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. XI. | **Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, October 28, 1861.** | **New Series.—No. 42.**

An unrivalled and invaluable Family Medicine, which should be kept always near at hand, in case of accident or sudden attack of Pain. In these days of railroad and steamboat accidents, no traveller is safe without it.

PERRY DAVIS'
VEGETABLE
Pain Killer

We ask the attention of the public to this long tested and unrivalled

Family Medicine.

It has been favorably known for more than twenty years, during which time we have received **thousands** *of testimonials, showing this Medicine to be an almost never-failing remedy for diseases caused by or attendant upon—Sudden Colds, Coughs, Fever and Ague, Headache, Bilious Fever, Pains in the Side, Back, and Loins, as well as in the Joints and Limbs;* ***Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains*** *in any part of the system, Toothache and Pains in the Head and Face.*

As a ***Blood Purifier*** *and* ***Tonic*** *for the* ***Stomach,*** *it seldom fails to cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Kidney Complaints,* ***Sick Headache,*** *Piles, Asthma or Phthisic, Ringworms, Boils, Felons, Whit-lows, Old Sores, Swelled Joints, and* ***General Debility*** *of the* ***System.***

It is also a prompt and sure Remedy for Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Painters' Colic, ***Diarrhœa,*** *Dysentery,* ***Summer Complaint,*** *Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Scalds, Burns, Sprains, Bruises, Frost Bites, Chilblains, as well as the Stings of Insects, Scorpions, Centipedes, and the Bites of Poisonous Insects and Venomous Reptiles.*

See Directions accompanying each bottle.

It has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost ***every nation known*** *to Americans. It is the almost constant companion and inestimable friend of the* ***missionary*** *and the* ***traveller,*** *—on sea and land,—and no one should travel on our lakes or rivers without it.*

The only Genuine Pain Killer, all others are Counterfeits, Imitations, or Frauds, and as such, generally worthless, if not dangerous, and never to be trusted. ***Beware of them.***

Prices, 12½ cts, 25 cts., 50 cts., and $1.00 per Bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON,
MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
Sold by dealers every where.

Agent, T. DESBRISAY,
Apothecaries' Hall, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
January 28, 1861. 18m

Cheap Travelling!

GREATLY REDUCED FARES!!

From Charlottetown to Boston for $7!

THE Subscriber having been instructed to sell THROUGH TICKETS to BOSTON and Intervening Points, viz., *Westmorland* to Shediac, European North American Railway, to St. John, and International Steamship Co's. Steamers to Boston. [illegible] as under:

Shediac, $2.50 St. John, $4.50
Boston, $6.00

Freight by this route forwarded with despatch, and at rates below any previous arrangement.

Aug. 12, 1861. tf J. S. CARVELL, Agent.

City of Charlottetown.

MONEY WANTED,

ON CITY DEBENTURES.

THE CITY COUNCIL having, pursuant to the Act of Incorporation, passed a resolution for effecting a LOAN OF FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS, for the purpose of better enabling the Fire Department to provide a suitable Fire Engine or Fire Engines, a supply of Hose and other necessary articles, for the more effectually preserving the City from the ravages of Fire—

TENDERS will be received by the City Clerk, at his office, from persons willing to lend the said sum of £500, or any part thereof, not less than £50, to the City of Charlottetown.

The Tenders to express the amount of the sum proposed to be lent, with the lowest rate of Interest the person tendering is willing to receive for the same.

The Interest payable half yearly from the general funds of the Corporation, and the payment of the principal in Five Years, will be secured to the lender by Debentures (transferable by endorsement), under the seal of the City, pursuant to the Statute.

By order of Council,
PETER MACGOWAN, City Clerk.
Council Office, August 28, 1861. [Sept. 2.

JOHN T. LONGARD, Sailmaker,

HAVING located himself at Charlottetown, begs to inform the Shipbuilders and Traders of P. E. Island that he has opened a

SAIL LOFT on Peake's Wharf,

where he will be happy to receive orders in his line of Business. After an experience of 27 years, he flatters himself he is capable of executing good work; and is thoroughly acquainted with the making of COTTON SAILS on the American principle. Every attention will be paid to those who may favour him with their patronage.

REFERENCES:
Halifax—T. C. Kinnear & Co., McLean & Campbell, Thomas Bolton, P. Power & Co., Jonathan C. Allison.
August 26th, 1861. 3m.

