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. XIV. **Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, August 29, 1864.** **New Series.---No. 39.**

MAILS

BY STEAMERS

'Princess of Wales' and 'Heather Belle.'

NEW SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

THE MAILS for the neighbouring Provinces, etc. will, until further notice, be made up as follows.—

For NOVA SCOTIA, via Pictou, on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at 9 o'clock. Also, via BRULE, on WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY evenings at 8 o'clock.

For NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA, and the UNITED STATES, via Shediac, on MONDAY and TUESDAY evenings at 8 o'clock, and on FRIDAY mornings at 8 o'clock.

Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland, the Bermudas, and the West Indies, every alternate Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, as follows:—

Wednesday, 20th July, Wednesday, 31st August,
" 3d August, " 14th Sept.
" 17th August, " 28th Sept.

L. C. OWEN, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, Ch'town, August 1, 1864.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

PRINCESS OF WALES

AND

HEATHER BELLE.

New Summer Arrangement,

Commencing 18th JULY.

Charlottetown for Pictou.
Monday, Heather Belle leaves at 9 morning.
Thursday, Princess of Wales leaves at 8 do.

Pictou to Charlottetown.
Monday, Heather Belle leaves at 7 evening.
Thursday, Princess of Wales at 12 midnight.

Charlottetown to Brule.
Thursday, Heather Belle leaves at 4 morning.
Saturday, Heather Belle leaves at 4 do.

Brule to Charlottetown.
Thursday, Heather Belle leaves at 5 evening.
Saturday, Heather Belle leaves at 5 do

Ch'town to Summerside and Shediac.
Tuesday, Princess of Wales leaves at 7 morning.
Wednesday, " " 4 do
Friday, " " 8 do.

Summerside to Shediac.
Tuesday, Princess of Wales leaves at 11.30 a. m.
Wednesday, " " 8.30 do.
Friday, " " 12.30 do.

Shediac to Summerside and Ch'town.
Tuesday, Princess of Wales leaves at 3.30, p. m.
Wednesday, " " 2 do.
Saturday, " " 2 do.

Summerside to Char'town.
Tuesday, Princess of Wales leaves at 7 evening.
Wednesday, " " 5.30 do.
Saturday, " " 5.30 do.

FARES:

From Charlottetown to Pictou or back, Cabin 12s., Steerage 10s. 6d.
Do. do. Brule or back, Cabin 9s., Steerage 7s. 6d.
Do. do. Summerside or back, Cabin 9s., Steerage 7s. 6d.
Do. do. Shediac or back, Cabin 18s., Steerage 15s.
Do. do. St. John or back, £1 8s. 1½d., or $4. 50c.
Do. do. Eastport or back, £1 17s. 6d., or $6.
Do. do. Portland or back, £2 10s., or $8.
Do. do. Boston or back, £2 16s. 3d., or $9.

Return Tickets to or from Charlottetown and Summerside, 12s., available one week.—Tickets void if parties leave the Island during the time.

Excursion Return Tickets, at one first class fare, may be issued at any Ticket office, to parties of five or more going and returning together, to and from any one station within one week, it being distinctly understood that unless these conditions are complied with the Tickets will be void.

☞ The Steamer "Heather Belle," leaves Mount Stewart Bridge every FRIDAY morning calling at the different wharves on her way up and down the River.

By order,
F. W. HALES, Secretary.

Ch'town, July 11, 1864.

Boston and Colonial Steamship Line.

The Fine Sea-going Steamers

COMMERCE AND *FRANCONIA*,

WILL run between BOSTON and CHARLOTTETOWN for the remainder of the season, touching at Halifax, Canso and Pictou—one of which steamers will leave south side of T Wharf, Boston, and the other Queen's Wharf, Charlottetown, EVERY MONDAY, AT NOON. Days of sailing as follows:—

THE *COMMERCE*,

Will leave	Charlottetown,	Monday,	August	8th,
Do	Boston,	do	do	15th,
Do	Charlottetown,	do	do	22d,
Do	Boston,	do	do	29th,
Do	Charlottetown,	do	Sept.	5th,
Do	Boston,	do	do	12th,
Do	Charlottetown,	do	do	19th,
Do	Boston,	do	do	26th,

arriving in Port on the next Friday after sailing at or about noon.

