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. XVII.] CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1867. [NO. 13

KING SQUARE HOUSE.

SUPERIOR SEAL SKIN COATS. BEER & SONS.

A GOOD Assortment of CLOTHS. BEER & SONS.

A SPLENDID LOT of FUR CAPS, CLOTH CAPS and FELT HATS. BEER & SONS.

LADIES' FURS BEER & SONS.

LADIES' HATS—in Silk, Velvet & Straw. BEER & SONS.

DRESS GOODS in great variety BEER & SONS.

SHAWLS and MANTLES BEER & SONS

CARPETS, in Wool, Felt and Hemp. BEER & SONS.

HEAVY OVERCOATS and other Ready made Clothing. BEER & SONS.

GENTS' Wool Scarfs, Shirts, Gloves, &c., &c. BEER & SONS.

BUFFALO ROBES. BEER & SONS

BOOTS and SHOES in variety BEER & SONS.

RUBBER BOOTS and SHOES BEER & SONS.

FELT and RUBBER OVERSHOES BEER & SONS

CANADIAN MOCCASANS BEER & SONS.

WARRANTED AXES. BEER & SONS.

THRESHING MACHINE and MUD DIGGER CASTINGS and CHAIN BEER & SONS.

The above, together with our usual assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, &c., &c., &c., are offered on the best terms for prompt payment.

BEER & SONS.

Ch'town, Nov. 19, 1866.

Queen Street Fancy Goods Store.

ISAAC J. WALDRON, AGAIN.

PREPARE for Christmas, and select your GLASSWARE, JEWELLERY, TOYS and FANCY GOODS from my stock, where you will find every variety and at prices to suit all customers. So come along, Rich and Poor, and we will give you bargains.

Glassware.

All kinds of Glass Lamps Globes, Chimneys, Paper & Glass Shades, Tumblers in variety, Tea Sets in Glass, Salts, Cruitstands, Plates Preserve Dishes, Fruit Dishes, Patent Glass Lanterns, Butter Dishes. Chinese Marble Vases.

Brushes.

Horse, Scrubbing, Shoe, Hair, Tooth, and other Brushes, a large assortment. Japan Trays, Looking Glasses, Paper Collars, and Woollen Mufflers.

Cutlery.

Knives & Forks, Carvers, Razors, Scissors, Curry Combs, Pad Locks, a very large stock by wholesale & Retail. Transparent Toilet Soaps, a superior article for Ladies' use. Matches, Kerosene Oil (in per gallon), Soap, Tobacco, Tea, Vinegar (superior), Lamp wicks all sizes, Albums, Toys in variety, Portemonnaies, Combs, and a variety of Case Goods.

Jewellery.

Watches, Watch Chains, Keys, Brooches, Ear Drops, Finger Rings, Bracelets, Lockets, Gents' Breast Pins, and a very large stock of new Jewellery, too numerous to mention in detail.

The above goods will be sold Wholesale or Retail, and to Country dealers at a large discount.

—ALSO—

Second hand Cook, Parlor, and other Stoves.

ISAAC J. WALDRON.

Next door to M. W. Skinner's Drug Store.

Charlottetown, Dec. 10, 1866. tf

Lands to Let.

TO be let for a term of 4 years from 1st MAY next, that valuable property situated in the Royalty, about one mile distant from the City of Charlottetown, fronting in the St. Peter's Road on one side and on the lower Royalty Road and on the Hillsboro' River on the other side, and containing nearly 200 acres, known as the "Belvidere Farm," part of the Estate of Capt. GEORGE BEAZLEY, Esqr., R. N. The property being so well situated as to road and water frontage that it can be let in two, three or four separate tenements, and will be let together or separately as may be desired. No wood, trees or brushment of any kind to be cut unless for use on the farms. Sealed tenders for the whole or any part or parts thereof will be received by the Subscribers until the 15th MARCH next.

D. BRENAN.
D. HODGSON.

Ch'town Dec. 17. i h p 3m

LONDON TRADER

To Charlottetown direct!

THE first-class fast-sailing Barque ABEONA, a 1, an English Lloyd's, 7 years, ALLAN CAMPBELL, Commander, of the burthen of 450 tons, will sail from LONDON, G B. on or about the 1st APRIL, 1867, will be despatched punctual. Intending Shippers will please have their Goods alongside at an early date. Can accommodate a few passengers. For further particulars apply to Messrs. GEO. DUNCAN & CO., East India Avenue, Leadenhall st., London, G.B., or to

J. D. MASON, Ch'town, P. E. I.

January 7, 1867.

