

THE EXAMINER:

Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides.

Vol. XIII. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, July 27, 1863. New Series.—No. 34.

NEW STORE AT SUMMERSIDE.

Wholesale and Retail.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE, at his Store in SUMMERSIDE, the following GOODS, at the usual Retail, at a small advance of first cost, for cash or approved credit.

- 400 Bbls. FLOUR.
- 25 Cases Honey-dew TOBACCO.
- 50 Cases and half-cases TEA.
- 150 sides SOLE LEATHER.
- 200 Bbls. PHILIP BREAD.
- 200 Doz. MATCHES.
- 200 Doz. BICYCLES.
- 200 Cases, Ontario, Waterloo and Premium CROCK TOYS.
- 20 Boxes CANDLES.
- 20 Do SOAPS.

Sugar, Water Sods and Oyster Crackers, Cheese, Brown Sugar, Window Glass, Scythes, Saws, and Blades, Bay Rakes and Forks, Shovels, Nails, and Broad Axes, Adzes, Huts and Caps in variety; Chairs, Bedsteads; Ladies' and Misses' FROCK SKIRTS.

JOHN ANDREW McDONALD, Summerside, July 13, 1863.

Better than Gold to Farmers!

Nitro Superphosphate Manure.

THIS MANURE has been analyzed by W. T. RICHARDS, F. C. S., for J. D. SAMP & Co., and contains:

Moisture	16.450
Soluble Organic Matter	10.785
Insoluble Organic Matter	19.380
Alkaline Sulphate and Chloride	2.226
Soluble Phosphate Lime	19.380
Insoluble do do	20.630
Sulphate Lime	6.850
Silica	1.50
Loss	2.42

100,000

Nitrogen 5.62 per cent. Ammonia 8.80 per cent.

In using this Manure it should be first well mixed with about ten times its weight of dry soil or sand, so as to ensure a uniform distribution over the surface, from 200 to 500 lbs per acre, according to previous state of the ground will be required for each acre. If once used, no farmer will ever be without it, if he can procure it, at the large increase of price it is that no farmer can equal it.

PATRICK STEPHENS, General Agent for P. E. I.

A few Barrels of the above have just arrived as sample, and will be sold cheap to induce farmers to prove it for next season, at Mr John Williams', Charlottetown, W. E. Dawson's, Esq., Charlottetown, the Royal Agricultural Society, and at the Depots.

PATRICK STEPHENS, OWELL GRAP STORE, (where may be found from a sample to analyze.) General Agent for P. E. I.

N. B.—Wanted a TON or TWO of GOOD WOOL; the highest price paid in cash for it on delivery.

Owells, June 22, 1863. P. S.

Stoves! Stoves! Stoves!

JUST RECEIVED by Schooner "EMILY," from ALBANY DIRECT, at DO P. D.'S BRICK STORE.

600 STOVES, among which are the celebrated Magician, Black Diamond, and Union Coal Cooking Stoves.

June 22, 1863. J. W. PEAK & ROGERS, 146 Geo.

Flour! Flour! Flour!

JUST RECEIVED from New York, and will be sold low for cash—

300 Bbls. Extra and Superfine FLOUR.

100 Bbls. Pastry FLOUR.

(WARRANTED.)

M. L. LOWDEN, Peake's Building, May 11, 1863.

Hardware.

THE Undersigned is landing, per EDA MARIA, from Boston and from ENGLAND, the following Goods, to wit:—

EAGLE PLOUGH, EMERALD OIL LIGHT MOUNTINGS, MOUSE TRAPS, POWDER AND SHOT.

ALFRED PHILLIPS, Charlottetown, Oct. 13, 1862.

FOR SALE,

AT the Store of Mr. HENRY MONAGHAN, Queen Street, the following—

Whiskey, Rum, Wine, Gin & Brandy; Tea, Sugar, Raisins, Tobacco and Sale Land.

ALSO—

30 bbls. CORNMEAL and 800 barrels FLOUR.

