THE EXAMINER:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

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

Vol. XIII. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, February 23, 1863. New Series.—No. 7.

Barque "GAZELLE."

THIS well-known regular TRADER, R. CAMERON, master, will sail from LIVERPOOL, G. B., on SATURDAY, the 28th March next. For Freight or Passage please apply at Liverpool to Messrs. D. CANNON, SONS & Co., and at Charlottetown to

W. W. LORD & CO.

THE owners of the above Vessel beg to tender their thanks to the Merchants and travelling public for the very liberal support received since this Ship has been on the route between Charlottetown and Liverpool, and solicit a continuance of the same. They beg to remind that the "Gazelle" makes her three voyages each summer regularly.

W. W. LORD & CO.

Charlottetown, Jan. 12, 1863. 2m

LONDON HOUSE.

NEW CHEAP GOODS, JUST RECEIVED,

☞ *At the Stand formerly Dempsey's, opposite Apothecaries' Hall, Queen Street.*

H. HASZARD begs to inform his friends and the public that he has received by the "Uranus," from London, the "Prioress" and "Theresa," from Liverpool, a large supply of British Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Hardware and Groceries. Having been purchased on the best terms and personally selected, they will be sold a the lowest rate for Cash only, comprising:

7 cases Dress Goods	2 bales Striped Shirtings
1 case Silks and Ribbons	1 do Bleached do
1 do Buttons & trimmings	1 do Printed Cottons
1 do Ladies' Mantles,	2 do Cloths and Doeskins
3 do Hats and Caps (great variety)	1 do Blankets and Sheets
	1 do Wadding
5 do Ready-made Clothing	1 do Carpeting & Hearth Rugs
1 do Ladies' and Gents' Waterproof Mantles & Coats	7 do Paper hanging (3000 pieces)
1 do Gloves and Hosiery	5 casks Hardware
1 do Haberdashery	4 cases do
1 do Shirts, Collars, Braces &c.	1 do Cutlery
	1 crate Coal Scuttles and Zinc Buckets
1 do Shawls and Mufflers	60 chests Tea, cheap and good
e do Jewellry, Pomatum and Soaps	
2 do India Rubber Shoes	5 casks Soda
3 Bales Brown Cottons	

—ALSO—

Crushed and Moist Sugar, Molasses, Coffee, Rice, Mustard, Starch, Blue, Raisins, Currants, Spices, Glass, Putty, Nails, Leather, Buckets, Brooms, Soap, Candles, Manilla Rope, Plough Mounting, Iron, all sizes, Sheet Iron, &c., &c.

Charlottetown, Dec. 15, 1862.

1863. NEW YEAR! 1863.

NEW GOODS, JUST RECEIVED AT THE RENFREW HOUSE,

(Thomas's Old Stand, Great George Street.)

THE subscribers have lately received the following Goods, in addition to their Fall Importations:—

Hhds SUGAR, very bright
Chests TEA, warranted good
Boxes SOAP
Boxes and Half Boxes RAISINS
Currants, Spices, Pepper
Mustard, Indigo, Starch
Weaver's Reeds, all Nos.

Rubber Goods:

Ladies' & Misses' Rubber SHOES
Do do do BOOTS
Ladies' Rubber Buskins
Children's Rubber Shoes
Mens' do COATS
And a variety of other Goods.

Also on hand:

Boiled and Raw OIL, PAINT
Putty, Window Glass, SKATES
Plough and Cart Mounting
Cut Nails, all sizes, &c. &c. &c.

☞ We beg to call the attention of City and Country buyers to our Stock, which is now complete in every department. With regard to price, we are determined that no fault shall be found in this respect. Our goods are bought in the cheapest markets, and will be sold as low, to say the least, as any in the city.

February 2nd, 1863. DELANY & WILSON.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND FASHIONABLE Tailoring Establishment!

CHARLES BELL,

QUEEN SQUARE.......CHARLOTTETOWN,

ANNOUNCES the arrival of his FALL and WINTER GOODS, which are all of the newest designs at present in the Market. Every Department of the Woollen Drapery Trade is amply represented in his Establishment. His GOODS are decidedly of the Newest and Best Class manufactured; they have been carefully selected from the best Wholesale Houses in Britain for his trade, and have been purchased for CASH, which is a very important article in the market at present.

CHARLES BELL is, therefore, in a position to give his customers the very best value, and can, at the same time, confidently recommend the article he sells. He enumerates a few leading articles as follows:—

West of England and Yorkshire CLOTHS; Heavy Beavers, Whitneys and Pilot COATINGS; Doeskins; Cassimeres; English and Scotch TWEEDS; Velvet, Silk, Valentia, and Marseilles VESTINGS; Prince Edward Island HOMESPUNS; Twilled and Shirting FLANNELS; Gentleman's Shirts and Collars; Shetland and Lamb's Wool UNDER CLOTHING; Scarfs, Ties, and Mufflers; Fur, Cloth, Wool & Kid Gloves; Braces, Socks, Umbrellas, and Trunks; Fur, Cloth, Glazed, Reversable, and other WINTER CAPS; Silk Felt, Wool, and Glazed HATS; FURS—Russian Dog, Siberian Lamb, Nutria, and Muskrat, etc., etc.

