

turbulent part of Lyons. He frictioned me for about 15 minutes, a *l'Afrique*, which is an operation resembling our shampooing, except that instead of the fingers, two fearfully stiff brushes are used, which I thought would tear the scalp off me; however, like the boiling I got in the Turkish bath at Cairo, I determined to stand it, for the sake of the romance. I cannot now recollect one-half what he said, but he talked in the same bombastic style the whole time, and gave me quite a lecture on the best treatment for preserving the hair; and wound up by strongly recommending a preparation of his own make, which he had sold to three crowned heads—L'Empereur Napoleon, the King of Belgium, and the King of Prussia. This famous wash, he assured me, would dye all my grey hair (!) black, and prevent the disease from spreading. I declined, and paying him 75 centimes (75d) came away, heartily pleased with the hour I had spent with him.

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THE DENTIST'S STORY.

BY THE WINTER FIRESIDE.

It is of no use to ask me for a ghost-story; for, though I have stayed in nearly every town in England of any size, I have met with none.—Railways have put haunted chambers out of fashion. Fancy a ghost being bold enough to venture into one of our vast hotels! There is not a single white-robed customer that would have the impudence to do it. Ghosts lived in the old coaching days, and dwelt in the quaint wayside inns; and I never was lucky enough to have my bed-curtains disturbed by invisible hands; but I am not ashamed to own that I once got a terrible fright.

In my early days, I, like many of my profession, travelled from place to place, just remaining in each long enough to pocket all the spare cash the inhabitants were willing to expend in dental ornaments. Sometimes I made a large town the centre of my operations, and remained in it for months, visiting the lesser ones in the neighborhood on stated days. It was in one of our largest manufacturing towns in the west of England that I met with the adventure I am going to give you.

I had been uncommonly successful, and had made a long stay in the place on that account—indeed, I had spent some months there when it happened. I had excellent lodgings, and occupied three apartments—a sitting room and sort of a reception room for patients, on the ground floor, and a first-floor bed-room, all facing the street. I always worked in the last-named apartment, and had the necessary tools and materials on a little bench near the window. Here I generally took my station, and spent the time, from six or seven in the evening till midnight, as I was then less liable to interruption.

My apartments were all furnished with gas-burners, and before winter set in, I added a gas-stove to my bed-room, that my working there might cause no needless trouble or expense to my landlady. One evening, being very busy, I sat later than usual, and when at length my task was done, I drew my chair close to the stove, and sat half an hour reading before extinguishing my light. You are aware that we make use of gold plates and wire, and, in consequence of my numerous orders, I had been particularly well supplied with the precious metal in this form, ever since I came to the town. Moreover, I was by no means deficient in those pieces which bear a likeness of our most gracious Sovereign. Being particularly weary, and intending to recommence my labors early in the morning, I did not trouble myself to put away my materials. But I was careful to examine the fastenings of my door; and this duty done, I extinguished stove and light, and got into bed.

I fell asleep almost instantly, and had a somewhat ludicrous dream. I fancied myself a keeper in the Zoological Gardens, which I had visited a few days before, and that whilst handing some food to my especial charges, (the bears,) I overbalanced, and was just tumbling into the pit among the grisly brutes, when the shock awoke me.

Again I dozed off, but only to get amongst the bears once more. I thought a tremendous specimen, a perfect Ursa Major, had just been purchased, and that to me was entrusted the task of taming the monster.

No pleasant thing even in a dream, particularly at that moment, and in the incomprehensible manner only to be accomplished in sleep; the scene shifted to my bed-room, and I found myself standing, *en chemise*, without any means of defence, against the precious creature advancing open-mouthed.

I thought I leaped to my bench, seized the blind roller, and as he advanced, dealt a tremendous blow at him. But, alas! he eluded it with the dexterity of an accomplished fencer, and I, losing my balance, toppled head first to the ground. The brute sprang upon me. He tugged—and so did I—with might and main. I was getting the worst of it, when suddenly recollecting that any sort of attack is lawful, and that any one may be permitted to wave ceremony with a bear, I seized the creature's ear between my teeth, and bit the piece completely out. He dropped me like a hot potato. The ludicrously pitiful bowl, and the way in which he applied the paw, just taken from my waist, to his wounded ear was too much.

I burst into a perfect roar of laughter, and so much noise did I make, that it awoke me.

