

F. P. NORTON, Auctioneer & Commission Merchant. GEORGETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND

Marine Insurance Company of PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. Incorporated 14th April, 1863.

WILLIAM HEARD, Esquire,
President.
Directors: HON. DANIEL DAVIS, Esq., HON. JAS. C. POPE, HON. W. W. LORR, HON. GEO. BEER, JAMES DUNCAN, Esq., HENRY HASZARD, Esq.
Secretary: DANIEL J. ROBERTS.
Office: 115 Market Street, opposite the Water Street.

The Liverpool and London FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The Agent for the above first class English Fire Insurance Company is authorized to call the attention of the public to the advantages of the assured, and to the security of the assured, and to the promptness of the assured, which, without disparaging other Companies, may be safely asserted to be superior to those afforded by any other Company in the Island. The Liverpool and London F. & L. Insurance Company has been in successful operation since 1836, with agencies all over the world, and has paid in losses upwards of £2,000,000 sterling. Its subscribed capital is £2,000,000 sterling, and its invested funds amount to £1,250,000 sterling; and the fire and life insurance business is conducted in the most judicious and profitable manner. The Company has been established before the recent Limited Liability Act, the individual fortunes of each of the shareholders being limited to the amount of their respective shares in the Company, and the Company is not liable for the losses, should the whole of the capital be swept away. The Company is licensed by the Government of Liverpool and London, and is liable for the losses, should the whole of the capital be swept away. The Company is licensed by the Government of Liverpool and London, and is liable for the losses, should the whole of the capital be swept away.

Letter of Rev. E. F. Crane, Chaplain of the 107th New York Regiment.

NEAR AQUILA CREEK, March 4th, 1863.

Owing to the great exposure and terrible decomposition after the battle of Antietam, I was utterly prostrated and very sick. My stomach would not retain medicine. An article called Plantation Bitters, prepared by Dr. Drake, of New York, was prescribed to give me strength and an appetite. To my great surprise they gave me immediate relief. Two bottles almost all-went to join my regiment. I have since seen them used in many cases, and am free to say, for hospital or private purposes, I know of nothing like them.

Rev. E. F. Crane, Chaplain.

Letter from the Rev. N. E. Gibbs, St. Clairsville, Pa.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, Pa., March 10th, 1863.

Dear Sir:—You were kind enough, on a former occasion, to send me a half dozen bottles of Plantation Bitters for \$3.00. My wife having derived much benefit from the use of these Bitters, I desire to continue them, and you will please send us six bottles more for the money enclosed.

I am, very truly, yours,
N. E. Gibbs, Pastor G. B. Church.

SOLDIERS' HOME, Superintendent's Office,
CINCINNATI, Ohio, Jan. 13th, 1863.

I have given your Plantation Bitters to hundreds of our noble soldiers who step here, more or less disabled from various causes, and the effect is marvellous and gratifying.

Such a preparation as this I heartily wish in every family, in every hospital, and at hand on every battle field.

G. W. D. ANDREWS, Superintendent.

Dr. W. A. Childs, Surgeon of the Tenth Vermont Regiment, writes:—I wish every soldier had a bottle of Plantation Bitters. They are the most effective, perfect, and harmless tonic I ever used.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 24th, 1863.

GENTLEMEN:—We require another supply of your Plantation Bitters, the popularity of which daily increases with the guests of our house.

Respectfully,
Stokes, Chadwick & Co.
No. 100 Broadway, N. Y.

Sold by all respectable Druggists, Physicians, Grocers, Hotels, Saloons, and country Dealers.
Sept. 14, 1863.

E. P. U. C. R.—T. A. Hunnell's Great Remedies.

Hunnell's Eclectic Pills.—THE TRUE FORM OF A CATHARTIC.—By the application of true Medical Laws, both cathartic and economy are combined in this most valuable Pill. To prevent putting into the stomach such quantities of irritating and injurious drugs usually contained in Pills that require from four to six to get a decent cathartic, and to prevent the Gripping Pains so erroneously judged to be evidence of character, was the object of the inventor. The dose seldom exceeding one and never more than two Pills, settles the question of economy, and confidence is asked to test their true character in Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, Piles, Hemorrhoids, and all the Stomach and Bowels, and as a true Family Pill. For Worms they are a sure cure.