TESTIMONIAL.

Halifax, 27th July, 1861.

Mr. JOHN T LONGARD, Sailmaker, of this City, having informed us of his intention to move to P. E. Island for the purpose of carrying on Business there, we have much pleasure in recommending him to the trade of Charlottetown, and in stating that during the period of twenty-two years in which we have used his professional service, we have always had the greatest satisfaction in the work which has passed through his hands, and have no doubt that he will give equal satisfaction to any who may require his services.

T. C. KINNEAR & CO., Merchants, Halifax, N. S.

Notice.

THE Tenants on Townships Nos 35 and 36 in this Island, are hereby cautioned against paying any person whomsoever any Rent or arrears of Rent due to the Subscriber, as one of the Heirs of the late Hon. Donald McDonald, no person being authorised to receive the same.

MARY MARGARET McDONALD.
Charlottetown, P. E. Island, October 7, 1861. Isl G 1m

Notice.

WHEREAS by order made in the Court of Chancery by His Honor the Master of the Rolls, dated the 10th day of August instant, the management of the Estate of Paul Mabey, of Charlottetown, Esquire, has been committed to and vested in me the undersigned. Now, therefore, all tenants of the lands of the said Paul Mabey, and other parties indebted to him, are required henceforth to pay the amounts due and to become due from them respectively to me at my Office, in Charlottetown.

JOSEPH HENSLEY.
Charlottetown, August 26, 1861.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Subscriber for the service of the HORSE 'MORGAN TELEGRAPH,' last year, are requested to pay the same to Mr DAVID STEWART, Charlottetown, on or before the 20th of OCTOBER next, to save trouble and expense.

JOHN SUTHERLAND.
St. Peter's, September 2, 1861.

Notice.

THE Pictou Marine Railway, operated by steam, is now ready for hauling up vessels of any class under eight hundred tons burthen.

For terms and all other particulars apply at the office of James Primrose & Son, or to

HOWARD PRIMROSE, Agent.
Pictou, September 9, 1861. 10w.

Eligible and Desirable Building Lots.

Known as the Property of the Misses Stewart.

TO BE SOLD BY PRIVATE SALE, those beautifully situated LOTS fronting on QUEEN STREET and immediately opposite the Police Office, and where the new Market House is intended to be erected, which must ultimately enhance the value of the Property.

Lot No 1, 23 x 81 feet,	Corner Lot.	
" 2, 24 x 81	Front Lots.	
" 3, 24 x 103		
" 4, 24 x 103		
" 5, 24 x 103		
" 6, 21 x 50	Rear Lots.	
" 7, 21 x 50		
" 8, 21 x 50		

The House will be sold in part, or the whole, as it can be easily separated. For further particulars apply to the Subscriber, where every information can be obtained.

JOHN R. BOURKE.
Mill View, Lot 49, Sept. 9, 1861. 3m.

ON CONSIGNMENT,

And now for Sale,

8 Boxes Cavendish TOBACCO, 5 cases BOOTS & SHOES
50 boxes Digby HERRINGS, 4 boxes Maccaroni
100 bbls. Labrador Herrings, 5 Iron Bedsteads
15 dozen Corn Brooms

A lot of Cooking and Franklin Stoves, for wood and coal.
Some small Cook Stoves for vessels.
All the above at low prices.
Oct. 14, 1861. WILLIAM DODD, Queen Square.

"ARIEL" AND "CARRIE M. RICH."
FROM BOSTON.

40 Doz. Steel Skirts.
2500 Setts Skirt Canes, cheaper than ever,
3 Bales Batting,
3 Bales Waddings,
1 Case Sattinetts,
1 Case Rubber Coats,
5 Bales Candlewick,
1 Case Gent's Seamless Caps,
White, Scarlet and Random Yarn, &c. &c. &c.

C. C. VAUX.
Glasgow House, Queen Street, Oct. 21, 1861.

TO SHIPPERS OF GRAIN.

3 and 4 Bushel OAT BAGS, by the dozen,
28 inch Milled Sacking.
6 1-4 inch Striped do.
Can be had cheap at the Auction Room of

N. RANKIN.
12 Queen Street, Oct. 21, 1861. (Isl)

Summer Shawls and Mantles,

SELLING AT HALF PRICE AT
City, Oct. 21, 1861. J. H. TURNER'S.

