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, February 11, 1861. | New Series.---No. 6

PERRY DAVIS'
VEGETABLE
Pain Killer

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.

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, Diarrhoea, 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

"Multi Societate Tutiores."

ALLIANCE COMPANY
OF LONDON.

Capital £5,000,000 Sterling.

THE SUBSCRIBER, as the AGENT of the above Company still continues to take risks in the

LIFE DEPARTMENT,

and will be happy to furnish Persons with TABLES OF PREMIUMS for Life Assur nce in various forms. These Tables indicate that this Company insure life at very moderate rates, and the Subscriber would earnestly invite all persons having fixed incomes, rising or large families, being about to enter into business engagements, or how otherwise in making provision for the future, to call at his Office obtain the necessary information, and effect an Insurance on their lives.

OFFICE HOURS are from 10 a.m until 3 o'clock p.m.

The Subscriber can also be consulted at his Chambers upon the various branches of his profession.

CHARLES YOUNG.

Charlottetown, Oct. 23, 1860. 3m

PISCATAQUA
Fire & Marine Insurance Co.
OF MAINE.
STOCK DEPARTMENT.

Authorized Capital, $500,000. Capital Subscribed and Secured, $253,445·76.

HON. JOHN N. GOODWIN, Prest. OBED P. MILLER, Vice Prest. SHIPLEY W. RICKER, Secretary.

DIRECTORS.

HON. JOHN N. GOODWIN, OBED P. MILLER, SHIPLEY W. RICKER, DAVID FAIRBANKS, ABNER OAKES, JOHN A. PAINE, F. W. DE ROCHEMONT.

Fire Insurance on Dwellings, Furniture, Warehouses, Public Buildings, Mills, Manufactories, Stores, Merchandise, Ships in Port, or while building, and other property. Inland Insurance on Goods to all parts of the country. Marine Insurance on Vessels, Cargo and Freight to all parts of the World.

POLICIES ISSUED AND FURTHER INFORMATION OBTAINED OF

J. S. CARVELL, Agent.

Charlottetown, January 7, 1861. 1y—all papers.

Mails,----Winter Route.

THE MAILS for New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Canada and the United States, will, until further notice, be made up at the General Post Office, Charlottetown, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 7 o'clock, p. m., and forwarded by Cape Tormentine.

Mails made up for Newfoundland every FRIDAY.

Mails for England and Bermuda will be made up as follows:

Tuesday, January 1st	Tuesday, Feb. 12th	Friday, March 15th,
Friday " 4th	Friday " 15th	Tuesday " 26th,
Tuesday " 15th	Tuesday " 26th	Friday " 29th,
Friday " 18th	Friday March 1st	Tuesday, April 9th
Tuesday " 29th	Tuesday " 12th	Friday " 12th,
Friday, February 1st		

L. C. OWEN.
Postmaster General.

General Post Office,
Charlottetown, December 22, 1860.

Postage Stamps.

THE PUBLIC ARE HEREBY INFORMED THAT STAMPS for the pre-payment of Letters and Packets to be sent by the post, will, on the 1st of JANUARY, 1861, be ready for circulation.

The design, colour and value of each class of Stamps are as follows:
The Queen's Head, profile, *green*, Sixpence.
" " *blue*, Three pence.
" " *red*, Two-pence.

The *blue* or *red* Stamps will be received for payment of half the sum it indicates, if cut in two diagonally.

These Stamps can be had at the General Post Office, Charlottetown, and of all Postmasters on the Island.

L. C. OWEN, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, December 26, 1860.

NOTICE.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing under the name of DUNCAN, MASON & Co., has terminated agreeably to the articles of Co-partnership. The business of the late Firm will be settled by either of the Partners.

Dated this 18th day of December, 1860.

JAMES DUNCAN,
JAMES D. MASON,
R. R. HODGSON.

Feb. 4. tf

NOTICE.

I SOMETIME ago appointed MICHAEL MCWADE, of Souris, Merchant, to collect and receive all amounts lately due to C. E. GROVER, in and about King's County, and by the said C. E. Grover duly assigned to me. All persons, therefore, indebted in the above matter, by Book Account, Note of Hand, Judgments or otherwise, are notified to pay the same to Mr. McWade, and no other person.

