THE EXAMINER:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

Vol. XIV. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, December 14, 1863. New Series.---No. 2.

ROYALTY LOTS.

TO LET, for such term of years as may be agreed on, and either in whole or in part, that BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED FARM, belonging to the Subscriber, fronting on the Mount Edward Road, and lying about a mile from Charlottetown. It contains about 70 acres, 40 of which are improved and in a high state of cultivation. On the premises are two large barns.

For terms, &c., apply to JOHN LONGWORTH.

Charlottetown, Oct. 26, 1863.

Freehold Land, On Lot Forty-four (44), Rollo Bay, FOR SALE.

TO be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, on the Premies, at Rollo Bay, (unless previously sold by private contract) on TUESDAY, the First day of MARCH NEXT, 1864, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon,

30 ACRES OF LAND,

on Township Fourty-four, in King's County, commencing on the North bank of Rollo Bay, at the southwest angle of Simon Burke's Farm, thence southwest along said bank for the distance of 4 chains and 17 links, thence North 69 degrees, East 6 chains and 60 links, thence North 80 degrees, East 63 chains and 50 links, to the rear of John Rossiter's Farm, thence Northwardly along said rear 4 chains and 30 links, thence South 80 degrees, West 63 chains and 50 links, or until it meets the south line of Fidele Deagle's Farm, and thence South 69 degrees. West, along said Fidele Deagle's south line to the said Bank or place of commencement, having been conveyed by William Deagle, senior, to the subscriber by Deed dated the 22nd January, 1858.

TERMS and other particulars made known on application to the Subscriber or to the Hon. JOSEPH HENSLEY, at his Office in Charlottetown.

J. WIGHTMAN.

Georgetown, 8th Oct., 1863.

SALE OF Valuable Freehold Property.

TO be Sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, at the Colonial Building, in Charlottetown, on the Fourth day of MARCH next (1864), at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, dated the Tenth day of December, 1860, and made between the Honorable William Forgan, of the Royalty of Charlottetown, and Susan Kemys, his wife, of the one part, and Daniel Hodgson, of Charlottetown, aforesaid, of the other part, and by said Daniel Hodgson assigned to me.—All those Tracts, Pieces or Parcels of Land, being Pasture Lots Numbers Ninteen (19), Twenty-six (26), Thirty-four (34), and Forty-two (42), in the Royalty of Charlottetown, aforesaid, as the same are delineated and laid down on a certain Map or Plan of the said Royalty made and now kept in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds and Keeper of Plans for the said Island, reference being thereunto had will more fully and at large appear.

For further particulars and terms of Sale, &c., apply to the Subscriber or his Solicitor.

Dated at Charlottetown this 31st August, A. D. 1863.

WILLIAM H. HOWKIRK.

JOSEPH HENSLEY, Solicitor.

FOR SALE,

THAT pleasantly situated and well finished DWELLING HOUSE and PREMISES, now in the occupation of DR. INGLIS, in the Common of Charlottetown, at the entrance of the Staint Peter's Road, and opposite to the residence of LEMUEL C. OWEN, Esquire,—the property of the late John Egan—particulars on application to

DANIEL BRENAN, } Executors & RICHARD REDDIN, } Trustees

Charlottetown, August 3, 1863. isl & vin

Leasehold Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE the LEASEHOLD INTEREST OF ONE HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND, situate two miles from Southport, in Lot 48, fronting the Sea shore; 60 acres are cleared and in a high state of cultivation, and is well fenced,—the remainder is covered with hard and soft wood. There are six acres limed, and fifty seven barrels in composit ready for the spring, and five or six hundred loads of Manure in the yard.

SEA MANURE can be had within about three quarters of a mile from the farm. There are about eight acres prepared for wheat. On the farm is a DWELLING HOUSE 30 by 26 feet, and a Dairy 14 by 10 feet, stoned to the bottom; also a new BARN, 50 by 27 feet, all double-boarded and a place for Cattle underneath. A Horse SABLE 25 by 20 feet, double-boarded. Also Sheep Houses and Shed, 36 by 20 feet. There are on the premises a never-failing Spring of Water, and a quarry of good land stone. The lease is for 999 years. Rent one shilling per acre.

The above farm is under crop, and will be sold to suit the purchaser with or without the crop.

TERMS—One half of the purchase money to be paid down, and the remainder may remain for several years on good security.

For further particulars apply to the Subscriber.

July 27, 1863. PETER ROBERTSON.

FREEHOLD PROPERTY.

FOR SALE or TO LET, that valuable FREEHOLD PROPERTY situated at Reid's Corner, Bedeque. There is on the Premises a new Dwelling House, new Store, Barn and Granary, with one acre of Land. The above is a first-rate stand for business of any kind.

Terms easy. Apply to JAMES BRAZIL.

Summerside, October 26, 1863. 3m

FOR SALE.

A FARM, situate on the New Bedeque Road, 12 miles from Charlottetown, and lately in possession of JAMES MURPHY, consisting of

75 Acres Freehold Land,

Fifty of which are in a good state of cultivation. There is a good new DWELLING HOUSE on the premises.

—ALSO—

FIFTY ACRES LEASEHOLD LAND, situate on the Covehead Road, 10 miles from Charlottetown, adjoining the Mills of Mr. SAMUEL GURNEY, and now in possession of David Landrigan, together with the Crop of Potatoes, Grain, &c.