Molasses, Leather, Tobacco, Apples, Cheese, &c. &c.

TO arrive per Brigantine "Ariel" from Boston—
100 sides Sole Leather
10 puncheons Molasses
20 boxes Tobacco
72 do Mould Candles
25 do Soap
20 do Raisins
6 kegs do., 100 lbs. each
25 boxes mixed Confectionary
50 do Lozenges
5 do Saleratus, in pound papers
6 kegs Carb. Soda
5 casks Washing Soda
32 boxes Biscuit and Crackers, assorted
4 casks Kerosene Oil
20 boxes Tobacco Pipes
30 doz. Brooms, 25 doz. Buckets, 3 doz. Barrel Covers
25 boxes fine flavored Cheese
40 bbls. Apples, 10 do. Onions
1 bbl. Lard Oil
1 bbl. Irish Moss, 2 tubs Tapioca
2 cases Matches, 50 bags fine Salt,
10 boxes extract Logwood
125 boxes Smoked Herring
Boxes Pepper, Mustard, Ginger, Corn Starch, &c.

For sale low by P. W. HYNDMAN.
October 7, 1861. (Isl & R W)

Turnips! Turnips! Turnips!

A FEW THOUSAND BUSHELS of superior TURNIPS for Sale. Apply to GEORGE COLES.
Charlottetown, 14th October, 1861.

Stoves, Stoves, Stoves.

JUST arrived from Albany, five hundred STOVES, comprising Cooking, Parlor, and Air-tight Stoves, in variety, and for sale at Dodd's Brick Store.
Oct. 7. 4w DODD & ROGERS.

TO FARMERS.

JUST RECEIVED at Dodd's Brick Store, a lot of FARMERS' BOILERS, 30, 50, and 70 gallons.
Oct. 7. 4w DODD & ROGERS.

Vessels Wanted.

THE Subscibers will CHARTER British Vessels for the season, as Packets from New York to British Provinces, at fair rates. Apply to

FOWLE, HEWETT & CO.
97, Pearl-street, New York.
New York, July 25, 1861.

Don't Forget

THE great Sale of Dry Goods, commencing every morning at nine o'clock, at J. H. TURNER'S.
City, October 21, 1861.

Stoves! Stoves!

JUST ARRIVED FROM YARMOUTH, N. S., a large Stock of those celebrated COOKING, PARLOUR and BOX STOVES, for wood and coal, that have given such universal satisfaction ever since their first arrival in this Island in 1858. ALSO—Spare Stove Pots, Kettles, Tea Kettles, and Metal Boilers.

Persons wishing any of the above will please call and see before purchasing elsewhere. Terms — 3 to 12 months, on approved Notes of Hand.

H. J. P. TERLIZZICK, Agent.
Charlottetown, Oct. 21, 1861. 1m

BEER & SON

BEG to intimate to their country friends that their Accounts to October first are now ready for delivery, and would be obliged by their calling for the same.
Sept 30th, 1861. All papers. 5 w

On Commission.

AMERICAN WAGGONS, Silver Plated HARNESS, MUCELAGE, in quart bottles, each 3s. 9d.
Bottles INK, in pints, half-pints, and smaller, for the [trade
Card MATCHES, very cheap
Prepared GLUE and CEMENT, warranted
Hypogeum Polishing POWDERS, only 6d each
Topham's Patent Oil or Tallow LAMPS, none to exceed them.
P.S. Yarmouth STOVES hourly expected.
Please call and see them.

HEYMAN J. P. TERLIZZICK, Agent
Charlottetown, September 30, 1861. 1m

MR. W. A. JOHNSTON,
OF HALIFAX, N. S.
ATTORNEY AND BARRISTER AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. &c.

☞ For the present enquire at the "PAVILION HOTEL."
Charlottetown, October 21, 1861.

ALFRED PURCHASE,

Watch and Clock-maker, Smardon's Corner.

Horizontal Watches in Silver cases	£4 0 0
Hunting....do.......do.	4 10 0
Lever Escapement	5 10 0
Hunting...do.	6 0 0

Charlottetown, Sept. 23, 1861. 1y

Miscellaneous.