Charlottetown, Feb. 4, 1861. 4w WM. B DEAN.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber begs to acquaint all persons indebted to him in his late business that unless their respective Amounts are paid at once, they will be sued for the same without further notice.

Dec. 17. ALEX. McKINNON.

FARM AND MILLSITE FOR SALE.

MR. JAMES BRODERICK, of Kildare, Lot 3, offers for sale on reasonable terms, a FARM consisting of 50 acres, more than one half of which is in a high state of cultivation, and the remainder covered with hard and soft wood. This very eligible property has a stream of water passing through it, capable of driving a Grist and Saw Mill. For further particulars and terms apply to the owner, Mr. BRODERICK, at the Post Office, Lot 3, Kildare.

Jan. 28th, 1861 2 in *Ist*

FARM FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a fine FARM of 50 acres, near CRABB'S, Malpeque Road, fronting 15½ chains on the Malpeque and 27 chains on the Loyalist Road—cropped with about 8 or 9 acres Oats and Potatoes, and six acres Pasture. Some large old Wood on the property. Lately in the occupation of H. N. CRAIG. Apply to SWABEY & ROBERTS.

Charlottetown, July 3, 1860.

Freehold Farm.

FOR SALE that valuable FREEHOLD FARM situated at Seven Mile Bay, Lot 27, the property of the late Mr. John McDonald, together with the Buildings thereon.

For further particulars please apply to the subscriber.

RONALD McDONALD, Executor.

Summerside, Jan'y 21, 1861 3i

For Sale or to Let,

THAT very conveniently situated BUSINESS STAND, on the West side of Souris Harbor, adjoining the Bridge, and at present in the occupation of Mr. Neil McDonald, containing 2½ acres of Land, together with the Dwelling Houses, Stores, Wharf, Fish Flakes, &c. &c.

D. BLACKWOOD.

Charlottetown, January 21, 1861. 4i

FREEHOLD PROPERTY FOR SALE.

A FREEHOLD FARM, consisting of 120 Acres, on the Tryon Road, Lot 27, 40 of which are in a high state of cultivation, the remainder covered with Hard and Soft Wood. There are a good Dwelling House and Barn on the premises, and also a good well of water within a short distance from the dwelling. For further particulars apply to the subscriber on the premises.

WILLIAM McKAY.

Tryon Road, Lot 27, Nov 19, 1860. tf.

ALMA.

FOR SALE, that valuable situation lately occupied by the subscriber, containing 100 acres of LAND, twenty acres of which are clear and mostly under hay, &c. There is a house 27 by 25 feet and stable 40 by 24 feet, situated on the Main Western Road, on Township No. 5, in Prince County, one-half an each side of said road; being one of the best stands for a House of Entertainment on the road, as the road from the West Shore to Cascumpec passes through the Farm, crossing the Western Road at the house. The house and stable were built particularly for the business. For further description of the premises apply to Mr. Benjamin McEwen, on the adjoining Farm. For terms of sale to the owner at Lot 16. The Farm is a leasehold.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

Lot 16 June 19, 1860. tf.

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

TO BE SOLD, by Private Sale, several BUILDING LOTS on the East side of the Malpeque Road, opposite Spring Park. If not previously disposed of, they will be offered for Sale by PUBLIC AUCTION, in lots to suit intending purchasers, on or about the First of MAY, of which notice will be given. Apply to

WILLIAM FORGAN.

March 27, 1860.

Comfortable House to Let,

AND possession given immediately. That comfortable House lately occupied by Mr. S. A. FOWLE, corner of Prince and Water Streets and head of the Ferry Wharf. Apply to

WILLIAM DODD, Queen Square.

Dec. 17

MEDICAL NOTICE.

ELZEAR D. GAUVREAU, M. D.
McGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada.

Office at Mr. W. McKay's, Dorchester Street, Ch. Town. May be consulted daily between the hours of 9. a. m. and 4 p.m

October 2, 1860.

J. & T. MORRIS,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Flour, Leather, &c.,

Import direct from Liverpool, New York and Boston.

Charlottetown, Dec. 3, 1860. 3m.

ALEXANDER McKINNON,
AUCTIONEER
AND
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,
QUEEN STREET,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

☞ OFFICE in the same Building as A. H. Yates, Esq.

Accounts, Arbitrations, &c., &c.