TO CONTRACTORS.

TENDERS will be received until the 1st day of MARCH next, for the erection of a new Bank Building, at the corner of Queen and King Streets, Charlottetown, for the use of the Bank of P. E. Island. Plans and specifications may be seen on application to

WM. CUNDALL, Cashier.

24th Dec., 1866 isl

Hoop Skirts!

JUST RECEIVED, by Steamer *ALHAMBRA*—

150 Doz. HOOP SKIRTS.

For sale low, if immediately applied for.

WILLIAM DODD, Queen Square.

Nov. 26, 1866.

Just Received,

Ex JANE from Halifax, N. S.

60 Puncheons superior MOLASSES, 10 Hhds. Bright SUGAR, for Sale by

OWEN CONNOLLY.

Charlottetown, September 17, 1866. isl h

Just Arrived!

300 BARRELS Large New Bay of Island FAT HERRING, and for Sale by

I. C. HALL.

Charlottetown, Nov. 12, 1866.

HAY! HAY! HAY!

FOR SALE, on the Farm of GEORGE COLES, HAY of the best quality.

Charlottetown, 22nd October, 1866

PORCELAIN PICTURES

ARE now taken at our Gallery, the only place in the Colony where they are taken. These are the Portraits that of late have caused such excitement all over Europe and America; and no wonder, for they are truly wonderful specimens of art, and are destined to supersede every other style of Portraiture. For beauty of tint, and harmony of light and shade, there is nothing in the world to equal it. They are done on Porcelain, and are indestructible, rivalling gems of the first water.

I respectfully invite all who can appreciate to see specimens now on view at my studio.

R. R. McLELLAN,
Artist and Photographer.

Great George Street, Oct. 22, 1866.

FALL GOODS.

BY various Ships from ENGLAND, Steamers from BOSTON and HALIFAX, I have received my

FALL & WINTER STOCK,

consisting in part of

26 Casks & Cases General Ironmongery.

1 Cask Cutlery,
1 do Traces,
1 do Shovels,
1 do Hoes,
1 do Shot,
26 Boxes Tin,
236 pieces Plough Metals,
16 Tons Nails & Spikes,
23 bundles Spring Steel,
15 do Shoeing do
3 do Cast do
7 do Blister do
18½ Tons Iron,
1 Cask Cart Boxes,
1 do Bolts & Nuts,
1 do Screws,
1 do Files,
1 Box Axles,
5 Pairs Bellowes,
1 Basket Vices
158 Kegs Paints,
12 Drums Varnish,
6 do Turpenzine,
2 Casks do
4 do Putty,
1 do Venetian Red,
1 do Yellow Ochre, Vermillion, Prussian Blue, Drop Black, Umber, De Sienna,
4 Hhds Paint Oil,
1 do Olive do
2 Bbls Seal do
1 do Lubricating Oil,
10 do Kerosene Oil,
111 Boxes Glass,
2 Crates Scuttles,
1 Case Shoemaker's Thread
1 Bale Curled Hair,
1 Cask Glue,
3 do Dyewoods,
250 lbs. extract Logwood,
5 Bales Rope.

These goods have been well bought, and with Stock on Shelves and in Warehouse, form a very large assortment, and are offered at my usual low prices—either wholesale or retail—for Cash.

W. E. DAWSON.

Great George Street, Dec. 3, 1866.

New Goods, New Goods.

THE Subscribers have just received, per Barque "Undine," from Liverpool, their

FALL & WINTER SUPPLY OF

DRY GOODS,

Now open for Inspection at the Old Establishment, Pownal Street; also to be had at the New Store, Queen Square,

A Good Selection of

WINTER CLOTHS,

Comprising Whitneys, Beavers, Plain & Fancy Doeskins, Elephant and Moscow Cloths.

—ALSO—

A Good Selection of

Ready-made Clothing,

Scarlet, White & Grey Blankets, Horse Rugs, Railway Wrappers, Printed Druggets, Cocoa Matting, Woollen & Marsellas Quilts, Woollen Covers, Pink, Blue, White and Scarlet Flannels, Fancy do.

Dress Stuffs.

Lustres, Coburgs, Barathens, Alpacas, Poplinets, Camlets, Shepherd Plaid Checks, Morinoes, Plain and Fancy Whincies, Tweeds, &c.

Worsted Damasks,

Black and Coloured Silks, Striped Silks, Shawls, Mantles, Paletots, Chest Protectors, Corsets.