I was still laughing at this whimsical vision and wondering if it had any reference to an apprentice who was to come under my care on the morrow, and who was an uncouth a looking cub as any gentleman need have to lick into shape, when I heard, not a ghost—they make no noise—but a sort of uneasy grunt, then a yawn, such as a person emits when disturbed from a sound sleep. I listened attentively, lying perfectly still, and in a moment, distinctly heard something move below the bed. I knew no one could have entered after I had laid down, as I am a light sleeper, and the door was too well secured to be opened without noise. I therefore felt sure they had been under the bed before I commenced

working, and having fallen asleep, been awakened by the boisterous laughter which had also dispelled my own dream.

What was I to do? I feared the moment I set foot on the floor I should be seized, and what could I—a little fellow, almost naked and unarmed—do against one, or perhaps more, doubtless prepared for a struggle?

Oddly enough, the remembrance of my dream gave me courage. I had loaded pistols in the room, and once out of bed should be able to seize them in a moment. I resolved to leap out, and secure the weapons before lighting the gas, since I being, as I presumed, better acquainted with the arrangement of the furniture, might manage in the dark to allude my antagonist. These thoughts occupied but a few seconds. In as many more the pistols were in my hand and the gas lighted. The intruder did not venture to appear—and the delay gave me courage. I boldly commanded that individual to advance and take the chance of a bullet. Something immediately began to move, and I soon saw the cause of my alarm. What was it think you? You cannot guess. I will tell you; it was a woman! I see you are all beginning to laugh; and I suppose you think there is some long story in the case; and that a damsel, beautiful as a *Hourie*, or a heroine—which is all the same—whom I had wooed only to betray had concealed herself there to reproach me with my broken vows, &c. &c.

All wrong. The deuce a bit of romance is there in the whole affair. Had you seen the coarse, sullen, ill-favored wench who stood before me, wrapped in a dingy plaid shawl, you would not suspect such a thing; especially as you have seen a specimen of my taste in the shape of the lady who bears my name.

After all, the scene was dull enough.—“There stood I in my night habiliments, pistol in hand, ready to interrogate my visitor.” She looked carving-knives in return; but not seeming in the least shocked at my scanty garments, but evidently desirous of turning her back both on them and the wearer. On looking I thought her face seemed familiar, and I recollected that she had lived as servant in the house; but my landlady, suspecting her of dishonesty, discharged her about a week after my arrival.

I was about to question her, but thinking it advisable to have a witness, I commanded her to remain where she was, and insured her obedience by locking the door. I roused the family, and as I was returning to my prisoner, I heard my bed-room window hastily closed. “Ah!” thought I, “you are all right for staying where you are; for the window is strongly barred.” On being interrogated, she said my landlady, Mrs. Wingate, had forbidden her coming to the house; but being friendly with the other servant, she ventured to visit her secretly.

Whilst talking in the kitchen, she heard the mistress approaching, and fearing discovery, stole up stairs, crept into my room, and hid herself below the bed, intending to leave the house when all was quiet. My early entrance cut off her escape, and she had supposed she had fallen asleep, as she remembered nothing more till aroused by a loud fit of laughter. This seemed plausible enough, and, but for the sequel, would have passed off very well. But as we were about to dismiss her, with a caution not to repeat her visit, the door bell rang and we found a policeman waiting for admittance. He stated that passing a short time before, he observed one of the front windows hastily opened. Something was thrown out, and then it was as quickly shut. After a short search he found a very large Spanish knife, which, he presumed, was the article thrown from the window. He also observed two fellows of suspicious appearance loitering about the place, and discovered them to be father and son—men of bad character who got a good living—nobody knew how. He had warned them away, and returned to see if anything were amiss in the house.

On being informed of my visitor, and her tale he expressed a wish to see her, and at once recognised her as the daughter of the elder and sister to the younger man he had dismissed.

Instead of liberating the women, as we thought of doing; we now deemed it prudent to give her into custody. No one present entertained the slightest doubt that, during the short time she was in Mrs. Wingate's, after I became an inmate of it, she had remarked the materials I used, and that a regular plan had been organised to rob and, perhaps, murder me.

The other servant also deposed, on oath, that her hiding in my room was needless, as she had abundant time to leave the house unperceived, had she chosen; and that the visit to her was paid against her will; she having no desire to continue any acquaintance with a person more than suspected of dishonesty.—Still, we could charge her with nothing but the concealment, and after being cautioned against placing herself again in such a situation, she was discharged.