Hunnell's Universal Cough Remedy.—The basis of this truly wonderful preparation, now of such well-earned celebrity, is a freedom from every component calculated to debilitate, and by such to allow the greatest freedom of use, day or night, as the only true remedy by which Cough and Lung Complaints can be effectually cured.

To prevent asking attention to long stories of great cures, when local causes make almost all such complaints different in kind, I would ask confidence which will be accorded, in Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis and Asthmatic Complaints, Whooping Cough, and all other Coughs, and Lung Complaints, which when neglected, end in Consumption. Testimonials from Physicians of the highest respectability, and from invalids, can be seen at my office by all interested.

Hunnell's Tonic Anodyne.—This justly celebrated preparation, which is truly earned the name and fame of a True Anodyne by results which had baffled every other attempt at cure or relief in Nervousness, Gout, Nervous Headache, Tooth and Ear Ache, Cholera Morosa, Pains in the Stomach or Bowels, Hysteria, Distress after Eating, Loss of Sleep, General Nervous Debility, Paroxysms in Asthma and Whooping Cough, now declared to be largely nervous, and the pains in Monthly Menstruation, also declared to be one of the most important points in medicine. A lady writes from New York, "were it ten dollars a drop, I would not be without it in my family, and not one should be without it."

For sale by all Wholesale and Retail Dealers.
JOHN L. HUNNELL, Proprietor,
Practical Chemist, Boston, Mass.
N. B.—The greatest freedom of correspondence solicited. Dealers with good references supplied on Commission.

W. R. Watson, T. DesBrisay, M. W. Skinner, Wholesale and Retail Agents,
Charlottetown, [Jan. 11, 1863.]

GOLD! GOLD!

THE Subscriber offers for sale, at his shop, Great George Street, a splendid lot of Gold Ear Rings, Brooches, Links, Lockets, Fanciful Finger Rings, Pins, Sticks, Keys, Chains, &c. &c. Also—Some nice Jewels, consisting of—Horizontal, four holes Watched, in silver—£3 10 0
Ladies' Rings, in Gold, set with Diamonds—10 0 0
In Hunting Cases, in Gold—14 10 0
Levers, Thirteen Jewels—6 0 0
A. PURCHASE, Watchmaker,
Ch. Town, Nov. 30, 1863. Scudder's Corner.

Valuable Lots in Georgetown FOR SALE.

TO be sold, by PUBLIC AUCTION on TUESDAY, the 8th day of March next, 10 o'clock, a.m.,
Water Lot No. 10, in Georgetown.

The above Lot is the second to the westward of Captain Westaway's Wharf, and is one of the most convenient Lots in Georgetown, either for Ship-building or erecting a Wharf.

At the same time and place, TOWN LOT NO. 11, 4th Range, Letter G, in Georgetown.

Time will be given for part of the price. For further particulars apply to Messrs. PALMER & MACLEOD, Attorneys, Charlottetown. Dated 10th Feb. 1864.

CHAS. PALMER, Solicitor. JAMES MACLEOD & CO. 141-170

SALE OF Valuable Freehold Property, TO be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION,

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, 1859, and made between the Honourable William Fagan, of the County of Charlotte, and Susan Keays, his wife, of the one part, and Daniel Hodgson, of Charlotte, of the other part, and by said Daniel Hodgson assigned to me,—All those Tracts, Pieces and Lots of Land, being Part of Lots Numbers Nineteen (19), Twenty-six (26), Thirty-four (34), and Forty-two (42), in the County of Charlotte, aforesaid, as the same are delineated and laid down at 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, DANIEL J. ROBERTS, in this City, on the 28th inst. A. D. 1863.

WILLIAM H. ROBERTS,
JOSEPH HENSLER, Solicitor.