☞ Terms easy. Apply to D. O'M. & R. REDDIN.

Ch'town, Sept 14, 1863. tf

Sale of Leasehold Property.

TO be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, on the Premises, on WEDNESDAY, the 24th day of FEBRUARY NEXT, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, dated the 13th day of April, 1863, and made between John Noble, of Township Number Thirty-two, in Queen's County, in Prince Edward Island, Farmer, of the one part; and William Malone, of Charlottetown, in the said Island, Printer, of the other part: All that Tract, Piece or Parcel of Land, Farm and Premises situated on Lot or Township Number Thirty-two, in Queen's County, being the northern moiety or half part of ninety acres leased by the late John Cambridge to the late Donald Malone, and bounded as follows, that is to say: On the east by the old North River Back Road, on the south by the southern moiety of the said ninety acres as now fenced in, on the north by Samuel Howard's land, and on the west by land in the possession of Richard Leonard, and containing Forty-five acres (a little more or less.)

For further particulars enquire of HENRY PALMER, of Charlottetown, in the said Island, Esquire, Attorney, or to the subscriber, at the *Examiner* Office.

WILLIAM MALONE.

Charlottetown, 23d November, 1863.

GOLD! GOLD!

THE Subscriber offers for sale, at his shop, Great George-street, a splendid lot of Gold Ear Rings, Broches, Links, Lockets, Pencils, Finger Rings, Pins, Studs, Keys, Chains.

ALSO—Some nice Watches, consisting of—

	£	s.	d.
Horizontal, four holes jewelled, in silver cases,	3	10	0
Ladies size, ...do.......do.	3	10	0
In Hunting Cases	4	10	0
Levers, Thirteen Jewels,	6	0	0

A. PURCHASE, Watchmaker.

Ch. Town, Nov. 30, 1863. Smardon's Corner.

TREACLE,

REALLY GOOD, can be had at BEER & SONS.

Oct. 26, 1863.

Valuable Property For Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the following valuable Real Estate in Charlottetown, and in Charlottetown Royalty, viz:—A plot of Ground, beautifully situated in Grafton Street, directly opposite to the front of the Prince of Wales College, between the residences of J. McNeill, Esq. and Mr. White, Ship builder, containing a little more than half a Town Lot.—A Plot of Ground in Hillsborough Street, containing about a Half Town Lot, a little more or less, with a convenient Cottage and Out houses thereon, and a large Garden in the rear. This Property adjoins the Examiner Office Building.

The commodious and beautifully situated Dwelling House on Hillsborough Street, with Stable, Coach House, Wood House, and other Out-offices attached. This Property is on the South East Corner of Hillsborough Square, and possesses many advantages which will be made known in a future advertisement.

Four Pasture Lots in the Royalty of Charlotte town, on the Road commonly known as the Judge's Road, about two and a half miles from Charlottetown, containing in all about thirty-eight acres, twenty three of which are cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The remainder is covered with a light young growth of Spruce, which can be removed at little cost. There is a Post and Rail Fence round most of the land, and there is a sufficient quantity of Longers on it for necessary repairs. One of the Lots has an excellent Spring of Water upon it, and is unsurpassed as a place for pasturing Cattle. A plan of this Property will be prepared, and a further description given in a future advertisement.

If the above Properties are not disposed of at Private Sale before WEDNESDY, the 11th day of November next, they will then be offered at PUBLIC AUCTION, and sold without reserve. For further particulars as to title, terms, &c., application to be made to the Hon. JOSEPH HENSLEY, Solicitor, or to the Subscriber.

EDWARD WHELAN.

Charlottetown, Sept. 21, 1863.

☞ The above sale is postponed for a short period, of which due notice will be given.

FARMERS! LOOK HERE!

THE Subscriber has received, Ex LADY DUNDAS, direct from the Manufacturers, A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF ALL KINDS OF

Goods generally kept in Stock.

Newly Invented Patent PLOUGHS, for 1 and 2 horses,
Do do do Threshing Machines, for 1 Horse, warranted the best on the Island, and can perform as much work as some of the two Horse power by other makers; thus effecting a vast amount of labour both of man and horse, and avoiding the great injury and loss of Straw under the inclement weather until it is left useless for fodder for cattle.
New Patent Root and Straw Cutters, for saving Hay and Oats
" " Churns, to make excellent Butter in 10 minutes.
" " Culivator and Stump Extractor, to raise 10 ton by two men.
" " Potatoe Diggers,—just wanted,—with several other improved Farming Implements.

The above Machines will now be sold at low prices, in order to prove the advantages of them over the old fashioned ones, by which such expeditious and excellent work is now performed. A vast benefit to the land has been effected by the use of those newly invented CYLINDAR MOULD-BOARD PLOUGHS, of SMITH & FIELD, Greenfield, Mass., who have obtained several Gold Prizes for the discovery they have made in reducing cost, labor, and the draft on horses, to nearly one-half that of the old Scotch and Irish Ploughs.

Parties wanting any of the above valuable and low priced Machines this season will require to order them on an early day, having now only a few left on hand for specimens, at ORWELL CHEAP STORE, cheaper than the cheapest, from A NEEDLE TO AN ANCHOR. P. STEPHENS.

