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 11, 1867. { NO. 14

FRANCIS S. LONGWORTH,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
OFFICE—PAVILLION HOTEL.
(next door to Hon. Joseph Hensley's)
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. Island.
Jan. 14, 1867.

R. REDDIN,
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office:—Great George Street, Charlottetown.
(*Near the Catholic Cathedral.*)
September 3, 1866. tf

CARD.
THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister-at-Law, Notary Public,
AND
CONVEYANCER,
Summerside, - - - - P. E. I.
Dec. 10, 1866. 1y pd

A. McNEILL,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
MASON'S THREE-STOREY BUILDING,
Dorchester Street.
Charlottetown.........P. E. Island.
July 23. tf

F. P. NORTON,
Commission Merchant,
AND
Auctioneer.
GEORGETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND.
October 24, 1864 1y

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
GENERAL AGENTS,
AND
Commission Merchants,
Charlottetown, - - Prince Edward Island,
AGENTS FOR:
New York Board of Underwriters,
Boston Board of Underwriters,
Eastern Express Company,
Fairbank's Patent Standard Scales,
Gowrie Coal Mines, Cow Bay, C. B.
Fishwick's Express.
☞ CASH ADVANCES made upon CONSIGNMENTS received, or when sent to their Agents abroad.
April 30, 1866.

Chairs in Variety.

KITCHEN, CHAMBER, HALL, DINING AND DRAWING ROOM
FURNITURE,
Furnished in Sets or Single (very cheap.)

Attention paid to Repairing all kinds of Furniture, especially Turned Work, such as chairs, &c. &c. (cheap.)

All kinds of Furniture Painting done to order. Old Furniture Repainted to imitate or match. Chairs (cane) re-seated.

Looking Glasses, Plates, &c., &c., on hand, (very reasonable.)

☞ Remember *Hickey's Steam Factory*, south side of Market Square, (nearly opposite Province Building from which it can be seen.) ☜

A smart Boy wanted to learn the business.

JOHN NEWSON.
December 24, 1866.

The Subscriber offers for Sale,

AT Messrs. PEAKE BROTHERS & Co.'s Brick Building, in Water Street:—
20 Puns. fine flavored Demerara RUM,
8 do. do. St. Jago do.
30 do. Bright Cienfugos MOLASSES,
30 Tierces do. do. do.
20 Bbls. do. do. do.
12 half Bbls. do. do. do.
15 Tierces Bright Barbadoes SUGAR,
30 Bbls. do. do. do.
25 Bbls. do. Centrifugal do.
30 Bbls. Granulated do.

B. WILSON HIGGS.
Ch'town, Jan. 14, 1867. tf

For Sale,

200 Bbls. Extra Family FLOUR,
100 Boxes CANDLES,
25 Boxes SOAP, 50 Half Boxes DO.
50 Sides New York SOLE LEATHER,
9 Casks VINEGAR,
20 Doz. Pails, 20 Doz. Corn Brooms,
Chests and half do. TEA,
Genuine Bermuda Arrow Root, in 5 lbs. Boxes, halfs & quarters Raisins. [boxes.

B WILSON HIGGS.
Peake's Buildings, Water street, } tf
Ch'town, Jan. 14, 1867. }

Molasses, Kerosene, Cornmeal, and Raisins.

NOW LANDING at GEORGETOWN, ex *Woodbine* and *Sea Breeze*—
20 Puncheons superior MOLASSES,
95 Casks KEROSENE,
60 Bbls Cornmeal,
50 Boxes Muscatel RAISINS.
And for sale by
B. WILSON HIGGS.
Ch'town, Jan. 14, 1867. tf

Co-partnership Notice.

AS the Partnership now existing between the Undersigned, will expire on the 15th day of MARCH, 1867, they now inform those indebted to them by Note of Hand, Book Account, or otherwise, that their Accounts must be paid off on or before the above mentioned date, as all accounts not settled at that time will be handed over to an Attorney for collection, without respect to persons.

All parties having any demands on the Subscribers are requested to furnish their Accounts for payment.

N. B. CASH paid for Good OATS.
MCAULAY & JOHNSTON.
Grand River Wharf }
January 21, 1867. }

COAL! COAL!

A LARGE quantity of Round and Slack, Cape Breton COAL, a good article, for sale by the Subscriber, at the following Rates, viz:—
Round Coal per Ton, 22s 6d
Slack Coal do 16s
Days of delivery, Wednesday in each week.
W. W. LORD.
Charlottetown, Dec. 10, 1866.