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

TO be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, on the 28th inst. at 10 o'clock, a.m., 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, 1859, and made between the Honourable William Fagan, of the County of Charlotte, and Susan Keays, his wife, of the one part, and Daniel Hodgson, of Charlotte, of the other part, and by said Daniel Hodgson assigned to me,—All those Tracts, Pieces and Lots of Land, being Part of Lots Numbers Nineteen (19), Twenty-six (26), Thirty-four (34), and Forty-two (42), in the County of Charlotte, aforesaid, as the same are delineated and laid down at 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.

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WILLIAM H. ROBERTS,
JOSEPH HENSLER, Solicitor.

30 ACRES OF LAND, Township Forty-four, in King's County, commencing on the North bank of Rollo Bay, at the southwest angle of Simon Burke's Farm, thence southward along the said bank, and thence south of 4 chains and 69 links, thence North 80 degrees, East 69 chains and 50 links, to the rear of John Rossier's Farm, thence South 80 degrees, East 69 chains and 50 links, thence South 80 degrees, West 69 chains and 50 links, or until it meets the west line of Fiddle Deane's farm, and thence South 80 degrees, West, about said Fiddle Deane's south line to the said Bank or place of commencement, having been conveyed to William Douglas, senior, to this subscriber by deed dated the 22nd January, 1858.

Terms and other particulars made known on application to the Subscriber or to the Hon. JOSEPH HENSLER, at his Office in Charlotte, on the 28th inst. A. D. 1863.

WILLIAM H. ROBERTS,
JOSEPH HENSLER, Solicitor.

356 Acres of LAND, Seventy of which are cleared and in a high state of cultivation; 30 acres can be got ready for the plough at any time, and the remainder are covered with good Pine and Spruce Timber, Scouting for Fencing Staff. There is also a good MARSH for cattle to be cut about 30 tons of Hay, annually, in a bushing of about 1000 acres, and a fine lot of land on the farm. Also two never failing springs of excellent water on the farm. There is a large and commodious Dwelling House, with a good kitchen and outbuildings, and a good well of water at the Kitchen Door. A large quantity of Stable Manure sufficient to enable a purchaser to commence in the spring. The above property is situated about a mile from Georgetown, on the 28th inst. at 10 o'clock, a.m., 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, 1859, and made between the Honourable William Fagan, of the County of Charlotte, and Susan Keays, his wife, of the one part, and Daniel Hodgson, of Charlotte, of the other part, and by said Daniel Hodgson assigned to me,—All those Tracts, Pieces and Lots of Land, being Part of Lots Numbers Nineteen (19), Twenty-six (26), Thirty-four (34), and Forty-two (42), in the County of Charlotte, aforesaid, as the same are delineated and laid down at 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.

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WILLIAM H. ROBERTS,
JOSEPH HENSLER, Solicitor.

ROYALTY LOTS. TO LET, for such term of years as may be agreed on, and situated in whole or in part, that BEAUTIFUL SITUATED FARM, belonging to the Subscriber, fronting on 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.

FOR SALE, THAT pleasantly situated and well finished DWELLING HOUSE and PREMISES, now in the occupation of DR. INGALLS, in the County of Charlotte, at the entrance of the Saint Peter's Road, and opposite to the residence of LEMUEL C. OWEN, Esquire,—the property of the late John Egan—equally on application to

DANIEL BREXAN, Executors and RICHARD REDDIN, Trustees,
Charlottetown, August 3, 1863. 181-170

Valuable Freehold Property FOR SALE.

Will be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION on the premises on the 17th day of MARCH NEXT, at 1 o'clock, PINE PASTURE LOTS, Nos. 20, 21, 22, 63 and 64, all of which are in a high state of cultivation, situated in Prince Edward County. There is a good DWELLING HOUSE on the premises. The above property being near the School House, Church, and Public Wharf, would make a first rate stand for a merchant or mechanic.

Terms made known of day of sale; any further information can be obtained of the Subscriber on the premises.

WILLIAM H. MCKAY,
Princeton, Feb. 28, 1864.

TIMBER FOR SALE. A QUANTITY OF PINE TIMBER

which can be deliv'd in Charlottetown on the opening of the navigation.

Forty cubic Sills, length 30 feet, 8 x 10 inches square, and 10 cubic Posts from 7 to 8 feet long, 10 x 10 inches square.