The story was much talked about, and I got well quizzed by many ladies of my acquaintance, but, after all, the thing might have proven no joke to me. I remained some months lodger in the place, and before I left I heard many accounts of threats which the woman's male relatives had uttered against me, for casting suspicion on innocent (?) people. I had probably injured their business; for I fancy, after what had occurred, few parties would have been willing to employ my nocturnal visitor in their houses.

Three years elapsed from the date of my adventure, and I had almost forgotten it, when business again called me to the same town.—At first I only thought of remaining a few days; but finding I should be detained longer, I sought out my former landlady, as—that one night excepted—I had been particularly comfortable under her roof. Finding my old apartments vacant, I gladly took possession of them a second time.

During my former stay, I made many agreeable acquaintances, and now—it being near Christmas—I received many invitations to supper parties, &c., which I fancy were not the less numerous because I was still a bachelor.—On Christmas Eve I accepted one, to spend it with a friend at his father's house, where there was a very large and charming family of sons and daughters. The father was a fine, jovial old fellow, and the mother just the cheerful, but even

tempered, gentle soul, who alone could bring up such girls as hers. We had a glorious evening. All sorts of joyous Christmas fun was carried on, and I kissed pretty girls under the mistletoe, until either with that pleasant exercise, or with quenching the thirst it excited, I became slightly elevated. I was to dine there next day, and my friends would have persuaded me to stay all night, but I was determined to return to my lodgings, as I knew Mrs. Wingate would sit up for me. It was past midnight when I bade my kind entertainers good night, and with a hasty, but not too steady step, set out on my homeward journey.

I was soon at home and in bed. Mrs. Wingate had more than once laughed about the odd figure I cut on the occasion of my old adventure. She had also informed me that the two men who had played the street-part, had been since detected while attempting to commit a burglary, and imprisoned for twelve months; but were now at liberty. The good lady manifested no small uneasiness on my account, and cautioned me to be very careful not to give them any opportunity of executing their threats of vengeance against me.

Her evident timidity and anxiety only excited my mirth, but I was nevertheless, careful to examine the fastenings of my door, and always both locked and bolted it.

When I reached my lodgings on Christmas Eve I was as I said, a little elevated, and contrary to my usual custom, on getting into bed I could not sleep.

I began thinking over the amusements of the evening, criticising the fair faces I had been so close to, wishing I had such a cheerful home; speculating as to my chance of success in the event of my asking one of the said fair damsels to part with her name for mine, and thanking my stars that, at any rate I should be a guest at the same place on the morrow. The clock struck two, and found my thoughts still busy; but a sudden check was given to the current of my ideas. I heard a grating sound, and then felt certain some one was moving stealthily up the kitchen stairs. At first I was a little alarmed, imagining thieves were in the house, and then—pshaw! I thought I, Mrs. Wingate has been sitting up later than usual, to finish her Christmas pudding. It is rather singular that my former adventure did not then enter my mind, though it had occurred in that very spot. I listened again. The footsteps were certainly audible, close to my room door—a hand was on the lock—it turned—they were stealing along the floor of my apartment—I became sensible of the presence of two persons—and now I felt all the horror of my situation.—Every iota of what had happened there, the memories of the two fellows who had then doubtless been disappointed of their prey, and the thought of my own powerlessness, nearly drove me mad.

Fool, idiot, that I was—I had in my tipsy folly rushed upon my fate.

I had refused the cordial invitation which would have secured me from all danger, and had even neglected the precaution of securing the door of my room, almost for the first time within my recollection. I became aware of a dim light; and partially opening my eyes, I perceived two rascals fumbling about a lantern. I am not ashamed to own that I was perfectly paralyzed with terror, and utterly incapable of doing anything—indeed, what could I do? I saw them remove the candle from the lantern and convert my instand into a candlestick. One proposed lighting the gas, but the other objected, that if disturbed he might be hurried, and turn it the wrong way. They then, with a singular quickness and dexterity, ransacked my desk and cases, which they opened by means of skeleton keys. This done and the plunder tied in a handkerchief, the younger of the two suggested, with an oath, that they should finish him.

He approached my bed, drew aside the curtains, and, though I durst not look, I felt he was gazing in my face. Again he turned aside, and tumbled in his pocket in search of something.

I had all along hoped that by feigning sleep I might escape, for I knew, should a struggle ensue, I could not escape, since they were powerful men, and I quite unarmed. While he was feeling in his pocket, I could not help stealing my hand up to my throat, thinking at the same time how little chance there was that it would again be used as a vehicle for Christmas cheer. Guess my horror, if you can, when the elder scoundrel bade his son “make haste, if he meant to do it, and not keep him waiting there all night.”