The best assortment of TAILORS' TRIMMINGS ever imported to this Island, in Coat Linings, Sleeve Linings, Vest Backs and Linings, Coat Canvas, Padding, Wadding, Coat and Vest Braids and Bindings, Buttons of all kinks, and other

TAILORS' TRIMMINGS, Too numerous to mention.

Ready-Made Clothing.

This Branch of his Trade is unusually large at present. Owing to the depression of the times persons requiring Suits will get them at very REDUCED PRICES.

MOURNING,

and all other orders for Clothing promptly attended to, and good fitting Fashionable Articles guaranteed.

☞ Gentlemen who have been in the habit of getting their Clothing made up, through Tailors choosing their Cloth and Trimmings for them, from the different Stores, would find it to their advantage to examine the Stock of Cloths and Trimmings, and enquire the prices for making up at this Establishment, before they purchase elsewhere, as they can save time and money, by getting all the articles required

At the lowest rate in One Place.

The principle recognized and practically carried out at this Establishment is Speedy Sales and Light Profits, for CASH.

The LATEST FASAIONS are always secured

Charlottetown, Oct. 27, 1862.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the Estate of JAMES COLES, senior, of Charlottetown, deceased, are requested to furnish their accounts to either of the undersigned, duly attested; and all persons indebted to the said Estate are hereby required to make immediate payment to either of the undersigned, in Charlottetown.

GEORGE COLES, SILAS BARNARD, } Executors.

Charlottetown, 24th November, 1862. [Dec. 22

NOTICE!

ALL persons indebted to the undersigned are required to pay the respective amounts to BENJAMIN DESBRISAY, of Charlottetown, Attorney at Law, who is instructed to sue for the same, unless paid forthwith.

JAMES EVANS.

New Perth, Feb'y 6th, 1863. tf

BAZAAR FOR SAINT DUNSTAN'S COLLEGE!

Under the patronage of His Lordship the Bishop of Charlottetown.

A BAZAAR, having for its object the raising of Funds to aid in liquidating the debt incurred by the re-building of ST. DUNSTAN'S COLLEGE, will be held in CHARLOTTETOWN during the ensuing Winter. The ladies of the Convent of Notre Dame are the principal organizers thereof, and are zealously seconded in their laudable efforts by many ladies of the city.

The following articles will be disposed of by Lottery:

1. A Drawing-room Chair, embroidered on cloth and mounted, 6s. per ticket.
2. A pair of Fire Screens, 3s. "
3. An elegant Sofa Cushion, 3s. "
4. A Fire Screen, No. 1, 2s. "
5. Do. No. 2, 2s. "
6. A Work Box, embroidered on purple velvet, 1s. 6d. "
7. A pair of Foot-stools, 1s. 6d. "
8. A Work Box painted on velvet, 9d. "

Contributions in money, fancy work, materials for fancy and useful works, &c., will be thankfully received by the following:—

The Ladies of the Convent,

Mrs. Walker,	Mrs. McIsaac,
Mrs. O. Connelly,	Mrs. D. Reddin,
Mrs. Gaul,	Mrs. Gleason,
Mrs. Eckstadt,	Mrs. J. Murphy,
Miss McDonnell,	Miss McDade,
Miss Reddin,	Miss Kelly,
Miss Longard.	

The ladies and gentlemen belonging to the country, as well as those *belonging to the city*, are respectfully solicited to send in their contributions as soon as possible to either of the above ladies.

Persons desirous of obtaining tickets for the Lotteries will also please send in their names to any of the *same* parties.

Charlottetown, December 1, 1862.

Flour, Tea, Leather.

RECEIVED per late arrivals, and for sale by the Subscriber, low for Cash,

300 bbls Extra and Superfine FLOUR
50 " " Pastry do
35 half chests Superior TEA (warranted)
30 sides heavy New York Sole Leather.

MORIN LOWDEN.

Peake's Buildings, Dec. 22, 1862. 2m

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.

THAT DESIRABLE WATER LOT, in GEORGETOWN, containing half an acre of LAND, with usual privileges, known as No. 1, or POINT LOT. Terms Cash or short time on security. Apply to the Hon. JOSEPH HENSLEY, Charlottetown.

December 2, 1862. tf

Valuable Freehold Property FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale A VALUABLE FREEHOLD FARM, fronting on the west side of Morell River, containing eighty acres, of which about sixty-eight acres are under cultivation, and the remainder is covered with Longers. There are on the Premises A GOOD SUBSTANTIAL DWELLING HOUSE, and good Out-Houses for farming and mercantile purposes.

For further information application to be made to the proprietor on the premises.

RICHARD HAYES.

Morell, Nov. 17th, 1862.

Rare Chance to obtain a FARM!

FOR SALE, at ROSE BANK, that beautifully situated FREEHOLD FARM, fronting on Wilmot River, Lot 25, North Bedeque, containing seventy acres, fifty of which are cleared and in a high state of cultivation, the remainder being covered with Hardwood. There are on the premises a GOOD BARN, with shed and straw-house attached; a good Draw-Well within a few yards for the convenience of watering the stock.