Extra and No. 1 Buffalo Robes.
G. & S. DAVIES.
Charlottetown, Dec. 3, 1866.

250 Pairs Boys' & Men's Skates.
For sale cheap by
G. & S. DAVIES.
Charlottetown, Dec. 3, 1866.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber begs respectfully to announce to his customers and friends that he has REMOVED to the New Brick Building, in Queen Street, erected on the site of his former Store, where he has opened his

NEW GOODS!

Received per *Undine*, *L. C. Owen* and *Lotus*, from Great Britain; and per *Oriental*, from the United States, comprising, in part,

Cottons:
Grey and White Cottons, Grey Sheetings, Regatta and Fancy Shirtings, Fancy Prints, Drillings, Jeans, Glazed linings, Casbans, Tickings, Towelings, Battings. White, Red and Blue Cotton Warps, &c., &c.

Cloths:
Black and Blue Pilots, Whitneys, Devons, Astricans, Scotch Tweeds, Fancy Doeskins, Black Broad Cloths, Black Doeskins and Cassimere and Union Cloakings.

Dress Stuffs:
French Merinos, Coloured Coburgs Alpacas, Black Coburgs and Lustres, Fancy Checks, Gala Plaids, Plain and Fancy Winceys, Serges, Cashmeres, Plaids, &c.

Fancy Goods:
Ribbons, Feathers, Flowers, Brooches, Dress Buttons, Belt Buckles, Bead Trimmings, Laces, Edgings, Frillings, Stamped Muslins, Berlin Wools, Scotch Yarns, Patent and Silk Velvets, Velvet Ribbons, Dress Caps, Borders, Caps, Cauls, Veils, Hoods, Clouds, &c., &c.

Woollens:
Blankets, Rugs, White, Scarlet and Coloured Flannels, Scarlet and Black Shirting, Saxony Shirtings, Blue Serges, Scarfs and Cravats, &c.

Linens:
White Frontings, Grass Cloths, Hollands, Table Damasks, Tickings, Osnaburgs, Hessians and Drillings.

Gents' Furnishing Goods:
Coats, Vests, Pants, Shirts, Socks, Drawers, Gloves, Hats & Caps, Mufflers and Scarfs, Neck Ties, Collars, Braces, and Rubber Coats.

—Also—
Ladies' Felt, Velvet, and Silk HATS; Ladies' Fur Boas and Muffs, Woollen Shawls, Hoop Skirts and Skirtings; Rubber Boots and Shoes; Felt Snow Boots, &c., &c.

Tailors' Trimmings.
Groceries and Dye Stuffs; a full Assortment of Small Wares, &c., &c. &c.

FREDERICK LEPAGE.
Glasgow House Nov. 12, 1866.

West India House,
Upper Great George Street.

CHRISTMAS, 1866.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale, at his Store, the following, viz:
11 Hhds. Strong Demerara SPIRITS,
Hhds Holland GIN,
Casks Port and Sherry WINE,
Casks Hennessey's Dark & Pale Brandy,
Casks Scotch Whiskey (Prime),
Casks Irish WHISKEY
50 Doz. Edinburgh ALE. 6 Cases CHAMPAGNE.
40 " Blood's x x x PORTER. Cases CLARET.
10 Boxes RAISINS, 3 Bbls CURRANTS,
25 ½ do RAISINS, Bags RICE,
50 Boxes FIGS, Bags PEPPER,
Chests Superior TEA,
Bbls Crushed SUGAR, Casks Washing Soda,
Hhds and Bbls. P. R. MOLASSES, Hhds and Bbls. P. R. SUGAR,
6 Bbls. Kerosene OIL, 6 Bbls Red ONIONS,
20 Doz. Am. BROOMS, 20 Doz. Am. BUCKETS.
—Also—
A large stock of Spices, Pickles, Fruit, &c., &c., suitable for the season.
The above articles are of the very best description, and will be sold cheap for Cash.

LEMUEL McKAY.
Charlottetown, Dec. 17, 1866.

IMPORTATIONS
For Fall Season, 1866,
AT THE
British Warehouse,
COMPLETED.

THE Public in general will find in our Establishment a Large and Varied Stock of

Dry Goods and Groceries,

that will compare favourably with any in the market, and will prove to purchasers second to none, for style, value, and price.
Inspection solicited.

W. & A. BROWN.
Dec. 3, 1866

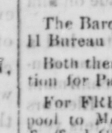
Liverpool Trader.