The young man tumbled over the article that had been displaced in their search for plunder, and, not finding what he sought, inquired with another oath, what his father had done with the knife. At first, the latter seemed puzzled, and then informed his son, with an equally elegant expletive, that he had left it on the pantry shelf down below.

The younger bitterly cursing him for a greedy fool, who must begin to eat, before the work was done, bade him fetch it.

“Well Bill,” replied the parent, “that ham was stunning, and you know you could't stand these here cheese-cakes; but won't this do for him!”—handing up one of my pistols.

“Yes, a pretty thing, fire, kick up a row, and be scragged for it—that would pay nicely. Fetch the knife, and have no more jaw; or we shall awake the chap, instead of sending him up quietly to spend his Christmas in heaven, without an invitation.” He chuckled, and the old fellow seemed equally delighted at his son's wit, then taking up the candle, went off to fetch the knife.

All their motions had been so noiselessly performed, and the conversation carried on in a tone so wonderfully clear, though low, that I was astonished at the perfection they had attained in their horrid craft. During the father's absence, the son was not idle. He actually loosed the collar of my shirt, and then stood quietly awaiting the other's return.

You could never imagine, unless placed in similar circumstances, what a multitude of thoughts passed through my mind in a few brief minutes. I verily believe that at every Christmas, with its accompaniments of fun and feasting at which I had assisted since I was the height of the table, was reviewed in turn. Then I thought of the morrow, and the fair girls I had left, and how, an

hour before, I was full of hope, that ere another Christmas came round, I should call on my own. Still I found time for earnest prayer, and to think of all sorts of expedients to escape my impending fate. Once I fancied, now there was only one to contend with, I might do something; but just then the touch of the muscular hand on my throat reminded me that a movement would cause my instant destruction. Indeed I have often wondered that the fellow did not strangle me in his impatience. How bitterly did I reproach myself for not raising an alarm when the footsteps first became audible.

At length, the fellow fairly grasped his teeth with rage, and uttering a smothered exclamation of “hang the tipping beast, he's at that wine again,” he also left the apartment to recall his truant parent, and fetch the implement of murder.

Now was my time, and you may believe I lost none. The instant he left the room, I was on my feet; noiselessly I approached the door, dashed it to, turned the key, shot the bolt, lighted the gas, and once more I stood, my heart ready to jump into my throat with joy and thankfulness, with my trusty pistols in my hand.

There was no chance of their re-entering, for their skeleton keys lay on my bench, and every article of plunder was there also; for intending to return, they had not conveyed from the room.

I made noise enough from the window; my hostess and her damsel, now aroused, joined in the chorus, and soon at the head of a host of alarmed neighbors and a couple of policemen, we searched the house from top to bottom. One of the men I knew had left the premises, as I heard him dash over the area railings, and down the street; but the elder ruffian was discovered, stupidly drunk, in the cellar, the danger of his position not having sufficed to prevent his indulging his favourite propensity, when temptation was so strong.

We found they had gained admittance by cutting away the zinc from the pantry window, their skeleton keys having made the rest easy.

Bill, the younger ruffian, was too well known to escape detection. He was captured in a few hours, and both he and his father eventually obtained a free passage to a distant land in a vessel provided for that purpose by Her Most Gracious Majesty.

The affair made a prodigious sensation, and I became the lion of all the Christmas parties that year; and the extraordinary sympathy manifested by a certain fair individual at the recital of my story, brought about a most satisfactory explanation. My next Christmas dinner was eaten in my own home, with her as its mistress.

I have often blessed my stars that good Mrs. Wingate was not a member of the Total Abstinence Society; for had it not been for the liberal plenshing her cellar, underwent a few days before Christmas, in readiness for the sons and daughters who were to gather round her, and celebrate in her house that true home festival, my throat would have been in no condition to perform its functions when that adventure.

Thus have I told the only adventure of any consequence in which I ever played a part, and let me add, that whereas rich and poor alike welcome Christmas as a season for joy and thankfulness, I doubt whether any felt more keen emotions of the kind than I do, since it recalls to mind an additional mercy vouchsafed at that period.

(From the Tablet.)