All of which will be sold for the lowest prices.

July 5, 1863. 2m

DR. SUTHERLAND

BEGGS to intimate that he has just opened, at "Ex Uranus" and "Priores," an extensive Stock of

Drugs and Chemicals, with additional daily expected, selected from the best London establishments.

Medicines carefully prepared by himself, therefore the public may have confidence in receiving a reliable article, and at the cheapest rates possible.

Toilet Articles in Variety.

Brown, White and Fancy Window Soap, Ede and Kimmel's Perfumery, Jockey Club, Roulonette, Veronna, Kiss Me Quinly, Miller's, Queen's Own, Hair Pomade, Pomades, Hair Oil, Hair Washes, Eau de Cologne, &c.; Hair, Tooth, Nail, Shaving, Hat and Clothes Brushes.

Nursery Articles in Variety.

Feeding Bottles, Nursery Syringa Shields; Gum Kings, Ivory and Gutta Percha; Combs, all sizes, single and price.

Saltpetre, Baking Soda, Washing Soda, Baking Powder, Alum, Blue, Vitrol, Colodion, Green of Tartar, Camphor, Castor Oil, (best English cold drawn); Turpentine, best London purified Cod Liver Oil, Mustard, Root and Powdered Ginger, Cassia Bark, Cassia, Sassafras, Nutmegs, Mace, Cloves, Olive Oil, Florence Oil, Almond Oil, Holloway's Pills and Ointment, (English) Belmont's Compound, French Castles, &c. &c.

Dr. Sutherland can be consulted daily at his establishment for Town and Country.

Advice given to the Poor gratis.

Queen Street, June 22, 1863.

MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs to inform the Farmers of P. E. Island that he has received a consignment of MANN'S MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES, manufactured at Andover, Mass., of Worcester, Mass., similar to those which he has been selling for some years past, with the steel lined gear and all the recent improvements. These Machines, which may truly be called the "Farmer's Friend" are warranted to cut an acre of grass or grain per hour, on any ground under cultivation, rough or smooth; and including such classes are referred to the following farmers, who, having used them, can testify as to their value—

Alex. Robertson, Bonshaw; W. H. Hyde, West River; John Gaulty, West River; Cap. Murchison, North River; Dr. Jenkins, Upton Farm, West River; Thos. Desbriens, Spring Park; James McGill, Bonshaw; Wm. Fitching, New London; Wm. Pearson, Winslow Road; Jas. Froudford, Malpas Road; Thos. Crab, do.; Wm. Sennet, St. Peter's; Hon. D. Beaton, Souris; Joseph Dingwall, do.; Hon. Joseph Wightman, Three Rivers.

The subscriber will also have on hand, at the proper season, One and Two Horse Thrashing Machines, with Shakers and Separators complete. Potatoe Diggers, &c. &c.

P. S. The highest price given for Wool, washed and unwashed.

WM. W. IRVING, Desbriens's Corner, Ch. Town, June 15, 1863.

FOR SALE,

THE HOUSE and FARM belonging to the Subscriber situated on the Malpas Road, and within 14 miles of Charlottetown. The HOUSE is suitable for a Gentleman and Family, and the FARM consists of seven acres of Pasture, or about eighty-four acres. The purchaser can have the said Lots as he may want, also the CROP on the Farm this year, if required. Apply to

JOHN MORRIS, Charlottetown, June 8, 1863. 2m

IMPROVED FREEHOLD FARMS FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers SEVERAL VALUABLE IMPROVED FARMS FOR SALE, situated on Township No. 31, viz:—

TWO FARMS containing 48 and 60 acres each, and located on the South Wilshire Road, and within eight miles of the City. These Farms are in a good state of cultivation, with Dwelling Houses, Barns, Water, &c., on the premises.

ALSO, 100 acres, situated on the Tryon Road, with good Buildings, a well of water, and good improvements.

AND ALSO, several other improved FARMS, situated on the West River, with good improvements also.

