish model.* The writer in the *Protestant* refers to the Emperor Nero as "a master of music," and one skilled in the use of the pipes. It is quite true he was, and we are sorry for it, because he was a sensual beast and a blood thirsty tyrant; and we are ashamed to admit that the very air which he played upon his fiddle while Rome was burning, at his instigation, was an Irish air, and was supposed to be the original of that beautiful tune now known under the Gaelic name of "Tha na Fir a' Gol."

There has been so much said about Scotch Music that we must resist the temptation of writing another word anent it, although there are several unelucidated historical facts before us bearing upon the subject. We cannot, however, stop without expressing our gratification at the interest which it has excited; and we say it before the world, that we shall be always glad to hear the Pipes, no matter whether they are of Scotch or Irish origin, and we shall be always glad, likewise, to hear the writer of the *Protestant* thus eloquently discourse regarding them:—

"A few historical remarks regarding the instrument before giving the particulars, would perhaps, be desirable. It is allowed by Historians, as well as Antiquarians, that the great Highland Bagpipe is of a very early invention. It is founded on the oaten pipe of primitive ages. The Chanter, made of the most sonorious wood, was the first step towards improvement of the instrument; the bag and drones were, at *some subsequent* period, added; in that improved state it has been handed down to us by a very remote generation, as is evident by the impressions we see on old coins. "There is now in Rome a most beautiful bass Relievo, a *Grecian Sculpture of the highest* antiquity, of a Bagpiper,playing on his instrument, exactly like a modern Highlander." The Romans must have taken it from the Phœnecians or the Greeks, and introduced it among their swains, *who still use the instrument under the name of* "Cornu Musa." Nero, that master of music, used one, and had he not died, was to have had a grand concert; and among the instruments, the Utricularies, or Bagpipes, was to be introduced. *Nero perished, but the figure of the instrument is* preserved on one of his coins The Bagpipes, in its unimproved state, in another ancient sculpture, seems to have had two long pipes or drones, and a short pipe for the fingers. Some say that the *Bagpipes were introduced into Ssotland by the* Romans, but Pennant as well as Jamieson, has shown that the Bagpipes was used in Scotland at a much earlier period, remarking that it is not at all likely that the Caledonians would choose the *music of their enemies. The Bagpipe has been* used by the Scots when warring with the Picts. I have no doubt that the exhilirating strain of the Bagpipe led them to victory, as they have invariably done up to the present day. Columba, the founder of the Abbey of Iona, had a bard who was a professor of music, and taught the Bagpipes. In the times of a Wallace and a Bruce the strains of the Bagpipe led the Sons of Caledonia to freedom and victory, and the expulsion of the Sassenach across the border probably then, or at a later date, gave rise to the composition of the "Blue Bonnets over the Border." So much for its antiquity, now for its utility: The attachment of Scotchmen to their music is incredible, and has produced effects on many a gory battle-field, more marvellous than ascribed to any other instrument or music. "Its martial sounds can fainting troops inspire, with strength unwonted and enthusiasm raise," viz: Quebec, 1760, when the British troops were hard pressed, Frazer's Regiment, with their pipers playing a favourite air, restored the fortune of the day. Sir Erye Coote made a present of fifty pounds to each of the Scottish Regiments, to purchase Bagpipes, for their gallant conduct in the battle of Porta Fuva, where they had to cope with double their number. The Bagpipe has led the "Sons of the mountain, the valley, and the brave" to victory on the fields of Coruna, Vimeria, Salamanca, Bridge of Goa, Lines of Torres Vedras, Waterloo, &c. The Highland Brigade, under the command of the distinguished and late lamented Lord Clyde, the small "Red streak of Balaclava," the brave 93rd Highlanders, the advance of the brave and noble Havelock, with the pipes of the 78th Highlanders, the celebrated strains of the Bagpipe, playing the "Campbells are coming," of "Jessie Brown" notoriety, to the final relief of Lucknow, prove to Scotia's Sons that in whatever clime their lot may be cast, they never should forget their love for the music of their forefathers, language, dress, amusements,&c. But ancient and modern history prove that neglect of nationality lead to most disastrous consequences, both public and private."

SERGT.-MAJOR WILLIAM BACON ON THE VOLUNTEERS AND THEIR EFFICIENCY.