Grey, White & Printed Cottons,

Cotton Warp, Wadding, Gloves, Hats and Caps, Boots and shoes, Table Covers, Table Damasks, Gents' Linen and White Cotton Shirts, Woollen Shirts, Bonnet Fronts, Gents' Ties and Scarfs, Collars, Muslins, Muslin Curtains, Ladies' Grey, Black and white Lamb's Wool Hose, Gents' Hose, Drawers and Linders, Door Mats, Umbrellas—a variety in Cotton, Silk, and Alpaca, &c., &c.

—Also—

A Large Lot of Furs.

Ladies' and Gents' Fur Caps, &c., &c.

All of which will be sold *cheap* for CASH.

J. S. & J. PURDIE.

Ch'town, October 22, 1866. 1sl 3m

AN opportunity offers to any suitable person wishing to engage in the Study of Medicine, Dispensing, &c. Apply to

DR. BEER.

King Square, Ch'town, Jan. 7 1m

JUST RECEIVED and now for Sale on usual terms:—

500 Bbls Superfine and Extra FLOUR,
200 sides SOLE LEATHER,
60 chests } Congo TEA
10 half chests }
7 hhds } Bright SUGAR
10 Bbls }
12 hhds. Porto Rico MOLASSES,
20 coils Manilla Rope
2 boxes Cavendish Tobacco
30 doz Grain Sacks
10 boxes Clothes Pins
A Lot of Green and Oak Window Blinds

Dry Goods

in Grey and White Cottons, Coburgs, Delaines, Linings, &c. &c.

WILLIAM DODD, Queen Square.

Charlottetown, Dec. 31, 1866. isl pat 6w

Watts' Tea Store,

KENT STREET.

Completion of Fall Stock.

THE Proprietors respectfully beg to announce that their Stock of choice GROCERIES is now complete:—

TEA, extra good quality; best retailing MOLASSES; Crushed, Granulated, and Brown SUGARS; Lemon Syrup; Prime Island and American CHEESE; Coffee, Corn Starch, Rice, Butter, Soda, Wine, Water and Sugar Crackers, Layer and Valentia Raisins, Currants, Pickles, Spices, &c.

—Also—

Crates assorted EARTHENWARE, Doz's Brooms, Buckets, Candles, Kerosene Oil, &c., &c., &c.

Kent Street, Dec. 10th, 1866. 6w

FLOUR.

200 BBLS. Choice Extra FLOUR,

200 " Superfine "
200 " " "

For Sale by I. C. HALL.

HERRING.

200 Bbls. new Bay of Island FAT HERRING, for Sale by

I. C. HALL.

Dec. 24, 1866.

TOBACCO.

10 Boxes American FLAT TOBACCO, for Sale by

I. C. HALL.

Dec. 24, 1866.

YARMOUTH STOVES!

JUST RECEIVED by the Subscriber, per Schooner MARY, from Yarmouth, a full and complete Cargo of those celebrated STOVES, consisting of Cooking, Box and Franklin, the character of which is so well known to our Island farmers, to whom they have given such general satisfaction. They will be sold at the usual terms for Cash or approved Notes.

R. J. CLARKE.

Orwell Cheap Store, } isl h
September 10th, 1866. }

XMAS. REQUISITES.

BUNCH and Layer RAISINS, CURRANTS, Jordan Almonds, Filberts, Walnuts, Ground Spices, Mixed Spice, Essences, Baking Powder, Ground Rice, Corn Starch, Farina, Candied Citron, Lemon and Orange Peels, Marmalade, Macaroni, Vermecilli, Pickles, Sauces, Olives, Capers, Currie Powder, Anchovies, Sardines, Confectionary, Rose Water Crackers, Treacle, Gelatine, Isinglass, Nutmegs, Mace, Dried Herbs, Prepared Cochineal, Basket Salt, &c. &c. &c.

WM. R. WATSON.

Pownal Street, Dec. 24, 1866.

The Centre of Attraction!

The Centre Attraction, in town, for

MILLINERY!

this season, is certainly at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

The largest variety and cheapest

BONNETS & HATS

are always to be found at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

If you want to buy

Velvets or Terrys,

the best and cheapest are to be found at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

The Largest and most Beautiful Assortment of

Flowers & Feathers,

is sure to be found at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

All the newest things in

Ribbons and Laces,

to be had at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

The cheapest and best place to buy

Gloves and Hosiery!

is at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

An immense variety of

Stays, at all Prices,

from 3s. 9d. upwards, at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

The favourite place, because the cheapest, to buy

Cottons of all kinds,

is acknowledged on all sides to be

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

If you intend buying

Coburgs or Winceys,

you will do well to call at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

If you want to see a stock of

Fancy Dress Goods,

that is entirely new, call at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Every one knows that the largest, cheapest, and best assorted stock of

