Summerside Journal AND WESTERN PIONEER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, AND NEWS.

Vol. 3. Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, October 17, 1867. No. 2.

THE

Summerside Journal

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY EVENING,

BY

JOSEPH BERTRAM,

AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

TERMS:

1 copy for one year, in advance, 6s. 3d.
" " half advance, 7s. 6d.
" " at the end of year 9s.

Persons getting up CLUBS of TEN Subscribers will be entitled to the JOURNAL for one year.

Mr. THOMAS GORDON, of Newcastle, N.B. is our Agent for that place

ADVERTISEMENTS

inserted at moderate rates and in good style.

SPECIAL AGREEMENTS may be made on reasonable terms for a whole, a half, or quarter column, or by the year.

JOB PRINTING

of every description, performed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL Office.

Summerside Markets.

SUMMERSIDE, OCTOBER 17, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s 6d
Barley per bush	3s a 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 3d
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	10d a 1s
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	8d a 9d
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4½d
Geese each	none
Flour per bbl	56s a 60s
Oatmeal per cwt.	18s a 20s
Hay per Ton	60s a 70s
Straw per cwt.	1s 6d
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

OCTOBER 17, 1867.

Beef (small)	4d a 7d
Do. by quarter	3d a 6d
Mutton	4d a 6d
Lamb per lb.	3½d a 6d
Butter	1s a 1s 3d
Do. by tub	1s a 13d
Cheese	6d a 7d
Tallow	9d a 10d
Lard	8d a 9d
Flour lb.	3d a 3½d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	17s a 18s
Eggs	8d a 10d
Potatoes	15d a 18d
Turnips	15d
Barley	3s a 4s
Oats	2s 6d
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Spruce	4s a 5s
Pine	7s a 9s
Shingles	12s a 15s
Wool	1s a 1s 3d
Hay	60s a 70s
Straw cwt.	1s 6d a 2s
Homespun	5s 6d a 6s
Sheepskins	9d a 1s
Calfskin lb.	5d a 9d
Hides lb.	4d

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown
President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m to 4 p.m.

UNION BANK.
Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown
President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire.
Discount Days—Wednesdays & Saturdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m to 1 p m., from 2 p.m to 4 p m.

SUMMERSIDE BANK.
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.
President—Hon. JOHN R. GARDINER.
Cashier—E. L. LYDIARD, Esquire
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Notes for Discount must be in before 11 o'clock on Discount days.
Hours of Business—10 a. m., to 1 p. m., from 2 p. m., to 4 p. m.

J. H. ALLEN,
Commission Merchant,
And Dealer in Provisions, &c.
MARKET STREET,
St. John, N. B.

☞ Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.
May 9, 1867.

THOMAS HANFORD,
AUCTIONEER
AND
Commission Merchant,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Nov 1, 1865

DR. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1865.

DR. McNEILL,
Physician & Surgeon,
RESIDENCE—At George. Garret's, Esquire, Stanley Bridge.
New London, - - - - P. E. I.
Jan 24, 1867. ly

KITSON CASEY, M D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR
formerly Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, offers his professional services to the people of Summerside and vicinity. He can be consulted at his office, over the Store of Green & Schurman, in Summerside.
June 13, 1867. tf

Business Cards.

KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.
Flour, Produce, Leather,
AND GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
MONTREAL, - - - - - - - C. E.

The most careful attention given to the execution of orders for Flour, Grain, Seeds, Provisions. Leather, Hides, Coal Oil, and general Merchandize. Freights secured and Insurances effected at lowest current rates.

Merchants in the Lower Provinces will find it to their interest to forward their orders for Flour to us for execution, as an extensive acquaintance with Western Millers, and as Agents for some of the most popular Brands in Canada, we can with safety assure them of every satisfaction.

Remittances against orders when not otherwise provided for, may be made with Stirling Exchange, or Gold Drafts on New York. Drafts on New York being worth usually an ¼ to a ¼ per cent more than on Boston.

Every information as to the state of the market, present and prospective, given when required.