There is no nation over the wide world which suffers so much wrong towards its religion as the Irish, except, perhaps, the Christians of Asiatic Turkey.—There is, too, this curious similarity in the two cases, viz., that the union between Church and State is very much of the same description. In each the supreme Ecclesiastical authority resides in the person of the Sovereign, who is at once Cæsar and Pontiff. In the case of Ireland this state of things is theoretically modified by those concessions which have placed Catholics and Protestants on an equal footing in the eye of the law, just as the more galling wrongs of the Asiatic Christians have been rubbed over with the *tanzimat*. In each case, though in different degrees, the modification is more theoretical than real, for in each case the execution of the salutary spirit of the laws is in great part nullified by the circumstance that their application is in the hands of the dominant party. In Asiatic Turkey this dominant party is an overwhelming majority of the population, in Ireland it is a numerically pitiful faction, backed by the sword of England, which has of late only stumbled in its scabbard because the Irish bear their chains meekly, if they do not hug them with affection. But though there is a similarity between the two cases of the Catholics of Ireland and of Asiatic Turkey, there is also a great difference. The Turks have respected the property of the Church, and directed their violence against the persons of its members. The English have confiscated the property of the Church and transferred its revenues and endowments to the Protestant minority—of late they have not attacked the persons of its members.

It has always been a rule with all conquerors, except the English, to respect the religion of the conquered. England has herself, for nearly the whole of the hundred years since Clive's great victory, not only followed this rule in India, but she has gone further—she has basely and servilely bowed the knee to Juggernaut. More lately she has departed from the policy of not interfering in the least with the religious prejudices of the Sepoy, or it has been believed in India that she has, and the Sepoy has shown himself less tolerant of the insult than the Irishman. The Hindoo has risen in arms, and the Irishman has only found tongue, here and there, to wish him success, and to scold his oppressor.

Whatever may be the result of the campaign or war in India, the Hindoo will, as the result, have conquered the proselytising tendency of the Protestant propaganda, directed by the English Government. But if Ireland do not bestir herself she will remain subject to the same system as that which the Hindoo rose up against, and will have overthrown.

The Hindoo soldier objected to greased cartridges, or to what he believed were greased cartridges, because by the use of them he ceased to be a Hindoo. It was an act of proselytism that he rose against; he had the same objection to greased cartridges which a Catholic ought to have against mixed education; he only loses one, just so the Catholic child acquires no religion by the system of mixed education; he only loses one. Mixed education is a system of proselytism, but not to any form of religion, only to infidelity.

This monstrous, unnatural, and Godless system flourishes uncontrolled in the army. England requires of Irishmen not only their blood, but the faith of their children for her money, and Irishmen are found in abundance to sell the bargain—to ram down and fire the greased cartridges—to accept the price of the children's souls.

Whether the chronic disease that Ireland is now laboring under be sloth or despair, the result is the same—she has not the heart to demand her rights.—And this, too, when, almost without her concurrence in the demand, the full rights of Catholic soldiers to spiritual instruction and consolation; and the rights of their Chaplains to equal rank and pay; have been conceded for the asking—and that, too, with all apparent willingness, and on the ground of the intrinsic justice of the demand. Here are the first fruits of the promises of the *Tablet* on the downfall of the Whigs. But our fate is that of Cassandra—we prophesy truly, and are not believed.

And whilst Ireland is doing nothing—whilst one man has bought some oxen, and another a piece of land, and another has got married; or else, when all are plunged in the slough of despond, how are Bishops, Priests, peers, and members of Parliament about to improve the current opportunity, and to follow up the advantages which have been gained? Have they yet found that it lies within the province of their duties, or are urged by religious or political zeal, to represent to Government that a third of her Majesty's subjects are Catholics, that they contribute their rateable proportion to the taxation, and more than their rateable proportion to the defence of the country; that Catholics and Protestants are equal in the eye of the law; that mixed education is against the faith of Catholics, and that if the money of the State is applied to the purpose of education, Catholics have a right to Catholic education, and that they accordingly demand of Government that the Catholic children of Catholic soldiers shall be educated apart from Protestants, under a Catholic schoolmaster, and under the direct control and superintendence of their Pastors?

But we should be sorry to appear to desire that amongst all the wrongs which require redress this particular wrong should be the one to take up now in preference to others when there is such a choice of wrongs. Let the children of Catholic soldiers, then, for a time, be proselytised to infidelity, but let us at least be either doing, or trying to do, something on some one point or another. There is abundant choice.