When a distinguished soldier speaks to civilians on military matters, all due deference and becoming respect are without scruple given to his opinions. In accordance with this practice we read with considerable care the letter published in the *Islander* signed "William Bacon, late Sergt. Major, 1st Batt. 7th Royal Fusileers." Finding, however, on perusing his letter, that though he may have a thorough knowledge concerning cannons of war, he is not quite so conversant with the canons of literature, we thought it would not be too presumptuous if we still ventured to entertain and express our views on the inefficiency of the Volunteers to resist invasion. Some persons, we dare say, will consider *that this piece of Bacon, who claims our present* notice, is somewhat too lean and thin to fry on the *Examiner* gridiron; but be it remembered that the gentleman, who recently held a respectable rank in the 7th Royal Fusileers, one of the bravest and most gallant regiments of the line, demands the attention of the public from the vast importance of the question which he discusses, as well as from the fact that he has been raised to the rank of Captain of Militia, and has been appointed to the post of Sub Inspector of Volunteers, with a snug little salary attached thereto, by the Lieut. Governor and his advisers in the Government. The gallant Sergt. Major "most respectfully begs to contradict in many instances" an article recently published in this Journal on the Volunteers. He sets out by endeavoring to combat a statement therein made that the Volunteer System, or the way it is managed, was a huge imposition upon the people of this colony. But in the course of his letter Sergt. Major Bacon makes certain statements which we submit to our readers, merely premising that we suppose he is a good authority on military affairs, as he, we learn, holds the most flattering and creditable testimonials from officers under whom he served in the Crimean war, and that his position as Sub-Inspector of our Volunteers enables him to speak from personal observation on the Volunteers throughout the Island. He says:—"If the Volunteers or the authorities would employ proper and qualified instructors, who are at present laying idle, there would be no payment required for keeping the arms in order, but each man would be competent to keep his own arms clean and in good order. After the men have been taught that which they have not yet availed themselves of being taught, that is, *Squad, Company and Battalion Drill*, they should then pass on to Musketry instruction.—Firstly *Cleaning Arms*,—names of different parts of the rifle, dismounting the lock—Secondly—*Theoretical principles*,aiming drill, position drill, snapping caps, blank firing, and judging distance drill. The Volunteer having been thoroughly instructed in the foregoing exercises, he should then be put through a course of Target practice, and not till then. But the instructors, who are appreciated not only by the Volunteers themselves but by the authorities, don't know such themselves, therefore it would be an impossibility for them to impart it to others; and, besides, they are the same as all men of the class to which they belong, that is the selfish class. What do they care whether the Volunteers are effective or not, so long as they can receive £80 cash, a year, together with free accommodations in Barracks." If this does not shew that there is huge imposition practised in reference to the Volunteer System we would like to know what Sergt. Major Bacon considers imposition. But he further says that the "*Examiner* is perfectly right about the laughable reviews and useless drill of the Companies in and about the City of Charlottetown, for I can say, and that conscientiously, that all the distant country Companies who have arms in possession, and which have come under my *observation*, are far in advance of the City Companies, and why? because they are left to their own resources, thereby not kept back by non-qualified instructors as the City Companies allow themselves to be." We commend the next extract from the letter of this excellent military authority to our country readers. He says:—

"Again adverting to the £400 voted for the Volunteer Force, and it appears to me that there is some 33 Companies of Volunteers on this Island, and these two non-qualified instructors are receiving £10 a year for each and every Company which they pretend to instruct, for it certainly cannot possibly be called anything more than pretension, therefore their allowance expends nearly one half of the amount voted annually for the Volunteer Force, and the distant country Companies are thereby not only deprived of an instructor, but they are deprived of the means of paying one, unless they pay him out of their own pockets, the remaining amount, after the two non-qualified instructors are paid, having to go to pay an Armourer-Sergeant from Halifax, N. S., to come and extract, or drill out bullets from the rifles of or in possession of the three City Companies." He avers in another place that the instructors "receive £10 per Company for leading the Volunteers astray." Now, whilst we think that the instructors referred to, are not so much to blame for grasping their share of the public plunder, and that they are not responsible for the "laughable reviews," inasmuch as the young men do not attend drill, getting tired as they are of sporting their "gold trimmed scarlet coats and bright nodding plumes," we are credibly informed that Sergt. Major Bacon's testimony is partly if not wholly borne out by the report of the Armourer-Sergeant who has been here cleaning and repairing the rifles during the past six months. What a cold shiver must run over that nervous portion of the public who believe that the young Eagle of the American Republic has been hovering over our heads to ravish all those whom we so fondly cherish, when they learn that they have been in such imminent danger. The rifles whose unerring aim would surely wound if not destroy the golden bird, have been all the summer, and during the excitement which existed during the *Trent* affair, worse than old sticks certainly, inasmuch as they were plugged up with old leaden bullets. But since the rifles are again cleaned, we hope all fears will subside, and if our Volunteers have not a chance of showing their skill on such lofty game as the American Eagle, we may rest assured that the rifles will not remain idle so long as a grey-bird or a robin is to be seen on the Island. Now, would it not be well as we are preparing for war, or to resist invasion, to *economise our public expenditure as much as possible?* Might not the military orders be written to the Captains of Corps and others, instead of being published in Mr. Ings's newspapers, for which he will charge a handsome amount in the course of the year, especially as these military advertisements are unheeded by the Volunteers. Again, there is the sum of £40 a year which W. H. Pope receives for his rough store loft, rented as a drill room, but which is very seldom used. Of course Mr. Ings and Pope and the drill instructors, and all the great Colonels, believe that the Volunteer system is the salvation of the country, and are certain that those who consider that taxation should be lessened, and that the £400 should be expended on the muddy roads and broken bridges, are very, very unpatriotic indeed.

