

Summerside Journal.

A N D W E S T E R N P I O N E E R .

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

Vol. 3.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, December 19, 1867.

No. 11.

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.

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, DECEMBER 19, 1867.	
Oats per bush	2s 9d
Barley per bush	3s 6d 4s
Potatoes per bush	1s 9d
Turnips per lb	10d 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	10d 1s
Lard per lb	9d 1s
Tallow per lb	9d 1s
Eggs per doz	10d 1s
Beef per lb	3d 1s
Mutton per lb	2d 1s
Pork per lb by carcass	3d 1s
Cheese each	1s 6d 2s
Flour per bbl	56s a 60s
Oatmeal per cwt.	10s a 18s
Hay per Ton	60s a 70s
Straw per cwt.	1s 6d
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

DECEMBER 19, 1867.	
Beef (small)	4d a 6d
Do. by quarter	3d a 4d
Mutton	3d a 5d
Lamb per lb.	3d a 4d
Butter	10d 1s
Do. by tub	10d 1s
Cheese	4d a 7d
Tallow	9d a 10d
Lard	8d a 9d
Flour lb.	3d a 3d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	17s a 18s
Eggs	11d a 1s
Potatoes	1s 9d a 2s
Turnips	1s
Barley	3s a 4s
Oats	2s 9d
Boards (Hemlock)	4s a 5s
Spruce	7s a 9s
Pine	12s a 15s
Shingles	1s a 1s 3d
Wool	60s a 70s
Hay	1s 6d a 2s
Straw cwt.	5s 6d a 6s
Homespun	9d a 1s
Sheepskins	5d a 9d
Calfskin lb.	4d
Hides lb.	4s

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown.
President—HON. DANIEL BRESNAH.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDELL, 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.
Grove 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. GARDNER.
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.

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

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

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.

WILLIAM M. HOWE,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.
St. ELEANOR'S, 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.

Co-Partnership Notice.
THE Subscribers have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of
ALLEY & DAVIES
OFFICE, O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING, GREAT GEORGE STREET.
GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES.
Charlottetown, Oct. 18, 1867.

Business Cards.

Commercial Hotel.
NEW ARRANGEMENT!
COACH FARE PAID!

IN FUTURE the COACH FARE of all travellers from the Railway Station and Steamboat Landings in this City to the COMMERCIAL HOTEL, King Street, who make their stay one day or upward, WILL BE PAID BY THE PROPRIETOR.

FARE AT THE HOTEL:
TRANSIENT.
One Day, ----- \$1 00
One Week, ----- 5 00
PERMANENT.
Per Week, ----- \$3 25 to \$4 50

The HOTEL is situated on the best business street in the city, and nearly opposite the WAVERLY. It is handsomely fitted up and calculated to accommodate some fifty persons very comfortably.
D. P. HOWE, Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., Nov. 7, 1867.

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.—ly

Mountain 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.—ly

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

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. if

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

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

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

WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,
Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,
WATER STREET,
Summerside, P. E. Island.

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

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

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 Merchandise. 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 Sterling Exchange, or Gold Drafts on New York. Drafts on New York being worth usually and to a 4 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.

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. BARRACK, Journal Office, Summerside.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867.—ly

Important to Shipbuilders
Blocks! Blocks! Blocks!
IF YOU WANT TO RAISE THE Price of Vessels in England, order a set of these SPLENDID BLOCKS, which every body is praising, from
YOUNG'S.
Terms Liberal.
Water-st., Summerside, Sept. 26, 1867.

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,
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

S A W S ,
SAWS! SAWS!!
SAWS of the best quality, and at the following Cash prices, always on hand at the manufacture of the subscribers:—
CIRCULARS.
DIAMETER. DIAMETER.
36 in. \$20 each 24 in. \$18 each
32 in. \$16 each 20 in. \$15 each
28 in. \$12.50 each 16 in. \$11 each
24 in. \$9 each 12 in. \$8 each
20 in. \$7 each 18 in. \$8.75 each
16 in. \$5 each 14 in. \$4 each
12 in. \$3 each
Mill Saws 5 1/2 feet, 55 each; Buck Saws 28 in. \$7 per dozen, set and sharpened.
All orders left at the Book Store of Mr. Joseph Bertram, Summerside, or forwarded direct, will receive immediate attention.
A. RICHARDSON & Co.
St. John, N. B. April 11, 1867. y

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

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

THOMAS FRIZZEL,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
WATER STREET,
opposite Green & Schurman's Store.
Boots and Shoes of a superior quality constantly on hand, and for sale cheap.
Summerside, June 6, 1867. ly

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

POETRY.

THE DRIFTING BOAT.