HOOP SKIRTS

is always to be found at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

A Mammoth stock of

Paper Collars and Cuffs,

for both Ladies and Gentlemen, on hand at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Ladies never fail to have the most complete satisfaction from the

BOOTS

bought at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Beautiful

Shawls & Mantles,

all quite new, at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Great varieties in

Mantle Cloths,

very cheap, at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Gents' Crimean

Shirts and Shirtings,

cheaper than ever, at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

A great profusion of Ladies' and Gents' Woollen

Scarfs and Clouds,

from 9d. upwards, at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Ladies cannot fail to get suited with

Hoods and Sontags

at ROBERT YOUNG'S.

To all who want a first-rate

TEA,

we would say buy it at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Dec. 17, 1866. tf

THE LONDON TRADER.

THE well known Clipper BARQUE "LOTUS," A 1 at Lloyd's, coppered 280 tons register, will sail from LONDON for this Port, on or about the First day of APRIL next. For FREIGHT or PASSAGE, apply in London, to JOHN PITCAIRN & SONS; at Charlottetown to the undersigned.

DANIEL DAVIES.

Charlottetown, Jan. 7, 1867. 2m

MONEY! MONEY!

ALL ACCOUNTS not paid by the first of JANUARY, 1867, will be placed in the hands of my Attorney for recovery.

GEORGE COLES.

17th Dec., 1866.

Molasses, Sugar, Raisins, &c.

THE Subscriber has just completed his FALL STOCK OF GOODS, which he offers for sale at his Sale Room—

Puncheons and tierces of Bright MOLASSES,
Hogsheads and barrels Bright SUGAR,
Half and quarter boxes Layer RAISINS,
Half and quarter drums of FIGS,
No. 1 Labrador HERRINGS, in half barrels.
Also a quantity of Newfoundland HERRINGS in barrels,
Chests and half chests TEA,
And a quantity of Extra FLOUR.

W. W. LORD.

Charlottetown, December 10, 1866.

NOTICE TO TENDERERS.

THE SUBSCRIBER will receive proposals from competent persons, up to the 10th day of FEBRUARY next, for the MAKING of from 175 to 200,000 BRICK, at the lowest rate per thousand, on the ground adjoining VERNON RIVER R. C. CHAPEL, where the clay is already dug, and considered to be of the most desirable quality.

The BRICK will require to be well burned, and of the best description, so as to pass inspection, and suitable for exterior work, and will have to be completed on or before the 1st day of October, 1867.

All necessary appliances for the execution of the said contract are already on the ground, as also is a vacant house adjacent for a residence.

Advances will be made as the work progresses.

Each tender will require to be accompanied with the names of two solvent persons for the due fulfilment of the above contract.

R. J. CLARKE.

Orwell, Jan. 7, 1867. tf

Union Bank of P. E. Island,

Charlottetown, 7th Jan., 1867.

AT A MEETING of the Board of Directors, held on the 2d inst., it was ordered that a third Call, being the Balance of the subscribed Stock, be made payable at this Bank, on the 9th day of February next, 1867; notice is accordingly hereby given to the Shareholders to pay up the Balance of their subscribed Stock at this Bank, on the 9th day of February next, 1867.

JAMES ANDERSON, Cashier.

ORANGES & LEMONS,

FOR Sale by

WM. R WATSON.

Jan. 7, 1867.

FRESH GROUND RICE,

FOR Sale by

WM. R. WATSON.

Jan. 7, 1867.

BUFFALO ROBES.

TWO BALES of BUFFALO ROBES, for sale low.

CARVELL BROS.

Jan. 7, 1867. tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SNOW STORM.

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow storm told.
The wind blew east: we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore.
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there,
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out the doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarned by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;
And ere the early bed-time came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own,
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament;
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A SILENT WITNESS.

I am a police superintendent in a large iron-making town, and for upwards of twenty years have had the care of a populous colliery district. The peculiar avocations of the people supply ample disguise for criminals in hiding. Who would look for a runaway clerk in the black face and coal-stained garments of a collier, or in the guise of a labourer in the iron-shed? It may be assumed, therefore, that many a strange incident has come under my notice in the course of so long a service.