DRINKING GOOT OLD RYE.

A DUTCH SONG.

If a pody dreats a pody,
Mit some goot old rye,
Un if a pody dakes his toddy
Zometimes on der sbly;
Or if zome yellow, rader mellow,
Trinks dill he gets high,
'Gainst der liquor should he pellow?
No such vool am I.

[*Gorus all zing.*]
Efery pody loves his toddy,
Prandy, chin, or vine,
Every von has got his hobby,
Goot old rye ish mine,

Down der shdreet I ovden meet
Zome Deutschmen on der sphree;
Un if von of dem shoult shdand dreat,
It's good old rye for me.
Of all der trinks, dere's nene, I dinks,
So goot ven you ish dry;
Dere's noding, ven your shbirits zinks,
Can raise dem like old rye.

Efery pody loves his toddy,
Prandy, chin, or vine,
Un efery von has got his hobby,
Goot old rye ish mine.

Ven vunds ish vlush den off I rush
To Shon Horn's lager shdore,
Put dere I never trinks too mush—
A quart shost, un no more.
Ven on der shbree I happy be,
Dougn in der shtreets I lie,
Un all der vorld is nix to me,
Ven trinking goot old rye.

Efery pody loves his toddy,
Ven vhy shouldn't I?
Un efery von has got his hobby—
Mine ish goot old rye.

A NIGHT WITH A MADMAN.

For three years I had been an invalid—not wholly prostrated by disease, nor suffering actuate pain, yet constantly denied by feeble health the pleasures and employments pursued by others of my age and sex. Three summers I had spent roaming about from one crowded bustling watering place to another, seeking in vain the health and strength so long the object of my almost hopeless search.

We were at Newport when the letter of Lizzette Cameron, the one dear friend of my girlhood, reached me. She had been a beauty, an heiress, and a belle—to these had, three months before, been added to the title, bride. Bridal journeys were over now, and her letter brought me an urgent invitation to spend the autumn months at Forest Hill, her new home among the mountains of northern New England. Joyfully I accepted her invitation, though my lady mother remonstrated almost with tears in her eyes, and sister Nell pouted and prophesied terrible evils to fall upon my obstinate head. I had so long been petted and taken care of, that my resolve to try my success at taking care of myself fairly overwhelmed them with astonishment.

They yielded at length, however; and making, at my request, inquiries among the homeward bound guests at our hotel, soon found an escort for me, an elderly man, who had been a college friend of my father. He proved most kind and attentive [illegible] of her own happiness in this life to shield me from the terrible scene which, ere my journey closed, met my shrinking eyes.

It was the last day of our ride; the cars were crowded, and the dusty, heated atmosphere almost unbearable. Two seats in front of us there sat a man apparently in the prime and vigor of manhood, and bearing that indescribable air which betokens acquaintance with the world in its best and most refined phases.

This form was a model of grace and strength, and his face, at a first glance, strikingly handsome. A first glance, I say, for a second, showed me that the features, perfect in themselves, yet lacked something, almost undefinable, but not the less real. It was an equipoise, an evenness, so to speak, of expression, possessing which they must have been peculiarly dignified and intellectual. I felt my gaze drawn constantly towards him. There was a fascination for me in the piercing eyes that flashed with such burning brilliancy, in the beautifully chiselled lips that trembled now with passionate emotion, and anon pressed themselves together with unearthly calmness; in the broad, commanding brow, as white and seemingly so cold as sculptured marble, above which the hair, black as a raven's wing, lay in heavy, dishevelled masses, swept back ever and anon by a hand small and delicate as a woman's.

Many eyes besides mine were bent upon him—his eccentric motions and unceasing restlessness had drawn the attention of all in his vicinity—but though so closely observed, no sign showed him to be aware of his fellow travellers' notice. We were nearing the Hartford station—so my friend informed me as he left my side a moment to speak with a person in another part of the car—and wishing to obtain a first view of my temporary home, I turned to the open window at my side.

My glance had rested scarce a moment on the sweet country scenes through which we were passing, when suppressed screams and hurried exclamations of terror made me turn quickly within. A scene of dire confusion met my eye; men, women, and children were springing precipitately from their seats and crowding together, a terror-stricken group, in the furthest corners of the car. In its centre stood the traveller I have mentioned. O, that terrible sight! I seem to see it, as I write, daguerreotyped upon my memory by that rapt gaze of horror.