Orwell, Sept. 14, 1863.

McLELLAN'S EXPRESS, Running on E. & N. A. Railway.

CONNECTING at St. John with TURNER'S AMERICAN EXPRESS (Office 10 & 12 Court Square, Boston) for United States, Canada, Fredericton, Nova Scotia, &c.

At Shediac with Steamers and Stages to Prince Edward Island and the North Shore

And at Moncton with King's Stages for Dorchester, Sackville, Amherst, &c.

Goods Bought & Sold, and Notes, Drafts, and Bills collected.

OFFICE IN ST. JOHN—Turner's American Express Office, No. 75, Prince William Street.

M'LELLAN BROS., Proprietors.

AGENTS.

W. SINCLAIR & SON..........Charlottetown.
W. B. DEACON..........Shediac.
H. H. LETSON..........Chatham.

July 27, 1863. 5 mos

PAINTS,

OILS,
GLASS,
NAILS,
LOCKS,
IRON,
STEEL,
AXLES,

Cheap at W. E. DAWSON'S.

Gibson's Brick Building, 22d June, 1863.

STARCH! STARCH!

From Benson & Aspden. Manufacturers, in Edward'sburg, Canada West.

THE Subscriber has just received, from the Manufactory, 350 boxes of this article, to which he invites the attention of parties in the trade, and feels confident the quality and price will give satisfaction.

ALSO—A few Boxes of Prepared Corn, for food.

WILLIAM DODD, Queen Square

Oct. 19, 1863. 2m

LABRADOR HERRINGS.

THE subscriber is receiving—
300 Bbls. Choice LABRADOR HERRINGS.
—Also in Store—
500 Bbls. Bay de Chaleur HERRING—the catch of the present month.

J. S. CARVELL.

Charlottetown, Sept. 28, 1863. 3m

CABIN BISCUIT.

JUST RECEIVED, per "QUEEN VICTORIA," from QUEBEC—

30 Bbls Choice BISCUIT.

For sale by J. ROBERTS ECKART, Corner Queen and Water Streets.

Nov. 16, 1863.

SUGAR!!

THE SUBSCRIBER IS DAILY EXPECTING TO ARRIVE—20 Hhds. SUGAR, a good article. J. S. CARVELL.

Sept. 28, 1863. 3m

Chance to Make Money!

THE Subscriber has in his Yard at "BROWN'S MART," Egmont Bay, a quantity of JUNIPER TIMBER, such as Plank-logs, Beams, Footocks, Knees, &c.,—also, Keel, Stem and Stern Post, consisting of the principal part of the material to build a Juniper vessel, of 100 tons,—also, a good new Mould and Model, the whole of which he will sell on reasonable terms, with privilege of yard room, &c., (if required) to build said vessel.

He also offers for sale the Hull and Spars of a superior new Brig, of about 230 tons register, (spruce, with hardwood bottom). This vessel is of a good model, and built under the inspection of W. Sloggett, Esq., (Messrs. Lloyd's Agent).

N. J. BROWN.

Brown's Mart, Oct. 19, 1863.

JUST ARRIVED, Stoves! Stoves!

A LOT of first-quality Yarmouth Cooking Stoves, with large Metal Boilers.

ALSO—Spare stove furniture on hand.

Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

Terms cash to 14 months from this date.

H. J. P. TERLIZZICK, Agent.

Charlottetown, Sept. 14, 1863. 3m

BEER & SONS, KING SQUARE,

HAVE, by the arrival of the ships GAZELLE from LIVERPOOL, URANUS from LONDON, and CABOT from GLASGOW, nearly completed their

FALL IMPORTATIONS.

The Goods per above vessels, in addition to those previously received, comprise in part:—

Superfine Cloth,	Scarlet, White and Blue Flannels,
Beaver and Whitney Cloth,	White and Printed Shirting,
Black and Fancy Doeskins,	Flannels,
Tweed and Sealskins,	Gents' Flannel Shirts,
Plain, Checked and Striped Wincies,	Mufflers, Scarfs, Ties, Collars, Gloves,
French Merinoes,	Gents' Fur, Cloth and Wool Caps, Silk, Cloth and Felt Hats, &c. &c. &c.
Coburgs, Lustres and Fancy Dress Goods, Skirtings,	Gloves, &c, in variety.

Fall and Winter Mantles and Mantle Cloths,

Fitch, Oppossum and other FURS,

RIBBONS,

in the New Shades and Styles;

Fall and Winter Shawls,

together with a large variety of useful

DRY GOODS.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's

Boots & Shoes,

a large assortment;

Mens' and Boys' heavy

BOOTS and BROGANS,

Ladies', Gents', Misses', Youths' and Children's

RUBBER BOOTS & SHOES,

of the very best manufacture. Ladies' RUBBER and FELT BOOTS, &c. &c.

Our usual assortment of

HARDWARE,

PAINTS, GLASS, PUTTY, &c.

Paint, Olive, Seal, Cod, and Kerosene

OILS.

GROCERIES,

a complete assortment, and all of first-class quality. Our TEAS are very superior.

The above Stock of Goods having been carefully selected, are confidently offered to the public at the lowest paying prices.