Consignments of Fish, Cod Oil, &c., carefully realized, and returns made with the utmost promptitude, or applied according to the wish of consignors.

Charges only made for actual disbursements and commissions not over those of responsible Houses in the line. Unquestionable references given when required.

KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.
503 St. Paul Street,
Montreal, C. E.
February 7, 1867.

JABEZ HUDSON,
Authorized Auctioneer,
GENERAL AGENT, &c.,
TRYON, - - - - - - - - P. E. I.
June 27, 1867.

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.
Charlottetown, - - - - - P. E. Island.

James Greenough,
FLOUR
Commission Merchant.
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street - - - - - BOSTON

C. L. RICHARDS,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
British & Foreign Groceries
1, Head North Wharf,
ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1866. ly

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND

CARD
WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside, ---------- P. E. Island.

Carriage Factory ! !
Head of Queen Street,
CHARLOTTETOWN.

THE Subscribers beg leave to acquaint the public that, having entered into a Co-Partnership, they are prepared to execute all orders in the

CARRIAGE, SLEIGH,
OR
Blacksmith Business,

and having each had considerable experience, they are able to turn out a FIRST CLASS
Carriage or Sleigh.

Repairing of all kinds, together with all other work appertaining to their line of business, will be attended to.

Send in your orders immediately
PROUD & McCOUBREY,
Queen Street, Charlottetown,
Jan. 10, 1867. ly

EVERY MAN HIS OWN FIRE BRIGADE.

"A little fire is quickly put out, which being suffered, rivers cannot quench."—Vide Mr. Cardwell in the British House of Commons.

L'EXTINCTEUR,
A new Portable, self-acting Fire Engine, for the Extinguishing of fires in their early stages.

The little Engine can be carried on the back to any desired spot; throws a small stream of water, impregnated with eight times its volume of carbonic acid gas, which is the most simple and most effective means yet know to science for destroying fire. They have the advantage of being always ready for use. All that is necessary in applying them is to turn the tap with one hand, and with the other direct the stream upon the flame, which will instantly extinguish the fire. They are indispensible for houses, stores, warehouses, factories, public offices, halls, &c., &c.

PRICES—No. 3 $23. 4 $27, 5 $30, 6 $35.
Chemical Charges—No. 3 $1.10, 4 $1,40, 5 $1.80, 6 $2.25.

JAMES R. WOODBURN,
58 Water Street, St. John, N.B.
or Mr. ROBERT YOUNG,
Queen Square, Charlottetown
Aug 29, 1867 tf

Business Cards.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND LIFE.
Established 1809.
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
HEAD OFFICES:
EDINBURGH & LONDON.
G. W. DEBLOIS,
Agent at Charlottetown.

Forms of Application can be had by applying to Mr. J. BERTRAM, *Journal* Office, Summerside.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867 —1y

DANIEL D. CREW,
Clock & Watch Repairer,
HEAD OF CENTER STREET,
Summerside, - - - - - P. E. I.
☞ All orders punctually attended to.
June 6, 1867. 3m

THOMAS FRIZZEL,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
WATER STREET,
opposite Colin McLennan's Store.

Boots and Shoes of a superior quality constantly on hand, and for sale cheap.
Summerside, June 6, 1867. 1y

GEORGE ALLEY,
BARRISTER AND
Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &C.
Telegraph Buildings, Water Street,
Charlottetown,----------P. E. Island.

FRANCIS LONGWORTH,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
☞ Office—PAVILION HOTEL.
(next door to the Hon. Joseph Hensley's.)
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. Island.
Jan. 17, 1867. 1y

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.
aug. 9, 1866 1y

WILLIAM M. HOWE,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.
ST. ELEANOR'S.....P. E. ISLAND.

DAVID BERTRAM,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Water Street . . . . . Summerside.
October 12, 1865.

ROCKLIN HOUSE,
Kent Street, Charlottetown,
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.

Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
Ch'town, June 13, 1867.

North American Hotel,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.
JOHN MURPHY, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find good accommodation.
Good Stables in connection with the HOTEL, and a careful Hostler always in attendance.
Ch'town, Feb. 14, 1867. tf

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL,
No. 9 King Square, St. John N.B.
Permanent and transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.