The well known a 1 Clipper Bark "UNDINE," LAWRENCE KICKHAM, Commander, will sail from LIVERPOOL for this Port on or about the 1st day of APRIL next.

For Freight or Passage apply in Liverpool to Messrs JOSEPH POPE & CO., Trafford Chambers; here to the undersigned.

JAMES C. POPE.
Ch'town, Jan 21st, 1867 1st pat 2m

REGULAR LINE OF
Packets
FROM LIVERPOOL AND GLASGOW.



THE Subscribers inform the public that the following Vessels will be at a loading berth at LIVERPOOL and GLASGOW for CHARLOTTETOWN, and will sail from their respective ports on the 1st APRIL next.

FROM LIVERPOOL:
The A 1 Ship "L C OWEN," 480 tons register, coppered, ROBERT FRASER, Commander.

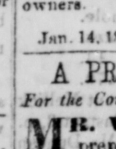
FROM GLASGOW:
The Barque "EMPRESS," 380 tons register, 3 3 11 Bureau Veritas, JOHN GILLIS, Commander.

Both these vessels have first class accommodation for Passengers.

For FREIGHT or PASSAGE apply in Liverpool to Messrs. WILLIAM STEWART & CO., Trafford Chambers, South John Street; in Glasgow, to JAMES KELSO, junr., Union Street; or in Charlottetown to

L. C. OWEN.
WILLIAM WELSH.
Jan 14, 1867. 2m

Liverpool to Charlottetown.



THE Clipper Bark *LILLIE*, classed A 1 at Lloyd's for 7 years, coppered and copper fastened, SAMUEL NICHOLSON, Commander, will be dispatched as above about the First of APRIL next. This vessel has already proved herself a desirable conveyance for goods

For Freiget, apply in Liverpool to Sir James Malcolm, 57 South John Street, or here to the owners.

JAMES DUNCAN & Co.
Jan. 14, 1866. tf

A PREPARATORY SCHOOL,
For the Convenience of Families in the Country.

MR. W. S. SMITH will board and prepare boys for College, at his Residence, Prince Street.

TERMS PER QUARTER:

Boarders	£7	10	0
Day Scholars	1	0	0

Jan. 14, 1867. 3m

Evening Classes! Evening Classes!

MR. ARTEMAS MORROW, the well known Teacher of Hillsborough Square School, will open classes in the various branches of an English Education, for young Ladies and Gentlemen, in his School Room, Sydney street, near Hillsborough Square, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings in each week, at 7½ o'clock.

For terms and particulars apply at the School Room. Charlottetown, Jan. 14, 1867.

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

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

THE Subscriber would inform the Inhabitants of P. E. Island, that, on the arrival of the Brig *ANN*, from Liverpool, G. B, he will offer,

Wholesale and Retail,

For Cash or good Joint Notes of Hand,
Nos. 1, 2 & 3 WHITE LEAD, in 56, 28, & 14 lbs;
Black, Red, & Yellow PAINTS, in 28 & 14 lbs.;
Boiled and raw LINSEED OILS;
Chance's Smethwick GLASS;
PUTTY, Black and White, in Bladders 28 and 14 lbs.;
CUT NAILS, and CUT SPIKES;
Diamond Head DECK SPIKES;
Bars Refined and Common IRON, assorted sizes;
Barrels and Kegs COAL TAR;
Barrels Black and Bright VARNISHES;
Coils HEMP and WIRE CORDAGE;
Bolts Extra and Navy Boiled CANVAS;
Bars YELLOW METAL, ⅝ to ⅞;
YELLOW METAL BUTT BOLTS, 7 × ⅞;
CLINCH RINGS, Iron and Yellow Metal;
Crates and Casks GLASS, CHINA, and EARTHENWARE,—Crates assorted for country use;
A NEW MIXTURE for Bottoms of FISHING BOATS, much approved of by English fishermen.

Parties wanting any of the above articles will do well by calling and inspecting them, at the OLD STAND, formerly occupied by W. W. LORD & Co., HEAD of LORD'S WHARF, Water Street.

ARTEMAS LORD.
Oct. 29, 1866.

JOHN BELL,

MANUFACTURER of Clothing in all its branches, thankful to his friends and patrons for past favors, begs leave to inform them and the public generally, that he is still to be found at his Old Stand on QUEEN STREET, and is prepared to make up all kinds of garments, entrusted to him in the latest style and improvement of fashion.