Charlottetown, Nov. 16, 1863. 6w

NEW GOODS, FOR FALL 1863. AT THE BRITISH WAREHOUSE, QUEEN'S SQUARE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE JUST RECEIVED from LONDON, per *Uranus*, from LIVERPOOL, per *Theresa*, from GLASGOW, via Pictou, per *Cabot* and other arrivals from the States and Halifax,

Their usual extensive Supply of *BRITISH & FOREIGN*

MERCHANDIZE,

comprising all the requisite articles in STAPLE & FANCY GOODS, among which will be found the leading styles and novelties of the season:

Plain & Fancy Dress Goods,
Shawls, Mantles, and Furs,
Bonnet Fronts, Hats & Caps,
Black & Colored Silks,
Hosiery & Haberdashery,
Collars, Ties and Scarfs,
Plain and Fancy Flannels,
Shirts, Skirts & Skirting,
Serges, Oil Cloths & Baize,
Boots, Shoes & Rubber Goods,
Clothing, and Gents' general outfits,
Cloths, Doeskins, and Trimmings,
Hardware, Ironmongery & Cutlery,
Nails & Horse Nails, Room Paper,
Blankets, Rugs, and Counterpanes,
Good Indigo and other Dye Stuffs.

GROCERIES,

Consisiting of Choice TEAS and SUGARS, RAISINS, CURRANTS and FIGS, &c. SPICES, &c. &c.

☞ Personally selected with care—purchased on the best terms—and will be found to compare favorably with other Stocks in the market, either for style or value.

W. & A. BROWN.

Queen Square, Nov. 16, 1863.

Apples! Apples!

JUST RECEIVED, per schr. *Cecelia* from Boston, a splendid lot of WINTER APPLES, consisting of Golden Baldwins and Russets.

DODD & ROGERS.

November 30, 1863.

Buffalo! Buffalo!

A SPLENDID LOT of No. 1 Buffalo Robes, at Dodd's Brick Store.

DODD & ROGERS.

November 30, 1863.

THE cheapest and best RUBBER BOOTS and SHOES in the City to be had at Dodd's Brick Store, Pownal-street.

Nov. 30, 1863. DODD & ROGERS.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT of Children's BOOTS & SHOES at Dodd's Brick Store, Pownal-street.

DODD & ROGERS.

Nov. 30, 1863.

STEAMER "HEATHER BELLE."

THE Steamer 'HEATHER BELLE,' W. C. BOURKE, Master, will, until further notice, leave Charlottetown every TUESDAY morning, at half-past seven o'clock, for SUMMERSIDE and SHEDIAC; and will return to Charlottetown the following day, calling at Summerside on her way down.

For Freight or Passage, apply on board at Reddin's Wharf, or at Summerside to Mr. MUNCEY, Telegraph Office.

June 15, 1863.

Wool & Sheepskins.

F. P. Norton, Georgetown, Agent for King's County.

THE highest prices paid in CASH for any quantity of WOOL and SHEEPSKINS at his Establishment, head of Queen's Wharf, Main Street.

Georgetown, September 7, 1863.

Judson's Worm Tea!

Apprentice Wanted.

WANTED, by the subscriber, a steady LAD, about 16 years of age, to learn the Cabinet Making business. One from the country preferred.

JAMES GARLAND, Kent Street.

Char'town, Nov. 23, 1863.

GRAIN! GRAIN! GRAIN!

THE highest price given for BARLEY and OATS, at

Coles's Brewery and Distillery,

Constantly on hand, at prices cheaper than can be purchased in the Market, the best of Rum, Brandy Gin, Whiskey, and a superior article of Mal Whiskey. Also—X, XX, and XXX Ale.

Charlottetown, November 14, 1862.

LITERATURE.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

Musing by my cheerful fireside
On this quiet winter night,
Shapes of grace, and hues of beauty,
Meeting, everywhere, my sight;
Peace and comfort shining round me,
Yet my spirits are not light.

For my glances still are turning
To a little vacant chair,
Standing idly in the corner—
Ever standing idly there;
Once it held a little maiden,
Very dear and very fair.

Ah! the sad and sudden changes
Breaking into life's bright dream,
Sweeping like the storm-cloud's darkness
O'er the lately tranquil stream;
Or a note of wildest discord
Into music's sweetest theme.

In the fullest tide of rapture,
In my life's serenest hour,
When my spirit sang within me
Like a bird in summer bower,
Came this tempest sweeping o'er me,
Came with desolating power.

Then a voice of tender sweetness
Died away in plaintive sighs;
Then a face of gentle beauty
Faded from my yearning eyes,
And a spirit pure and sinless
Mounted to its native skies.

Oh! the sorrow of that moment!
Oh! the weary, weary pain,
Pressing, like an iron fetter,
Close on throbbing heart and brain,
Waking thoughts of gloom and sadness,
Like the captive's heavy chain.

Months have passed, and grief's wild torrent
Now have slowly ebbed away;
Months have passed, and resignation,
Smiling, bids me trust and pray;
Yet a memory, sad and sacred,
Trembles at my heart alway.

Ever as the shades of twilight
Wrap the world in tender gloom,
Comes a welcome, fairy vision,
Stealing in my lonely room—
Seeming like a ray of sunshine
All the darkness to illume.

Then the little chair beside me,
Rocking softly to and fro;
Then fond eyes to mine uplifted;
Then sweet accents round me flow,
Fill again my dreaming spirit
Drinks the bliss of long ago.