In connection with the above the subscribers have opened a
First Class Grocery Store
where they will keep constantly on hand, Flour, Corn Meal, Provisions, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, and all articles usually kept in a Grocery Store.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
May 30, 1867.—1y

Fountain House Hotel.
King Square, (North Side,)
ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Subscriber having leased the above Hotel, and refitted the same, is now prepared to accommodate Transient and Permanent Boarders, and trusts by attention to meet a share of public patronage.

Having also leased the commodious Stable attached, and secured the services of a careful Hostler, who will be in attendance at all hours, travellers will be sure to get satisfaction at lowest rates.

JAMES W. THOMSON,
Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., July 4, 1867.—1y

R. M. GIBSON,
PAINTER AND GILDER.

HAVING worked several Seasons under the instructions of some of the most popular Painters in the United States and British Provinces, wishes to announce to the public that he has opened a PAINT SHOP, and commenced in that line of trade, at SUMMERSIDE, where he is prepared to execute all kinds of Plain and Ornamental House and Sign

PAINTING.

Ceilings and Walls painted and decorated in Oil and Fresco, Graining, Paper hanging and Glazing done to please the employer, Ceilings whitened with neatness and despatch.

☞ All orders left at the Commercial Hotel, Central St., next door to Bertram's Book Store, will receive prompt attention, and be done at moderate rates.
Summerside, April 11, 1867. 6m

POETRY.

HARVEST AND VINTAGE.

I dreamed of a marvellous harvest,
I dreamed of a threshing-floor,
Where men, like grain, by angels twain,
Were garnered in measureless store—
All bound in sheaves, like corn in the leaves,
And flailed from husk to core.
And the angels sang, with voices sweet,
"Out of the grain the dross we beat,
Out of the chaff we winnow the wheat,
True souls are the wheat of a nation!"

I dreamed of a wonderful vintage,
I dreamed of a winepress red,
Where men, like grapes, by angel-shapes,
Were trodden with wrathful tread;
As grapes ye work, to must and to murk,
And crush them shred by shred.
And the angelss sang with tongues divine,
"Out of the murk the must we fine,
Out of the grapes we mellow the wine,
Brave hearts are the wine of a nation!"

I would that my dreams were real—
That angels this land might beat,
And scourge our sod with the flails of God,
And scatter the chaff from the wheat;
And mightily tread in our winepress red,
All dross beneath their feet!
That our souls might sing, in joyous strain,
"Out of the chaff the wheat we gain,
Out of the murk the wine we drain—
The wheat and the wine of our nation!"

Select Literature.

THE ELOPEMENT.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

[CONTINUED.]

It was a low, dark, wainscotted room, uncarpeted, like the sitting room and stairs, and the walls bare of hangings. But the large oval mirror, the half-dozen cumbrous mahogany chairs, the neat dressing-table and wash-stand, and the heavy white curtains looped in folds at the windows, with the white Marseilles counterpane of the high-posted bed, made some approach to the comforts of modern times.

"You will let me bring you a cup of good tea—strong hyson?" said good Mrs. Mason, bustling about to set a chair for her guest by the window. "There is nothing like it for a headache; and I will bring a light, too—bless me, it is quite dark. I hope I shall be able to make you comfortable, Mrs. Lawson, and that your health will grow better in this still place. Nothing like country air and quiet, the doctors say. I only wish the Colonel had given me more time to prepare. How chilly it is here. I must send Sally up to kindle a fire," and she glanced at the open hearth, where, in the absence of a guest, the summer evergreens had been suffered to remain through all the weary winter.

"So that is the reason he offers," muttered the poor young wife, as she saw the door turn upon her loquacious entertainer. "How shall I live here? How shall I wear through the days and years? and robbed of my child! Oh, he will relent! Surely he will relent!"

"Your wife seems very tired with her journey, Colonel," said Mrs. Mason, as she took her place at the head of the bountifully filled board, and began leisurely to pour out the tea into the flowered blue cups.