THE *FRANCONIA*

Will leave	Boston	Monday,	August	8th,
Do	Charlottetown,	do	do	15th,
Do	Boston,	do	do	22d,
Do	Charlottetown,	do	do	29th,
Do	Boston,	do	Sept.	5th,
Do	Charlottetown,	do	do	12th,
Do	Boston,	do	do	19th,
Do	Charlottetown,	do	do	26th.

RATES OF PASSAGE:

	£	s.	d.
Cabin to Boston	2	8	0
Steerage to do	1	16	0
Cabin to Halifax	1	10	0
Steerage to Halifax	1	4	0
Do to Canso	0	18	0
Do to Pictou	0	9	0

For Freight or Passage apply to FRANKLIN SNOW & Co, 4 Commercial-street, Boston, or to

I. C. HALL, Agent.
Peake's Building, Water-street,

Charlottetown, August 8, 1864. tf

International Steamship Company.

Two Trips a Week.

THE Splendid sea-going STEAMERS "NEW ENGLAND," ENOS FIELD, Master, and "NEW BRUNSWICK," E. B. WINCHESTER, Master, will leave Reed's Point Wharf on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at 8 o'clock, until further notice.

FARES:

From St. John to Eastport, ... $1 50
" " Portland, ... 4 00
" " Boston, ... 5 00
By Steamer and Railway to Boston, .. 6 00

☞ All fares and freights payable in New Brunswick currency.

J. S. CARVELL, Agent.

April 16, 1864. tf

Encourage Home Manufacture.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Soap & Candle Factory.

THE UNDERSIGNED would call the attention of Importers, and the public generally, to the

SOAP and CANDLES

manufactured at the above establishment, confident that for quality and price they cannot be surpassed.

J. S. CARVELL.

Char'town, Feb. 15, 1864. tf

Cash Provision Store!

W. S. SMITH,

Great George Street

FLOUR,
TEAS,
WINES,
SPIRITS,
and GENERAL GROCERIES.

N. B.—W. S. S. would call the attention of Retail Dealers to his Stock of Wines, Spirits, &c.

Ch'town, May 23, 1864. isl & rw tf

RENFREW HOUSE,

Thomas's Old Stand,

Great George Street.

SPRING STOCK COMPLETE!

DELANY & WILSON

BEG to announce that their SPRING and SUMMER STOCK is now complete, and comprises an EXTENSIVE and VARIED ASSORTMENT of

New and Fashionable GOODS,

IN

LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS,

BONNETS, BONNET BORDERS,
HATS, MANTLES,
FLOWERS, SHAWLS,
FEATHERS, Parasols & Parachutes,
RIBBONS, Muslin & Linen COLLARS,
GLOVES, DRESS CAPS,
HOSIERY, TIES & SCARFS,
HAIR NETS, Black & Colored SILKS,
&c. &c. &c.

Grey and White COTTONS,

Prints, Ginghams, Regatta and Striped Shirtings, Bed Tick, Jean, Osnaburg, Cotton Warp, &c. &c.

Skeleton Skirts.

CANES, BATTING, WADDING,
&c. &c. &c.

Men's Furnishing Goods,

in Cloths, Tweeds, Clothing,

Shirts, Ties, Collars, Scarfs, Braces, Gloves, Pins, &c. &c. &c.

Mens' and Boys'

Hats and Caps,

in great variety and newest styles.

Mens' Women's & Children's

BOOTS and SHOES,

at very low prices.

Hardware,

In Cut Nails, Plough Mounting,

Steel, Hoes, Shovels, Rope, Oils, Paint, Putty, Glass, Table Cutlery, Weavers' Reeds, Powder, Shot, &c. &c.

Groceries,

Tea, Brown and Crushed Sugar,

Molasses, Tobacco, Candles, Soap, Starch, Rice, Currants, Spices, &c., all warranted of superior quality.

"Renfrew House,"

Ch'town, June 6, 1864. VMIP

1864.

NEW GOODS

JUST ARRIVED

AT THE

LONDON HOUSE.

H. HASZARD

BEGS to announce the ARRIVAL of his SPRING and SUMMER STOCK of

BRITISH DRY GOODS,

Hardware, &c., &c.,

In all the varieties of the LATEST STYLES in fashion, and Material suitable for the season, having been carefully selected and purchased on favorable terms, will be sold

CHEAP FOR PROMPT PAYMENT.

Upper Queen Street,
Charlottetown, May 30, 1864.

First Instalment of

SPRING GOODS!

Just arrived per Bark EDWIN & LIZZIE:

BONNETS,
HATS,
MANTLES,
HABERDASHERY,
&c. &c. &c.