Radiant vision, do not vanish!
Stay, oh! stay, to bless and cheer,
While thy tender eyes are on me,
And thy loving tones I hear.
All earth's pain and sorrow leave me.
All heaven's joy seem hovering near.

IN AN ATTIC.

This is my attic-room. Sit down, my friend;
My swallow's nest is high and hard to gain;
The stairs are long and steep, but at the end
The rest repays the pain.

For here are peace and freedom; room for speech
Or silence, as may suit a changeful mood;—
Society's hard by-laws do not reach
This lofty altitude.

You hapless dwellers in the lower rooms
See only bricks and windowed walls;
But here, above the dust and smoky glooms
Heaven's light unhindered falls.

So early in the streets the shadows creep,
Your night begins while yet my eyes behold
The purpling hills, the wide horizon's sweep,
Flooded with sunset gold.

The day comes earlier here. At morn I see
Along the roofs the eldest sunbeam peep;
I live in daylight, limitless and free,
While you are lost in sleep.

I catch the rustle of the maple-leaves,
I see their breathing branches rise and fall,
And hear, from their high perch along the eaves,
The bright-necked pigeons call.

Far from the parlors with their garrulous crowds
I dwell alone, with little need of words;
I have mute friendships with the stars and clouds,
And love-trysts with the birds.

So all who walk steep ways, in grief and night,
Where every step is full of toil and pain,
May see, when they have gained the sharpest height,
It has not been in vain:

Since they have left behind the noise and heat,—
And, though their eyes drop tears, their sight is clear;
The air is purer, and the breeze is sweet,
And the blue heaven more near.

A SEERESS AT FAULT.

"Will you come out with me to-night?" said Dr. Clay. "There is a seeress come to Chasinglea, and I am *going to have a look* at her."

Dr. Clay was a college friend of mine, then about five-and-twenty. I was on "leave" from my professional avocation in London, and had gone to spend a few days at Chasinglea, where he had recently begun to practice, hoping to forget, if possible, the existence of the printer's devil. It was my second night there, and a wet one; I had settled myself down to a cigar and a book, which I was not going to review, and therefore, could enjoy; for to amateurs a bad book is bearable; to a reviewer even a good book is a burden; and the better the book, not unfrequently, the heavier the burden. From such unwonted luxury I was loth to be roused even by Dr. Clay, though he was a delightful companion, as young physicians of first-rate ability usually are. So I answered indignantly:

"Nonsense! You do not mean to say that you intend to get wet through and spend half-a-crown in order to see a set of conjuring tricks badly played. Stay here, and I will show you half a dozen, quite as good with a pack of cards."

"I don't know," cried Clay; I "always take an interest in conjuring tricks till I know how they are done. Now, though I grant you that some of those *clairvoyants*, mesmerists, table-turners, and modern magicians of all kinds are the veriest quacks alive, and their jugglery most transparent, I have seen things shown and done, my friend, which if you can explain or reveal, you may make a reputation and a fortune. I have seen excision of the breast performed by a mesmerist, the patient remaining perfectly unconscious the while. Not only she did not scream or speak, but the face gave no sign of pain. I have known more than one case of life preserved by a mysterious warning given in dreams or waking to persons with no previous notion of impending danger, and I was once witness to a most extraordinary case of *clairvoyante* revelation, which made a lasting impression on my mind, from the perfect impossibility of any trick or collusion—which, indeed, no one could have suspected who watched the dreamer's face. And the most extraordinary part of the matter is," he added reflectively, "that the whole story was *false from begginning to end.*"

"That," rejoined I, "appears to me the most natural and intelligible result. It will be the same to-night. Do stay quietly by the fire."

"No, I really must go," said my friend, obstinately. "I cannot miss even a chance of getting at some fact which may help to confirm or destroy the embryo theory I have formed on the subject of *clairvoyance.* So I am going to get wet, and spend five shillings, and you had better come to."

So I put down my book and went out, when the rain speedily deprived me of my cigar. We got drenched, and the Seeress proved as very a quack as I in my impatience had predicted. Dr. Clay put two questions, one within his own knowledge, and one to be speedily ascertained, viz: "What is my friend's age?" and "what letters have come for me since I left home an *hour ago?*" Both were answered glibly, and *both wrong.* The Seeress added twelve years to my age, and informed Dr. Clay that two letters had come for him—both from ladies—whereat one or two of the little audience simpered, for Dr. Clay is a general favorite, but not exactly a "lady's man," still less a lady's doctor. He got up and walked out, and I with him.

"Well!" I said.

"That is the third mere impostor I have seen in a year," remarked Dr. Clay, quietly; 'but I had rather see ten such than miss one opportunity of witnessing a case of such *clairvoyance.*"

"Is there such a thing?" I demanded, skeptically, "for my credulity goes no further than a firm belief in a fiend with inky fingers, unwashed face, and incessant craving for 'copy.'"

"When you have heard my first experience on the subject," replied he, "I think you *will ask that question in a somewhat different* tone. Will you come round to my lodgings to see if there are any messages for me? and then we will smoke a pipe at our rooms, and you shall hear the history."