One in particular I remember well, as practically illustrating a remark made in the *Times* on the conviction of Muller, that crimes of a conspicuous character are generally committed by the class that is least suspected. I was called one evening to quell a disturbance between several colliers and a party of Irishmen. The colliers, it appears, maddened with drink, had assailed the latter, driven them into a dwelling, and would speedily have killed one or more, but for the opportune arrival of the police. The night afterwards, I received a note from the railway authorities that a coal train had been thrown off the line by some miscreant or other, who had placed sleepers along the rails. Knowing that colliers working at a distance invariably returned by these trains, and remembering the struggle of the night before, I at once concluded this to be an attempt at Irish revenge, and pursued my investigation accordingly.

A few nights afterwards, another coal train was thrown off the rails, as, in the former case, however, without harm to the men; but this second attempt spurred me on so that certain suspected persons were speedily in custody. But I soon found that these were not "my men." It is useless for me to expatiate on the unerring signs by which innocence invariably asserts itself. The Irishmen were violent men in their cups, but most certainly incapable of the atrocious act of which they were accused.

Scarcely had a week passed when the whole neighbourhood was thrilled with horror. At a distance of twelve miles from the town to which our tradesmen resorted in numbers every Wednesday to market. In the evening the last train, as usual, bore its numerous passengers to their homes. It was summer time, and merrily it dashed along the rugged bank of a mountain river, winding in amongst the hills. But soon the picture was changed. Turning a curve in full career, the engine left the rails, and cutting deeply into the embankment, rolled on its side, fortunately having continued just a sufficient time in progress to break the shock of the carriages. There was an awful cry of lamentation, a wild medley, a hurried scene; men and women seeking to clamber through the opening above the locked doors, too intent on personal safety to think of anything else. Most were bruised, and all were frightened. While messengers were despatched to the nearest station, others searched along the route for the cause of the mishap. It was soon found. The scene of the accident was a curve, and the rail nearest to the river had been forcibly removed. The miscreant—for it was soon seen that a villian's hand had been there—had fortunately been ignorant of mechanics. He had taken up the rail by the ravine—for I have omitted to mention that there was a steep precipice at this point—and naturally thought that the train, with its load of human life, would have tumbled over. The next rail to the river was the "safe" one, and so the engine simply ploughed along towards the scrap of the mountain.

When the details of this lucky escape reached me I felt that my reputation was at stake. This was evidently Number Three of the diabolical attempts of the same band. The first enquiry made was: Who drove the train? and one or two questions of a similar character put me in possession of these important facts, that the driver of the train and the driver of the coal engine trains at the time the trucks were thrown off, was one and the same person. 'Now, then, for the driver,' said I, and marched to his lodgings. I found him a quiet, inoffensive sort of a young fellow, not a likely man to have a malignant enemy. He was unmarried, and somewhat fresh to his duties on the line, not having been in the position very long. We at once touched on the subject of the accident, but I found he was quite at sea as to the cause.

'Have you an enemy,' said I, 'or any one who entertains any malice against you?'

'No; he thought not.'

'You are unmarried, I believe?'

'Yes, he was.'

'Courting, perhaps;' I suggested.

He confessed to the soft impeachment.

'Have you any objection to tell me who the lady is?' inquired I, for we police officers are sometimes obliged to ride over delicate scruples.

He mentioned the name of a young women residing at a farm house six miles down the valley, and within half a mile of the scene of the accident. I drew a long breath, but kept my own counsel.

'Oh, so the damsel lives there, does she? Now, has she any other sweet-hearts besides yourself?'

He thought there had been one, a carpenter; 'but,' quoth the driver complacently smoothing an incipient beard, 'she has no lover now but me.'

'Where does this carpenter live?'

'About half a mile from the farm,' he answered; and with that I left, fully satisfied now that I was on the trail.

The morning after, and at the scene of the accident I had found a large thick stake, cut evidently from the adjoining wood. This had been used to pry up the rail from the sleeper. Examining it minutely, I saw that it had been cut recently, and that with a *notched knife*.

So, with this idea uppermost, I started on the mission, and after a pleasant drive, reached the little hamlet where the carpenter lived. The district was very mountainous and rugged; and as I mounted the winding road towards the house, I could hear the monotony of the river near which so narrow an escape had taken place. Yonder was the scene. Was the criminal here? The door was soon opened at my knock, and by the carpenter himself, a cool, self-possessed young man, who seemed to read my errand in a moment, yet asked me what I wanted, without changing a muscle. I entered into his little room, and told him I had a suspicion he could enlighten me on the cause of the railway accident.

No, he couldn't; he had heard of it, like the rest.

Would he allow me to search him?