WM. HEARD.

Queen Square House, May 23, 1864.

QUEBEC PORTER & ALES.

St. Charles-st. Brewery, Quebec.

Thomas Lloyd, Proprietor.

ALES & PORTER, of superior quality, in Bottles and Wood, for sale by

J. ROBERTS ECKART,
Telegraph Building, Water-st.

Ch'town, P E Island, July 11, 1864.

FOR SALE!

300 BBLS. No. 1 Superfine
CANADA FLOUR,
150 Bbls No 2 DO DO
10 Puns Muscovado Molasses,
Bags Liverpool Salt,
Boxes Tobacco, 10s,
Bbls choice Biscuit,
Cases Claret, 'Mentferrand.'

J. ROBERTS ECKART,
Telegraph Building,

June 27, '64. 6m Water-street.

Furniture Warerooms.

GEORGE DOUGLASS,

Manufacturer and Importer of Furnitur and Upholstery Goods,

RESPECTFULLY solicits the attention of such as are in want of FURNITURE to call at his NEW and SPACIOUS WARE-ROOMS, on the corner of Kent Street and King's Square, directly opposite the Store of Beer & Sons, and examine as good and complete an ASSORTMENT OF FURNITURE, comprising many new and beautiful designs, as can be found in this City.

His long experience in the business with facilities for prosecuting the same to advantage, combined with moderate expenses, enables him to sell his GOODS at much less per cent than any other Furniture store in this Island. Every article required for Housekeeping supplied at this Establishment.

A few of those celebrated Clothes Wringers, a most convenient article in a good Housekeeper's Laundry.

N. B.—One Superior Rosewood, 7 octavo PIANO FORTE, London make.

GEORGE DOUGLASS.
Corner of Kent Street and King's Square.

Charlottetown, Nov. 30, 1863

Flour! Flour!

PER Brigantines "HOUND" and "EXPORT," from NEW YORK

200 Bbls. Superfine and Extra STATE FLOUR.

Cheap for Cash.

R. W. BRECKEN,
Water Street, adjoining the Bank.

May 23, 1864. 3m

ON HAND!

Flour, Leather, Tobacco and Crackers,

WHICH will be sold low for CASH or approved 3 months' paper.

Fortnightly upon the arrival of the Steamer "Commerce," the subscriber will receive a fresh supply of **FLOUR**, which he will sell at low rates. Country Traders and others will find it for their interest to call.

I. C. HALL,
Peake's Brick Building, Water Street.

Ch'town, June 27, 1864.

Cloth Factory!

THE SUBSCRIBER begs respectfully to inform the public that he will continue to manufacture CLOTH, &c., at his establishment in Tryon. Wool will be received in Charlottetown by H. J. Callbeck, Agent, or at the Mill.

☞ Cloth received for Dyeing and Dressing as heretofore.

CHARLES E. STANFIELD.

May 23, 1864. tf

August 15th, 1864.

ON SALE, at the Subscriber's Room, QUEEN SQUARE:—

2 Tons NAVY OAKUM,
50 Bbls " PITCH,
200 Sides SOLE LEATHER,
50 Chests CONGO TEA, (warranted good.)
100 Bbls FAMILY FLOUR,
20 Cases SHERRY WINE,
5 do CHAMPAGNE,
20 do Glenury WHISKEY,
10 do "Old Tom" GIN,
6 do JAMAICA RUM,
10 do Raspberry and Ginger CORDIAL,
8 do Assorted BOOTS & SHOES,
60 Dozen PAILS and BROOMS,
6 Casks KEROSENE OIL,
1 do Bright VARNISH,
6 Bbls Sol SODA, 1 Case LICORICE,
50 Boxes Benson & Aspden's Superior STARCH,
20 do CANDLES. 10 do Ground COFFEE,
6 Casks CIDER VINEGAR,
6 qtr Casks Otwids BRANDY, 1859,
1 do do PORT WINE,
4 do do SCOTCH WHISKEY,
4 Hhds DeKuypers GIN.

A lot of DRY GOODS,

in Cloths, Doeskins, Osnaburgs, Jeans, Lining, Cottons, &c., &c., All at the LOWEST PRICES for Cash or approved Paper.

WILLIAM DODD.

August 15, 1864. isl—4ins

Advice to the Farmers of P. E. Island.