It had floated away from the beach and bay,
Out of sight of tower and town,
An empty and a battered boat;
But that boat would not go down,
The morning rose on the waters wide,
And the night fell cold and dark,
Yet ever on with the wind and tide
Drifted that battered boat—

The sail had passed from its broken mast,
And its painted pride was dim;
The salt sea-wood clung round its bows,
Which had been so sharp and trim.
Where were the merry mates and free
Who had gone with it aloft
We never learned; but the world's wide sea
Hath lives like that drifting boat—

Lives that in early storms have lost
Anchor and sail and oar,
And never, except on Lethe's shore,
Can come to moorings more;
Out of whose loveless, trustless days
The hope and the heart have gone—
Good ships go down in the stormy sea,
But those empty boats drift on!

They had hearts to sail in the wind's eye once;
They had hands to reef and steer,
With a strength that would not stoop to chance,
And a faith that knew no fear;
But the years were long and the storms were strong,
And the rainbow-flag was furled,
And they that launched for the skies have gone
But the drift-wood of the world.

Select Literature.

A LIFE WATCH.

We do many foolish things in early life. I did what the world esteems a very foolish thing—married for love. Harry and I were equally poor, and the affronted world turned its back upon us. The wealthy heads of both houses, determining to give us leisure to repent after having married in haste, left us to ourselves. Harry obtained, through an old friend of the family, a situation as a clerk in a mercantile house in the City. The salary was a small one, and many a shift and contrivance was endured by us in those days. And yet we were very happy. Like an obstinate fond young couple, we refused to learn the lesson our offended elders set us, and we would not repent, but struggled on through the battle of life in the ranks with the rest. Yes, I am proud to say that we fought and conquered. Now that our mansion is built in the favored locality of the West; now that I ramble along streets in my carriage that I have trodden once burdened with galloches and umbrella, when the weather would not smile, however much we smiled at Fate; now that, among not a few good and true and tried friends, many throng to our gay parties who would not then have condescended to cross our threshold—now I can look back and call to mind many an incident of our early life with pleasure.

There is one story, however, mixed up with those days that is fraught with inexplicable horror. And that is the story I have promised to relate. I must premise that we considered it—in those early and struggling days—a rise in life when we took a small cottage at Hampstead. It was a rise, because we had previously occupied apartments, and one who has not experienced similar feelings can hardly fancy with what joy we hailed the idea of dwelling at last under a roof of our own.

We entered into possession of our cottage, and then came our lodger, through the ready intervention of lawyer ones. We took her to be about fifty years of age. She was a tall, fine woman, but not graceful because of a remarkable rigidity in her movements. Her step was slow, measured, and dull, and as she trod her foot never seemed to leave the floor. There was no rebound, no pliancy in her gait, which seemed rather a statue on wheels than of a creature throbbing with the pulses of life. Her hair was thick, but entirely gray; she arranged it simply and neatly, without ornament and without a cap, but also with a total absence of style. Her face was ashen pale and deeply lined. She came late at night in a cab, and my one servant remarked to me how curious it was that she, being evidently a lady, rode outside next the driver. I thought it very extraordinary, but the fact soon glided out of my memory as too trivial to retain a place in it. When I say "glided out of my memory," I rather slid into some remote, unused corner, to be furnished out again at any distant time, like the present, when it might be wanted as one of the small colored bits that fit into the puzzle of my eccentric lodger's horrible story.

She came outside the cab, dressed in an old barthes gown, a black cloak and bonnet, and an impossibly close gauze veil of the same sombre hue, which she held about her face as if that were a secret enemy every one was curious to detect, and she terribly interested to conceal. There was a large box upon the top of the cab. It was of very old-fashioned make, and evidently originally designed as an attendant to a travelling carriage. The exterior was covered with leather, bound with iron, studded with nails, and secured with a big foreign lock, supplemented by a clumsy hasp. It was not unlike its owner—old, worn, and of a rusty black. The great handles clanked as the man lifted it with difficulty and due assistance to the ground. It was not easy to get it up stairs. Did it contain books, that it was so weighty? It evidently held something very precious to its owner, for she watched its ascent with strained eyes; and judging from the nervous interest she appeared to take in it, I did not doubt she had ridden outside to be near her treasure, and selected the time of night on purpose to do so. When the box was fairly up stairs she sat down upon it and remained there. Within the cab we found only a small portmanteau.

She had given no name when answering to our advertisement, but simply forwarded a stamped envelope addressed to "Alpha, Post-office, Dover." Kitty, the servant girl, asked if she would take some tea, and also by what name she should address her.

"I will take tea, thank you," was the reply, in a half absent, slow, inward tone peculiar to her. "My name is of no consequence. What am I to call you?"

"Kitty, if you please."
"Very well, then, Kitty, you will have occasion to address me in no other manner than as 'Madam,' or, as you will pronounce it, 'Ma'am.'" And with that she gave Kitty a month's rent and asked for a receipt. "Money is better than a name," she added, in her listless, slow way, muttering to herself, "What is my name to them? What is my name?"