He had risen from his seat, but his tall form bent, convulsed and crouching, towards the floor, his arms wildly extended, the delicate hands so drawn and distorted they seemed unlike any thing human, smote the air in the frenzy of madness, the lips torn and bleeding, curled back from the strong white teeth, that gnashed in furious rage, while mingled blood and foam dropped from the swollen, protruding tongue; his long black hair was flung in wild disorder over the livid brow, and beneath shone those eyes, those horrible eyes, like coals of living fire! Stamping furiously, writhing like one in terrible agony, those hideous hands reaching and grasping as if for prey, he turned hither and thither with fiery glances, spreading terror wherever they fell.

They rested on me, at length. I had stood till now alone, my fears swallowed up in horror at a sight so terribly strange. For the first time I thought of my danger; for the first time I realized the import of the words passing here and there among the crowd, whispered by pallid lips. 'Hydrophobia!' 'Dreadful spasm!' 'The bite is death—certain death!'

I had little time for thought; with a savage yell, half scream, half bark, he came, still writhing and crouching, towards me. I tried to move, but in vain, to cry out, but terror made me dumb. Afar off I saw my guardian struggling desperately to force his way through the panic-stricken crowd. I knew his efforts were in vain; he could not reach me, while creeping nearer and nearer came that horrible soul-forsaken form. O, the anguish of that moment—to think, to realize, yet lack the power to act!

Nearer and nearer—the pallid face close to mine—those eyes of fire scorching my very flesh, those foam-wreathed lips, those gnashing teeth near, very near, the hot breath even on my cheek! My eyes closed, there was a moment of fearful suspense, of dreadful silence, then came the sound of swift-bounding footsteps, a struggle, a fierce growl, like that of a wild beast robbed of his prey, and I opened my eyes to see the object of terror struggling in the arms of a man small in stature and frail of limb, yet seeming endowed with superhuman strength. I was saved, but trembling still with fear lest my safety should cost a too dreadful price. But the strong, brave soul which gave such vigorous power to the frame of my preserver found an echo in the hearts of some who in the first moment of terror had thought only of escape for themselves. Broad shouldered, strong-armed men came forward now with pale faces and hands that trembled still and joined him in his dangerous task. The unfortunate sufferer was secured at length, and as the train stopped at the Hartford station, friendly hands bore him away.

We learned that Hartford had been his home from boyhood. He was the son of a wealthy and distingued man, who had bestowed upon him every advantage of education, which the son had improved to the utmost, and manhood found him learned and accomplished beyond his years, and beloved by all who knew him. More than a year had elapsed since a favourite hound, dying of hydrophobia, had inflicted a slight wound upon the hand of his young master.

Strong fears were felt for his safety, but every precaution was used, and so long a time had passed without alarm, the affair had been almost forgotten. But within a few weeks his strange, eccentric conduct had awakened the fears of his friends. It was possible his present condition was not caused by the fearful malady they dreaded, but the frightful form which his delirium had now taken, prepared them for the worst results.

We watched them as they bore him away, while tears of pity and regret for his ultimate fate filled every eye. It was here I met my dear Lizzette and her noble companion, and parted with the friend who had accompanied me from Newport. He had explained my agitation to them by relating the scene of the afternoon. Inexpressibly shocked by the recital, they gave me the most tender sympathy, and endeavored by every kindly means to divert and cheer me. We reached my friend's residence just as the summer twilight was deepening over the landscape.

She lived in the family mansion of her husband, an odd, rambling house, built nearly two centuries ago, and extending over an area of ground which would have sufficed for three modern houses. The building was of granite, and wings and projections jutted out here and there, in the most unexpected places, added apparently as supplements to the original design. A wide piazza was built round three sides of the house, and numerous short flights of stone steps led from it to the garden, and into leafy nooks, that in the brightest of sunshiny days must have been dark and shadowy. Tall trees, with massive trunks and wide spreading limbs, towered above the dwelling, while a perfect wilderness of shrubbery surrounded it on every side.