But as these gentlemen have the authority of such a brave and experienced soldier as Sergt.-Major Bacon to bear them out in their views of the efficiency of our Volunteer System as a necessary means of self-defence (that is, if Sergt. Bacon were sole drill instructor of the Volunteers), we must examine the points upon which we hold different opinions. But it is necessary that the reader should hear the account which the Volunteer Champion gives of himself, in order to properly appreciate his arguments. Our readers will be either surprised or amused with the brief sketch which he gives of his certainly wonderful history. Some of his statements are obviously so incredible that he very prudently refers us to documents to vouch for his veracity, and which are in the hands of a highly respectable citizen. Like Othello's, the story of his life must consist

"Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i'the imminent deadly breach,"

and as the tale of the black Moor won the gentle and confiding heart of Desdemona, so we would not be surprised to learn that the gallant Sergeant Bacon is quite an "irresistible"—according to the *Islander's* theory—amongst the fairer and sometimes frailer sex. This hero has done more than brave death's terrors at the deadly cannon's mouth. Lest any should suspect that we are exaggerating his claims on our admiration, we must give his own words. Contrasting his case with that of the two "non-qualified instructors, who live in the Barracks, rent free, and having not the slightest claim in the world on their country, more than having received a good pension," he says, "and me, who have served my country to the utmost of my abilities in every quarter of the globe, both before the enemy and in quarters, and have fought and bled for my country *as much, if not more than any man living*, and (have been) CUT THROUGH AND THROUGH AGAIN WITH BULLETS, must live out of Barracks and pay rent." Well may he exclaim: "What will they say when they hear of this in England!" We sympathise with our unfortunate hero; he will have to pay rent, we fear, until he learns to bow and scrape to every jack-daw about the Province Building, and until he is prepared to fawn and flatter and sell his conscience and his honor for an annual pittance from the Tory party. We have no desire to question the truth of Sergt.-Major Bacon's account of himself; but in the name of all that's marvellous, after passing through all this flood and fire, how did the extraordinary Sergt.-Major succeed in saving his Bacon? Was it the bodily Bacon that was "cut through and through again with bullets"? We are almost tempted to become a believer in the doctrines of the Spirit-rappers, and to suppose that the ghost or spirit of William Bacon (or perhaps old Roger Bacon, who is said to have first smelt gunpowder), with the *Islander* as the *medium*, is holding converse on the "Volunteers and their efficiency."

Hoping, however, that the William Bacon of the *Islander* yet exists in the flesh, we now turn to some of the "contradictions" which he gives the article which called out his communication.