—ALSO—

A comfortable DWELLING HOUSE, with a fruit and vegetable garden attached, and a never failing spring of the best water within a few yards of the Dwelling House. There are on the premises abundance of the best quality of Marsh mud which can be easily obtained. This desirable property is distant only three miles from the flourishing town of Summerside, and situated in one of the most flourishing settlements on the Island.

TERMS—One half of the purchase money down; the balance can remain on interest for a time agreed to by the parties.

Application to be made to the subscriber on the premises. CHARLES DONAHOE.

January 12, 1863.

Valuable Real Estate for Sale.

TO be sold by private sale, that valuable and most eligibly situated LOT OF LAND, being half of Town Lot No. 63, in the first hundred, situated on the corner of Weymouth and King Street, opposite the property of Mr. Willian Wright, measuring 80 feet on Weymouth-street by 84 feet on King-street. The situation is one of the very best in the city for a private gentleman's dwelling. For terms, &c., apply to the subscriber, on the premises. M. FOGERTY.

February 9, 1863.

☞ If not disposed of by private sale, the property will be put up at Auction on SATURDAY, the 14th day of MARCH, 1863. M. F.

Leasehold Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE, the Leasehold Interest in One Hundred and Ten Acres of LAND, situate about eleven miles from Charlottetown, on the St. Peter's Road. Sixty-five acres are cleared, and in a high state of cultivation; the remainder is well covered with hard and soft WOOD. There are eight acres prepared for a crop of Wheat and Potatoes next year.

On the Premises are a GOOD BARN, 60 by 35 feet, a frame for a DWELLING HOUSE, prepared, 35 by 25 feet; and a GRANARY, 30 by 25 feet.

Also, for sale, a MARSH, about one mile from the said Farm, which cuts from seven to eight tons of Hay annually. Rent 30s per year. The Lease of both places is for 999 years. Rent of Farm one shilling per acre.

TERMS—One third of the purchase money to be paid down; the remainder in twelve months, on giving good security.

For further particulars apply on the premises to BERNARD SHANNON.

St. Peter's Road, Dec. 29, 1862. tf

Valuable Freehold Property FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale that well known tract of Land, fronting on Bedeque Bay, Lot 17, commonly known as Crossman's Point, containing 390 acres of excellent Land, well stocked with building timber and cedar poles. There is a good Marsh attached to the property, from which a man, if industrious, can cut from forty-five to fifty tons of Hay every year. Three good Dwelling Houses, barns, and other outhouses erected thereon. An abundance of sea manure can be procured at any season of the year. It is an excellent place for fishing, and oysters and lobsters are in abundance. The above property is well fenced, and a large part of it in a good state of cultivation. It can be divided by a plan, in fifty or a hundred acres to suit purchasers.

ALSO,—250 acres of Freehold Land, fronting on Bedeque Bay, Lot 17, and within a mile or so of the flourishing town of Summerside, fifty acres of which is well fenced, and about 18 under cultivation, with a fine barn, and a new House, nearly finished, thereon erected, and a never failing well of water at the door, and is known as Harvey's farm. The remaining two hundred acres, adjoining Israel Green's farm, is well stocked with timber, and a small stream of fresh water running through it. There is a small Dwelling house and a large barn erected on the premises. The whole of the land is of an excellent quality, and not one foot of it but is fit for tillage, and level.

ALSO—The Leasehold Interest of Two Farms adjoining the above property, on the Linkletter road—one containing 100 acres of land, and known as Thomas Murray's farm, rent, £6 a year; the other containing 50 acres, and known as Jelley's farm, rent, £4 10s. per annum.

The above land is known as part of Welling's Point, and is part of the Estate of the late Lisle Ann Compton, of Chatham, Kent, England.

Part of the purchase money may remain on security on the premises.

For further information, application to be made to M. P. ROTCHFORD, opposite the Nunnery, Charlottetown, or to

MARIA ANN ROTCHFORD, Administratrix.

☞ If the above Property is not disposed of before the first day of JUNE next, it will be put up and sold at Public Auction.

Charlottetown, Dec. 8, 1862.

LITERATURE.

AT THE LAST.

[This beautiful poem is written on the passage, "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening."]

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest in the eventide,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm;
And weary man must ever love her best,
For Morning calls to toil, but Night to rest.

She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eye of Day in peace.

All things are hushed before her as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty, and a power,
That Morning knows not in the Evening hour.

"Until the Evening" we must weep and toil,
Plough life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like Summer Evening, down the golden tide;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

A STORY OF ART.

In one of the art-galleries of Vienna hangs a picture of Venetian life, by the painter Francesco Mayes, which excites wonder in the visitor. It is an interior, an apartment in the ducal palace, where the three aged senators, evidently the famous Council of Three, are holding one of their secret sessions. One of them, a tall, proud figure, with the finely chisseled, intellectual dark face, familiar to us in old Venetian portraits, has risen in excitement, and, with a stern gesture, is addressing a young and beautiful woman, who sinks fainting on the stone floor. She is supported by an official who seems to deprecate the harsh demeanor of the senator. A notary, behind the table *in the rear of the group*, is making a record of the proceedings.