As it appeared to vex her, and really did not matter to us, we asked the question no more, but spoke of her as "the lady up stairs." She was evidently eccentric. Sometimes she would walk round the garden in the twilight, covered with her gauze veil, and holding it in a tight, nervous grasp with a gloved hand, as she did the night when she came, her eyes apparently seeking the window of her room with a suspicious restlessness, which appeared to be a part of her eccentricity.

It appeared that the lady's portmanteau contained only a change of linen, originally fine and trimmed with costly lace, but now most elaborately but neatly mended. Besides this, a thimble, scissors, needle and thread, and the dress she arrived in. Our lodger might have been destitute. Yet the large, heavy box must contain something. But though the object of so much solicitude, we could never discover that she opened it. It was placed in such a position as to be visible from both rooms. During the day she always sat upon it. In the morning, when Kitty took in her can of hot water, the lady was ever awake, lying on her side, with her eyes fixed upon her precious box.

When first this quiet but eccentric inmate entered our house she had with her a roll of bank-notes and a case of valuable jewels. Although she barely allowed herself the necessities of life, the former were changed away one by one, until at last, at her request, Harry procured a purchaser for her trinkets, at a fair price, through the intervention of a friend.

The budding of months blossomed into years and fruited into the seed that is sown in the eternity of the past, and we knew that the means thus procured were exhausted. We felt deeply interested in our tenant, in spite—perhaps because—of her strange habits, and fell into a custom of conversing together about her as if she had been a friend. If these jewels were her last possession what was to become of her? What was a woman of her age to do?

Her age? That was a question. We felt some doubts about her age. Kitty, who saw most of her, thought she had not passed so many years in the world as we at first supposed. She appeared to have no friends or acquaintances. No letters came, no visitors called, no post bag was troubled on her account.

"Well! There was that mysterious chest. Our conjectures and anxieties on her behalf always found a refuge and a consolation in that. It must contain something. It was the hope, the *Ultima Thule*, of our fancies—the sword with which we cut the Gordian knot of our perplexities.

"Depend upon it," Harry remarked, "the box holds plate—you remember how heavy it was. Or perhaps it contains diamonds of greater value and more in number than those I sold some time ago.

"Our speculations in regard to the age of the lady were set at rest by the arrival of the census. Armed with the formidable paper, I rapped gently at the drawing-room door.

"Come in," responded the low, dull, measured voice.
I entered and explained my errand: "Small I leave the paper with you?" I suggested.

"My writing might be—" She commenced as if thinking aloud, and stopping suddenly upon remembering that she was no longer alone. Frowning on me her eyes—peculiar gray eyes, that looked as if she never slept or wept—she added, "Will you have the goodness to add the particulars for me?"

"The name?" I inquired, dipping a pen in the ink.
"What is yours?" was the counter question.
"Mary Herbert."

"Write Martha Herbert, then; that will do."
I looked inquiringly. "You know there is a penalty."
"Yes; but the name is of little consequence—the name of a lone woman. I have given you a name; will you not write it?"

I said no more, but inscribed the paper as directed. But the appellation was evidently feigned.
"Your age?"
"Twenty-eight."
The pen actually dropped from my hand as she said twenty-eight, and I looked up very quickly.

"Nay," she replied, meeting my gaze, and without altering her monotonous tone, "that is the simple truth. Are you very surprised? I suppose with my white hair I look like an old woman."

"I can hardly believe, my dear Madam, that you are not mistaken," I ventured to remonstrate.
"I have given you reason to doubt me, perhaps; but I have answered your query, with regard to age truly. I am but eight-and-twenty—barely eight-and-twenty."

Good Heaven! thought I, what can have been the circumstances of your life that your hair is gray, your face thus lined, yourself all but turned from a being of flesh and blood to a thing of stone?—that you are thus self-immersed and solitary, that you shun our society, and have refused all our efforts at kindness? We had gathered even from her scanty denials of our offers of amusement that she was a linguist, a musician, an artist; and yet there she sat all day, on that chest, nursing her hands, or at most adding a darn to her worn linen.

The census further told me that she was born in the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, and was a widow. Harry and I talked about her more than ever. We knew that she had spent all the money obtained for the jewels, even on her frugal wants. For two weeks she had paid no rent, ordered no food. We knew not what to do; whether or not to speak to her, or, if we spoke, what to propose.