Terms Cash.
Entrance at the Side Door.
Queen Street, July 9, 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, }
September 10th, 1866. } isl h

Administration Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of WILLIAM SNEESTON, late of Charlottetown, deceased are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the said estate, are required to furnish the same, duly attested, to the undersigned for settlement.

MARY SNEESTON, Executrix.
Ch'town, Dec. 10, 1866. 3m

Administration Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of Captain GEORGE FORREST, late of Southport, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment; and those having legal demands against the said Estate, are required to furnish the same, duly attested, to the undersigned for settlement.

AMELIA FORREST, Executrix.
JOHN R. BOURKE, Executor.
Southport, Sept. 29, 1866. [Oct. 1.

LITERATURE.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY.

The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish poem, which, says the "Edinburgh Review," is surpassed by nothing with which we are acquainted in the English language, except the "Ode of Louis de Leon:"

Oh! let the soul its slumbers break,
Arouse its senses and awake
To see how soon
Life, in its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast
Let us the present hour enjoy,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hopes deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day;
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall
The sea of death, whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulet's glide,
To that sad wave!
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side,
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our glittering toys of earth
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here:
Dreams of sleep and death must break;
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long 'ere the damp of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away;
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair—
Age came and laid his fingers there—
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that roved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisme, and woe!
When age comes on!

THE SHANDON BELLS.

Sabbata pango,
Funera plango,
Solemnia clango.
INSCRIP. ON AN OLD BELL.

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon Bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant water
Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate
But all their music
Spoke nought like thine;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old "Adrian's Mole" in
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;
But the sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly;
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow
While on tower and klosk O!
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And Loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

—*Father Prout.*

AVICE AND HER LOVER.

England was 'Merrie England' still, and bluff King Hal lived in the odour of masses, horse-racing, bowling, and love-making; encouraged by royal example, the country was not slow in taking up all manner of sport, and great sums were spent on horses, especially in importing such as were likely to improve the home stock. Goodly estates changed hands with as great facility as in these present days, and although long before that corporate body known as the 'Jockey Club' sat in judgment upon 'turf' laws, the settling day was rigidly observed, and debts of honour paid either by money or blood. Yorkshire took the lead in those days, and the great race-meeting held in the Forest of Galtres, on the eastern side of the city of York, had just terminated; the favourite had been distanced, and the owner of the favourite, Percy Topham, of Sledmere, had a heavy reckoning to pay. No one wondered at the dark frown that had settled down upon his handsome face; though many did marvel at his reckless challenge to run his mare, 'Lady Ann,' against Dick Skelton's 'Courtier,' for the then enormous wager of three hundred pounds.

'Thou'lt never win, Percy,' said Squire Thornton, kindly; 'back out of it, there's a good lad. The old Hall won't but be thine when all thy debts are paid to-day. Dick's an honest fellow, and cares more for a kind look from thy sister Avice's bright eyes than for all the race winning in England: make a match there an you like, Percy, and I'll wish thee well on it.'

Percy's face flushed, and a rough oath rolled out through his clenched teeth. 'Avice can make or mar her own wedding, squire; Dick's taken my hand on the wager, and so it must bide; we of Sledmere never back out of anything; the mare's a good one, and will pull through for the honour of the old place.'

And he turned away, evidently bent upon avoiding further advice or condolence; walking off in the direction of the city whither the crowd was now bending its way likewise. He had spoken, as he thought, slightly; but, God help him! his heart was heavy as lead. Squire Thornton had said no more than the truth, and bitter and unpalatable as that truth was, Percy knew he must 'grin and abide it;' the day's ill-luck had been but the finishing stroke to a long train of what he was pleased to call misfortunes, but which his neighbours gave a harsher name to. True, the Hall would not go; it had gone, though, only to his sister Avice, long ago; he must pay his debts, or give as good to-morrow, even if the last penny went; and then?—ay, what then? He was young, healthy, and the world was wide. Soldiering was no bad trade, and in those days you got a better price for your blood than now; the king liked a jolly roystering blade, though he might not have a groat in his pocket. He had been down in luck, it is true, but fortune is capricious; luck might—nay, must, if he could only hold on long enough—change, and meanwhile he'd the match with Dick Skelton to win.

There is something peculiarly elastic and hopeful about the nature of a thorough-paced turf-man. So it was that having mentally faced his ill-luck, and, so to speak, taken the bull by the horns, Mr. Topham mounted his horse to take his twenty miles of home road with a clear brow, and a happy conviction that somehow or other, he didn't know or care how, he'd fall on his legs and tide over the ugly state of affairs.