"Yes, her health is far from strong as I wrote you," and he inwardly despised himself for the lie, but he said, with a faint straggle of apology, how can I otherwise restrain the curiosity of this good dame? "Late hours and a constant whirl of excitement have worn upon her delicate constitution. Between you and myself, my good lady, her mind imperatively needs repose; she requires to be separated for a time from her usual associations."

The housekeeper paused with the tea urn in her hand, and looked toward him with an expression of blank surprise on her quiet face, which at that moment he was little inclined to meet.

"I regret," he went on, "that pressing business calls me from here to-morrow, but I am assured that I can leave Mrs. Lawson in the kindest care."

"You may well be assured of that, Colonel," said Mrs. Mason, as soon as she could recover breath to speak. "I will do all I can to make the poor lady comfortable;" and she fell into a fit of profound wonder over the full meaning of the Colonel's words, which her delicacy would not suffer her to probe. Did he mean Mrs. Mason was not quite right in her mind? So deep was her abstraction that the scanty justice done to her ample fare passed quite unnoticed.

"I would have spared you the pain of this farewell, Helen."

They stood in the low sitting room whither the wife had forced herself down to the hardly-tasted morning meal. She knew, by some unconscious prescience, his early departure, and determined to seize this last opportunity of appeal. Again, through the narrow window by which she stood, her eyes roamed over the bleak country stretching for miles away, and her heart came back with a wild throb of anguish to her desolate doom.

"Colonel Lawson, it is not yet too late. What have I done to merit such a fate? to be robbed of my child? to be buried in this wilderness? Do not visit upon me so mercilessly my girlish imprudence."

"Imprudence!" he repeated, bitterly. "Why was this blight upon your name so carefully withheld from me? You knew my infatuation to be deep enough to overlook even this, should cautiously-guarded inquiries release you from all save imprudence. Why was it withheld from me but to escape inquries?"

"Never! never!" she burst forth, "as God reads my heart!"

Nothing will conceive me, nothing can remove my doubts," he answered, calmly, "short of Hawley's word, which in my case is impossible."

She was silent, struggling with her despair. Twice she essayed again to speak, but the sight of his stern face froze the prayer upon her lips.

The stage horn sounded from the distance. He started, with a faint breath of relief. She reached out her hand mechanically. He looked up, startled at its icy coldness.

"The ocean will soon be between us, Helen. I start to-night in a steamer which sails for Europe. Let us part in peace. We may never meet again."

Her bloodless lips moved, but no answer came. Her hand slipped from his loose hold. She heard the lumbering wheels of the stage coach bowling along the frosty road. It halted suddenly. A mist passed before her eyes. When she looked up she was alone.

CHAPTER II.

WE pass over the long days and clear, starry nights of Colonel Lawson's voyage upon the ocean. He had ample leisure for reflection in the lonely stillness of the state-room, where he secluded himself almost entirely through the passage. He thought over with intense bitterness the blight of his home, and the disgrace cast upon his name.

The little touch of softening emotion with which he had looked on his wife's pale face on the morning of his departure from Rothston was superseded by the fierce bitterness with which he contemplated his own cheerless future. But he was a proud man, and not one to repine over evils which repinings could not lessen.

A week from the date of his arrival at Liverpool found him amidst the gaieties of Paris. But they soon palled upon his wearied tastes, and he set out to revisit Italy, through a picturesque but somewhat circuitous route, leading through the wild mountain chains of Switzerland. Every step of his journey was now fraught with old associations, for here in these very paths he had travelled six years before, when his brother's melancholy death was fresh in his sorrows. Every rugged gorge and every winding path wore a familiar look, as the face of nature stamps itself unconsciously upon us when we tread her solitudes in those days which go with us to our dying pillow.

In Rome he found that the embers of civil discord were silently smouldering, threatening to break out in open revolution at any moment. But the despotic government, with its trained spies and dismal dungeons, effectually bore down for the hour the hopes of the oppressed people.