There was one note for the Doctor, from an old farmer, queerly spelled and oddly expressed; but my friend did not think it worth while to go eight miles in the country that night to attend to an attack of gout, so we adjourned to my room, where, amidst exhalations of smoke, I heard the following tale:

It was (said the Doctor) about four years ago. I had just passed my first examination, and one or two answers of mine had been *fortunate enough to attract the attention of* old Vane, among whose other peculiarities is a strong *penchant* towards the investigation of mysteries. He took some notice of me, and I ventured to ask him some questions about a *clairvoyance* who just then attracted considerable curiosity. She was a young and pretty girl; the mesmerist who had discovered her power or disease, whichever it should be called, was a gentlemen—which few of them are—a man of sense, honor, and considerable reputation as a naturalist. Vane answered me, and promised me an introduction to her. I asked him what his experience of her art had been—whether it was a reality or a sham, and whether it seemed capable of being applied to any practical use.

"It is no sham," he said. "The girl herself does not know that she possesses these powers. Arnold never allows clairvoyance to be named in her presence when she is awake. He himself is above suspicion. As to any practical result, I am very doubtful. Hitherto, Ellen has never told us anything previously unknown. She answers correctly regarding things unknown to her, and places she has never seen, but she does not answer, except reluctantly and uncertainly, any questions concerning which no one else has any knowledge. She has told me the exact place of every article in my study, and even the contents of my table drawers, though she never entered my house—nor did Arnold—and we were six miles away from it at the time. But she broke down entirely in trying to tell me what was at that moment going on in the House of Commons, in the *Times* printing office, and in Windsor Park—all three easier to guess, and at least as easy to know, one would think. But you shall see her yourself."

A few days after this the friend of my brother, Cleveland by name, returned from a tour he had taken for the benefit of his health, in Edward's company. We had not heard from Edward for some ten days or more, and it happened that I wished to write to him on business. So, hearing that Cleveland had returned unexpectedly, I sought him out, and inquired where he was. He started and seemed uncomfortable, and then answered:

"We did not agree very well; I was in a hurry, and he preferred to travel slowly; so he left me at the Aigischorn, and I came home at once through France."

The answer and Cleveland's manner were a little peculiar. Why did Edward "leave him" rather than he Edward, seeing that it was he who wished to travel fast? And why did he seem agitated on seeing me? But I was not much surprised or disturbed. Probably Cleveland had behaved ill, and driven Edward to leave him in disgust, and was now ashamed of himself. For he had the reputation of being quarrelsome in the extreme, and was certainly shy, nervous, restless, and uncomfortable to an extraordinary degree. Edward, than whom no more kindly and patient friend ever lived, had always taken his part, he affirmed that Cleveland was a man of genius, and thoroughly good at heart, and had chosen him, much to my surprise, as his companion, in the hope that travel, change of scene, and rest from anxiety and over study might bring him better health and spirits. Certainly the experiment had been a complete failure. Cleveland was pale, thin, sallow, and careworn; his habitual restlessness greater than ever, and unmistakable expression of nervous suffering on his face more marked than I had yet seen it. His eyes moved incessantly, never steady for an instant in their gaze, but never meeting mine. His left hand constantly trembling, was occupied with a paper knife; his right fumbled continually at the handle of his table drawer, which he did not open. I was touched by his evident illness, and turned from a subject which seemed painful to him. I talked about the college examinations, told him of my success, and finally of the *clairvoyante*, for whose *levee* of that evening I had received two cards of admission.

"Let me go with you," he said, sharply and suddenly.

"With pleasure," said I. "Only we have little time to lose; I must be there by seven; it is now twenty minutes after six, and you have your toilet to make."

"For, though dressed with faultless neatness when he appeared out of doors, Cleveland always spent his days in his room in a curious undress, his naked feet thrust into a pair of worked slippers, his arms and throat bare, his short curled hair covered with a Turkish fez, and his upper garment consisting of a sort of sack of red flannel, falling to the knees, and with two holes cut in it for the free play of his muscular arms. It certainly seemed as if some time would be needed to transform this strange figure into a London dandy. But it was done in five minutes. He turned the key in the table drawer, laid down the paper-knife, passed into his bedroom, and returned in an incredibly short time in plain black evening dress, his small hands nervously drawing on a pair of white kid gloves. I, who never wear a "tail coat" if I can help it, was almost ashamed of my own attire. We started, however, arm in arm, he walking on at a pace which I could scarcely keep up. The *seance* had not begun when we arrived, and the room into which we were ushered was a dark one.

"Bring a light, please," said Cleveland, abruptly, giving half a crown to the servant. And he remained in the entrance hall till the light was brought, and we entered the room together. "I hate darkness," he observed, impatiently, "I always think of death."

Other visitors arrived; we were admitted to the operating room, where we sat in a semi-circle some twelve of us, surrounding the couch on which the patient sat, already in a deep mesmeric sleep. Mr. Arnold stood behind her. She looked exceedingly beautiful, I must say, and what you would call extremely *fragile.* I felt sure as I saw, that she was doomed; and I was inclined to accuse the mesmerist of her murder. He did not think, of course, that he was injuring her; I did, and I think so still. A few passes, and she was roused into that undefined and uncomprehensible state of the nervous system which is peculiar to the subjects of mesmerism, and which I can neither describe nor explain. Mr. Arnold gave permission to us each in return to put a question to her. Several were asked. I only remember the three last. After all the others had been answered to the satisfaction of the querists, Vane inquired:

"What is there on the table in my study to-day?"