He had not gone above a mile of his way when Dick Skelton came up with him, and presently opened his heart anent his affection for Avice. Now Avice was Percy's sole remaining relative; she had been with him since childhood; he never indeed remembered a time that Avice was not his comforter, counsellor, and helper; so you may believe he had no desire to see his home broken up, and the light carried away to brighten another. Nevertheless, he could have no objection to plead, he was only a brother, and it was in the course of nature that she should make another home for herself; so with a sickly heart Percy promised to speak for his friend, and they parted by the great gate, Dick having a couple of miles yet to ride.

Siedmere Hall was a rambling, patched-up building; one end was in ruins, and to this had been tacked a quarter big enough to barrack a troop; not more than half the inhabitable portion was really inhabited. In one corner of the least ruined portion of the old part, where a great lumber chamber existed, Percy had permitted an eccentric beggar man, by the name of Essex, to take up his dwelling. This man had established a curious reputation in the country round, being looked upon as a half-fool, half-wizard, and wholly mysterious. The poor folks feared and consulted him, the rich ones humoured and, unwilling to risk his displeasure, fed him bountifully when he demanded the same. Essex was a big, burly, broad-shouldered fellow, carrying his professed age (which he affirmed to be seventy) with a marvellously hearty and hale figure; he wore a long white beard, and mustachios to match, and usually had on a broad-brimmed slouched hat, so that, save a pair of knee eyes flashing out below thick protruding eyebrows, little or no distinctive feature in his face was visible. As Percy rode to the Hall door upon the evening of the ill-stared race at York the beggar was striding up the avenue with a well-filled wallet slung over his broad shoulder; Percy glanced at him in passing, but whether from want of thought, or that feeling of irritation which sometimes comes over one when, vexed and sick at heart with life's disappointments, we see some one else taking the ills of their lot easily and in a Mark Tapley like spirit, 'looking happy,' I cannot say; anyhow, he passed the man without giving him 'good-night,' which omission was retaliated by a clenched first being lifted menacingly, and as ugly a scowl as you'd wish to see.

'Ay, you may hold your head high, my fine young sir,' muttered Essex, his eyes following the horseman; 'but you'll look low enough soon. You've eyes enough, and words enough to spare sometimes; fewer of both, and it had been better for you; you'll think so yoursels before long. You've had a bitter pill to swallow to-day, but there's a worse coming.'

'What art mutterin' and mumblin' about, auld man?' cried a voice at his elbow, and a woodman who had turned into the avenue from a bye-path joined him.

'Saying my paternoster, friend, as I walked,' was the reply. 'Asking the saints to bless thy young master and give him better luck with his horses.'

'Has he been unlucky, then?'

'Ay, the mare gave in.'

The woodman's answer was a curse, for like most servants he went with his master in winning or losing, and the 'mare' had been the boast of every man and stripling on the Sledmere estate. Nothing more was spoken between the two; and the woodman looking askance at Essex, as one is apt to do at the bearer of ill-tidings, took the first occasion to turn down another path; then, taking to his heels, set off across the park towards the stables, there to learn the true report of the day's work.

Meanwhile, Percy had reached the Hall, told his story of defeat, and sought out his sister.

'What fortune, dear?' was Avice's first question.

'The worst; I've played my last card, I fear, darling. Nay, do not grow pale and turn thy sweet face away; it's all the comfort I've left me, and that scurvy fellow, Dick Skelton, wants to rob me of thee, too. What think you has been the burthen of his cry all the way home? Ah! you know, do you? But you won't have him?' added Percy, oblivious of his promise.

'No, Percy, he'll never be thy brother.'

Hearing her decided voice, and knowing well that Dick's chance was gone, Percy relented, and went on. 'Yet he's a good fellow, and he loves thee right honestly; thou wert kind to him once, Avice, and there is none thou likest better.'

He looked, and started, for her eyes fell, and a painful flush came over her fair face, giving his assertion a very visible denial. There was one she liked better—the tell-tale blood showed so much; and Percy, jealous for his friend, would have mercilessly probed the wound, had not Avice, with the instinct of self-preservation, hastily effected a *divertissement.*

'The ghost was here last night, brother. They tell me the very horses in the stable neighed with terror, and the maids are going about with blanched cheeks—no one daring to move alone. The grooms shut themselves up in the kitchen and would not budge an inch for love or money.'

'A set of cowardly rascals; and you?'