AS the season for Harvest operations is approaching, and as the crops promise to be unusually abundant, the undersigned begs to remind FARMERS throughout the Island that he has just received an Invoice of his Stock of

Manny's Celebrated and Wonderful Mowing and Reaping Machines,

which save immense time, labor and money to those who use them, as is proved by the well established fact that they will enable a Farmer to save his crops four or five weeks sooner, and at less than half the cost, than he could do the work by the old fashioned Hook and Scythe, now rapidly going out of use, with the older and still more useless Flail. No enterprising or temperance Farmer should be without one of those wonderful Machines; the cost is comparatively trifling, and no man who is able to bear the cost should think of hiring one, as before it came to his turn to hire one of the Machines that might be in his neighbourhood, he would, perhaps, lose the chance of securing or selling his crop to advantage.

The MOWING and REAPING MACHINES were never in greater demand in the United States than at present. The scarcity of *manual labor in that* country, caused by the number of Farmers killed and wounded in the present War, renders such LABOUR-SAVING MACHINES more desirable than ever, and it will be almost impossible to secure a sufficient supply hereafter for the use of the agriculturalists of this Island. NOW IS THE TIME TO SECURE THEM. The undersigned, knowing that they would be in great demand, ordered a considerable number of them for the use of the Farmers of this Island, but could not get more than half he required, which he is prepared to sell for Cash or approved credit, for one or two years, if they are ordered before the 25th inst.

The following Agents will act for the Subscriber in selling those extraordinary and beautiful MACHINES which are so well adapted for saving labour and money; and the Subscriber hopes that they will send their orders immediately and use their best exertions to promote their sale, and thereby advance the best interests of the Colony. The Machines have JUST ARRIVED in the Steamer "COMMERCE," and one of them, together with some patent ploughs, will be on exhibition at the NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL, where an office will be opened for the sale of all such goods, during the season.

RICHARD J. CLARKE,
Of Orwell Cheap Store,
From a Needle to an Anchor.

July 11, 1864.

AGENTS:

W. E. DAWSON and W. W. IRVING, Esqrs., Charlottetown,
F. P. NORTON and THOMAS OWEN, Esqrs., Georgetown,
Mr. THOMAS ANNEAR, Summer Hill, Montague,
Mr. J. MCDOUGALL, Grand River Bridge.
Mr. J. T. TRUELOVE, Dundas, Lot 55,
Messrs. G. MCKAY & SON, NEW LONDON,
J. A. MCLEAN, Esq., St. Peter's Bay,
I. C. HALL, Esq., Tignish,
J. W. HOWLAN, Esq., and Mr. JAMES BRODERICK, Cascumpec.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale on LIBERAL TERMS—

200 sides SOLE LEATHER,
50 dozen BUCKETS,
30 do BROOMS,
10 chests TEA,
50 boxes P Y & COMMON SOAP,
50 do AXES,
5 do BROAD AXES,
10 setts Fairbank's Platform SCALES.

J. S. CARVELL.

June 13, 1864. tf

S. T.—1860.—X.

Persons of sedentary habits troubled with weakness, lassitude, palpitatton of the heart, lack of appetite, distress after eating, torpid liver, constipation, &c., deserve to suffer if they will not try the celebrated

PLANTATION BITTERS,

which are now recommended by the highest medical authorities, and warranted to produce an *immediate* beneficial effect. They are exceedingly agreeable, perfectly pure, and must supercede all other tonics where a healthy, gentle stimulant is required.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhæ, Cholera and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.
They make the weak strong, the languid brilliant, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are composed of the celebrated Calisaya bark, winter green, sassafras, roots and herbs, all preserved in perfectly pure St. Croix rum.

"* * * I have given the Plantation Bitters to hundreds of our disabled soldiers with the most astonishing effect. G. W. D. ANDREWS,
Sup. Soldier's Home, Cincinnati, O."

"* * * The Plantation Bitters cured me of liver complaint, of which I was laid up prostrate, and had to abandon my business.
H. B. KINGSLEY, Cleveland, O."

"* * * I owe much to you, for I verily believe the Plantation Bitters have saved my life.
Rev. W. H. WAGGONER, Madrid, N. Y."

"* * * Thou wilt send me two bottles more of thy Plantation Bitters. My wife has been greatly benefitted by their use.
Thy friend, ASA CURRIN, Philadelphia, Pa."

"* * * I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and had to abandon preaching. * * The Plantation Bitters have cured me.
Rev. J. S. CATHORN, Rochester, N. Y.