1. It is immaterial whether Col. McKinstrey and Major General Doyle gave notice of their coming to inspect the Volunteers. We know that either of these officers, or some one else from Halifax, was expected here for weeks previously to the reviews held before Col. McKinstrey. But the reasons why the names of the above officers were employed was to prove the material point, that the Volunteer movement was on its last legs, as *shown in the extremely ludicrous and paltry* displays which were made before them by the Volunteers. The annual Review was put off from early in July till some later period, in order, we presume, that the forces—which are to defend *our hearths and homes from some 50,000 or 100,000 invading foes*—might have a chance to make a good turn out by mustering three or four dozen of men, and a larger number of officers. When the day finally fixed for the Review arrived, namely *Tuesday the 29th of September*, what kind of a front did the different corps present? The Review was ordered and gazetted, and published in the *Islander*, and was to have been held on the Barrack Square. But the only Volunteers *to be seen in the City on the review-day* were a few stragglers from the country, who, after sauntering about the Market House in their red and yellow striped breeches and tawdry trimmed coats, betook themselves to the upper part of Queen's Street, and held their review under the refreshing shades of the "Royal Oak." Now, we ask why did not the different corps obey the general order to appear in review? The only answer that can be given is, that the Captains were conscious that their respective corps *could* not make a creditable appearance, or else *they treated the order with contempt*, and hence cannot be in a very perfect state of subordination. The Prize Shooting last week further shews that the interest in the Volunteer movement is rapidly on the decline. In the number of competitors for the prizes, and the numbers who attended as spectators, there was a great falling off from last year. The amount of money gathered by the military mendicants was much less than the sum raised twelve months ago, and even that was begged or dunned for on the Government House grounds.

2. Sergt.-Major Bacon seems to think that we have no need of any fortifications to resist invasion, as our Volunteers, if "well disciplined and eager to be led against their country's foe," would be the best defence. He states, moreover, that the "unerring judgment of mankind tells them that standing armies and fleets are not a sufficient defence of nations." We candidly confess that we "never learned that fact," but, on the contrary, believed, from our reading and observation, that the judgment of mankind has generally considered that standing armies and fleets were the surest defence of nations. But if fortifications, standing armies, and fleets are not a safe means of defence, what is? We hope the modesty of the Volunteers will not be shocked when Sergt.-Major Bacon assures them that *they* are the wall of adament which is to defend us from all our foes. We have not time to dispute this point just now. Indeed we will not be skeptical, as we remember the celebrated Captain in English literature who offered to defeat any army of ten thousand by himself and ten picked gentlemen; so it is not at all impossible that our Captain Bobadil (misnamed Bacon), with our Island Volunteers, would be more than a match for the eight or nine hundred thousand that compose the American Army. If, however, Captain Bobadil and the Volunteers should not feel inclined to face the whole American army, we must try and console ourselves by reflecting that the Americans will never come near us, save as friends, buying our fish and purchasing our agricultural products, and thus making trade and business flourish. We must hope that those ruthless Yankees will not run away with all our sweethearts, as the old woman of the *Islander* predicts. Indeed, we are inclined to think that, with the exception of the aforesaid old woman and a few military mad-caps, there are but very few who believe but that we will be allowed for many days yet to come to enjoy the blessings of dull times and worse prospects. Unless the mother country drives us off from her apron strings, we may rest assured that we will be left to take care of ourselves, or rather to be cared for by some understrapper in the Colonial Office, who renders our system of Self or Responsible Government a mockery, a delusion and a snare, whenever it suits the whims or interests of a contemptibly small cabal of absentee land proprietors.

In taking our leave of the extraordinary character who has enjoyed our attention perhaps it is but just that we should give the proposal which he makes, the benefit of our large circulation. He says he will guarantee to teach the 33 companies, at £10 each company, in such a complete manner that they will be perfect, and require no further drill at his hands. He will perform all this in a single year, and will certainly deserve to pocket the £330. We fear, however, that too many persons will consider the redoubtable Sergt.-Major, as they believe the whole Volunteer organization to be, a great humbug and a monstrous sham, and that they will send an earnest prayer to the Legislature to request that the public funds be employed for practicable and useful objects, and to grant the colony a happy deliverance from Captain Bobadil and his invincible army.

In an article which appeared in our second edition of Monday evening last, relating to the Scottish Musical Competition, Col. Gray's name was incidentally used, in a complimentary style, as being an ardent admirer of Scotch music and a generous patron of the Scottish Musical Society. We have been gravely informed, and very much surprised to learn, that this is not correct. The gallant Colonel, we are assured, does not admire Scotch music, and has not patronised the Scottish Musical Society to the extent of one baubee. We are sorry to learn this. We thought the Colonel had better taste.

☞ Our Own Reporter, who acts in the capacity of Minister of Public Instruction, is away airing himself somewhere—or, as we should say, to speak classically, ventilating his corpus—and has totally neglected to hand us the balance of his valuable notes on the Normal School, &c., without having which we fear it would be imprudent to commit to the press the fragmentary sheets of MSS. with which we have been already furnished. When last heard of, Our Own Reporter was in the vicinity of Truro, making enquiries there touching educational matters.