The story on which this picture is founded is contained in a French romance of the seventeenth century, and though no authentication of it has been discovered in the Venetian archives it probably rests on a tradition then current. If not, it is no less a true reflection of the character of the time in Venice, when, amidst the pageant of its flourishing and gorgeous life, rose that dark, mysterious tribunal—irresponsible, remorseless, irresistible as Fate, which held in its unseen hand the whole power of the republic. The story runs thus:

Velenzia was the daughter of the Senator Gradenigo, by birth therefore one of the first ladies of Venice. She had all the rich beauty of her countrywomen, with this remarkable distinction, admired in proportion to its rareness, that her hair was of the loveliest blonde color, changing in the sun to gold, and was so abundant that it fell in heavy shining waves below her knees.

A beautiful Italian woman of nineteen could not be without a lover, and Valenzia had already yielded the first bloom of her heart to the young patrician Leonardo. Whether from necessity or the mere caprice of youthful fancy, the attachment was kept a secret from their respective families, and the young pair met only in the palace of Leonardo's bosom friend, Antonio Foscarino. Even he was not entrusted with the name of the lady who stole closely veiled into his house, nor had he ever been favored with a glimpse of her face. But the glowing eulogies of her charms, to which he was obliged to listen—especially the description of her wonderful hair, excited his imagination all the more, and the idea fastened itself in his mind that in those golden threads lay some magic power which had enthralled his friend, for heretofore Leonardo had been insensible to female attractions.

For a time the course of true love ran smooth. Then, suddenly, as if the earth had opened to swallow him, Leonardo disappeared, and a few days after his dead body was found in one of the canals which vein this city to the sea. A deep wound in the breast showed that he had been the victim of assassination. Valenzia's grief had all the stormy violence of a first great sorrow. But far more profound was the affliction of the friend, who fully believed that the fatal stab had been given by a jealous rival.

"Leonardo! Leonardo!" he exclaimed, as he gazed on the bloody corpse, "the accursed blonde locks are answerable for this deed!"

From this hour an unconquerable aversion to blonde hair took possession of him, which grew into a monomania. It was the fashion of the day in Venice for the ladies to bleach their dark hair by the use of chemical preparations, and so strong and undisguised was his contempt for the practice as to obtain for him the *soubriquet* of "Blo[illegible]d Hair Hater."

His relatives, anxious to divert his mind from these morbid fancies and recollections, urged him to marry. He was one of the handsomest of the young patricians of Venice—his figure noble, his face full of intelligence and feeling; and he had a further passport to the favor of the ladies in his singular devotion in friendship, and his corresponding indifference to themselves. Admiration, sympathy, pique, conspired to render him an object of transcendent interest to the fair sex. His friends led him from one gay circle to another, in the hope that he might, unawares, find himself in the meshes of the little blind god. It was all in vain. At length his father settled the question by an arrangement with the Senator Gradenigo for a marriage between the two families, and Antonio found himself pledged to the connection entirely without his own knowledge or consent. But such marriages of domestic or state policy were the rule in Venice, and his heart having no tie elsewhere, he submitted without remonstrance. Preparations were hastened on, and the wedding day was appointed.

Valenzia had yielded with less reluctance; nay, even with a degree of mournful pleasure. She well knew Antonio, though herself wholly unknown to him. Their mutual attachment to the lost Leonardo was a tender bond. His inconsolable grief for one dearest to her had given him a sacred place in her heart. Her own lot, moreover, was full of discomfort and chagrin, her father being one of those stern and cruel men whose iron rule turns the palace into a detested prison. After the death of her lover she had wished to bury her sorrows in a convent, but the old senator, who regarded his daughter as simply an instrument of family aggrandizement, had peremptorily and harshly refused his consent. Life, with the honorable, gentle and true-hearted Antonio, seemed to her crushed spirit a blessed escape from this bondage; and thus it happened that she not only assented without objection to her father's plan, but became most anxious to win the affections of her bridegroom. Knowing too well his morbid prejudice against blonde hair, and the fatal cause of it, she dared not reveal to him at once the secret of her history, and accordingly stipulated that he should not see her face till the day of their marriage. Antonio, utterly indifferent to the whole affair, had nothing to say in opposition. But etiquette required that he should pay assiduous court to his veiled bride, and these interviews soon began to have an unexpected interest for him. Her character, softened and exalted by sorrow, harmonized with the tone of his own heart; her sweet anxiety for his regard, the grace of her shrouded figure, wove around him insensibly a tender spell which he wished not to break. As hope re-awoke in her bosom, she grew more charming, and more conscious of her power; the morning of a new life of happiness brightened before her, and she looked forward with increasing confidence to the approaching revelation.

Thus the wedding-day arrived under the happiest auspices. A magnificent assembly was gathered in the Gradenigo palace, and the handsome and joyous bridegroom awaited with impatience the moment which should disclose to him the features of his bride. But that moment changed all. The instant that Valenzia, throwing off her veil, revealed that glory of golden hair floating and glittering about her person, the frenzy returned upon him with double violence.

'She has deceived me!' he cried, in a wild burst of anger, and breaking his way madly through the astonished company, rushed forth without a word of explanation to Gradenigo, or casting so much as a look on the deserted bride.