Restless with excitement, and sustained by unnatural strength, I felt no fatigue or weariness, and together we wandered over the quaint old mansion—traversing long galleries, where dark shadows gathered thick at either end, and whose polished doors shone like mirrors beneath our feet; into rooms whose tapestried walls, and furniture dark and grim with age, seemed fraught with stories of the buried past, waiting only the darkness and silence of mid-night's hour to whisper in spectral tones their wierd tales; looking at picture-portraits of those whose bodies had long since crumbled back to dust, whose eyes seemed to my excited fancy to glower indignantly, while the long fingers trembled and waved upon the time stained canvass, as though to warn back our intruding footsteps.

It was late when we returned to the more modern part of the house, and our little circle soon separated for the night. The room I was to occupy had been assigned me, so my dear girl told me, since the first day of her installment as mistress of the mansion. She had selected it chiefly that the view, which from the front windows was particularly fine, might cheer the days when my ill health should confine me in doors, and another reason for its selection was its distance from the other occupied parts of the house, and its consequent freedom from annoying bustle and noise.

The room itself was a gem of convenience, and perfect taste had selected and arranged every article of the pretty furniture. I could but smile as I glanced round the apartment to see how complete had been my friend's remembrance of all my tastes and habits. The flowers I loved best were scattered here and there in beautiful profusion. My favorite books smiled a welcome to me from their little bookcase. By the pleasantest of the three low windows stood a writing-table furnished with every tasteful convenience that could tempt a whimsical scribbler, while opposite an alcove, whose flowing curtains half drawn aside revealed the spotless drapery of the low couch, stood a cottage piano, small in size, but elegantly furnished, and possessing extreme richness of tone. The place seemed the very abode of peace and quietness, and I little thought, as I glanced around with such perfect satisfaction, what hours of terror I was destined to pass within it.

All inclination for sleep seemed to have deserted me with the sense of fatigue, for I felt neither, through the day, for one of my quiet habits, had been a trying one. Determined not to retire until this fever of excitement had abated, I drew the curtains aside and looked out upon the beauty of the moonlit summer night. Far away in a distant part of the house I saw the lights from my friends' apartment as they shone out upon the shrubbery beneath the windows. Sitting there in the stillness, I watched them till they disappeared, feeling a strange sense of loneliness creeping over me as they vanished, leaving the pale moonlight to reign alone. I was sorry now I had declined so resolutely the offered company of my maid. Resolved, however, to refuse the slightest indulgence to any feeling of nervousness or timidity, I betook myself to the writing-table, and sat down to write to sister Nell the story of my day's adventure.

Pondering over the strange scene I had witnessed, and trembling with new terror as each thrilling detail rose before my mind, my thoughts and eyes both engaged by the rapidly filling sheet before me, I was suddenly started by a sigh, a long, deep drawn sigh, so real, so distinct, that I sprang to my feet in tremor of fearful expectation. For some moments I stood listening, every nerve quivering, every sense quickened, waiting for a repetition of the mysterious sound. But all was silent as the grave, my ears, strained though they were to the utmost, detected not the slightest sound. Gathering courage, I searched every nook and corner of the apartment. It was in vain, I found nothing that could in any degree account for the sound I had heard. Was the room haunted? Belief in ghosts and supernatural appearances formed no part of my creed, and even with this inexplicable sigh still ringing in my ears, I found my incredulity as firm as ever.

Returning to my seat, I recalled all I had heard or read of optical illusions. If the eye could be the subject of such illusions why not the ears also? I sat a long time reasoning and listening, but no new cause for alarm occuring I resumed my pen. The old clock from its niche in the distant hall tolled three as I folded my letter and prepared to seek the rest, of which, completely worn-out and exhausted, I now felt the need.

But the calm, undisturbed slumber for which I had waited was not to be found. Scarcely had sleep closed my eyes ere strange weird visions haunted my tired brain, strange sounds as of one struggling in distress half woke me, the room seemed tenanted by another besides myself, and that other, ah me! was a horrid ghastly shape, which flitted with noiseless step up and down the spacious room, and wrung its pallid hands, and tore the lank black hair that fell in angled masses around a livid brow and a face blackened, swollen, distorted, in the hideousness of a demon's. Here and there it glided, now standing plain and distinct in the brilliant moonlight, now lost from my sight in some shadowy recess, now grovelling upon the floor, writhing as in deadly pain, now springing with maniac lightness to some dark shade, and listening with head erect as if for some pursuer's footsteps.