Certainly; and forthwith various articles were in my hand. On his person I found two pocket-knives, each of which would have served to cut the stake. As I paused a moment, and held them in my hand, he heedlessly observed: 'That knife' (pointing to one) 'I only put it in my pocket this morning, as I generally keep it at home.' The blade was notched! and looking up from the articles to the carpenter, I caught his eye. We knew one another's thoughts in an instant. But he accompanied me tranquilly enough to town. At the trial the knife figured in evidence; various corroborating matter satisfied the jury of his guilt; he was found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. It turned out afterwards that he loved the farm girl, and was incited by jealousy to the act which so nearly caused so frightful an accident. For all I know, the driver still dwells in single blessedness, for the maid is still a maid, as rosy-cheeked as ever, and, it is said, waiting for the carpenter's return.

SUICIDES.

SOME REMARKABLE INSTANCES.

Charles Nolder, the eminent French essayist, had conceived, among the numerous other schemes of his fertile brain the profect of *writing 'biographies of illustrious suicides.'* The idea was never fulfilled, and modern literature has lost one of the most absorbing and instructive ideas which have been projected. Like the great History of human Error, of the amiable and learned Caxton, immoralized by Sir Bulwer Lytton, the work remains a great perhaps. But while the literature of biography has not failed to commemorate the circumstances of every conspicuous suicide, medical science has added several monographs to the subject.

The mere statistics of suicides are more startling than any romance. In England as far back as 1700, the number of deaths by suicide reached one thousand per year, and it is now considerably more than doubled. This was independently of those whose bodies were never brought before the Coroner at all, or which were sheltered from notoriety by a verdict of accidental death. In France, according to Zimmermann, the number of suicides in the last century was three times greater than the number of murders and other homicides. The very accurate census reports of the French Empire show an average of four thousand suicides per year in that country alone, in the last decade.

Among the noted names of ancient times we find several philosophers, orators and statesmen who committed suicide. Demosthenes drank poison in the temple of Neptune, when that sanctuary was invaded by his enemies, to save himself from falling into the hands of the tyrant Antipater. Mithridates, the proud king of Pontus, his rebellious subjects having torn the crown from his head, and invested his son with it (the ensignia of empire), withdrew himself into his apartments, distributed poison to his wives and daughters, and swallowed a powerful portion himself. This failing, he had recourse to his sword. His two sisters, Borada and Satira, followed his example, as did also two of his wives. Cato, 'the ablest Roman of them all,' closely besieged in Wtica by Cæsar, gave a parting banquet to his friends and the magistrates of the city, then retired to his chamber, where he read Plato on the immortality of the soul till midnight, when he ordered a slave to bring him his sword. Closely examining the point, he lay it at the head of his bed, lay down, and slept soundly till dawn. Then, according to Peutarch, 'at the hour when the birds began to sing,' Cato awoke, and seizing his sword, stabbed himself in the breast, and died almost immediately. Portia, the wife of Brutus, killed herself by swallowing live coals. Brutus fell upon his sword soon after the disastrous day of Phillippi.

Antony, the victor of Phillippi, afterward hard pressed by the victorous legions of Octavius, and in dispair at the rumoured death and treachery of Cleopatra, stabbed himself to the heart, and was carried dying to the couch of the Egyptian queen, where he died in Cleopatra's arms, asking for a draught of wine with his last breath. Soon after, the brilliant queen herself, having failed to captivate Octavius with all her charms, submitted her bosom to the poison of an asp, threw herself on her couch of gold and died, steeped in luxury to the last.

The noble suicide of the virtuous Lucretia is the most pathetic story in the Roman annals. Seneca, the moralist, commends both Cato and Lucretia for dying, and so ending their miseries; and even Eusebius, the historian of the Christian church, justifies the Roman lady's suicide to avoid the embraces of Tarquin. Hannibal, that greatest of the heroes of antiquity, when defeated by the greater forces of the Romans, covered with disaster fleeing to the asylum of Eumenes, king of Pergamus, was not suffered to escape the vengeance of Rome, which sent an embassy to demand the head of the illustrious exile. Hannibal attempted to escape, but, finding every door guarded, he took an active poison, which he always carried upon his person, and expired, with the imperishable hatred of the Roman name burning in his dying breast.

The Emperor Nero, being driven from his palace by the Pretorians, took refuge in a slave's hut, where he ran himself through with a sword, upon the approach of a troop of cavalry. Themistocles, to choose between sending his powerful aid to the king of Persia, and thus contributing to the ruin of Greece, and the refusing that aid to one who had loaded him with benefits for the sake of an ungrateful country, which had banished her noblest son, relieved himself from the painful dilemma be a firm and deliberate act of suicide. He assembled all his friends, offered a sacrifice to Jupiter, and drank a full goblet of bull's blood, which coagulated in his veins, and soon caused his death.