'Oh! I was frightened too, I own; but I could not save laugh at the consternation; but the ghost or goblin, or whatever it is, was mighty civil to me, for after the household were at their wits' end, and I had gone back to my chamber, strains of heavenly music filled my ears until I fell fast asleep and forgot my fear.'

'This must be seen to, Avice. Strange suspicions have been tormenting me of late. May there not be something else than spiritual at work—some devilish plot? Ghosts do not work so systematically as this one of ours appeareth to do; and music, too! ghosts play not such, that ever I heard. We'll have it ferretted out, sister; I am just in the humor for such a piece of work now.'

'Nay, wait, Percy; at all events, until the wedding-mask of our cousin is over. My nerves are unstrung as it is, and if you and I are to play our parts fitly, I'll have need of all my impudence.'

'All thy impudence!' laughed her brother; 'faith, I'd wager my last groat thy impudence would never save a fly's life. Had'st not to wear a bit of black silk over that blushing face of thine, there would be a small hope of there being much acting; and yet canst tell me how it comes that modest women grow pert and shameless when they have a mask over their faces? If thou wert anything but the pure angel I know thee to be, I'd say it was woman's heart, and that when they could hide the shame of their purer faces their tongues could wag fast enough.'

'Nay, nay, Percy; you do not mean it; you know better than to believe such. I'll not deny there are bad among us, and methinks that when once a woman passes the rubicon of virtue, the devil himself takes possession of her; but there is no lack of good, too, honest, faithful——'

'Rose Raby to wit,' interrupted Percy, bitterly.

In an instant Avice's arms were round her brother's neck. 'She was driven to it, Percy, poor child! You, a strong man, able to hold your own, should pity her. Nay, I mean it; she was weak; that was her nature. I'll not say nay to that, and I think I'd have done differently; for if love be such as they say it is, I'd die rather than give up my right to keep faith where I loved. We don't hang our hearts for every gallant to pluck at, nor do we cast them down unsought; but once taken captive, sure it is only maiden modesty to be steadfast to the death.'

Her brother listened to this rhapsody with a changing countenance; for an instant a smile sprang up, then that died away, and a bitter sneer curled his lip under the long silken moustache as he answered—

'You argue like one with experience, Mistress Avice; 'tis a pity Rose had not borrowed somewhat of thee. I met her master (for I call him nought else, so never frown at me)—I met her master, I say, on the course, and heard him bragging of what he had done at Newmarket, and how the king trusted him before all men to buy a horse, or choose a wench; and then he vowed all women had their price. My blood was up, boiling like molten lead; and had it not been that Dick dragged me away, there would have been a sinner less in the land by this, and fair Mistress Rose might have had another chance in the market.'

'Thanks be to God and Mr. Skelton!' said Avice fervently clasping her pretty hands. 'You are too hot, Percy.'

'Nay, sweetheart, I am cold enough now; feel how my hand shakes. But let's to supper; to-night I must eat, drink, and be merry; to-morrow I'll pay my debts, and sit on thy hearth, a pauper.'

When Avice sought her bed-room that night, she had no inclination to sleep. She was uneasy about her brother; his flushed face and trembling limbs warned of more than mental suffering; she had heard from him the story of his losses, too; then, again, this love proposal of Dick Skelton's. Dick was her brother's largest creditor, and one word from her would cancel all debts. She had but to say the little word 'Yes,' and Dick, who had the finest property in the North Riding, would turn over all she held of the place, and forgive her brother's debts. Avice was thinking, as she could not but think, of all this; thinking, too, that had the same emergency risen a month before, there would have been no difficulty, but that Dick Skelton would have a won willing bride. Only a month ago—four short weeks, and all this was changed! Four weeks ago Avice would have married Dick, simply because she knew him well, respected him well, and cared for no one (except her brother) better. Four weeks ago Avice had only known one love, and the little heart now thrilling and sinking with its own weight and happiness, lay quiet and unfelt. Four weeks ago, during a long ramble, and while resting under an old hawthorn-tree, a stranger had passed her; a pair of dark-blue eyes had looked into hers, and up sprang the heart to life. Day after day she had thought of the eyes, night after night they had haunted her in sleep; until, some fortnight after, they had met hers again, and since then scarce a day passed but at some point or other of her walks the mysterious stranger had suddenly sprung up, bowed, and passed on. So it came about that Avice talked of 'truth unto death,' and sat in the bay-window of her bed-chamber, gazing out into the moon-lit park.