As for me, a horrible stupor seemed to possess all my powers, a strong lethargy was upon me from which I could not escape. I knew in my troubled dream that peril was nigh me, that no human arm was nigh to save, but all else was swallowed in a nameless horror and dread.

How long I lay thus, struggling between dreamland and reality, I cannot tell. A strain of music awoke me at last. For a long time it seemed a part of my dream, but gradually, as my scattered senses returned, I knew the sounds I heard were the offspring of imagination. The moon shone brightly in at the curtained windows, and starting up with the influence of that fearful dream still upon me, I looked through the open curtains into the room beyond.

Merciful Heaven! bending over the piano, the moonlight falling upon him, his face turned to meet its brightest rays, stood the maniac passenger. No longer raving and furious with madness, his face wore an expression of stony despair hardly less awful to contemplate than the frenzied distortion I had last seen upon it. A dark strain showed itself upon his forehead, beneath the matted hair, and when the moon, obscured for a moment, shone forth again, clear and unclouded, I saw that from hideous, gaping wounds upon his brows and cheek, the fresh, crimson, heart-tide had flowed unstaunched, and even now was dropping down from the black crisp beard upon his soiled and tattered garments.

But the hands that wandered with a master's touch over the keys of the piano, though stained with the ruddy drops falling from his wounds, seemed exempt from the madness which reigned in every look and gesture of the unhappy man. Such wonderous melody, such perfect execution, I have rarely heard. I could not think, even in my extreme fear and peril, what knowledge and skill must have been his, since though reason had deserted her throne, and life itself trembled in the balance, so much power of genius still remained. He still played, fitfully, yet always in the same soft, mournful strain, often paused to look up at the bright full moon, or round the shadowy room, as if in fear. Once, stopping suddenly, in the midest of a passage solemn as a death dirge, yet so wild and strange my blood chilled at the sound, he raised a long, glittering knife from its dark resting-place at his side, felt its keen edge with a careful hand, then slowly returned it to its place.

I looked on horror struck, myself almost wild with terror, and scarcely able to repress the shriek which would have betrayed my presence and have cost me perhaps my life. As yet he had not seemed aware that he was not alone.

Reason showed me that escape from the room by door or window was utterly impossible. To cry out for help from those sleeping so far distant was too dangerous to be attempted: but blind instinct rather than reason forced me to lie quiet and motionless, while the anguish of terrible fear burned like consuming fire at my heart.

O, the agony of that hour of suspense! I have passed years, happy years, since then that seemed far shorter. Slowly, slowly the moments dragged away, while I waited for deliverance, waited and hoped for safety, though I could not forsee the manner of its coming.

I knew not how soon one of those horrible spasms might seize my dread companion, and I felt that once more possessed by that wild frenzy escape was hopeless. I marked with terror his music become more fitful and wild, while the gleam of the flashing eyes grew more bright.

But help was near, though my ears had listened so long in vain, they almost refused to bear me the blessed truth. But I was not deceived; in the pauses of the music, now harsh and loud and broken by incoherent mutterings and wild laughter, I heard the opening and shutting of doors, the sounds of Lizzie's clear voice, and the heavy tread of her husband, as they came nearer and nearer to my door. But the prospect of deliverance near at hand was clouded by the fear lest dreadful evil should fall on those I loved so well. I would have cried out to warn them of their danger, but my parched lips only moved without a sound. They were at the threshold, and the maniac still played on. I heard Mr. Cameron calling to me through the closed door:

'Myra, Myra, let us in. Are you crazed, that you play such music at this time of night? For Heaven's sake, Myra, stop playing, and open the door!'

There was a shriek, a dreadful shriek, which haunts to this day my troubled dreams, and then I know no more. A black, long and dark, followed my second timely rescue from danger.

I woke from the deathlike swoon into which I had fallen on my friend's entrance, only to greet them with the incoherent ravings of delirium. At first the story of my night's horror, to which my mind constantly turned, was deemed but the frenzied dream of fever, but the bloody drops staining the keys of the piano, the mark of a bloody hand upon the snowy window drapery, the open casement rushed aside by fingers bearing the same crimson hue, told them the dreadful foundation of my ravings. If that had not been enough, the story of the madman's escape from his sleeping keepers, which came ere the morning was past, would have confirmed it.