ALL THESE PROPERTIES are in a flourishing settlement, with abundance of Hard and Soft Wood, and within ten miles of the City, and convenient shipping places, and obtaining advantages in the way of sea manure, &c., seldom met with elsewhere. For terms of sale, and how the farms can be given immediately, if required.

For further particulars apply to

WM. DOUSE, April 20, 1863. Charlottetown.

FOR SALE!

A SHORE FARM, at Kildare Capes, on Lot Three, containing 100 acres of LAND, 70 of which are in a good state of cultivation, fenced into eight acre lots, and the balance of 30 acres with Hardwood and Fencing. The Main Road runs through the Farm, and it has a front of ten chains on the Queen's Highway, where abundance of Sea Manure can be obtained.

The Buildings are nearly new—DWELLING HOUSE, LOG BARN of about the same size, and a small FISH HOUSE at the shore.

Part of the above Manure can remain on the premises. Application for further particulars, or to see the Farm, to Mr. Thomas Mountain on the premises, or to

GEORGE W. HOWLAND, at Alberton, March 9, 1863. 1d

Freehold Land FOR SALE.

FIFTY ACRES OF VALUABLE FREEHOLD LAND, on Lot 8 in Prince County, a good part of which is cultivated, will be sold cheap, on application, at Summerside, to the owner—

MRS. JOHANNA O'CONNOR. April 18, 1863.

VALUABLE Freehold Properties For Sale in Charlottetown.

The subscriber is authorized, by Power of Attorney from the Trustees of THOMAS WILLIAMS, of Angleland, New Zealand, to sell the following PROPERTIES, of which the two first are in the City of Charlottetown, and the latter in the "OSBORNE HOUSE," which is situated on the North side of Water Street, having a frontage thereon of forty-two feet, and containing the same piece of land, being part of Town Lot No. 14, in the first Hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown. The Dwelling House is one of the most commodious in length, with a front of 40 feet, and excellent Sash and Out-buildings, whilst its immediate vicinity to the Wharves, Bank, "Telegraph" office, and the principal business offices, and principal seats of business, renders it one of the most eligible business stands in the City. It is at present occupied by Messrs. Long and Charles, and is a desirable site for a Hotel, for which it is admirably adapted.

Second—That pleasantly situated COTTAGE OFFICE, in the corner of Princess and Fitzroy Streets, opposite Holland Grove and the residence of Hon. Dr. Young, at present in the occupation of Mr. Samuel Butt, and opposite a part of Town Lot No. 76, in the Fourth Hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown, measuring seventy-two feet in length, and containing the same piece of land, and eighty-four feet on the South side of Fitzroy Street. The pleasant situation, and its being on the highest land, makes it one of the most desirable sites for a residence, or for a Hotel, for which it is admirably adapted.

Third—A VALUABLE LOT OF LEASEHOLD LAND, on the North side of Water Street, on which it has a frontage of thirty-eight feet, running back sixty feet, and containing the same piece of land, and being situated in the heart of the City, and in the most eligible business stands in the City. It is at present occupied by Messrs. Long and Charles, and is a desirable site for a Hotel, for which it is admirably adapted.

Fourth—That pleasantly situated COTTAGE OFFICE, in the corner of Princess and Fitzroy Streets, opposite Holland Grove and the residence of Hon. Dr. Young, at present in the occupation of Mr. Samuel Butt, and opposite a part of Town Lot No. 76, in the Fourth Hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown, measuring seventy-two feet in length, and containing the same piece of land, and eighty-four feet on the South side of Fitzroy Street. The pleasant situation, and its being on the highest land, makes it one of the most desirable sites for a residence, or for a Hotel, for which it is admirably adapted.

CHARLES BELL, Charlottetown, May 25, 1863.

Leasehold Farm for Sale.