COMPLICATED Accounts arranged, Arbitration Papers prepared, Insolvents' Papers organized for appearance and presentation before the Court, and all intricate or improperly kept accounts clearly and intelligibly stated. Fees proportionate to time and talent required.

Address Accountant, care of SWABEY & ROBERTS.
Great George Street Charlottetown.

June 26, 1860. Isl 1y.

Administration Notice.

ALL persons having any demands against the Estate of the late Mr. John McDonald, Farmer, of Lot 27, Seven Mile Bay, are requested to furnish the same (duly attested) within three months from this date; and any person indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

RONALD McDONALD.

Summerside, 1st January, 1861. 3i

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

THE PARTNERSHIP business hitherto carried on by the Subscribers in Charlottetown, under the name and Firm of J H. TURNER & Co., as General Commission Merchants is this day DISSOLVED by mutual consent All debts due the said Firm will be settled by J. H. TURNER, who continues the business on his own account.

THOMAS. J. JOST.
J H. TURNER.

Pictou, Nova Scotia, Dec. 8, 1860. 1m Jan 7

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has been empowered by a power of Attorney to collect all debts due to JOHN MCPHEE, formerly of Souris, P. E. Island. Begs to notify all persons indebted to him to have their respective accounts settled on or before the 15th inst., otherwise they will be sued after that date without distinction of persons.

ARCHIBALD McPHEE.

I HEREBY notify that I have appointed Mr. Richard Hayes, of Souris, my Attorney to collect the above.

ARCHIBALD McPHEE.

Big Pond, Lot 45, January 3, 1860.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any claim against the late PETER O'NEIL, of Nail Pond, Lot 1, deceased, will please send in the same, duly attested, within three months from this date to the undersigned; and all persons indebted to the said late PELER O'NEILL, are hereby required to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

FIDELL BERNARD, Administrator.

Nail Pond, Lot 1, Nov. 12, 1860. tf.

NEW ZEALAND.

FREE GRANTS OF GOVERNMENT LAND to all eligible persons, who emigrate at their own cost—for the purpose of settling in the Province of Auckland. Every information given upon application to

CHARLES BELL,
Emigrant Agent.

City, June 12 1860. tf

Literature.

MAKE HOME BRIGHT AND PLEASANT.

More than building's showy mansion,
More than dress or fine array,
More than domes or lofty steeples,
More than station, power and sway—
Make your home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair,
Where each heart shall rest contented,
Grateful for each beauty there.

More than lofty swelling tides,
More than fashion's luring glare,
More than Mammon's gilded honors,
More than thoughts can well compare—
See that home is made attractive
By surrounding pure and bright;
Trees arranged with taste and order,
Flowers with all their sweet delight.

Seek to make your home most lovely,
Let it be a smiling spot,
Where, in sweet contentment, resting,
Care and sorrow are forgot:
Where the flowers and trees are waving,
Birds will sing their sweetest songs;
Where the purest thoughts will linger;
Confidence and love belongs.

There each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing far to roam;
Or, if roaming, still will cherish
Memories of that pleasant home.
Such a home makes man the better—
Pure and lasting its control;
Home, with pure and bright surroundings,
Leaves its impress on the soul.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

THE HORROR IN THE HOUSE.

'Early in February, No 23. now in the full enjoyment of a haunted fame, opened its doors to new tenants; and Charles Annesley, a young man of twenty-five, with good, frank, intelligent features, and resolute bearing—one with whom no ghost of any sense would for a moment dream of contending—escorted his charming little wife across the first threshold of which she was the declared mistress.

'Very much frightened she looked, the country belle, as the magnificence of her domain opened upon her! As for Charles, he could hardly forbear a hearty laugh as they passed from room to room, furnished with eastern splendour, his pretty companion setting her little feet apologetically on the yielding carpet, or laying a humble white finger on cabinet, couch, or picture, as if to ascertain that these objects were material, and no fairy vision.

'The young people brought but one servant, a country girl; and their entire resources, inclusive of a little dower of thirty pounds, hoarded for this darling by the thrifty schoolmaster, amounted to only seventy-five-pounds. Charles, indeed, who had a taste for, and already some proficiency in medical science, intended to turn this to account; but how the war was to be carried on until necessary licence was obtained, and patients came to be killed in sufficient numbers to keep the sportsman alive, was an entire enigma.