A very sweet and English view was that seen out of the bay-window; first a deep moat, carpeted over with waterlillies, whose bright flowers starred the dark surface of the water; and fringing the moat, a thick underwood of many kinds of shrubs; beyond, a wide expanse of park-land, dotted with great oak and elm trees. Above all this, sailed the moon, to-night at the full, looking down with a clear watchful eye upon the sleep of Nature; not a leaf moved, and an intense silence reigned everywhere—so intense that Avice fell into a half dreamy state, and sitting with her eyes fixed upon an opening in the copse where the moonbeams made a silvery path of light, let her thoughts weave such fairy-like romances as they listed.

But suddenly the listless look vanished; her cheeks flushed, and leaning forward, she gazed with eager eyes upon a tall, dark figure, which, standing full in the centre of the path, seemed framed in that mysterious silver light. For a few seconds the man stood with his face towards the house; then he walked up to the verge of the moat and bent over, gazing down into the deep water. Avice's heart beat fast, and her cheeks paled; what could he mean? why did he bend over the water? and almost a shreik broke from her white lips as, suddenly letting himself over the ledge, she saw him seize a branch, and so swing down to the water-edge, until he could grasp one of the golden-chaliced lillies, with which prize he was soon standing safe on the green bank again; and Avice, pale enough now, was watching, wondering and perplexed—for she had long ago recognized the figure, as what woman ever does fail to recognize the man that she loves?

The very violence of her emotion had driven the blood back to her heart, which beat and thrilled, and ached in a manner perplexing to poor Avice; who, ready as she was to venture her opinion and tell her mind as to love and its exigencies, as is the manner with many young women, was as yet happily ignorant of its caprices, and wondered sorely why she grew so faint, and tenderly melancholy, though all the time conscious that she was perfectly happy.

Avice went to bed at last, but not, you may be sure, until the lilly gatherer had long ago disappeared, and the moon, revelling on her way, had left the path in shadow.

Bright dreams were Avice's that night; and through them all came a vague consciousness that there was some presence near her; that eyes were watching her, and lips breathing near her; once she thought they touched hers, and starting up with a cry, she saw only the pale dim day-dawn stealing into the room, and turning upon her side the girl fell into a deep dreamless rest, from which she did not awake until the sun was streaming into the room, and coming straight through the middle panes of the bay-window, fell upon her bed, where, upon the crimson quilted coverlet, white and glistening, lay a water-lily.

One might well judge that such an adventure would alarm Avice, and yet it scarcely may be said to do so. In those days there was a much stronger belief in the supernatural; and living as Avice had done in a notoriously haunted and spirit-ridden house, it is scarcely to be wondered at that she suddenly became possessed with the notion that this mysterious wanderer and the haunting spirit were one and the same, and that by some strange freak this spirit loved her. It would be hard to say whether Avice was pleased or frightened when her mind first conceived, and then instantly adopted, this wild notion; it was very awful, of course, to have a lover of an ethereal nature, and not flesh and blood as she herself was; she had read, too, of the Evil One taking human shape to deceive young maidens; but this could not be a demon! oh, no, Avice was sure of that. Those blue eyes that stirred her heart even now, and that sad, quiet face—there was no taint of evil there; rather must be be some heavenly spirit who, for some cause or other, was doomed to remain a season on earth.

When Avice began to let her mind wander away into such wild regions as these, there was no limit to the visionary world she soon made around her; and it was perhaps fortunate that going down to prepare the morning meal for her brother she found he had been seized with an ague, and obliged to send to the nearest town for a doctor.

A long anxious day followed; Avice had her hands full; Percy was very ill, and by no means an easy patient to deal with; for he had to be kept in bed almost by main force, insisting upon getting up and riding over to Middleham to meet the attorney who was to settle his racing losses. As day waned the fever left him, and then he became bent upon a new excitement; he and Avice were to attend the mask at their cousin's wedding, which was to come off that night, and being unable to go himself, which sorely against his will be at last admitted, he insisted upon Avice carrying out her part, which was none other than the Queen of Cœur de Lion, which great monarch Percy himself had been prepared to personate. In vain Avice pleaded against his will; he was inflexible; and at last, dreading the effect of continued altercation in his present state, she consented.

CHAPTER II.

The wedding ceremony was over; the tables were filled with guests, those who were to form the maskers' company remained but a short time at the feast, soon retiring to the rooms prepared for them, and, from whence there shortly issued a medley of mummers of every country, class, and order.

Observed of all observers was one, a tall, richly-dressed crusader, who speedily making his way up to Avice's side, whispered—

'Accept my homage, peerless queen; it is my duty as my most heart-felt pleasure to guard you from all annoyance.'