TO be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, at the Colonial Building, in Charlottetown, on TUESDAY, the 11th day of August next, at the hour of 10 o'clock, by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage, dated the 27th day of June, 1861, and made between Bernard Shannon of Township 35, Farmer, and John Knight of the County of St. John, Merchant, of the one part, and all the unexpired term of 99 years (commencing on the 24th day of August, 1861) of the other part, and John Knight of Souris, merchant, of the one part, and all the unexpired term of 99 years (commencing on the 24th day of August, 1861) of the other part, and the said Bernard Shannon, and made the 24th day of November, 1841, of an end to that tract of land situate in Bedford Parish, in Queen's County, and running from the North side of St. Peter's Road, and running from the North side, one degree East, seventy-one chains; the West side, one degree North, five chains and five links; the South side, one degree East, seven chains and thirty links; the East side, one degree South, six chains and fifty links; and containing the same piece of land, and being situated in the heart of the City, and in the most eligible business stands in the City. It is at present occupied by Messrs. Long and Charles, and is a desirable site for a Hotel, for which it is admirably adapted.

For further particulars apply to the Subscriber or his Solicitor.

Dated at Souris, this 10th July, 1863.

CHARLES PALMER, Solicitor. JOHN KNIGHT, July 13.

A WELL FINISHED DWELLING

HOUSE and STORE, with a good Granary and a well of water, situated on the North side of St. Peter's Bay. Apply to Andrew A. McDonald, Georgetown, or to the premises to JOHN R. ECKER, Head St. Peter's Bay, 16th April, 1863. 1f

A Schooner of 50 Tons.

I HAVE the Spars, Standing and Running Rigging, Blocks, Patent Windlasses, Guns and Anchors, Boat and other small gear, second hand, which I will sell low, and take Freight in exchange. They can be seen here.

100 Pine Ash-bound FISH BARRELS. GEO. W. HOWLAND, Casemonger, Feb. 9, 1863.

THE MANSION HOUSE.

THE SUBSCRIBER—late of the "Terrace House"—has leased the large building on the corner of Powell & King Streets, in this City, and has had it remodelled and now is prepared to receive a large number of guests. He solicits the patronage of his friends and the travelling public to the "MANSION HOUSE," which is conveniently situated for travellers on either business or pleasure, being near the Steamboat landing, Bank and Reading Rooms.

EDMUND MAWLEY, Proprietor, Ch. Town, P. E. I., June 1, 1863. 1f

LITERATURE.

THE CRY IN THE DARK.

It was on Windermere, one sunny evening last autumn but one, that the following adventure was told me by a kindly middle-aged gentleman, whose pleasant acquaintance I had made at the hotel where I was staying. We had come out with the intention of fishing, and were anchored about twenty yards off shore on the farther side of the lake; but finding the perch in no humour to bite while the sun was high, we sat chatting and smoking, and watching the purple shadows steal slowly up the sides of the great hills that girded the head of the lake, bidding our time patiently till the fish should be hungry enough to be tempted by our bait. I had been taking a walking tour through Lakeland, and my companion had made the ascent of Fairfield on the previous day; so that our conversation, working gradually round from divergent points, at length fell naturally on pedestrianism, and the amount of health and pleasure to be derived from travelling through a country on foot; and it was upon this hint that my companion spoke as follows:

"When I was a young fellow (said he), that is to say, more than thirty summers ago, I was as fond of walking tours as anybody. The first I ever took was through Cornwall, when I was but a lad of seventeen, on which occasion I met with a little adventure, which, with your good pleasure, I will relate to you as soon as I have lighted another cigar."