"* * * Send us twenty-four dozen more of your Plantation Bitters, the popularity of which are daily increasing with the guests of our house.
SYKES, CHADWICK & Co.,
Proprietors Willard's Hotel, Washington, D. C."
&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

Such are one in thousands of certificates daily received. They are immensely beneficial to weak persons and delicate females.

Be cautious of re-filled bottles. See our signature on a fine steel plate label. They are not sold by the gallon. They are only sold in our patent log cabin bottles, by respectable druggists, grocers, hotels, saloons, steamboats and country stores.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.
202 Broadway, N. Y.

LITERATURE.

TIME WILL TELL.

Oh! time will tell of wondrous things,
Of many a changing scene;
'Twill waft us with unfailing wings
Thro' gloom, through joy serene.
The sad or gay, the bound or free,
Unwary may to-morrow see
What never yet has been.
The lurking eye may keenly scan,
The tongue may loudly rail;
But faithfully from man to man,
Oh! time will tell the tale!

Time only tells how true the heart
Through every change can hold;
Though smiling lips will joys impart,
And tender thoughts unfold.
When won the prize for which we aim,
How oft that love-enkindled flame
Grows cheerless, wan and cold;
When beauty charms not as before,
Nor longer can prevail.
How changeful is the valued store,
Leave time to tell the tale!

Oh! time will tell a truthful tale
Of happiness—of woe;
In turn rejoice—in turn bewail,*
Must every heart below.
In radiant youth, in mellowed age,
We write on time's unerring page,
Life's hist'ry as we go.
'Tis but a frail uncertain bark,
Borne by a breath—a gale,
To gain that bright, eternal ark;
Oh! time will tell the tale!

A CLERGYMAN'S TALE.

It is many years ago, probably about the date of your birth, my average reader, that I learned what I am about to tell you. At that time, there stood on the north-west coast of Ireland a building known as Kyarlin Castle. The greater part of it was very ancient; and the remainder had been built not less than one hundred and fifty years. I had commenced that pursuit, the taste for which remains with me to this day, namely, the search after antiquities capable of throwing light on the early history and customs of our ancestors. It happened, that while I was talking with a man who had been collecting kelp on the beach, he pulled out a piece of greenish-looking metal. To a man who regarded it with an uneducated eye, there was nothing in the appearance of it to give any value; but I saw at once it was an axe of the bronze period. Finding he had picked it up on the shore, I spent as much time as I could spare for some weeks afterwards in making search beneath the cliffs for other relics of a similar kind. I was one day so absorbed in studying the appearance of certain stones that lay on the beach, and which, for reasons I will not go into now, I thought were the remains of one of the most ancient of the Celtic edifices that have been discovered, that I did not notice how high the tide had risen, till it came among the stones I was examining. I looked round quickly, and saw, with a very uncomfortable sensation, that the sea reached the cliffs I had passed. To escape that way before the tide would carry me off my legs, and beat me against the rocks, was, I knew, impossible. Hope lay in going onwards, and finding an opening in the cliffs before the tide had risen much higher. I stumbled along as fast as I could go over the slippery sea-weed; but the sea was surging and foaming against the rocks so strongly that I found it difficult to make any progress at all. Looking ahead, I could see no sign of a break in the cliffs, and I was about to resign myself to death, when I arrived opposite a cave which seemed to have been worn by the waves during storms. Looking into this little cave, I observed that the line of sea-weed on the fragment of rock indicated that during ordinary tides it was filled by the sea. To go forward, seemed certain death, to remain here gave at least a hope of escape. Hastily deciding in favor of the cave, I entered; and to shield myself from the surf as much as possible, I immediately began piling up the pieces of rock and sea-weed so as to make as effectual a barrier as was in my power between me and it. After enduring a long period of painful suspense, I saw with fervent thankfulness the setting in of the ebb. I was calculating the chances of my being able to reach a certain point in the cliffs by which I might ascend from the beach before it became dark, when I was suddenly startled by hearing a voice, which seemed to be at my elbow, say: 'Here is another blanket for you. It is more than you deserve; but I will not deny you any physical comfort I permit myself to enjoy.'

A weaker voice, but also that of a female, replied: 'O, my lady, let me but see the blessed sunlight again, and I will not care for clothes or food. Think of the years I have suffered in this dark place.'

To which the first speaker answered in a passionate tone: 'And what have your sufferings been compared to mine? Have I any hope of escape from mine, you wretched woman? Nay, does not every day that adds to my weakness increase the pains I suffer, by making me feel more acutely the want of sympathy of which I have been deprived through you?'