Any further information can be had from Mr. W. Wilson, Charlottetown, or the Subscriber, at West Cape, Lot 8, Feb. 22, 1864. wily 61

FOR SALE. A FIRST RATE ONE HORSE NEW PATENT THRESHING MACHINE, warranted perfect, will be sold cheap, and true given for payment, if purchased soon.

THEOPHILUS DESBRISAY,
Ch. Town, Feb. 8, 1864.

LITERATURE. THE SNOW DRIFT.

'Tis a fearful night in the Winter time,
As cold as it ever can be;
The roar of the blast is heard like the chime
Of the waves on the angry sea.
The moon is full; but her silver light
The storm dashes out with its wings to-night;
And over the sky from South to North
Not a star is seen as the wind comes forth
In the strength of a mighty gale.

All day had the snow come down—all day—
As it never came down before—
And over the hills, at sunset, lay
Some two or three feet or more;
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;
The windows blocked, and the well-curb gone;
The hay-stack had grown to a mountain high;
And the wood-pile looked like a monster drift,
As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,
While the air grows sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of the fearful blow
Is heard on the distant hill;
And the North, set on the mountain peak,
In his breath howls the old trees with shriek!
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow;
He shouts on the plains, Ho-ho! ho-ho!

And growls with a savage thrill.
Such a night as this to be found abroad,
In the drifts and the freezing air!
Sits a shivering dog, in the lee of the road,
With the snow in his shaggy hair.
He shuts his eyes to the wind and growls;
He lifts his head and moans and howls;
Then crouching low, from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet—
Pray what does the dog do there!

A farmer came from the village plain,
But he lost the travelled way,
And for hours he trudged with might and main
A path for his horse and sleigh.
But colder still the cold winds blew,
And deeper still the deep drifts grew,
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
At last in her struggles floundered down,
Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a sigh and a frozen snout,
She plunged into the drifting snow,
While her master urged, till his breath grew short,
With a word and a gentle blow.
But the snow was deep and the trace were tight;
His hands were numb and had lost their might;
So he waddled back to his half-filled sleigh,
And strove to shelter himself till day.

With his coat and the buffalo,
He has given the last faint jerk of the rein,
To rouse up his dying steed;
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain
For help in his master's need.
For a while he strives, with a wistful cry,
To catch a glance from his drooping eye,
And wags his tail if the rude wind flap
The skirt of the buffalo over his lip.

And whines when he takes no heed.
The wind goes down and the storm is o'er—
'Tis the hour of midnight, past,
The old trees wail and bend no more
In the whirl of the rushing blast.
The silent moon, with her peaceful light,
Looks down on the hills with snow all white,
And the giant shadow of Gabel's Hump,
The blunted pine and the ghostly stump,
Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead, by the hidden log,
Are they who came from the town—
The man in his sleigh and his faithful dog,
And his beautiful Morgan brown;
In the white snow desert, far and grand,
With his cap on his head and his reins in his hand,
The dog with his nose on his master's feet,
And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet,
Where she lay when she floundered down.

THE SHADOW.

I was travelling toward evening on one of those great moors, covered with low grass and scattered stones of granite common enough in Cornwall. The gorge was covered with snow, and the huge granite rocks that rose here and there, pushing their way out of the earth from the stratum below, looked dazzling in their white covering. I was on foot. I had come a long way and was weary. It was, then, a matter of great anxiety to me when, after an hour's walking, I discovered that I had lost the track. It had never been more than a bridle road, and it was quite choked up with snow; it was rare in Cornwall, had evidently deterred any traveller from choosing this shorter route, and the great black ridge lay now before my eyes in unbroken whiteness, unmarked by step of man or beast.

In vain I turned to the right and left, seeking to recover the lost path, or at least to find some blessed footprint that should speak to me in accents clear as human voice of help and shelter. None such met my view. If any wayfarer had lately passed that solitary waste, the fast falling snow had buried him, and I was left alone with my weary feet marked their way.

I stood still in despair and gazed around. As far as I could see stretched one wide waste of snow dotted here and there by the rugged granite, that uprose in solid masses from the earth. The snow fell thickly, blinding me as I looked; but I fancied in the dim distance I could define the form of a solitary tree.