'How, upon earth, Charles, are we to keep all these lovely things of your kind uncle's clean, with only Hephzibah?' asked Mary. 'And, indeed, I shall be half afraid as it is, to trust them to her determined hands. And, O Charles, there's another thing. I'm so ashamed of *myself*?—I am. I can't—Oh! what have I been doing? wasting my time with French and singing, when I can't even co—coo' ——

'Coo, my child?' said, Charles, laughing, and kissing off a tear—'why *should* you coo?'

'Co—ook, Charles!' sobbed the poor bride. 'If I could have done *that*—and Hephzibah the housework——I—think I'll try.'

'You'll do no such thing!' replied Charles, seriously alarmed. 'You'll make a mess of it, burn your pretty fingers, and poison us both with all sorts of unearthly preparations! No, no! Burlesque is very amusing in its way; but the caricature of a cabinet pudding—the distorted phantom of a fricandeau—is no fun at all! No—we must manage another servant somehow.'

'The agent, when consulted on the matter, looked grave, hemmed, didn't know—whether--in short, he might as well inform Mr. Annesley at once, that there existed an unaccountable prejudice against the house, and that it was quite likely Charles might experience difficulties of a kind he did not expect in augmenting his establishment. These auguries were perfectly correct. Not a soul could be found in the vicinity willing to take service at No. 23; and the young couple, reluctant to incur the expense of sending to London for a domestic, sat down to their first meal a little depressed in spirit—Charles, who had concealed from his wife the cause of the difficulty, secretly resolving to extract some further information from the cautious agent on the morrow.

'They were sitting after dinner, with recovered spirits, but in deep consultation, when there came a low knock at the door.

'Bidden to enter, a dirty old woman made her appearance. It was no other than old Charlotte, who had come to offer her valuable services in default of better.

'She loved the house,' she said, 'and all that was in it. Old as she looked, she could do as much as twenty—was a very good cook, and would work her fingers to the bone for her dear little ladyship. As for wages, she didn't want none of them.'

'As these terms seemed reasonably cheap, and they were really in a difficulty, Charles, after a moment's dubious contemplation of the old woman's squalid figure, gave utterance to the assent he saw in his wife's clear eyes, and engaged the strange attendant, enjoining her in the first place to have recourse to soap and water, in the second, to eat a good supper.

'Though the old woman's eyes glistened like those of a famished wolf, at the mention of food, she paused at the door, and hobbling back, said in a sort of hoarse whisper, 'Please, sir, and my lady, don't say that you've taken old Charlotte into your service. I shall never go abroad; and nobody will know if you don't tell 'em.'

'Charles smiled at the idea of the old crone fearing that the dangerous reputation of the house might damage hers; but, unwilling to explain before his wife, hastliy gave the required promise, and summoning Hephzibah, dismissed the new cook, under that young lady's charge, to the sphere of her future duties.

'Affairs for a few days went smoothly enough. Charles commenced a course of study preparatory to the regular carrying out of his professional project, while the little bride busied herself perpetually in the direction of their economical household, and was never tired of watching over the well being of uncle's beautiful things. Old Charlotte, who seemed to possess the faculty of brightening up considerably at will, had shed her squalid slough, and come out a rather venerable, but still effective moth. She realy proved to be a very good cook, preparing all their meals without assistance, and often, of her own impulse, providing little supplementary refreshments for the mistress she professed to adore.

'One morning, Annesley having gone out alone, Mary—attended by old Charlotte, who was well acquainted with every drawer, shelf, and cupboard in the place—made a regular progress of inspection throughout the house, ending, as it happened, at the Angel-Chamber.

'What a lovely room!' exclaimed Mary, for the twentieth time, as she entered; and what a couch! When I die, I should like it to be on just such a bed as this,' and she sat down upon it—'with that sweet majestic face shining upon me.'

'Everybody *does* die here,' said old Charlotte, cheerfully. 'Master's mother—Miss May Callender—Colonel Doulton, all breathed their last on this very bed.'

'Can you remember all these deaths?' asked Mary.

'Remember them? Bless you, my dear, they've all been touched and took within these five years!'

'Touched and took! What do you mean, Charlotte?' said the young mistress, opening her blue eyes.