"With a six weeks' holiday in view before returning to the drudgery of my father's office, and with a purse not badly supplied, I set out on my tour, determined to enjoy myself after my own free and independent fashion; and to thoroughly explore the romantic country I had chosen as the scene of my wanderings, which was at that time little better than terra incognita to the ordinary run of tourists, who firmly believed they had seen everything that was worth seeing after staying for a few hours in each of the principal towns, and viewing the intermediate country from the top of a coach, or the windows of a post-chaise. For my part, I discarded all guide-books and road-maps; and never knew, when I set out in the morning, what spot would be my resting-place at night. I delighted in cross-roads, and country lanes, and sheep tracks among the hills; any footpath or bye-way that led from the dusty prosaic high-road had allurements for me that I could rarely resist. I had been leading this pleasant sort of life for about a fortnight, gradually working my way southwestward towards the sea, when late one afternoon—a gloomy overcast afternoon, as I well remember—I overtook a pedlar among the hills, a German Jew fellow, with a box hanging from a strap over his shoulder; and as the road was very lonely, and we both happened to be going the same way, we naturally fell into conversation; for in those days I was always ready to make the acquaintance of anybody. The road we were travelling was little more than a bridle path among the hills which I had taken by chance, neither knowing nor caring whether it might lead me; and it was to such effect that I answered my companion, when he asked me for what place I was bound, and a little shrug of the shoulders, which might either be one of pity at the idea of any rational being finding pleasure or profit in such aimless wanderings, or one of disapproval at what he perhaps considered a too transparent attempt to impose upon his credulity. After trudging along in silence for a short time, he remarked that he was bound for a certain town which he named, some dozen miles away; that he had taken the road through the hills, hoping to find it a near cut; that he had never been that way before; and that he heard there was a roadside inn some mile or two further on, where we could probably obtain accommodation for the night, as it would be dark in less than an hour, and to attempt to find one's way across the moors after dark would be the height of folly. He concluded by asking me if I did not want a splendid gold watch, or a chain, or a ring, or a breastpin, or a set of studs—any or all of which he would let me have at a ridiculously low figure. Finding all his attempts to trade no avail, he shrugged his shoulders again, pulled up his box a little higher on his back, and, becoming *lon camarade* on the instant, offered me his box full of choice foreign tobacco, and suggested a friendly pipe as the best alleviation of the toils of the way; a proposition to which I readily agreed, for, young as I was, I had learned the art of smoking. And so, walking, smoking, and chatting pleasantly together, an hour or more sped quickly away; and I hardly knew how nearly dark it was till my companion pointed to a faint light shining in the distance, and declared that it must proceed from the inn of which we were in quest. I have said nothing hitherto as to the personal appearance of my pedlar friend. In person he was thin and wiry, with keen mobile features, sharpened and intensified by the close bargaining of many years. In age he might be fifty, or rather more; and his hair and beard, both of them long and tangled, and once black, were now fast becoming grey. He wore small gold spectacles through his ears. He spoke good English, but with a slight foreign accent; and, finally, I gathered from his brass-lettered box that his name was Max Jacoby."

"Toiling slowly upward, we at length reached the summit of the hill, and found ourselves close to the inn of which we were in search. The light we had seen so far away proceeded from a lantern suspended from the roof of a rude shed close to the inn, where a tall, brawny young savage, of most forbidding aspect, was effecting some rude repairs to a rickety tumble-down cart. There was a light, too, in at least one room of the inn, as we saw through a chink in the wooden shutter with the window was jealously guarded; otherwise the place seemed dark, silent, and tenantless. On enquiring of the young savage whether we could be accommodated for the night, he replied that he did not know, but that we had better knock at the door and ask the master. Not being in the habit of knocking at the doors of country inns, I lifted the latch, intending to walk in without ceremony; but finding the door would not yield to my efforts, I was obliged, after all, to

accept the suggestion offered me, and knock. A delay of half a minute or so, and then the door was opened as far as the chain within would allow, and the landlord stood before us and enquired what we wanted. Could he accommodate us for the night? was asked. He rubbed his hand slowly over his chin, mused a moment, and then replied that he thought he could perhaps do so, unfastening the chain at the same time to admit us.