1st. There is no provision whatever for the spiritual instruction of Catholic sailors, when afloat—if they die, they must die without the Sacraments. When in port they are allowed to attend the services of their Church on Sundays; but no provision is made for Priest, or church, or service, except that one or two old hulls, in some one or two of our ports, have been given as floating chapels. The Protestants in the navy, on the contrary, have well-paid Chaplains, and their spiritual wants fully supplied, whether afloat or in port.

2nd. There is no provision whatever made for the spiritual instruction of Catholic prisoners, although abundant provision is made for the spiritual instruction of Protestant prisoners. But not only is there no provision made for the spiritual instruction of Catholic prisoners, but their Pastors are not allowed access to them unless a prisoner expressly asks for the attendance of a Priest. The more hardened and impenitent, then (as has been well pointed out by Canon Oakeley) have no religious instruction whatever except what they may derive from attending the Protestant services, or receiving the visits of the Protestant Chaplain. That is, they are not only deprived of Catholic instruction, but subject to a system of proselytism.

3rd. The Catholic poor in the workhouses have no spiritual instruction supplied to them. They may go out to church on Sundays, but religious instruction is not provided for or supplied. There are paid Protestant Chaplains to workhouses, but no paid Catholic Chaplains—we speak here of England only. There is, in fact, a strict analogy between their treatment as respects religious instruction, and that of prisoners in gaols, except that they have the benefit of going out on Sundays to church, if there be a church in their neighborhood.

Now, the remedy of all these wrongs involves no question of the rights and privileges of the Established Church. There is no question of its revenues, or endowments, or of the Protestant succession.—The whole question is, not one of touching the titles or benefices of the Protestant Clergy, but of the fair expenditure of taxes raised from Protestants and Catholics alike, and which are at the free disposal of Parliament or the local authorities for national or local purposes.

These questions are of easy settlement, and the necessary remedies can be asked for on principles which have already been conceded and partially acted on.

The case, we admit, is very different with respect to any attack on the Established Church in Ireland. We will only now observe with respect to this “monster iniquity,” that the Irish people need hardly fear to offend their landlords in requiring its abolition.—The Catholic landlords, an increasing body, will go with them on principle, and the Protestant landlords will hardly make a very hard fight to maintain the rent charge they now pay their Clergy.

THE VANCOUVER ISLAND GOLD FIELDS.

From the Times.

If the Spanish and English adventurers of the 16th century could see the present state of the world they would regard with a mixture of envy and satisfaction the realization by a remote posterity of their own most gorgeous dreams. El Dorado is not, indeed, a city shining with roofs of gold, but in the West and the South there are vast regions where the precious metal is to be found in inexhaustible quantities, and the wants of modern commerce provide an unending market for the produce of the miner's industry. In Vancouver's Island, if the accounts of enthusiastic visitors may be believed, the old discoverers might almost have recognized another constant object of their search in an earthly Paradise, which is at the same time a storehouse of treasure. The climate is said to be like that of the South of France, the roots of grass are as big as onions, sheep and cattle thrive in the pastures throughout the year, the seas swarm with the finest fish, and the woods are of the most valuable timber.—Above all, there are at present no taxes of any kind to vex the soul of the settler. According to the admiring historian of this teeming wilderness, there is no street-tax, no house-tax, no land-tax, no school-tax, no church-tax, no poll-tax but only a licence-tax for selling liquors. It may be conjectured that the luxuries thus free to all are not at present very common in the island; but if there are no streets there must be some houses, occupied by the consumers of taxed beverages, and the churches and schools, where such institutions exist, are maintained by the sale of public lands. The local Government has hitherto imposed no duty of any description on goods, which have probably, in the absence of returns, not been copiously imported from abroad, and, on the whole, it seems that for those who are indifferent to the customary appliances of civilization Vancouver's Island is without exception, the most desirable portion of the surface of the earth. Experience shows however, that this combination of wealth with cheapness can only last for a very short period. Within a year or two from the discovery of their respective “diggings” California and Melbourne became greatly dearer than London or New York, and up to the present time the same causes produce in a modified degree a similar result. Miners who are suddenly enriched require luxuries of all kinds, the country demands roads and railways and forts, and the necessities of life are with difficulty obtained when all agricultural labour is diverted to the engrossing search for gold. The climate, the fertility of the soil, and the happy insular position will remain, and it may be hoped that the regular administration which has sufficed for a few scattered settlers will be developed into the government of a populous and orderly community.—Vancouver's Island will in the first instance profit by the experience which has been earned in the earlier discovered goldfields, and it is probable that