That from this hour a deadly feud, like that of the Montagues and Capulets, divided the houses of Foscarini and Gradenigo, was a matter of course. Valenzia alone could not share this feeling. She blamed her own fraud, so innocently meant, as the sole cause of the calamity, and mourned her second lover with a sorrow far more deep and lasting than she had given to the first. Her father gave himself no rest in his efforts to avenge the dishonor of his house. But for the present he was able only to obtain the expatriation of young Antonio, and this under the honorable form of an embassy to France. He bided his time.

After four years' absence, Antonio returned to Venice His welcome home was a summons, the fruit of Gradenigo's labours, to appear before the Council of Three to answer the charge of disobedience in certain points to the orders of the Council. His bold defence, and the conclusive proofs he adduced of the skilful manner in which he had performed his mission, procured his honorable acquittal. But plots thickened around his path, enemies lurked for him on every hand, and time after time he barely escaped through the warnings of an unknown friend. That friend was no other than the true-hearted Valenzia, who watched over him like a protecting angel, nor even relinquished her chosen office when he entered into a marriage engagement with a noble Spanish lady. But it was the opportunity long watched for by her father, who now accused him before the Council of a secret alliance with a foreign power, and procured his imprisonment. Valenzia had warned him in season, and had arranged his flight; but, too proud to succumb to injustice, he hesitated till it was too late. He was brought in chains to the ducal palace, where, according to the ancient usages of Venice, a speedy trial, to be followed by a peculiar death, awaited him.

Valenzia did not dispair even yet. By gold and tears she gained an entrance to the Doge's palace, and having won the overseer to her interests, she descended with him, at midnight, into those damp and gloomy depths beneath, whose dread secrets only the last day will fully reveal. At any other time the scene would have frozen her blood with horror. The black passages into which the cheerful light of upper day had never shined, and slimy with the moisture of centuries, the heavy doors, bolted and barred, which the lamp of the guide dimly disclosed on either hand, the sepulchral silence, broken only by the dull play of the water against the outside walls, and the loud knocking of her own heart, were full of dark suggestions of pitiless cruelty and unutterable woe. But that which could have deterred a weaker soul but made her bold; for was she not bringing to the best beloved deliverance from these horrors? And was there not exquisite joy in the thought that now at length he could not fail to understand and forgive her? The jailor unbars a door; she stept in, trembling with fear and hope. The next instant the door is shut behind her, is locked and barred with malignant haste, and the unhappy girl finds herself a prisoner! Her pretended helper was a true servant of the republic. He had betrayed her to her father. All was lost.

With the first gray of morning she was brought, wearing the man's habit in which she had disguised herself, before the Council of Three, of which her father was a member. The first glance told her that there was no hope of pity from him. As she entered, he started passionately from his seat, and poured upon his wretched daughter, as she stood trembling before him, a torrent of the bitterest reproach, ending with a fearful curse. Exhausted by the terrors of the preceding night, and foreseeing her own and Antonio's doom, she yielded to this last stroke, and sunk into a deep swoon into the arms of the jailor. Even he, her betrayer, hardened as he was in crime, was shocked by this unnatural scene.

'Signor,' he cried, 'you are here as the servant of the state, and not as the avenger of your personal wrongs. You are the representative of justice, but you have no commission to curse your own child.'

This is the moment chosen by the artist for his picture.

Through what fortune the hapless pair, with fates so strangely severed and yet more strangely united, passed to the repose of death, we are not informed. Only so much is known, that from this time the noble and brave Antonio, the flower of the patrician youth of Venice, and Valenzia, the fairest of her daughters, were seen and heard of no more among the living.

FROZEN IN.

NARRATIVE OF A SHETLAND SEAMAN, FROM HIS OWN RECITAL.

I have been almost all my time whale and seal hunting at Davis' Straits, Greenland, or the West Ice; but the voyage which was nearest being my last was my second one, in the year 1836, when I was still but a boy. I shipped at Lerwick on board the Harmony of Hull, in the early spring of that year, and we sailed for Davis' Straits. The whale season was a bad one, and towards the end of August or the beginning of September we tried hard to get back to the east side of Baffin's Bay, and so, by coming down along the Danish settlements, to get home again. The ice was very bad to get through—loose and thick all around, so that we had to shove her through every yard of the way. On the 11th of September there were three ships of us in company: the William Torr, the Swan and ourselves. We were keeping together, as we were all working in the same direction, and we didn't well know what might happen any minute to some one or other—so it was keep within hailing distance if possible. Well, as night was coming down—the ice getting more and more troublesome—we thought of making fast till daybreak, and seeing how things looked then. We were just alongside the William Torr—both ships shoving through among the loose ice—when her captain hailed ours, and recommended him to bring up alonside a great curving mass of ice which lay quite close to both ships: but our old man, not liking the looks of it, and not thinking it *fast*, determined to push on a bit farther. The William Torr, however, brought up to the ice, and brought to for the night. So, leaving her behind us, we ran on for about an hour, and by that time came up with a very solid looking *flaw* of ice, which, having a good height in it, offered a sort of harbour protected from the floating masses around, we made all snug for the night, and brought up there. By midnight, the ice was closing all around, and at two o'clock in the morning we were hard and fast. From the mast-head at daybreak nothing but ice could be seen, with the masts of the Swan in the distance, and still farther off, as far as could be made out with a good glass, we saw the mast-heads of the William Torr. But that was the last sight of *her* by mortal man, for next day she was gone; and we knew then that our master was right, and that she had been made fast to a loose *flaw*, and that the under current had taken her off.