"We found ourselves in a room of considerable size, poorly furnished with a few chairs, and two tables of the commonest kind, but looking cheerful just then in the light of the large fire burning in a grate at one end of the room. Jacoby drew a chair up to the fire with an air of enjoyment, and relieved himself of his box, placing it close to his side where he could keep a half-eye constantly upon it, requesting me at the same time to order what I pleased for supper. The landlord had disappeared into an inner room or kitchen, from which there now issued, in answer to my summons, a tall, big-boned mulatto woman, attired in a check cotton gown, and having a red handkerchief bound round her head. This apparition was so unexpected, and seemed to me so ludicrous and out of place in a lonely Cornish inn, that I could not help bursting into an irrepressible fit of laughter as the woman stepped forward into the room; but the dark scowl that chased away the good-natured grin with which she had just greeted me, warned me not to carry my amusement too far. On strict inquiry, the capabilities of the house revealed themselves into an unlimited supply of eggs and bacon; so we were faint to give our orders accordingly. After the remnants of the meal had been cleared away, the landlord himself entered the room to ask what we would like to drink. Certainly a very low, smooth, insinuating voice, very different from that of a rude country landlord. He was a large-built fleshy man, with a red, fresh-coloured, whiskerless face, which gave him at the first glance the idea of great good-nature, combined with an equal amount of stolid indolence; but when those heavy overhanging lids were fairly raised, and you caught a glance from the grey restless eyes beneath them—restless and treacherous as those of a tiger—then you felt that there was something more than somewhat good nature about this man,—that there was an iron will to do and to dare beneath that impassive exterior.

"Jacoby chose some whiskey on the landlord's recommendation, and I ordered a tumbler of the same, more for 'the good of the house,' as the saying is, than because I cared to drink it. On Jacoby's invitation the landlord came and joined us; for the pedlar was fond of society, and probably thought he saw some chance of driving a bargain; at all events, after imbibing a glass or two of whiskey, he grew more talkative than ever, and at last lifted his box on to his knees, opened it, and spread out on the table a quantity of cheap jewellery, which looked very bright and glittering in candle-light, but was, in reality, of very small intrinsic value; and endeavoured, by a voluble and energetic harangue, to tempt the landlaid into becoming a purchaser. That calm and sententious individual examined the baubles one by one, replaced them carefully on the table, and ended by expressing his opinion of them a little silent laugh, and two or three extra pulls from his pipe; thereby intimating, as plainly as though he had said so in as many words, 'Rubbish, every bit of it; don't attempt to deceive me!'"

"Jacoby, with a shrug, put away his wares, closed his box and resumed his pipe. A grateful space of silence intervened. The pedlar was drinking heavily, and the landlord took care to keep his glass constantly replenished. Before long the effects of the fiery liquor began to make themselves visible in his flushed face, and thick unsteady tones; that mixture of shrewdness and caution which, so far as I could judge, characterised his dealings with every one, seemed suddenly to desert him; he became at once noisy, boastful, and confiding.

"I've something here, now, that it will do your eyes good to look at," he exclaimed, drawing a small leather bag from some hidden pocket. 'Gams of the first water. See here, and here! What do you say to these? and he poured into his hand a number of small brilliants, all of them unset, which, even in that wretched light, shone and scintillated like star dust, or chippings from the great belt of Orion. 'Oh, my darlings, how I love you!' said Jacoby fondly, 'you're easier to carry than silver or gold, and far prettier to look at. A ragged coat is not always the sign of a poor man, master landlord!'"

"He shook his head with drunken gravity; gave another big look at his treasures; then deposited them in the bag; and by a slight-of-hand movement disposed of the bag and its contents without his person. The landlord's heavy eyelids were lifted with surprise as the pedlar held out the brilliant in his palm; and he greeted them with long stately glances from the corners of his greedy, treacherous eyes, then let his eyelids fall again, and went on with his smoking as though there were no such things as diamonds in the world.

"You do not drink, young gentleman," said the landlord to me after a while. 'I am afraid the whiskey is not to your taste.' 'The whiskey is very excellent, I have no doubt,' I replied; 'but I rarely drink spirits of any kind, more especially when I have a long day's walk before me on the morrow.'"

"Then perhaps you will allow me to brew you a cup of *cafe-au-lait*. I learnt the art when I was a young fellow knocking about Paris, and I flatter myself that I can do it tolerably well. And you, too, Mr. Pedlar, would be none the worse for a drop of coffee. What say you?"