There has been no news from the seat of war in the States during the past week, at least none worthy of particular notice. The Telegraph lines have not been in working order for several days, and no news has come in that direction. The telegraph operators will no doubt be digusted to know they *cannot ply their vocation in the cause* of Truth, so admirably illustrated by the telegrams, but the public will not, we hope, suffer any serious depression of spirits on account of the hitch in the business.

Coroner's Inquest.—An Inquest was held before John McNeill, Esqr., one of the Coroners for Queen's County, on view of the body of David McNally, on Thursday last. From the evidence given it appeared that the deceased attempted to cross, in an Indian canoe, the Hillsborough River, near Battery Point, about 3 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, 30th September, when it is supposed that the canoe was upset in the current, and the unfortunate man lost his life. A verdict of "accidental death by drowning" was given in accordance with these facts. The deceased was a young man in the vigour of youth, and bore a very excellent character. We sincerely sympathise with the afflicted parents, who are well known and highly respected in this community.

We understand that two U. States war vessels, which have been cruising in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to protect, we believe, American fishermen, arrived in this port on Friday last, and interchanged courtesies with our authorities.

The Civic Elections in Halifax came off on the 1st instant. P. C. Hill, Esqr., who has been Mayor for the last two years, was again re-elected by a large majority.

We are glad to learn that the Barque *Gazelle*, owned by Messrs. W. W. Lord & Co., arrived in this port yesterday afternoon, being, as usual, the pioneer of our British and Colonial trades.

ORANGEISM IN IRELAND.

Guilford, Aug. 25.—At the petty sessions held here to-day, G. E. Bowen and J. W. McMaster, Esqs., presided. Five of the Orangemen who had been arrested for the murderous assault on the four men at Dumbarton on Saturday night, as reported in this day's *Whig*, were fully identified, and have been returned for trial to the next quarter sessions at Newry. Bail has been accepted for their appearance. Mr. Tyrrell, Banbridge prosecuted, and Mr. Carleton, Portadown, defended the prisoners.—*Northern Whig.*

Our correspondent, writing from Guilford on Saturday night, says:—"Last night we had a grand turn-out of the Orangemen. About half-past nine o'clock, several hundred of them, accompanied by twelve drums, &c., came into the town by way of Dumbarton, and when they were at Mr. Thomas Frazer's, manager of Guilford Mills, they commenced playing "The Protestant Boys," which they continued until after passing Mr. James Grant's. Having regaled themselves in a public house, they again placed themselves in order, and, with music playing, paraded the streets for a considerable time. When passing the police barracks, they cheered most lustily. Constable Best, immediately on their arrival, placed his men under arms, and marched behind them all time they remained in town. I believe the visit of last night was intended to do honour to the waylayers of the four young men on the 21st ult., when poor May was beaten almost to death, as was reported in the *Whig* of the 25th ult. It is worthy of remark that these fellows all came from remote districts, to lessen the chances of their being identified. To-day, however, from an early hour, crowds of Orangemen belonging to this locality were observed passing through Guilford in the Derrymacash direction, where they were going to make their return visit. Their rendezvous was not far from Guilford in the barn of Mr. Thomas Frazer; and about three o'clock all marched away, accompanied by no less than twenty-seven drums. It is but justice to Mr. Frazer to state that it is believed he was quite unaware of their intention to meet in his place. Our worthy local magistrate never made his appearance; and I may here state my belief that, did he do so, his life would not be worth a pin's fee."—*Northern Whig.*

The *Banner of Ulster* says:—"We regret to learn that the peace of Lisburn has again been broken by the conduct of an Orange rabble that assembled there recently. The principal men of the mob were from the country districts, as were also the drummers and fifers who headed the procession. Stone throwing formed one of the amusements of the crowd, and the windows of several houses suffered severely, these all being, of course, of the liberal party. Besides the damage done to other concerns, one of the large panes of plate glass in front of Mr. Duncan's establishment in the Maket square was completely broken; in fact, the wonder is, that an immense mob, consisting of several hundreds of half rabid rioters, did not commit still greater havoc on the properties of those who seemed marked for their vengeance. We have had some letters from our correspondents in Lisburn relative to this disgraceful attack, and the opinion seems to be that the mob must have been encouraged in their proceedings by persons in town, whose position in local society, both as professing Christians and respectable commercialists, should have taught them a very different course of conduct."