Days passed ere further trace of him was gained. But one evening, just as twilight fell his lifeless body was found lying on the edge of a marshy pool scarce a mile distant from Forest Hill. What wanderings had been his, what struggles and agonies, none may know. The poor, worn and mutilated body resteth now in dreamless quiet, while the immortal soul, freed from its bonds of clay, tastes the realities of the eternal world.

We found afterwards on searching the room which had been mine, the place of his concealment. Finding entrance to the room by a casement carelessly left ajar, he had crept with maniac cunning beneath a lounge so low I had not thought of looking beneath it during my search.

'Many years have passed. The arm that interposed so bravely for my first rescue from the madman's violence has been my support and trust through many years, and it often holds me with a closer clasp, as, sitting by our quite hearth, I relate to our rosy-cheeked children the story of 'A night with a madman.'

BLUE LAWS.

Our readers have heard more or less about the famous code of "Blue Laws," once enforced by Connecticut. We print the following important provisions which will be convenient for reference.

The proscription and tyranny of the present time are not unlike that which produced the Connecticut code:

No Quaker or dissenter from the established worship of the dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates, or any officer.

No food or lodging shall be afforded to a Quaker, Adamite or Heretic.

If any person turns Quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return upon the pain of death.

No Priest shall abide in the dominion; he shall be banished, and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant.

No man to cross a river but with an authorized ferryman.

No man shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

No woman shall kiss her child on a Sabbath or feasting day.

To pick an ear of corn in a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft.

Men-stealers shall suffer death.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, or bone lace above two shillings by the yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offenders at £300 estate.

A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out and sold to make satisfaction.

Whoever sets a fire in the woods and burns a house, shall suffer death; and persons suspected of this crime shall be imprisoned without benefit of bail.

Whoever brings cards or dice into this dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or Saint days, make pies, play cards, or play on any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet and jews-harp.

No gospel minister shall join people in marriage; the magistrates only shall join in marriage, as they only may do it with much less scandal to Christ's church.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrates shall determine the point.

The selectmen, on finding children ignorant, may take them away from their parents, and put them in better hands, at the expense of their parents.

No one shall buy or sell lands without the permisson of the selectmen.

A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the selectmen, who are to deprive him of the liberty of buying or selling.

Whosoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbor shall sit in the stocks and be whipped fifteen stripes.

No minister shall keep a school.

A man that strikes his wife shall be punished as the court directs.

A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

Married persons must live together, or be imprisoned.

No man shall court a maid in person, or by letter, without first obtaining the consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offence—£10 for the second—and the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

Every male shall have his hair cut according to his cap.

THE COVE FOR A HUSBAND—highly recommended by himself, "I have lived long enough; I want somebody to talk at and quarrel with—then kiss and make up again. Therefore, I am open for proposals from young ladies and fresh widows of more than average respectability; tolerably tame in disposition, and hair of any other color than red. As nearly as I can judge of myself, I am not over eighty nor under twenty-five years of age. In height I am either five feet eight or eight feet five, forget which. Weight 135, or 315, or 531 one of the three; recollect each figure perfectly well, but as to their true arrangement, am somewhat puzzled. Have a whole suit of hair, dyed by nature and free from dandruff. Eyes butternut brindle, tinged with pea green. Nose blunt according to the Ionic order of architecture, with a touch of the Composite, and a mouth between a catfish and an alligator's—made especially for oratory and the reception of large oysters. Ears palmated, long and elegantly shaped. My whiskers are a combination of a dog hair, moss and briar bush—well behaved, fearfully luxuriant.

I am sound in limb and on the nigger question. Wear No. 6, when corns are troublesome, and can write poetry by the mile, with double rhyme on both edges—to read backward, forward, crosswise, diagonally. Can play the jews-harp and base drum, and whistle Yankee Doodle in Spanish. Am very correct in my morals, and first-rate at ten-pins; have a regard for the Sabbath, and never drink only when invited. Am a domestic animal, and perfectly docile—when towels are clean and shirt buttons all right. If I possess a predominating virtue, it is that of forgiving every enemy whom I deem it hazardous to handle. I say my prayers every night, mosquitoes permitting; and as to whether I snore in my sleep, I want some one to tell me. Money is no object, as I never was troubled with any and never expect to be."