"Just as you like, *mein Knabe*; just as you like. This drink which I have here is very good, but I suppose I have enough of it. The landlord set to work with alacrity, and in a few minutes produced an excellent cup of coffee, such, certainly, as I had never tasted before. Immediately after the coffee was ready, Jacoby and I arose, and asked to be shown to our rooms, for we had the prospect of a long tramp before us the next day. The mulatto woman and the young savage had retired some time before, so the landlord in person lighted our candles, and ushered us up the rickety stairs, on the top

of which we found ourselves in a gloomy corridor lighted from the roof, having doors opening out on to either side. My room was at one end of this passage, and Jacoby's at the other. The landlord having seen each of us into his room, bade us a cheerful good-night; and the next moment I heard the creaking of the stair as he went down into the lower parts of the house. I was about to close my door, when Jacoby called to me from his room, 'Good-night, old fellow! Don't oversleep 'yself in the morning!' I responded to his greeting, and then closed and locked the door. The bedroom, like every other part of the house I had seen, was poorly and scantily furnished, and was of an old-fashioned, tumble-down appearance. Across the whole length of the low ceiling ran a thick heavy beam, from the middle of which stood out conspicuously a small stork hook, which at once connected itself in my mind with the idea of some antecedent suicide; the floor in many places was rough and uneven; the window consisted of small diamond panes set in lead, and barred with iron; the door was of old black oak; and there was a descent of two steps into the room.

"I had sat down to note these things, and was partly undressed, when I suddenly stumbled forward, and found that I had unconsciously gone to sleep while sitting in the chair. A dead stupor and lethargy, such as I had never experienced before, seemed suddenly to weigh down both my body and brain. I got up, but could scarcely stand; and when I attempted to walk, I reeled forward towards the bed like a drunken man; and sank with my head on the pillow, weighed down by a heaviness unexpressed; and knew nothing more. The coffee had undoubtedly been drugged.

"How long I had slept I cannot tell—whether hours, or minutes only—when I suddenly found myself sitting up in bed, trembling with horror, and with a wild cry of agony ringing shrilly through my brain. 'Murder!'"

"The sharp intense cry of one in dire extremity. Whose voice it was that gave utterance to it, and from what part of the house it proceeded, I could not tell; I only knew that without any preliminary waking, as it seemed to me, I found myself sitting up in bed, staring, with wildly-beating heart, into the intense darkness around me, not remembering for the moment where I was, my brain still ringing with that terrible cry. But I had scarcely time to gather my scattered wits together, when following quickly on the cry, came the sound of a pistol-shot close at hand; and then a heavy fall on the floor; and then all was still.

"I had called to mind by this time where I was, and all the occurrences of the evening; and on hearing the shot I leaped out of bed, and made for the door, and after groping about for a moment or two found it. I had locked the door before going into bed, and now fastened it; but on attempting to open it, I found that I could not do so. It was evidently fastened outside; but for what purpose? Had it been done to prevent me from going to the assistance of the pedlar? That cry, that pistol-shot—poor Jacoby must have been murdered in his bed, and it would doubtless be my turn next! Dead men tell no tales.