The girl paused a moment—said:

"I have been there before——Oh!" with a shudder of disgust: "it is a hand—a woman's hand—oh, horrible, horrible!"

Vane whispered across to Cleveland, who sat between us:

"She never was there: but she described it all perfectly the last time I saw her. To-day I bought a specimen, preserved in spirits, of frightful disease in the hand. She would not, if she saw it, know it for a woman's.

Cleveland's turn was next. He was very pale and his ungloved right hand was clasped on his heart. The glove had fallen to the ground, and he was absently crushing it with the restless motion of his foot.

"How shall I die?" was his question, in a deep, tremulous husky tone which made us all start with sudden horror.

Its effect on the seeress was still more marked. She sprang into a sitting posture, and trembled from head to foot, seeming unable to speak. The question was repeated.

"I—don't—know," she slowly replied: then suddenly, "Oh, no, no, no!" the last word rising to a shriek.

Cleveland's face was ghastly beyond description or conception. There was a pause: Mr. Arnold exerted himself to calm the girl, and presently called upon me for a final question.

"What has become of my brother?"

A moment's hesitating silence—a strange look of surprise, information, horror unspeakable, succeeding one another on her pale, delicate face; and then a fearful, unearthly scream, which froze the very blood in our veins. I never knew before what "spiritual terror" meant. Assuredly I would rather meet any bodily danger than hear that scream, and see that face again. Even Arnold was appalled, or I think he would have interposed before the answer came in words; at first low, tremulous, uncertain; then clear, rapid, agitated, while the girl's frame quivered with terrible excitement.

"I see—a mountain of snow, a precipice on one side, a narrow road winding along the edge. Down, down—at the bottom of the precipice, in a dry bed of a stream—there is a body covered with blood—oh, horrible! I cannot bear to look. It has been thrown there—thrown down from the road. Wait a moment and I will tell you how. There are two men—they come out of a house, and they are walking up the snow mountain, along the road, close to the edge of the precipice. One of them turns—he will not go on—he will go back. The other laughs at him; he speaks—I do not hear what they say—he speaks kindly to him. But the pale man is angry; he strikes his friend—oh, God! he has flung him over the precipice; he has murdered him!"

I was horror-struck; I could not rouse myself to think or speak. The girl's look and tone carried conviction, as strong as if the scene she described in these broken sentences had been actually passing before her eyes.—Vane's voice was heard next.

"What is the murderer like?"

"He is tall, strong, pale—" She sprang suddenly from her seat. "He is here!" she screamed, and laying her hand on Cleveland's shoulder, she exclaimed, with a shreik which rang through the room, "Thou art the man!"

I need not attempt to pourtray the scene that followed. Indeed I could scarcely see or hear. I only knew that Cleveland had sprung from his seat, dashed aside the arms that were stretched out to seize him, and was gone.—The girl had fallen back on her couch in violent convulsions; and the mesmerist himself, trembling in every limb, was trying to awaken her from the unnatural sleep which had been visited with so fearful a vision.

Vane got me out of the room. I do not recollect how; and when I became fully concious of what was passing, we were on our way to Cleveland's lodgings. Arrived there, Vane inquired if he was in, and was answered —"Yes. Sir; he is just gone up stairs. We were quite frightened about him, he looked so ill." We ran up to the sitting-room, which was on the first floor. The table drawer was open; in it my eye caught sight of some papers tied in a bundle and directed in Cleveland's bold but irregular hand to me. Beside these was the silver mounted ivory butt of a small pistol. Cleveland's hat and gloves lay on the table; the owner was not there. My hand was on the latch of the bedroom door, and I had just became aware that it was locked when the report of a pistol rang in my ear. I felt as if it had been fired close to my head. In another moment Vane sprang at the door, burst it open with his weight, and we entered the bed-room.

Cleveland lay on the bed, his white shirt-front soaked with blood. The still smoking pistol—fellow to that left in the drawer—had fallen from his right hand, which hung by his side. Vane tore open his dress, and we saw a small hole, just above the heart, in the scorched vest and shirt from which the blood had sprung over the clothes. Life was already extinct, of course. • • •

The papers directed to me were produced at the inquest. They contained an account, incoherent but circumstantial, of the murder of my unhappy brother, committed, said the writer, in a moment of passion, utterly unpremeditated, and bitterly repented. The papers closed with some strange and incomprehensible passages, expressive of gratitude and affection for the murdered man. Vane's evidence induced the jury to return a verdict of insanity, and Cleveland's remains received Christian burial.

It was not till the third night after his death that I was able to sleep. Then my slumber was deep and profound; and it was with difficulty that my landlady roused me at nine the next morning to receive "a large foreign letter, which she thought might—might be of consequence." I jumped out of bed mechanically, and received it at the door.