As an American, and fresh from the plotting capital of France, Colonel Lawson was an object of no little suspicion to the guarded officials, from the first presentation of his passport. But of this he was unhappily ignorant, and attending to the removal of his baggage, took lodgings in a populous inn, in the heart of the city. Two American families were among the temporary guests of the inn, and with one of these, Mr. and Mrs. Rawson and their young daughter, Adele, he soon formed an acquaintance. The circumstances in which he saw them were of a nature to excite sympathy even had they failed to court his society.

Mr Rawson was an invalid, dying of a slow consumption, and had sought the genial clime of Italy, encouraged by a hope too plainly fallacious to all but himself. Mrs. Rawson was a quiet, reserved woman, evidently some few years older than her husband, one whose somewhat plain exterior and retiring manners were little calculated to excite attention, but Colonel Lawson soon learned to reverence her silent devotion as a wife and mother, and saw that to the sometimes exacting and querulous invalid she was the most gentle and unwearied of nurses.

Adele, the only child of this sombre, shadowed household, what place did he assign her in the thoughts, this gay butterfly, whose sunny temperament nothing could mar, whose grief melted in a shower of bright spring tears, and whose deepest sorrows never lingered beyond the hour? They shared drives and excursions together; he was a daily visitor in their pleasant little parlor, and often listened with pleasure when, in his intervals of rest from suffering, the invalid poured forth the treasures of his richly-stored mind, as he grew animated himself, to the forgetfulness of his own sorrows for the time, on favorite themes, and the present and future of the historic land in which they had made a temporary home.

But these tranquil hours were interrupted by an event against which Colonel Lawson had made no precautions, as the fact of his being an object of suspicion, or inimical to the Roman Government, had never even crossed his mind. One evening, on his return from the theatre on foot, to which he found himself compelled, though the distance was of some little length, by the inexplicable absence of the carriage which had taken him thither, he was suddenly surrounded by four men, who, without uttering a word, at the same time gagged and pinioned him, and then seizing him by his arms, forced him along with them. In the first moment of surprise, he had offered but little resistance, which would have been ineffectual against such a superiority of numbers, and he now suffered them without a struggle to draw him to the vehicle which stood in waiting at the end of the by-street, and into which he was thrust with little ceremony. At first he thought he had fallen into the hands of robbers or banditti, which frequently infest the outskirts of the metropolis, but the gleam thrown into the carriage by a street lamp in passing showed him, under the disarranged cloak of one of his captors, the uniform of an officer. The truth burst upon him in an instant, that he was on his way to one of the Italian dungeons. What circumstance or careless word had incurred suspicion, and brought about this arrest? He reviewed anxiously the few weeks which had passed since his arrival, but he could think of no sufficient cause.

The carriage stopped before a massive edifice. He was roughly seized, enveloped in a cloak which muffled his face to shut out sight, and hurried through what seemed long passages, and down two flights of stairs. Suddenly, his conductors paused, removed the cloak, and he found himself surrounded by thick stone walls, the gloom of which the solitary taper one of them held dimly lighted up. In the corner was a heap of straw, and not far off, a rough wooden settle, the only furniture of the cell. They proceeded to take out the gag, and to remove the cords which bound with painful tightness his limbs.

"What is the meaning of this arrest?" he demanded as soon as liberty of speech was restored. "What charge has been made against me?"

But they appeared unable to understand him, and he repeated his question in Italian.

"That is not for us to say," answered, one of the men, roughly. "You will know soon enough."

They quitted the cell, leaving him in no enviable state of mind. The night passed in the most anxious reflections. He knew enough of the painful circumstances in which he was placed to be hopeless of any immediate release. He had neglected to notify his agent of his arrival in Rome, even if, in consequence of his prolonged silence, he should be prompted to make inquiries into his fate. Mr. Rawson was the only friend with whom he had formed acquaintance, and though his suspicions might be excited, and lead him to apply for the interposition of the consul to search out the mystery, there were other ways of accounting for his sudden disappearance, and he remembered the profound secrecy with which his arrest had been conducted.

The day at length broke faintly through the iron gate of the dungeon—a dim, straggling light, which served at first only to make more horrible the dreary darkness.