The dull sound of a closing door and a moaning which followed, was all that I heard afterwards. To find words which could give you any idea of my utter astonishment is impossible. Though dark, the cavity was so small at the upper end that I could satisfy myself by feeling, almost without stirring from the spot whereon I was seated, that there was no opening from it, and certainly that no other person was present in it besides myself. After much reflection, the truth began to dawn upon my mind; the only building along that part of the coast which lay close to the edge of the cliff was Kyarlin Castle, and that the voices came from the inmates of that building, I was more induced to believe by the words "my lady," which, though they did not imply that the person addressed bore that title, yet showed that she was a person of some distinction. Of course you think I at once opened a conversation with the person imprisoned; but I did nothing of the kind. At that time every family of the least influence living in the remoter parts of Ireland had individuals hanging about them capable of any act of violence on the slightest intimation from any member of the family, or even from a confidental servant, that it would be agreeable to them. In my case caution was especially necessary, as I was the minister of the small proportion of the inhabitants of the surrounding district who professed Protestantism, and was therefore more than usually obnoxious to those who adhered to the creed I considered it my duty to do my utmost to supplant. Moreover, I did not know how far I might be acting rightly in aiding the escape of the imprisoned woman. For the present, therefore, I determined on doing nothing; and crept as quietly as possible out of the cavity, and walked home. The next day I returned in the same direction; and when I reached the castle I stooped down, and pretended to pick up a stone, which I threw down. I had painted it before I left home, so that I should distinguish it readily among those which lay on the shore. From this place I walked slowly on till I reached the cleft by which I had ascended the previous evening, down which I scrambled to the beach, and turned back to the cave. Close to the entrance I found a colored stone, which confirmed my conjecture that the excavation adjoined an apartment in Kyarlin Castle. I went in with as little noise as possible, as it was now low water, and there was no sound to drown any noise I might chance to make. I listened, but all was silence. At last I determined to risk a question; and putting my head close to the loose stones at the spot from whence the voices seemed to issue, I asked: 'Is there anybody shut up in there?'

A low cry followed, and a woman said, 'Oh, do, for Heaven's sake, let me out!'

There was an expression of such eager entreaty in the voice, that, joined to what I had heard the day before, decided me on assisting her to escape, and thus giving her a chance of appealing to the law for protection, or, on the other hand, of compelling those who had imprisoned her here to continue her punishment in a legal manner, if there were any just ground for inflicting it. After a few more questions I told her I would come back at the ebb of the tide that evening and release her. The operation was not a difficult one. The removal of some loose stones made an opening into a cell on a level with the beach, and through this I dragged her. The night was dark enough to make walking along the shore difficult; but it screened us from observation, if any one happened to be abroad in the neighborhood of the road we were obliged to follow to get to my cottage, which was the only place to which I could take her. Here I gave her in charge to Esther, the old woman who waited upon me. I followed them into the kitchen; but though there was no light there beyond that given by a tallow candle and a turf fire, the stranger covered her eyes with her hands, from inability to endure the pain it caused. She was a woman in appearance about forty years of age, with a complexion so intensely white that I was reminded of Lot's wife after her conversion into salt. I asked no questions that evening, and what I subsequently learned from her was confirmed by Mrs. Meyrick of Kyarlin Castle, upon whom I considered it my duty to call with the aim of inducing her to make some provision for the poor victim of her passion. From other sources, too, and at different periods, I heard other matters relating to the case, which enabled me to give the following narrative in a connected form:

Catherine Mostyn was the daughter of a man who had succeeded to a large but encumbered estate, and by a continuance of the same careless extravagence which he had been accustomed to see from his youth upwards, he had, by the time his daughter had completed her seventeenth year, reduced himself to a condition in which he was scarcely anything better than the steward of the estate nominally his own. Just about this time Henry Meyrick returned from St. Omer, where he had been for several years living with a priest who had been his instructor from his youth. His age was then twenty-two, and having neither father nor mother, it was supposed that he would not long remain at Kyarlin Castle, especially as the man who had been appointed by the executors to manage the estate attached to it had proved himself both honest and able. Shortly after his return to Ireland, Mostyn, as one of his nearest neighbors, and who had known him before he was sent to France, called on him and invited him to his house. Here, of course, he became acquainted with Kate Mostyn. She was remarkable for her exceeding loveliness, which was almost equalled by her pride, and the cold severity, almost sternness of her manner. Much of this latter may have been engendered by poverty, acting on a naturally proud and haughty character, and a continual discontent arising out of a comparison of her actual condition with what it might have been. Henry Meyrick soon became so deeply attached to her, that nobody was surpri ed when it was announced that the day had been fixed for their marriage. When this event took place they went abroad for a few months, Mrs. Meyrick having never been out of Ireland previously. They had not long returned to Kyarlin Castle before it was a matter of common talk that he saw only with her eyes. Childishly fond as Mr. Meyrick was of his wife, and submissive as this led him to be to all her whims and fancies, he was not altogether without firmness of character in his dealings with men; and if he had remained a free man three or four years after his separation from his tutor, instead of falling in love immediately and marrying shortly afterwards, he might have acquired experience which would have prevented the occurrence of the evils which wrecked his own and his wife's happiness, and cruelly injured one whom I firmly believe to have been an inocent victim.