Good Heaven! it was Edward's handwriting—bore, too, a post-mark only five days old. It must have been posted after his death by some one who had taken possession of his papers. I tore it open. More astonishing still, it bore date the same day on which it was posted. A passage in which Cleveland's name occurred at once attracted my eye. It ran as follows:

My unlucky compagnon de voyage has left me. I was forced to let him go; for he quarrelled with me, and would have struck me, on a precipitous path, with a sheer descent of a hundred feet on one side, and an equally steep ascent on the other, where one false step would have cost one or both of us our lives. He had been moody and restless all morning, and finally, as we reached the most dangerous part of the road, stopped, refused to go any further, and declared that he must immediately return to England. I was surprised, and when I noticed the expression of *his eyes, a little alarmed.* I tried, however, to laugh him out of his sudden fancy, but had no success; he grew angry, and, when I persisted, struck at me with his alpenstock. I warded the blow; and he instantly turned, and ran down the hill as if the furies pursued him. I waited till he was out of sight, and then retraced my steps, hoping to find him at the hotel. But he had been too rapid in his movements; had paid the bill, and was gone an hour before I arrived, nor could I follow him, for no vehicle or horse was left in the place. If he gets safe back to England, my dear fellow, pray look after him; for—though you must keep it to yourself, or only hint it to Dr. Vane—I am firmly convinced that Cleveland is or soon will be INSANE!

Insane! here was the solution of the terrible mystery. Edward was safe and well; and the whole story of the murder was the creation of a diseased brain, of which all who heard had been the dupes, and of which the deluded author was the wretched victim. The vision of the *clairvoyante*, coinciding as it did with the story previously written out by the self-imagined murderer, was a mere reflection of his delusion, which hastened his end before Edward's return could dispel the horrible fancy. The event gave such a shock to Arnold that he never ventured to practise the art again.

"And has it not had the same effect on you?" I enquired. "I should have thought it would have caused you to shrink from all such mysteries and mummeries for the future." "Far from it," returned Clay, seriously, "it seemed to throw a certain light on a difficult and abstruse part of physical science; for I need hardly say that I regard the phenomena of mesmerism and *clairvoyance* as purely physical, however abnormal; and I intend to follow out the clue, at least till I have learned whether or no all these phenomena may be traced to one cause—which we know to be operative in mesmerism—the influence of one human mind upon another, as metaphysicians would say; or, more properly speaking, of the brain of one human being on the nervous system of another, artificially excited and peculiarly susceptible. If it be true, as I suspect, that no *clairvoyante* ever has told us or ever can tell us anything that has not already passed through the mind of some living and present mortal—that they are all mere receptive mirrors of other minds—such evidence as I shall collect will go far to establish the truth, and to set men's minds at rest about the mystery; perhaps to teach them that, while on the stage of life, we are to be indulged with no real glimpses behind the curtain. You have let your pipe go out; mine is smoked to an end; good night."

I did not sleep well that night, I confess.

OMENS, GOOD AND BAD.—A number of good and bad omens have been taken from observing what happens to one at starting—or what person or animal one first meets in the morning. To stumble presages misfortune; as it indicates want of self-possession. The dread of a hare crossing the path, seems to be prevalent; while to see a wolf is a good omen; the former suggesting cowardice, the latter victory. To meet an old woman is unlucky, being suggestive of witches. The omens in which the Thugs, or secret murderers of India, believe with peculiar devotion, are almost the very same which the ancients observed with equal attention, especially the appearance of animals on the *right* or *left* hand. Among the Greeks the former denoted good luck, and the latter bad. Strange to say, among the Romans, this rule was reversed. From a remote period the number seven has been held in great favor. A seventh son was supposed to possess a healing power; and in Ireland the seventh son of a seventh son was considered as endowed not only with healing, but prophetic gifts. An omen about magpies is curious: *to see only one denotes sorrow*; two, mirth; three, a wedding; and four, presage a funeral. However, an omen is not always considered an arbitrary sign of the future, as it may be prevented by a counter-charm. Thus, although the spilling of salt forbodes strife, it may be prevented by taking it up and throwing it over the left shoulder. The observance of lucky and unlucky days was often the turning point of great events. In fixing the wedding day, May among months, and Friday among days, were generally shunned by both rich and poor. Perhaps half the superstitions that still exist group themselves round the subjects of love and marriage, the liking or passion for one individual, rather than any other, is so unaccountable that the God of Love has been felicitously fabled as blind.—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

A CUTE LAWYER.—A gentleman dying, left all his estates to a monastery, on condition that, on the return of *his only son*, who was then abroad, the worthy fathers should give him "whatever they should choose." When the son came home he went to the monastery, and received but a small share, the monks choosing to keep the greatest part for themselves. A barrister to whom he happened to mention the case, advised him to sue the monastery, and promised to gain his cause. The gentleman followed this advice. "The testator," said the ingenious barrister, "has left his son that share of the estate which the monks should choose; these are the express words of the will. Now it is plain what part they have chosen, by what they keep for themselves. My client then stands upon the words of the will. 'Let me have,' says he, "the part they have chosen, and I am satisfied,' and he gained the suit.

CATCHING THE OPPORTUNITY.—The Duke of Wellington once left his umbrella by accident on the stall of a lady of rank at a fair. On returning to look for it, he was told that the umbrella had just been sold for twenty-five guineas by the lady, who could not resist the temptation of disposing of so valuable a relic for charitable purposes.

A vender of hoops was recently extolling his wares in presence of a customer's husband. "No lady should be without one of these skirts," said the store-keeper. "Well, of course not," dryly responded the husband, who was something of a wag, "she should be within it."