'Well, well, we'll see!' muttered the old woman. 'And so you'd like to die here too, would you, my lamb?' She went on, with a peculiar look, gazing at the pretty fragile creature before her, from head to foot, as though mentally dressing her for the grave.

'Now, whether or not there was something unusually repulsive this day about the old woman, or whether she simply desired to be alone, Mary yielded to an irresistible inclination to dismiss her follower, and, having done so, sat down at the great plate-glass window, which faced the west.

'The view from hence was both fair and sad. First came a slip of much neglected garden, a crowded battle-ground of weeds and flowers—the weeds having decidedly the best of it—some leafless elms and fig-trees, and a high wall magnified to an immense size with sheaves and coils of everlasting ivy. Past this was a Roman Catholic cemetery, long since filled, and abandoned as a place of interment. Over and between three and four noble cypresses, that shaded the forgotten dead, might be seen the broad weald, green with sprouting corn; then a range of blue hills, on the last of which lingered the westering sun.

'Half an hour later, Charles was returning home. When within a few paces of his own door, a loud ringing shriek struck him like a stab! In a moment, he was in the house, and dashed into the room from the direction of which he had fancied the cry proceeded.

'His wife was on the bed, frightfuly convulsed, Hephzibah and Charlotte beside her. She recovered instantly on seeing him, and a violent flood of tears completely restored her tranquility; after which, being left alone with her husband, Mary related as follows:

'She had sat for some time at the window, watching the purpling clouds, and the sombre tints of evening calmly enveloping the quiet scene, when, becoming sensible of a degree of lassitude, and a strange inert feeling not usual with her, she moved to the low golden couch, and lying fairly down, fell into an uneasy sleep.

'She lay upon her right side, with her face to the wall—on that side distant scarcely half a yard from the bed—and dreamed that, so lying, the wall before her opened slowly, and that there issued from it a skeleton, bearing in its hands its own severed skull, and pointed to the vacant eye-holes, while the head muttered:

'See how they treat us yonder. Here were blue diamonds once, my sister, that laughed and swam like yours. Come, let us compare!'

'The skull was thrust up into her very face. She was conscious of the earthy, fetid odour—her own face was drawn as it were more and more into the sister-skull, as though it were becoming part of it—when, with a shriek and a desperate struggle, she flung the spectre and the dream away.

'Although, for the moment, the painful impression appeared to pass away, it was but too evident to Annesley that the health and spirits of his little wife had received a serious shock. In a few days her rich colour was gone, her lips looked dry and feverish—she began to complain of headache, and started, when suddenly touched, or at the last unexpected sound.

'One day, after making vain efforts to eat her breakfast, the poor little thing leaned her head on his hands, and burst into tears. 'O, Charles, my poor boy,' she sobbed, 'I fear I'm very, very ill.'

'The wistful, anxious look in those blue eyes alarmed her husband far more than even her words. He laid her tenderly on the sofa, soothing her to the utmost of his power, and not without bitter self-reproach for neglecting it so long, despatched Hephzibah to request Mr. Mawry's immediate attendance.

'The little doctor acknowledged that his new patient looked delicate in the extreme, and required every attention. The present attack was clearly nervous; and he endeavoured to elicit from her whether she had sustained any recent shock or alarm. Mary, however, was ashamed to confess her dream; and Mr. Mawry could discover nothing but that she was subject to a sudden and fearful spasm, which affected her whole head from the eyes to the throat. In the latter organ, especially, she suffered much pain.

'On the point of leaving, Mawry turned round, and carelessly observed: 'I take it for granted, my dear madam, that you have an excellent watcher in your husband; but you need some care. Who may I ask, is your principal attendant?' Mary smiled. 'Who, for example, makes your tea?'

'The housemaid, Hephzibah, generally; but sometimes old Ch'——Mary checked herself.

'I beg your pardon—*who*?'

'I was about to name an old woman we have taken into the house to help the housemaid, but, for some reason I have not inquired, she does not wish it to be known.'

'Old Charlotte!' ejaculated Mawry.

'Such is her name,' replied Mary, suprised at *his* astonishment.

'Mawry, who had sat down again, got up with a face white as ashes.

'I—I have a word to say to Mr. Annesley,' he said, and took a hasty leave.

'Charles was reading medicine in the Angel-room.