Of the eminent persons of modern times who have sought death unbidden, we read of Castlereagh, Romilly, Whitbread, Condorcet, Olive Chatterton and Haydon. Sir Samuel Romilly, that purest of philanthropists, who had obtained the meridian of an honourable career of intellectual labour, and had left himself to minister to the necessities of others had not fortitude to bear his own. The loss of a beloved wife unhinged his mind, and in an hour of despondent melancholy he opened the jugular vein with a razor, and was found by his servant weltering in his blood. The same mode of suicide was chosen by the eminent British minister, Lord Castlereagh, a man who intrusted with the duty of preserving the balance of power among the nations of Europe, yet had not equanimity enough to preserve his spirit from the madness of suicide. Becoming desperately unpopular in England from his open and bitter championship of the meanest despotism, Castlereagh brought upon his head the indignation of all the liberals in Europe, and Byron dipped his pen in gall to denounce him.

The minister was endowed with one of those cold and resolute tempers which brave unpopularity so long as they continued to be favoured with the smile of kings. Nevertheless he succumbed at last to the fierce onslaughts which were made upon him from all sides, and to the embarrassments which were accumulating around him. On the 12th of August, 1852, immediately after breakfast, Castlereagh, entered his cabinet and cut the carotid artery with a razor. Dr. Bankhead accidently entered the room at the moment. 'Let me fall upon your arm—all is finished,' said the minister, and he expired.

Of Condorcet, the great philosopher and statesman of the French revolution, who swallowed poison in 1794; of Roland, the republican and Girondist, who, seven days after his noble wife had perished on the scaffold, let out his own life by the sword; of Chatterton, 'the marvellous boy, who perished in his pride;' and of Haydon, the gifted artist and man of genius, whose proud and sensitive nature could not brook the terrors of debt, neglect and penury, and who also managed to 'shoot the gull' by the double means of the razor and pistol ball, we have not left ourselves room to speak.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

A New York correspondent of the Erie *Despatch* tells the following story:—

Several years ago a little German Jew named Schwartz, believing that in the sewers of New York might be found many articles of value which had been lost, entered them, and for three days wandered through the labyrinth. He was very successful, picking up twenty-seven thousand dollars' worth of jewellery, spoons, forks, etc., but having lost his way the first day he believed that he might have found much more could he have carried out his original plan, which was to visit Fifth and Madison avenues, Broadway, and the wealthy portion of the city. So great, however, were the difficulties and dangers which he encountered that nothing could induce him to again visit "New York underground."

His adventure for the time created quite a little sensation, but there was none venturous enough to attempt a second, until Wednesday of last week, when an adventurous party of three entered the sewer of Houston street, at the ferry on East River, intending to remain for one week, during which time they proposed visiting every portion of the city where there seemed to be any chance of finding treasure-trove.

The party consisted of Miss Mary Walker, a young lady of eighteen, her brother James, aged sixteen, and Michael Grady, an old man about fifty. The project originated with Miss Walker, and the "how" of it is this wise: Some two years ago James Walker, senr., was a merchant doing a good business at 98½ Bowery. He was getting rich fast, but in an evil hour was prevailed upon by friends to use some of his money which had been "salted down" in speculating in gold. The result was easily to be foreseen. He lost. To recover he took money from his business. Again he lost. His business became embarrassed, in despair he committed suicide, and Miss Mary Walker and her brother found themselves six months ago the inhabitants of a room on the upper floor of the double tenement 209 Sixth street. Miss Walker some months ago, in an old paper wrapped around a parcel which she was taking home from a "slop shop," saw an account of Schwartz's undertaking, and resolved to imitate it.

Maps were obtained and the city studied carefully. Each day's work for herself, and brother, and Grady, who was formerly in her father's employ, was carefully marked out. Every preparation which limited knowledge could prepare for was made, and the adventurers started.

I wish that I might have room to tell the story of the week they passed, but my manuscript warns me that I must condense. Each day they rendezvoused several times in the chambers at the street corners. On Sunday they had filled all the bags they had taken with them, fifteen in number, and Miss Walker returned. James Walker and Grady continued their search, emptying six of the bags at the corner of Twenty-third street and Fifth avenue. On Wednesday morning at a very early hour, and before many people were stirring, Miss Walker was at the place with a wagon. On removing the iron plate, which at each street corner leads into a small chamber connecting with the sewer, she found her brother, but not Grady. He had started off on another trip, although the six bags had been filled twice over in Madison avenue. The loose treasure was placed in extra bags, and the whole driven to a Broadway jeweller's. The rest were taken from their places on Thursday morning. A watch was set for Grady, but up to the time of writing nothing has been heard from him, and it is feared that he has perished.