So when we saw that we were beset with little or no chance of escape—at least till next spring or summer—we took stock of every eatable thing, and reckoned up our chance of life. We found that on an allowance of a biscuit a man a day, we had what would last us to the 14th of March; we had also a few peas, some coffee, and a little pork; but as our coals were done, we could not count much on this last. However, from that very day, we went on this allowance. Seven biscuits were served out to each man on Monday morning—these had to last him for the week: on three days a week there was a little pork served out—about as much to each man as he could put into his mouth at once—(I've seen a Dutchman with a bigger quid of tobacco)—and we got a little coffee at times. The fresh-water ice gave us good water, and for fuel we took what wood we could safely cut away in the hold. Each man had a few splinters allotted him, and two or three would club together and boil their pannikins at once, so we did get a mouthful of hot coffee, and I can tell you that coffee tasted well.

Our captain was a good fellow and well liked by the men, and when the provisions were reckoned up, he brought his keys and gave up all his own cabin stores, and went on the same allowance with the rest. And so, because he was so ready, the men would not be exact with him, and he had some little things to himself, such as cheese and other stores which were in the cabin; and I got the benefit of that by-and-by, for he would often call me aft in the night watch, and give me a bit of bread or cheese out of his own allowance.

I was but a youngster, and did not take well to the single biscuit a day. And as I could not depend on myself to keep the whole week's allowance without taking more than each day's share, I got one of the mates, who was very kind to me all the voyage, to take charge of my rations. I gave him my seven biscuits on Mondoy morning, and he gave me half of one each morning and evening till the week came round again. Sometimes when I was very hungry, I would beg and pray him for a bit more—but it was no use; he stuck to the agreement, and I had to wait till next feeding time.

I suppose I was too young and foolish to think of the danger of our state, and of the small chance we had of seeing Europe again; I was often hungry, but never frightened. So the days went by, and September came to an end. We were now in the regions of perpetual night; no daylight ever visited us unless a sort of dusky glimmer about noon, far down on the Southern horizon, might be called that. But there was little difference between day and night: there was no darkness, as, between the clear starry sky above and the snow and ice below, there was reflection as bright as an ordinary moonlight at home. For weeks there was not a breath of wind—not so much as you could feel on your cheek, and the ship was as immovable as a rock. We knew we had not changed our position a yard, as the captain took regular observations of the stars, and found that we had not moved.

By-and-by, the men began to get dull and low-spirited. They would not turn out of their berths, and refused to come on deck or to keep watch, and did not mind captain or officers. The master himself was very downhearted at times, and I would see him acrying when he thought no one was looking. For my part, I was often so hungry that I couldn't sleep, and was glad to go no deck and keep watch just for a change. But latterly the hands got so careless and desponding that I have seen not one turn out to the mate's watch but myself.

Thus October passed, and no change. November next, and the men were getting worse and worse. Some of them wre now so feeble that they scarcely could have left their hammocks—many of them were wearing down to skeletons. When November ended, we saw that, by another month, we would have double rations, at any rate, those who were left.

On the 10th December—well I remember the day—there was some appearance of a change of some kind. A cloud rose in the N. W.; we felt a breath of wind moving. As the day wore on there was some motion in the ice—the ship had a sort of grinding, rising and falling motion as you see a craft alongside a quay. All the afternoon we heard and felt her grinding along the ice-edge. But the most had grown so desperate that they paid little heed to it.

In the middle of the night—and there was only one man with the chief mate on deck—there was a sudden knocking at the hatchways, and every soul was started broad awake with the cry: 'all hands, make sail!' I tell you I never heard before or since such a call as that was. Men who had not turned out for days were on the yard-arms in a moment, and, I dare say, the Harmony was never got under canvass in such a space of time before. The men were on the top-gallant-yards in their stockings, and bareheaded, and in little time we had every stitch on her.