Mrs. Meyrick was devotedly attached to her husband, but she was exacting in the extreme in the testimonies of his affection, and jealous of every woman to whom he paid the slightest attention. Her attendant was about the same age as herself, an Englishwoman she had engaged in London on her way to the continent. This girl being of lively and engaging manners, and very pretty, was a great favorite with her mistress, and for this reason, probably, was treated by her master with a degree of familiarity not very surprising, considering their youth and the extent to which circumstances had compelled all three of them to associate during their journey on the continent. Intimacies of such a kind are always dangerous, even if only from misconstruction; and it was exemplified in this instance. Mrs. Meyrick had sent her maid to her husband's study for a book she wanted; but directly after the girl had left the room she changed her mind and decided on reading some other. Going to the study, she opened the door, and was about to enter. Meyrick was there and the girl; but what it was which made Catherine close the door again, and turn away with a face so deadly pale, she never told anybody, I believe, unless it might have been her spiritual adviser. She went back to her room and locked herself in, and when her husband came to her she would neither open it nor answer him. Finding she remained obstinately silent, he left the castle, and did not return that night, perhaps thinking he would thus bring her to reason. It strongly favors the opinion that Mrs. Meyrick was hasty in her conclusions since her maid did not show any reluctance to go to her mistress when she rang the bell, who, however, refused to allow her to enter the room, and rang again for another servant. That night Jane Wilmot, her maid, disappeared.

The day was still young when Meyrick returned to the castle, after a night spent on the sea shore. He was almost as white as his wife when she turned away from his study-room on the previous day. Walking wearily along the passage leading to his room, he told the man who followed him to bring him some coffee; and throwing his hat into one corner he was about to sit down to his writing table, when he saw lying on it a letter, or rather a small packet, addressed to himself in his wife's handwriting. Hastily opening it, he saw, not an offer of forgiveness, for the paper it contained was a blank sheet, but something which seemed to act upon him like the fabled head of Medusa of old on those who looked on it. When the man entered with the coffee, which was quite half an hour afterwards, he saw his master take something from the table, and thrust it quickly into the breast pocket of his coat, and then leave the room without touching the coffee, or speaking a single word. He went straight to the stables, put a saddle and a bridle on the first horse he came to, without heeding or seeming to hear the offers of a groom to do it for him, and rode off. The groom said afterwards that his master looked like a man who had seen a ghost. A few days afterwards his stewart received a letter from him directing him to forward a certain sum at specified periods to a bank in London, and this was the last communication received from him.

The sudden disappearance of Jane Wilmot excited a great a deal of talk in the country round. Various rumors were, of course, in circulation to account for it; but that which received the greatest currency, and, for a time, was most generally credited, was that Mr. Meyrick had taken her with him. Gradually, as the circumstances under which he had left became known, this opinion died away. Before this had happened, however, a young man named William Macarty, who had inherited a small farm from his father, presented himself at Kyarlin Castle, and requested to see Mrs. Meyrick. At first, she refused to see him; but after he insisted so strongly, that she could not continue her refusal, and was forced to admit him to an interview. His object in calling on her was to ascertain what had become of Jane Wilmot. He gave no credit to the rumor that she had gone away with Mr. Meyrick, and read some letters he had received from her, proving that he had for a considerable time been paying his addresses, and that matters had advanced so far that he had been pressing her to fix the day for her marriage. Under these circumstances it was natural that he should refuse to believe anything to her discredit, or that she could have left the country without communicating with him. The inference he drew, therefore, was that she was still in the castle. From what I have said of Mrs. Meyrick's character, you will have no difficulty in imagining the kind of a reply she would give him. Macarty rendered bold by his love for the missing girl, insisted that she would not have left the castle without the knowledge and consent of her mistress, nor without informing him of her intention. Mrs. Meyrick was far too proud even to suggest that her husband had taken her away with him. Violent language closed the interview, and Macarty left with the threat that he would go to a magistrate and get him to send constables to search the castle.