Towards noon the jailer entered, with a pitcher of water and a loaf of bread, his allowance for the day, which he placed on the floor, and went out in silence. To question the man as to the ground of his imprisonment, and the probable length of time before he should be called to an hearing, he too well knew would be fruitless, yet he resolved to do so on the morrow.

"So this is to be my horrible fate," he thought, "to waste away in this iron prison in the prime of my years, to linger here, month after month, and year after year, in stillness and darkness, with no company but noisome vermin, never beholding a human face save that of the hardened jailer, till memory and reason gave way under such suffering!"

His heart turned with a passionate yearning to his native land. To die here, to be the prey of those loathsome creatures which in these dark cells feast upon the dead. Oh, how little had he appreciated the thousand blessings which had suddenly taken flight!

Vain, as he had forseen, were his efforts on the morrow to extract information from the man who brought him his meagre fare. He either was, or affected to be, profoundly ignorant both of the cause of his arrest, and the probable length of his detention before he should receive a hearing. Eight or nine years, the man added, were often consumed in these gloomy, dismal cells before an inquisition was made, and sometimes a much longer period.

Colonel Lawson's head sunk upon his clasped hands in mechanical despair; aware as he already was of this fact, it seemed to take a still more tangible shape when spoken aloud by the callous jailer. Recollecting himself, he called the man back, as he was about to quit the cell, and endeavored, by the bribe of his well-filled purse, to procure pen and paper. These he dared not supply, as it was contrary to his commands, and all Lawson could finally procure was a temporary amelioration of his hard fare.

Week after week passed away, month deepened into month, and Colonel Lawson had sunk into the apathy of profound despair, when his dungeon door was unexpectedly thrown open, and the jailer silently led him through the long dark passages, and up the narrow stairways by which he had entered, into the broad light of day. Amazed and bewildered he found himself outside of the gloomy building whose impenetrable walls had so long enclosed him, in the open street. He put his hands over his eyes to shut out the blinding sunshine. Where was the Judge? where the stern counsel before whom he must plead?

"Let me congratulate you, sir," and a warm grasp seized his hand, and drew him towards a carriage which stood by the pavement. He looked up to meet the face of a stranger as he yielded to the gentle force, but it was a countenance beaming with kindliness and compassion. "I am a friend of Mr. Rawson's," he resumed, as the colonel sunk back in bewilderment on the cushions, and the coachman at a sign gave the reins to his impatient horses. He was too ill to come for you himself, being now quite confined to his room. You owe your liberation, and indeed, the discovery of your condition, entirely to his unwearied exertions."

"Then I am free!" murmured Lawson, clasping his hands together, with a fervent sob of thanksgiving, and it was no disgrace to his manhood. "My Creator, help me to be more worthy of all I have regarded so little!"

They went on in silence, Colonel Lawson could not at once recover himself, and it was not until the coach stopped that he again found speech. It was at the old familiar inn it drew up.

"Your room has been left undisturbed, by the care of Mr. Rawson," said the stranger, Mr. Maxwell, presenting his card. "Your baggage has been examined by the officers, but I think that you will find that nothing has been removed."

Colonel Lawson hurried up the stairs to his room, to make some changes in his toilet before he presented himself to his friends. He started back from the picture reflected from his mirror—the haggard face, the long matted beard and tangled hair. Refreshed by a hasty bath and change of apparel, he broke from the salutations of his landlord, who had presented himself at the door, and went to see Mr. Rawson. He found him extended on a lounge in his chamber, supported in a raised position by pillows, and breathing with difficulty. The sight of his pale, wasted face, and the ominous dry cough which greeted his ear as he crossed the threshhold, checked the eager words which crowded to his lips. He could only grasp the thin hand extended to him, and turn away his face. In a short space he recovered himself, and took the chair placed by Mrs. Rawson.

"My dear sir, I am sorry to see you so feeble."

The invalid waved the subject with a sigh.

"I am happy to congratulate you, Colonel Lawson. A few weeks ago I almost despaired of your liberation."

"For which I have to thank you, Mr. Rawson," returned Colonel Lawson, with deep feeling. "Would there were some