The ice had broken up, there was a gentle breeze sending us right out, and there were pools and canals of open water all round. Our rudder had been unshipped long ago, and was made fast outside the quarter; so, as we could not afford the precious time needful to ship it again, we kept her running, steering with the yards as well as might be. The wind kept freshening, by-and-by we had to take in the top-gallant sail; next to haul up her courses. In a short time she was staggering under double-reefed topsails, and foretopmast staysail, among the floating ice. Still we could not ship the rudder, and we trimmed her as well as possible with the yards and by hauling out or in the trysail. Every now and then she would strike the floating ice full with the lee-bow, sending her up to the wind, when a piece would catch her on the weather-bow, and knock her off again to leeward. Every instant we looked to be stove in. But we pushed and tore through the ice for two days and nights without getting any particular damage; and, on the 14th, we came to the end of the ice, and got the open sea before us. Then the biscuit-a-day allowance ceased, but not till we were fairly out of the ice—and every man got leave to eat what he liked; but the most of them had picked up wonderfully every hour after that "making sail." We had a tough job getting the rudder shipped as soon as we cleared the ice; it took us nine hours to ship it, but we managed it. Then, with a gale of W. wind and the Atlantic before us, we felt we were all right. Well, we ran before it as hard as we could, every man getting stronger and heartier with every mile of easting we made. For ten days we never started tack or sheet, carrying on with every stitch we could crowd upon her; little grass grew under the Harmony's heels for that time; and, at the close of the tenth day we sighted the Old Rock (as we Shetlanders call our land) once more. It perhaps isn't quite a Paradise of a country. I *have* seen more splendid looking places here and there over the globe; but you take my word for it, that it looked pretty good in our eyes, when we had the luck to sight it on the 24th December, 1836.

On Christmas morning we dropped anchor in Lerwick Harbour, and many a one was looking at us, and many a boat was alongside to hear the news. But we could tell them nothing of the William Torr, or of the Swan, and for many a day there were heavy hearts in Shetland looking and fearing for the news of husbands and fathers, brothers and sweethearts lying in that ice prison. After Christmas, a ship with provisions was sent out to try and relieve them; but she never got within hundreds of miles of them.

The William Torr and all her crew, with a portion of another shipwrecked crew which she had on board, perished. Nothing was ever heard of her. Some years afterwards, some of her casks were found on the west coast of Shetland and about the Hebrides. It was supposed that after she had broken up, the currents had carried the fragments into the Atlantic, and that the gulf stream had taken them down to our shores. I recollect, some time afterwards, when I was out there again, that the Esquimaux wanted us to come into the interior, and they would show us the graves of white men, which we supposed to be those of the William Torr. A whale-ship, next summer, found a boat with seven corpses in her, on the ice. No doubt these were some of them also.

The Swan was beset all winter. And next spring the whale-ships fell in with her. They gave her fresh provisions and put ten hands on board to navigate her home, and when the ice broke up, she got away. But of her whole complement of between fifty and sixty men—including some men of a wrecked ship whom she had taken on board the previous summer—only seventeen men were alive when she reached Lerwick in May. Some of them held out till they sighted land, and died then. I knew two men of her crew, very well—smart fellows they were and good seamen, and they both died just within sight of home. I have sometimes wondered at, and I never could well make out, why, after holding out so long, they gave in then. Perhaps hope kept them up, and then, when their desire was like to be fulfilled, it was too much for them—and they so weak.

That's how I was frozen in, and came home again.

A DARK PAGE FROM RUSSIAN HISTORY.

Few readers of Russian history will fail to remember the name of Count Alexey Orloff, one of the most prominent actors in the murder of Peter III. of Russia. But treacherous as was that deed, it loses half its blackness when compared with another committed by him at the instigation of Catherine II., widow and successor to the murdered monarch.

Catherine, not being a native Russian princess, was most desirous of removing from her path all who might be supposed likely to disturb the security of her Government; and in order to effect her purpose, in one instance, she and her associate Orloff exercised a degree of fiendish ingenuity almost unparalleled in history. The unfortunate girl who excited the jealousy of Catharine was a Russian princess, and grand daughter to Peter the Great. Elizabeth II., his daughter, contracted a private marriage with Count Alexey Razumoffsky, and three children, two sons and a daughter, were the issue of this union. Of the sons it it is only necessary to say that one was accidentally killed, and the other not judged of sufficient political importance to excite jealousy or suspicion. But it was otherwise with the young Princess Tarranakoff, the subject of our story.

The ambitious designs of the Empress Catherine with regard to Poland excited the indignation of the Polish nobles, and one of these, the Count Radzivill, conceived the design of using this young native princess as an instrument in supplanting her. For this purpose, by dint of bribing her female attendants, he secretly removed her to Poland, and thence to Italy. Many attempts were made to induce Radzivill to place the young Princess in the power of Catherine; but though reduced to poverty by the confiscation of his estates, the promise of their restoration, and the offer of the most costly bribes, failed in inducing him to yield. No effect being produced by such proposals, the empress had recourse to threats. Mysterious communications were conveyed to the Polish count, intimating that ruin and misery impended over the Princess Tarranakoff, which could be averted only by his ceasing all correspondence with her. Whatever ambitious designs might have actuated Radzivill, he was most anxious for the safety of the unfortunate girl. What could he do? Shorn of his estates and dignities, and in a foreign land, how was he to protect her from a powerful empress and most unscrupulous woman? Unhappily, he yielded to these covert menaces, and took a final leave of the princess, having first exacted a pledge from the Russian government that she should remain unmolested.