I stood patiently waiting till some momentary lull should quiet the sharp wind, which was now whirling the blinding snow into my face, and thus enable me to judge whether this indistinct object was a tree or not. In a short time such a lull occurred; the snow ceased suddenly to fall, and I felt convinced there was a tree, being also equally certain it could not be growing on the common itself. This inhospitable soil, scarcely an inch thick, resting on the primal granite, could not shelter the roots of a tree. Here, then, were the limits of the moor. By the tree I should at least find a more hospitable country—meadows, roads, perhaps a village. I determined to steer straight for this point, abandoning all hope of reaching the place for which I had set out. By this means only could I hope to escape from this interminable waste, which, perhaps, stretched miles on either side of me. Shading my eyes with my hand, I looked at my landmark, and judged it to be about three miles distant, and with cheerful courage, counting the distance but little in my new hopes, I started at a brisk walk in spite of my weariness.

Night fell suddenly around me as I sped on, but the moon had risen early in the afternoon, and her bright light enabled me to keep the tree constantly in view. I soon discovered that I was right in my conjecture when I supposed it to be beyond the moor.

The changed character of the ground sufficed me from the object I was reaching the place for which I had set out. I was now on a hillside, and here and there a little corner enclosed by a low hedge of loose stones,

showed that cultivation was encroaching on the moorland border. These little patches in the great waste, covered as they were with snow, had an inexpressibly dreary look, making me feel the solitude more acutely from their very association with life and labor.

I plodded straight on, ever keeping the tree in front, while an oppressive sense of loneliness, weariness and cold weighed heavily upon me, added to an undefinite feeling, more painful still, that made my flesh creep and shiver. Suddenly I found myself obliged to halt before a steep embankment rising like a snowy ridge on the plain. As it wound its length to some extent on either side of me, I scrambled up its side in order to see if I might not, by crossing the enclosure, avoid the detour of skirting it. On reaching the top, I perceived it enclosed the workings of an abandoned mine. The yawning shaft was still there—a black spot in the white snow telling of depth and darkness. The ruins of buildings lay in dreary snow-covered heaps; fragments of walls, piles of rubbish scattered here and there, glittered in the moonlight with dazzling whiteness; while through it all ran a dark stream, not bound up in front, but brawling over stones and rocks in a precipitous descent till it reached a cliff, where in a shower of foam mingled with driving snow, it descended into an unknown valley lost to me in the darkness.

I stood for some moments contemplating this scene. Drear it would have been at all times; but now, in the silence of this winter night, clad in its snow garment, with that cold still moonlighting up its chill desolation, it had to me something appalling in its ruin. The fear of some hidden shaft, or open adit, deterred me from crossing this place, and determined me to skirt the embankment which indeed scarcely deserved this name, as it was in fact but heaps of stone and rubbish flung from the mine.

The great shaft lay almost at my feet. By the light of the moon I could see some way into its depths, and mark where the snow speckled its dark sides. At the edge of the yawning pit lay a row of heavy stones covered with snow. Against this moonlight shone brilliantly. I was about to turn and descend, when I was struck by the strange appearance of my shadow on the pit. It had its arms folded as I had, it gazed into the pit as I did, it was no larger or colder, or grayer than other shadows, and yet it filled me with an indescribable awe, and I felt that I did not know what possessed me to do it, but I flung my arms into the air, and as the figure did the same, there was such an expression of measureless despair in the action that, unable to bear the sight, I turned and fled.

In this flight, which had a fear in it that words cannot express, I lost my footing in the treacherous snow, and fell heavily. As I rose from the ground I fancied I heard a cry, like the sound of a human voice, arising from within the embankment, mingle with the rush of the stream, and die away in the roar of its fall. I stood still and listened, but all was silent save the dash of waters; and then reassuring myself, I essayed to continue my journey. The moon lay at my right hand, the wall of stones on my left, and on its glittering surface of snow my shadow stood out distinct and clear. For a moment my shadow only; but in an instant I saw, with a sensation that lifted every fluttering hair on my head, the shadow that had stood on the brink of the shaft, creeping stealthily behind my shadow, mocking every motion of mine, and of it, even to the terror that my own feelings impressed on this gray image of myself.