'Good heavens! sir,' exclaimed the little doctor, bursting in, 'do you know what you have got in your house?'

'Horrid visions of his Mary in typhus fever—in small-pox—a lunatic—flashed like lightnig across Charles's mind.

'What—*what*!' he gasped out.

'Moll Murder!'

'Moll *what*?'

'The old hag to whom the boys in the town have given that title, for her strange association with every death that has occurred in this unhappy house since it became your uncle's. The very worst suspicious cleave to her. For mercy's sake, Mr. Annesley, get rid of this old wretch before you are an hour older!'

'Charles stood aghast. 'Is it—possible that'——

I know not what is possible; but do it, sir, do it,' said the eager apothecary; and Charles, infected with his earnestness, promised compliance.

'That night Charlotte was dismissed, this time taking her pattens with her, as though her work were done.

'*Touched and took!*' was Charlotte's benediction, looking back and shaking her finger as she passed the door.

'Let me pass quickly over these sad details. The young wife was indeed doomed. Drooping gradually, like the preceding victims, she slowly but certainly followed them to the same bourne.

Annesley would have left the house, but nothing could induce Mary to consent. His uncle would be vexed; would think them careless, ungrateful—besides, they had no other home. Most of all, she earnestly desired, if die she must, to breathe her last in the Angel-chamber, with those glorious eyes and protecting arms above her.

'She had her wish; and, in a few short weeks, the fourth victim to the mystery of that house slept in the village churchyard.

'The popular feeling against old Charlotte had by this time attained such open expression, that it became absolutely necessary to investigate its grounds. She was accordingly given into custody. Some examinations took place; but the doctor being compelled to certify to a case of natural death, and no direct inculpatory evidence being adduced, the prisoner, on the very day of poor Mary's funeral, was restored to liberty, and immediately disappeared.

'It was now imagined that the house would be finally closed. The next-door neighbour on one side had already quitted; he on the other had given notice. Mr. Archbold himself felt his mind infected by the prevailing superstition; and, moreover, seeing the cause of misunderstanding removed, was ready enough to give indulgence to his returning kindness towards his nephew, to whom he accordingly wrote, desiring him to quit without delay the scene of his bereavement, and resume the place he had formerly held in his uncle's home and affection.

'Charles refused.

'He considered that his uncle, in placing them in a house under this notorious ban, had been actuated by less disinterested motives than he had imagined, and had been even in some degree instrumental in the fatal misfortune that had befallen him. Besides, he had a duty to perform, to which it was his fixed determination to devote every energy he possessed—nay, if needful, life itself. He would find out the mystery of the haunted house. And no knight, in quest of the holy greal, ever started on the doubtful way with more resolved purpose than Charles, when, returning from his Mary's funeral, he re-entered the desolate mansion.

'He was alone, absolutely alone; for poor Hephzibah, though attached to her master, and pitying him with all her honest heart, had evinced such unmistakeable symptoms of aversion to sleeping another night in the house, that Charles, unshaken in purpose, judged it best to dismiss her at once to her friends. So the door closed behind the sobbing Hephzibah, and Charles was alone—absolutely alone.

'For hours he sat musing by the melancholy fire, undisturbed by a single sound. Evening at length approached, and still he sat, as though Memory had chained him hand and foot to the place where he had passed so many happy hours. Gradually he got into a train of recollection that conducted him through the entire history of his lost love, from the first chance meeting when he had stopped, a lost, benighted hunter, to inquire the road, and Mary's azure eyes glittered in the starlight, as if they belonged to it, while she stepped forward to his horse's side, and raised them in directing him. He had arrived at the evening when they had come, with their modest baggage and rustic henchwoman, to the magnificent house, had examined its alarming glories, had dined merrily, and were reclining in their deep velvet chairs, their laughing faces reflected grotesquely in the polished stove, up to the moment when old Charlotte, like an evil genius, appeared at the door.

'At that moment a sound struck Charles's ear— it was like a distant footstep somewhere within the house. The door of the room in which he sat was wide open, and presently he was aware of a slow soft step ascending the stair.

'To say that Charles's heart did not accelerate its usual pace by a pulse or two, would be to deny a feeling that might have so far assailed the most collected. An idea that the bold resolution he had formed was about to be met halfway, that the mysterious Horror of the House was actually approaching him in an incarnate shape, struck the listener with an appalling sense of being suddenly called upon to deal with what one cannot comprehend. Charles involuntarily griped the velvet arms of his chair, and half rising, slowly turned his face to the door, where the step had halted.