"I was without arms, except a small elasp knife; a knife which I had when a school-lad, and still carried from long habit. This would probably be of little or no service in any coming encounter, but I got it ready nevertheless, tying my handkerchief round the haft so as to obtain a firmer grip. Nothing in the room I could have piled against the door could have offered for one moment the entrance of any one determined on coming in. I examined the window again, hoping to find sufficient space between the bars to allow of my creeping through and dropping to the ground; but the hope proved futile. I groped my way back to the bed, and sat down on the edge of it. I trembled no longer. The first surprise was over, and although the suspense was terrible, I prepared like a man to meet the worst that could happen to me. I felt very cold, chilled to the marrow, so I laid down my knife for a moment, and wrapped my travelling plaid carefully round me. My thoughts wandered away to my mother. How she would wonder what had become of her boy, and sit at home with sad patience, month after month, waiting to greet him who would never cross the threshold more; but a little sob that burst impressively from my heart warned me not to give way, and I called my thoughts to the imminent danger now before me. 'Yes, I would sell my life dearly, if they did not shoot me down before I had time to make one effort for my deliverance. But why did they not come! A deathlike silence reigned through the whole house; not a whisper; not a footfall; a silence and darkness as of the grave, intense and horrible, not long to be borne without madness. Was my bedroom door really fast? Had I, in my nervous haste, examined it sufficiently to be sure of the fact? I rose, and groped my way to the door, and examined it carefully again, a quivering thrill of fear again, and went on with his smoking as though there were no such things as diamonds in the world.

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"You do not drink, young gentleman," said the landlord to me after a while. 'I am afraid the whiskey is not to your taste.' 'The whiskey is very excellent, I have no doubt,' I replied; 'but I rarely drink spirits of any kind, more especially when I have a long day's walk before me on the morrow.'"

"Then perhaps you will allow me to brew you a cup of *cafe-au-lait*. I learnt the art when I was a young fellow knocking about Paris, and I flatter myself that I can do it tolerably well. And you, too, Mr. Pedlar, would be none the worse for a drop of coffee. What say you?"

"Just as you like, *mein Knabe*; just as you like. This drink which I have here is very good, but I suppose I have enough of it. The landlord set to work with alacrity, and in a few minutes produced an excellent cup of coffee, such, certainly, as I had never tasted before. Immediately after the coffee was ready, Jacoby and I arose, and asked to be shown to our rooms, for we had the prospect of a long tramp before us the next day. The mulatto woman and the young savage had retired some time before, so the landlord in person lighted our candles, and ushered us up the rickety stairs, on the top

of which we found ourselves in a gloomy corridor lighted from the roof, having doors opening out on to either side. My room was at one end of this passage, and Jacoby's at the other. The landlord having seen each of us into his room, bade us a cheerful good-night; and the next moment I heard the creaking of the stair as he went down into the lower parts of the house. I was about to close my door, when Jacoby called to me from his room, 'Good-night, old fellow! Don't oversleep 'yself in the morning!' I responded to his greeting, and then closed and locked the door. The bedroom, like every other part of the house I had seen, was poorly and scantily furnished, and was of an old-fashioned, tumble-down appearance. Across the whole length of the low ceiling ran a thick heavy beam, from the middle of which stood out conspicuously a small stork hook, which at once connected itself in my mind with the idea of some antecedent suicide; the floor in many places was rough and uneven; the window consisted of small diamond panes set in lead, and barred with iron; the door was of old black oak; and there was a descent of two steps into the room.

"I had sat down to note these things, and was partly undressed, when I suddenly stumbled forward, and found that I had unconsciously gone to sleep while sitting in the chair. A dead stupor and lethargy, such as I had never experienced before, seemed suddenly to weigh down both my body and brain. I got up, but could scarcely stand; and when I attempted to walk, I reeled forward towards the bed like a drunken man; and sank with my head on the pillow, weighed down by a heaviness unexpressed; and knew nothing more. The coffee had undoubtedly been drugged.

"How long I had slept I cannot tell—whether hours, or minutes only—when I suddenly found myself sitting up in bed, trembling with horror, and with a wild cry of agony ringing shrilly through my brain. 'Murder!'"

"The sharp intense cry of one in dire extremity. Whose voice it was that gave utterance to it, and from what part of the house it proceeded, I could not tell; I only knew that without any preliminary waking, as it seemed to me, I found myself sitting up in bed, staring, with wildly-beating heart, into the intense darkness around me, not remembering for the moment where I was, my brain still ringing with that terrible cry. But I had scarcely time to gather my scattered wits together, when following quickly on the cry, came the sound of a pistol-shot close at hand; and then a heavy fall on the floor; and then all was still.

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