It had been a spectre-haunted man all my life long; but the shadow that had ever followed me had come in the shape of a murdered woman, sometimes accompanied by a pale sweet face I knew too well. But this was strange, unlooked for; so, with bewildered, fascinated gaze, I turned and faced my tormentor.

The shadow, I thought, was none of my raising. In the sharp outline of that haggard profile there was no likeness to my spectres. The pointed beard, the old-fashioned dress, the waving curls, spoke of a by-gone period. I marked it well, as for a moment the shadow and I stood face to face; then, setting my steps towards the dim tree, I strode resolutely forward.

The thing followed. In vain I turned and faced it, or in despair dashed rapidly to the right or the left. It was always behind me, always mocking my movements. I gathered up snow and flung it at it; in horrid mockery it repeated my action. Then berating myself for the effort, I sprang on it, and tried to grapple with its impalpable form. I only grasped the cold snow, while it stood by with unchanged face, ever expressing that one look of dire, boundless despair.

In face of this thing I was powerless, and, feeling this, I resolved on flight; but when, on turning my head, I saw it gliding on with out apparent movement, and yet close to me, I lost my self-possession, and ran hither and thither on the moor, till I saw faintly, and in the distance, the long fingers of its shadow, which I saw myself standing over me like a sentinel; the same despair in the sharp lineaments, the same strange appearance of life in its grey form.

I arose sick and numb with cold. I began to feel that if I could not soon reach some human habitation I should die. In this new fear I almost ceased to regard the spectre, and was not used to strange sights hidden to others?

All my energies were concentrated on reaching the tree, whose snow-laden branches gleamed distinctly before me. I had a small flask of brandy in my pocket; putting it to my lips, I drank all it contained, and then, less palled, less numbed with cold, I walked on with a surer step.

Often I turned to look at my companion. Some new demon surely possessed it; a thousand wicked looks were in it. On that haggard profile, with its deep lines of despair, a new malignity sat triumphant. It mocked no motion of mine now; it had a hundred of its own. It seized my shadow, and seemed to shake it, as it laid its thin long hand, of which I marked the long fingers on its shoulder, making my flesh creep at the touch, though it was not on me that gray hand rested, but only on the dim similitude of myself on the snow. Sometimes it flung its arms upward with that same gesture of measureless despair that I had marked when I first saw it standing by the old shaft.

I went steadily on, in an inexpressible feeling of relief, as I neared the tree. For hours its rugged branches had loomed before me, as an object to be reached by an effort. A thousand fancies had sprung up round its figure—ropes of rest and refreshment, visions of ruddy fires, of kind, helping hands, cheery voices, and merry faces—all, in my loneliness and pain, appearing to me with a beauty and happiness that my lonely life had never before known for me.

I reached the borders of the moor. The tree stood against the sky; so distinct every snow-laden branch that I could have counted them. It was straight before me. I hurried on with a step that had something of unreason in it, so eager and fierce had it become. A low fence now separated me from the object I had so long striven to reach. I leaped it with a glad cry, and found myself in a narrow lane, and directly in front of the tree, which was planted precisely at the point where four roads met. I rushed rather than ran towards it, so eager was I to clasp the gnarled trunk, and feel that this thing, that for so many hours had seemed to mock my endeavours to reach it, was no phantom like that gray shadow on the moor. Quick though I had been, this creature of my spectre-haunted brain was quicker. I reached the tree to see it lying beneath the branches, stretched on the snow—the shadow of a dead man.

It was impossible to mistake the sharp outline of death in the cold profile, the rigid position of the limbs, the stony look, and unmovable calm of the prostrate figure. A moment before it had stood erect, and a thousand evil lives had been in it, as it towered beneath the leafless tree—stiff, rigid, motionless, dead, and yet only like the shadow of death.