It was Monday morning, and we were seated at breakfast, when Kitty hurried

in and told us that the lady up stairs was in a fit. I ran up, begging Harry himself to hasten for a doctor. The girl had spoken truly. The fit was not fatal; but the poor woman lay unconscious for days. When her reason returned it was evident that she was rapidly sinking. The doctor informed us that she had only a few hours to live. There were no friends to summon; and vain were my persuasions to induce her to see a clergyman, to confess any faith, or acknowledge connection with any church or sect. I sat by the bedside I had not quitted day or night since her illness. After lying quiet some time with her hand in mine, she at last said, feebly, "Open my portmanteau and take out the book." I took the key she offered, and obeyed by bringing to her bedside a common clasped account-book—the only one I saw.

"You have shown me kindness. You have appeared interested in me. I have yearned to make you my friend. But my secrets are such as during life could be confided to none. I have written them there for you. Promise me not to open that book till I am dead."

"I gave my word, and in obedience to her request, put the book into my pocket. "My gray hair, my wrinkled face, my twenty-eight years—you will understand them; but will you feel pity?"

"She was smiling rapidly like a sun at eventide; and I pressed upon her again my request to read from my Bible the words of One whose mercy and forgiveness were more needed than mine.

She consented. I read for some time, and thought the words were comforting, when she started up, her manner wild, her eyes starting. "Look! look! look!" she cried, pointing with her forefinger and white-draped arm to the iron-bound chest—"look! look! look!" and with a low cry the poor lady sank back on her couch dying. The struggle was soon over, and all was quiet.

"Look! look! look!" What had she seen? What vision had fancy, or conscience, or sudden delirium roused before her? I know not. I saw only the large, dark chest in the place where it had ever rested—dull, shabby, and enormous.

We were worn out and tired, and glad to retire early to bed. I do not know how long Harry and I had been asleep when we were startled by a heavy noise in the room underneath. Harry sprang up and seized the night light. Surely it is the lid of the heavy chest suddenly slammed, and there are thieves in the house, thought I, as I ran after my spouse, lest there might be danger for him alone, and just as if a feeble woman in her night-dress, like myself, could be any protection. In moments of sudden fear we do not stay to reason, but act upon impulse. In another moment we stood in the double chamber below. It was unattended, save by the dead. The great box stood as I had last seen it. I tried the lock; it was quite secure. We called upon Kitty, and searched the house; bolts, bars, and locks were all intact. Then we began to reason how absurd we had been to suppose that thieves would slam a box-lid, or make a noise loud enough to wake the inmates of a house had they entered. We could not sleep any more that night, but dressed ourselves and sat up, watching; and Kitty lighted a fire, prepared some tea, and shared our folly. The truth is, we had all been fagged and distressed, and our nerves were unstrung. As for the noise, it was one of those mysterious sounds never accounted for, but cast among "things not generally known," even to the inquiring mind of a Timbs.

In the morning the doctor called in to see us, as he had promised to do, and with him and Kitty as witnesses, we determined to open the chest or box and relieve our minds of doubt as to what it contained. There might be property—in fact we had no doubt but what there was—and possibly traces of family connections, or friends with whom we ought to communicate.

The key was turned; the lid raised. The ticking of a bed, old, yellow, and discolored, was folded over the contents. As we essayed to remove it, it fell to fragments in our hands, disclosing—good Heaven!—such a sight as eyes have rarely rested upon. Kitty shrieked; I almost fainted, and Harry involuntarily caught me in his arms. Even the doctor blanched, and fell back a step or two. For there lay, under the fragments of the old ticking, the remains of a man. Little more than a skeleton, little more than a heap of rags, and more or less mouldy dust, hidden among which was a costly watch and chain, a set of studs, and a diamond ring of very great price—trinkets whose value would have kept the lady who lay dead in comfort for two or three years.

Who was this man? and what the motive that led to this strange inclosure of his body? Were the remains those of a husband from whom, like Queen Jane, she could not part? or was it the body of a murdered man—a guilty lover—a jealous spouse, thrust from sight and concealed at the expense of a life watch? This was the secret of the eccentricity of the woman who had kept ghastly companionship under our roof so long.

I remembered her book, and putting my hand into my pocket pulled it forth; for in the solemn hour of death, during the grief and fatigue that followed, and the subsequent foolish alarm of the night, I had forgotten it. Closing the lid over the ghastly spectacle, turning the key in the lock, and securing also the chamber-door together, to learn the terrible facts which Harry read us, and which I copy from the contents of the clasped volume.

(Conclusion in our next.)

NEGRO BOLDNESS.—When the authorities of the United States recently went to demand of the negroes who had occupied the farms near Norfolk, Virginia, that they should vacate the same, the negroes put forward to speak for them a very black old man whom they called "Uncle Dick." This orator said to the authorities:—"The Indians were the first owners of the land. The whites took it from them by force; and we blacks took it from the whites by force. They have no right to it, and they shall not have it. We fought for it, and we are going to keep it. We don't care for the President, nor the Freedmen's Bureau. We have suffered long enough—let the whites suffer now."