Avice bowed, and, willing to keep up the jest, held out her hand that he might touch the tips of her fingers; but she drew back angrily, and with a haughty motion of her tall figure, as the warrior, seizing her hand, kissed it passionately.

'Manners have not been taught thee in the East, fair sir,' said an angry voice, and a second crusader stood by Avice's side.

'True knights went to the East to fight, not to learn the soft manners of a Court; methinks our fair and dauntless queen knows too well what stern stuff a soldier's heart must be made of to take offence at homage, even if more warmly offered than the manner of English life permits.'

'Faith, your tongue is glib enough, Sir Knight, and if the queen takes a friend's counsel, she'll banish thee her presence;' saying which, the speaker brought his mask near Avice's pretty ear, and whispered—

'Let me guard thee, Avice; thy brother told thee my heart's desire.'

Avice drew back; she could not misunderstand Dick Skelton, and she dare not encourage him by accepting his service, much as at that moment she longed to do so, and escape from the notice the altercation was attracting.

'Nay,' she said, her voice faltering, and her neck showing the blushes her mask hid on her cheeks, ''tis unfair. I'll banish no true knight my presence without fair reason, but I'll equally choose none unknown. Your title, Sir Knight.'

'Knight of the Lily, your majesty,' and dropping upon one knee, the crusader flung open his cloak, and showed a water-lily resting upon his breast, while up into Avice's face looked the blue eyes that had been 'her heart's undoing.'

Things were at a critical pass. Avice, confused and startled, was trying to form an answer, when a general rush was made to another apartment, and a cry of 'the wizard' was raised. Avice made no attempt to stand against the current, but suffering herself to be borne onward soon found that she had shaken off at least one of her knights, and that only Dick Skelton stood by her side. Nor was Dick slow to take advantage of his luck; and right warmly did he plead his cause, heedless of the many expostulations Avice made, or the amused looks that were cast upon them, until, fairly beside herself with vexation and shame, Avice forced her way through the crowd, and walking boldly up to the Knight of the Lily, said, 'I call upon you to accept your office, sir, and charge you to remain by my side for the rest of the evening.'

Her overwrought feelings gave way, and a low gurgling sob followed her brave speech.

Gently and instantly the stranger knight led her through the crowd, now too eager about the conjuring tricks of the wonderful Eastern wizard to notice aught else, until he took her into an empty withdrawing room.

'I will leave you,' he whispered, 'but first tell me you are not angry. I have tried to leave you, but fate was too strong for me. Great danger threatens you and yours, and I have power to avert it; but this power has been given me only on one condition. I cannot tell you to-night, but to-morrow night, if you will meet me in the room occupied by Essex. I will. You do not doubt me, Avice? You must not. Your brother's honour, nay, life itself, depends upon your trusting me. Say you will come, and I'll leave you now.'

Avice did believe him; what less could she do? Even had he not possessed such a mysterious power over her heart, was there not enough in the idea of danger to her brother to warrant the step, unmaidenly though it might seem to many? So Avice promised, and with a long pressure of the fingers, and a caution to her to stay quiet for a time, the knight left her.

The maskers saw no more of the queen that night; but Dick Skelton did; for hunting about, he spied her making her escape, and, in spite of remonstrances, walked home by her side, silent per force, and biting his tongue out for very bitterness and jealousy; one thing only giving him satisfaction, namely, that he had at least kept the Knight of the Lily away, and seen Avice safely under the home roof.

Next day Dick, who had all the dogged perseverance of an English nature, rode over to Sledmere, and told his tale to Percy Topham, who, being wearied of bed, and doubly wearied of his own thoughts and the pricking of conscience that had been going on while he lay perforce on his back, listened with rising anger, and sent for Avice, who, however, refused to appear; and at last Dick, for very shame's sake, had to go home, and leave his hopes behind him.

The day was a long and tedious one for each. Percy was irritated by the morning's talk; Avice worried both by reason of Dick Skelton's persecution and her brother's championship of the suit, to say nothing of the coming appointment she had promised to keep that night. So the weary hours went by, until night came, and with it a sudden storm of thunder, wind and rain; so that when the trysting-hour drew on the old house rocked and groaned in the arms of the wind.

Wrapping herself in a long black cloak, Avice made her way to the ruined portion of the house, stepped carefully along the dark corridor, and standing irresolute at the door which led to the beggar's room. She had not to wait long, the door opened, and Essex stood there, holding a bright lamp, and dressed in leathern doublet and scarlet hose.