On one arm round the trunk of the old wood tree, I stood regarding it till I grew frantic. In my frenzy I determined to cover it up, and hide it from my sight in a dung armpit on it; I gathered snow around me in shining heaps, and dashed on it—always in vain. It lay there still, ever on the surface, in its immovable calmness, more hideous a thousand times than the man in a shower of foam mingled with driving snow, it descended into an unknown valley lost to me in the darkness.

Exhausted, I ceased these strange exertions, and drops of anguish fell from my forehead as I essayed in vain to leave this haunted place. Some invisible chain—some horrible attraction—kept me there, in spite of all the efforts made by my will and my reason to resist the spell. This struggle between the will and the powerless power that held me was terrible; the sweat stood on my brow, and the veins in my temples swelled like cords. I felt myself giving way when a little wooden cross standing just at the head of the shadow arrested my attention, and in spite of that horrible presence I stooped to regard it more earnestly.

By the light of the full moon I read this inscription in deeply-cut letters:
TO THE MEMORY OF REGINALD CARRINGTON.
May God have mercy on the self-murderer!
I started back. I stood, then, on the grave of a suicide. And this phantom—what was it?

I was not afraid of such things; for an early period of my life I had been shadow-haunted; but I hated the peculiar tranquility, benumbed, powerless state into which I was thrown, either by the visions themselves, or by some power which, through this state, seemed horrible to me to see them. I wiped the sweat from my brow, and, with the arm clinging to that strange tree that had beckoned me on for so many miles to this grave, I concentrated all my faculties in the one sense of listening. A human sound—the faintest echo of any human life—reaching me there, would, I felt, break the spell of this horrible chain, and I would fly from it. Gradually my strained ear caught the ripple of running waters; gratefully, pleasantly, it fell, bringing a new sense of power—a feeling of recovered strength. I unbound my arm from the deadly tree and stood upright.

Another moment, and the bark of a dog, mingled with the cheerful, hearty whistle of a running stream, broke upon my ear. With a cry of joy—released, free—I bounded from the accursed spot—from that shadow of some unseen dead man, and rushing on as headlong speed, found myself at the head of that little brook, the sound of whose rippling waters had come to me like a holy whisper of heaven in an evil place. I sprang across the stream, and like an arrow sped on my way. With a power of their own to change the current of that magnetic or spiritual influence that had held me, I know not; but the moment I had crossed I felt myself free, calm, and with full power to perform my own will in anything in which I might resolve; in a word, I was master of myself.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS. JOHN MITCHELL ON THE WAR.

In a letter dated at Richmond, and addressed to the Dublin Nation, John Mitchell says:—

"It is sad to me to think how many of our own countrymen fall on every field of this war—the Federal side, I mean; for, as to the Irishmen in the Confederate army, who fight for their homes and property, and life, against invaders, there is nothing sad in the case at all; they are in their duty, and are driven to arms by as strong and imperious motives as ever impelled Switzer to fight the Austrians at Sempach, or Hollanders to resist the invading hosts of Spain. Those Irishmen who have thronged into the Federal army have, unfortunately, made themselves guilty parties to the foulest crusade of modern times—to desolate the homes of a people who never wronged them, and a large proportion of whom are their own kindred. Cannot some humane heart be kind enough to send operations of Yankee agents in Ireland, who are soliciting emigration by large promises, not one of which will be ever fulfilled? If any unlucky Irishmen are induced to come to this continent and join the Federal army by the expectation of grants of land to be assigned to them in this Confederate country, they are to be pitied, and not to be despised, for they are to be sold, as the Irish troops have long well known, to the service of a people who despise and hate them more bitterly than even the English themselves. You are aware that the Yankee people have not an idea of their own—they derive all from England; and there is no doctrine or principle which they have imbibed so fully and so cordially as embroil, as hatred and horror of the Irish. After all the services which our countrymen have done for them, in peace or in war, there is not now in their service so much as a Brigadier-General. Shields, Meagher, Corcoran, have all been got rid of, one after the other; and it is a fact worth noting, that the Confederate service boasts a gallant Irish officer of high military rank than any Irishman ever held among the Yankees. I speak of Major-General Pat Cleburne, whose division forms part of Bragg's army, and who has distinguished himself in all the battles of the West.

But I know that many of our countrymen come over to join the Federal