'There stood old Charlotte!

'His fear melted into rage.

'Wretched old hag!—accursed murderess!' he exclaimed, forgetting for the moment his own doubts of her guilt—'dare you'——

'Charles Annesley,' said the old woman, walking up to him, 'it is you who should not *dare*. I warned you—I warned your mother—I warned Mrs. Callender—I warned every one of you, young and old, of the danger hidden in this fearful house. Yet I loved and served them all when they would let me, and to do so ran the same risk with them. For reward, you put the murderer's mark on me. I am the devil's mate, Moll Murder, the old poisoning witch. My life is nothing; they might as well have hanged me. I hoped they would, for the Lord keeps justice for the innocent, and He knows that I never harmed a living creature. They were all touched and took, poor dears! but not by *me*. I know you are come back to find out who killed your darling, and old Charlotte's come to help you,'

'You!'

'Like enough in some things,' said the old woman steadily. 'You've no more pleasure in life—no more have I. You've one object—mine's the same, only my reason's the best.—Find out what you may, you can't bring back the dead. But I wear Cain's black brand, and that's an ugly mask to die in; I won't, if I can help it.'

'Charles stood looking at her with amazement he did not care to hide; something in the woman's altered manner impressed him favourably, despite himself. His thoughts held a rapid council: if the hag were guilty, and were really a prey to that fearful form of mania which could alone account for such cruel crimes, he had no fear for himself, and might even, by examination and analysis, obtain some clue to her alleged practices. If she were innocent, she might afford him important aid in its investigations. Some attendant he absolutely required. In fine, he acceded to her proposal, and directed her to take up her residence in the house as before.

'A feeling he could not well define determined Charles to sleep that night in the Angel-Chamber. It was there that his Mary had experienced the first mysterious visitation—there, on his bosom, breathed her last gentle sigh.

'As he lay down, though with little hope of rest, he could not resist uttering a fervent prayer that the terrible influence might reveal itself to him; also—no matter with what peril accompanied,—so that he might but analyze its fearful features, and gauge its destroying power.

'His desire was fulfilled. It must have been about two o'clock when Charles woke, with a start, under the impression that a hand had been laid upon his face. But *such* a hand! It could have belonged to no living human thing. Horrible as it seems, it was like that of a putrid corpse. His mouth, his nose, his eyes, his throat, were choked and smarting with some affluvia, his pulse went irregularly—his very soul sickened within him.

'Annesley was a man of cool intrepid nature, and the strongest nerves. Despite his confusion, he rose and wrestled with the Terror, as if it were a living foe that had nearly mastered him—a moment, and the victory was won. Slowly and reluctantly, as though baffled in its assault, the horrible fear, whose presence he had almost *felt*, relaxed its hold, and quitted him. Charles instinctively staggered forward, as in pursuit, reached the window, and throwing it up, gazed forth into the calm cold night.

'Whence, whence, O Horror?' he gasped.

'The next moment, with a countenance deadly white, he reclosed the window, and returned to his bed.

'In that instant the Horror, the Ghost had revealed itself to him, as he had desired.

'But Charles would have further proof, and [illegible] witness too.

'The following morning, after pretending to eat some portion of the breakfast he found comfortably prepared for him in the library. Charles summoned old Charlotte to a conference.

'She came, so changed, that her master could scarcely recognize in the hale, respectable looking matron before him, the wretched old outcast of the previous day. But I have said, that Charlotte had, in common with other humble creatures I have met with, a way of brightening and expanding under certain influences, which revealed qualities hitherto wrapt in shade. The troubles she had undergone, above all, the foul stigma under which she laboured, had had a purifying and vivifying effect, so apparent in her manner and language, that Charles secretly congratulated himself on his ally.

'He began by tracing as minutely as possible the history of the later illness and deaths, beginning with that of his mother, which event occurred during his absence abroad. In this he received most material assistance from Mr. Mawry, for whom he sent during the morning, and who, after overcoming his astonishment at finding old Charlotte a member of the council, entered with all zeal into the enquiry.

'The result proved that the same extraordinary symptoms had been evolved in every case—namely, severe nervous,