This separation effected, the most difficult part of Catherine's work was completed, and by the aid of the Count Alexey Orloff, and one of his infamous associates, the rest became easy. Though the murderer of her husband, Count Alexey retained the favor of his imperial mistress; doubtless, she found him a most useful tool in accomplishing other dark deeds, though a fouler crime than the one commited on this hapless princess could hardly disgrace human nature. When first resident at Rome, the granddaughter of Peter the Great was amply supplied with everything befitting her rank; but at the time Orloff came thither, she was almost in want, and occupying a poor lodging in a humble quarter of the city. Judge of her surprise when an elegantly attired officer called upon her to offer his services. Though he wasto all appearance wealthy, and *her* situation one of actual indigence, he paid her the same respect as though she had been seated on the imperial throne. When invited to sit in her presence he respectfully declined. "Misfortune," said he, "cannot alter your claims to our respect. Can I, when you are before me, forget that the grand-daughter of the illustrious Czar Peter the Great is entitled to all the homage I can offer? Is it for me, because you are in a foreign land, to forget that to you, and not to the tyrannical foreigner who occupies it, belongs the imperial throne of Russia? I have not the honor to be your countryman, but believe me, princess, I am not the less devoted to your service, in which I would freely lay down my life."

The unfortunate princess listened with delight and thankfulness to this address. It was long since such respectful language had greeted her ears, and the departure of Radzivill had almost reduced her to despair. She answered this flattering speech in terms which proved how much pleasure it had given her, and desired to know to whom she was indebted for this solicitude respecting her welfare. To this her visitor replied: "That his name was of little moment, since he was only the ambassador sent by some of her most influential countrymen, whose hearts bled to think that she, the descendent of one so doubly illustrious as the Czar Peter the Great had proved himself to be, should be exposed to neglect and indigence in a foreign land." The princess being naturally curious to know the names of those whose interest was so deeply excited in her behalf, again pressed her visitor for information on this point, but he still refused to gratify her curiosity. He, however, begged permission to present one who would explain all; and having obtained it, withdrew as from the presence of a sovereign prince, having first knelt to kiss her hand.

The visitor who thus imposed on the credulity of the Princess Tarranakoff was, indeed, employed by one of her countrymen, he being the spy and associate of Count Alexey Orloff. The uniform in which he appeared was of course assumed for the occasion, as he was in reality a man of most infamous character, a Neapolitan by birth, and chosen as his tool by the count, because he had already committed crimes sufficient to prove that he would enter unscrupulously into the designs of that nobleman. Ribas, for that was his name, did not at once introduce Orloff to the presence of his intended victim; he repeated his visit, and finding that she was in actual need, induced her to make use of his purse, and by the respect he paid her, completely won her confidence.

Now was Orloff's time. When informed that the schemes of his emissary had proved successful, and the princess was duly prepared to listen to and believe whatever he might advance, the principal tragedian, as we may call him, appeared on the stage.

Better skilled in the ways of a court than was his emissary, the deference of the latter sank into insignificance when compared with that of his more polished employer; and so well did the latter play his part, that the princess became devotedly attached to the man whom she believed to be a model of all that was noble, good, and disinterested. In a short time, Orloff had cause for exultation in the success of his plan, for the princess readily consented to be his wife. A sham-marriage completed the deception, and was followed on the part of the princess by a brief period of unclouded happiness. Never for a moment did she suspect the imposition that had been practised upon her, but built with the most perfect faith on the affection and sincerity of him she believed to be her husband.

One day he entered her presence with an air of the greatest concern, and on her inquiring the reason of his sadness, Orloff replied: "Ah, dearest, I may well look sorrowful, since I must leave you—you whom all here call the good and the beautiful. But who can tell how good or how beautiful you are in my eyes? You, the grand-daughter of one who made himself as illustrious by his deeds as by his high station, yet deigned to bestow on me the treasure of your love."

"Why speak of this, Alexey?" said the princess. "My birth mattered little when you sought and found me poor—nay, in want. It was not on an illustrious princess you fixed your affections, but on a neglected and unfortunate woman. Why should we part? Can I not accompany you? Am I not your wife, and as such, is it not my pleasure to sacrifice my convenience to yours?"

It was, of course, no part of Orloff's intention to leave his wife behind, though he was desirous that she should propose to accompany him. Hitherto, she had been carefully watched, though unknown to herself, she having attributed the continual presence of the count to the devoted affection he professed for her. She was now informed that he had received a summons to join the squadron he commanded at Leghorn, and thither she also went, and was received with many demonstrations of respect. Orloff's scheme was fast approaching its completion, and the Empress Catherine, exulting in its success, prepared to shower honors on those who had laboured so zealously in her behalf.

It was a lovely day, with the blue sky only as an Italian sky can be, when the Princess Tarranakoff, escorted by her husband, stepped into a magnificent barge. Gay, and in the highest spirits, the princess laughed and chatted with her attendants, little dreaming of the horrible fate impending over her. It had been arranged that she should be permitted the indulgence of a marine excursion, and she was assisted up the side of the vessel by her obsequious husband. The lookers-on saw the sails spread without suspicion, and waved their farewells, deeming that they should witness the return of the party. The hapless princess was doomed never to revisit the shores of Italy. On board the ship were none save the creatures of Orloff; and now, having his wife completely in his power, he revealed his treachery in all its blackness and fiendish ingenuity. The delicate wrists of the princess were manacled, and the grand-daughter of the Czar was taken back to her native land, not, as she had been led to expect, with the honours due to her rank, and the prospect of a throne, but as a wretched prisoner.

It would be utterly impossible to depict