The result of the week's search is roughly estimated at one million and a half dollars. I saw the treasure yesterday piled in three heaps on the floor, and the jeweller informed me that it must have cost over three millions of dollars, but in consequence of the old-fashioned style of setting, its bruised, battered and corroded condition, that its value was reduced to about one half. A little over one bushel (how queer it sounds to talk of jewellery by the bushel) has been sorted, and among it has been found one diamond ring valued at sixteen thousand dollars, two more valued at five thousand, and a half dozen valued at five hundred and upwards. The most curious is a plain gold ring, inscribed on the inside in Dutch, "Peter Stuyvesant to his wife." It is an heir-loom of the Stuyvesants, and was stolen with other jewellery last March by burglars. How it came in the sewer is a problem for philosophers to speculate about.

Miss Walker and her brother, who find themselves thus lifted suddenly from penury to great wealth, intend to proceed to England, where they have relatives. This adventure is talked of everywhere, and already there are others preparing to follow in their footsteps.

THE PYRAMID OF BAYONETS.—One day a Russian officer of the lancer guard was going through his exercise before the Grand Duke Constantine, whose atrocities in Poland produced the insurrection in 1830. He had performed all the usual evolutions in the most satisfactory way, until, when at full gallop, he was suddenly ordered to turn,—his horse proved restive, and refused to obey either his bridle or spur. The command was repeated in a thundering voice, and the officer renewed his efforts to make the horse obey it, but without effect. The rage of the Grand Duke had vented itself in furious imprecations, and all present trembled at its consequences. 'Halt!' he exclaimed, and ordered a pyramid of twelve muskets with fixed bayonets to be erected. The order was instantly obeyed. The officer had by this time subdued the restiveness of his horse, was ordered to leap the pyramid—and the spirited horse bore his rider safely over it. Without an interval of delay, the officer was commanded to repeat the fearful leap, and to the amazement of all present the noble horse and his brave rider stood in safety on the other side of the pyramid. The Grand Duke, exasperated at finding himself thus thwarted in his barbarous purpose, repeated the order for a third time. A general who happened to be present, now stepped forward, and interceded for the pardon of the officer; observing that the horse was exhausted, and the enforcement of the order would be to doom both horse and rider to a horrible death. The humane remonstrance was not only disregarded, but was punished by the immediate arrest of the general who had thus presumed to rebel. The word of command was given, and horse and rider for the third time cleared the glittering bayonets. Rendered furious by these repeated disappointments, the Grand Duke exclaimed for the fourth time:—'To the left about—forward!' The command was obeyed, and for the fourth time the horse lept the pyramid, and then with his rider, dropped down exhausted. The officer extricated himself from the saddle and rose unhurt, but the horse had both his fore legs broken. The countenance of the officer was deadly pale, his eyes stared wildly, and his knees shook under him. A deadly silence prevailed as he advanced to the Grand Duke, and laying his sword at his Highness' feet, he thanked him in a faultering voice for the honor he had enjoyed in the Emperor's service.

"I take back your sword," said the Grand Duke, gloomily, "and are you not aware of what may be the consequence of this undutiful conduct towards me?" The officer was sent to the guard house. He subsequently disappeared and no trace of him could be discovered.

SOFT WATER AND HARD.—Water falls from the clouds pure and quite soft; as it percolates through the earth to the rivers and wells, it absorbs various salts, which render it hard and more or less impure. Rain water that has fallen and flowed over granite rocks, which are insoluble and impermeable, has been found to contain only 2 degrees of hardness. An average of the hardness of the water of eight streams and rivers in different parts of the country gives 14 80 degrees. Of the water of ten wells sunk through various strata, and at various depths, including the London clay, gravel, chalk, new red sandstone, and carboniferous rock, the average hardness gave 34 degrees. Of the London water supply from the Registrar-General's returns, the hardness varies (Dr. Clark's degrees) from 17 78 to 8 50 degrees, and the average of the nine companies is 12 39 degrees. Each degree of hardness requires ten grains of soap to overcome it. Taking the supply of a labourer's cottage for washing at 50 gallons per week, water with 14 degrees of hardness would require extra soap to the extent of 52 lbs. per year, which at 3d per lb., would come to 13s.; or with water at 34 degrees of hardness, 118 lbs. of soap, of the value of 30s. as the amount to be saved by the use of pure rain water. This, perhaps, is not the actual result