In the same room with Mrs. Meyrick, when Macarty entered, was the woman she had selected to be her attendant in the place of the English girl. As the language became warmer, this woman, indignant at hearing her mistress spoken to in such terms, and, as was the nature of Irish servants then, at all events in the rural districts in Ireland, more jealous for her dignity than even her mistress herself, rang the bell, and before Macarty left, all the servants, and even the supernumeraries who happened to be at home at the moment, had assembled about the door and heard his closing threat as he left the room. Nothing but Mrs. Meyrick's repeated orders saved him from violent treatment before he left the castle. As it was, they were ineffectual beyond its walls. William Macarty was found lying on the road, a few hours later, dead. The number of pieces of lead and other metal found in his body and clothes showed that he must either have been fired at by several guns, or that some peculiar weapon had been used. The latter was the suggestion of a shrewd medical man who examined the body.

Macarty was a man who had relatives and many friends, and these not of a kind to let his murder go unpunished. It soon reached their ears that he had left Kyarlin Castle with the intention of applying to a justice to have it searched for the young English girl he was going to marry, and they naturally inferred that the murderer must be some person connected with the family there. To find out who this murderer was, they had recourse to an expedient which I thought had been discontinued generations before. A stage was erected, and on this the body of the deceased was laid on a sheet. The whole of the men servants employed at Kyarlin Castle were ordered by Mrs. Meyrick to attend the ceremony of touching the body. One by one his friends approached and laid their hands on the chest of the corpse, and so did every other man present, Mrs. Meyrick's servants remaining to the last. These, in their turn drew near, and repeated the ceremony in succession, without any result, till a man named Shaw, who was employed at the castle to look after the boats, laid his hands on the deceased's chest in the same manner as the rest. Unaccountable as it may appear, the wounds on the instant opened afresh, and blood began to trickle from them on to the bier. He immediately fell down in a fit, and in this condition was thrown into a cart, and escorted by all the friends of the deceased to the nearest jail. His trial came on in due course, and an attempt was made to elicit from him that he had committed the murder at the suggestion of his mistress, but this he strenuously denied, and averred, what all the other servants could prove, that he had seperated from the rest of the servants before Macarty left the room. He added: "I went to the kitchen, and took down a blunderbuss that was always hanging there, and loaded it with nails. Then I ran along the fields, and waited for Macarty at Nevin's Cross, and shot him as he was passing me." This man was convicted and hung; but Macarty's death deprived the Englishwoman of the only friend she had in the country, no further enquiry was made about her.

Years passed away. Mrs. Meyrick never left the castle for a single day, and showed herself so cold and stern to all who visited her, that nobody cared to repeat their visit, and it was not long before she was left without a single person to converse with; even her father, being treated by her in such a manner, that he died without a request to see her.

This was the state of things at the time when I assisted the woman to escape from her dungeon. Her story was a very pitiful one, and in substance soon told. On the night of the day on which her mistress had taken such offence at Jane Wilmot, the girl went to bed, and, though much aggrieved at what had passed, soon fell into a sound sleep, from which she suddenly awoke, and found her mistress bending over her in the act of tying a handkerchief round her neck. She was so frightend by the expression in her face that she wanted to cry out; but before she could utter a sound the knot of the handkerchief was forced into her mouth, and she was made dumb, she tried to raise her hands to pull it out, and found that her arms were fastened at the elbows behind her back. Mrs. Meyrick thentu rned her on her face and drew the cord tight till her elbows touched. Having rendered her entirely helpless, she ordered her to get out of bed, and come with her, all undressed as she was, to the cell from which I had rescued her. Her mistress locked the door and went away, leaving her in darkness, and trembling with fear and cold. In a few minutes she returned with her servant's clothes, and threw them on the floor, and then the girl saw she had a naked knife in her hand. Almost dead with fright, the terrified woman threw herself on her knees, and entreated her mistress to spare her life. The latter replied not a word, and for a minute stood staring with eyes so wildly distended, and a face so white and expressionless; that the poor creature before her, who was begging for her life, was seized with a new alarm, believing that her mistress had gone mad. At this idea fresh horrors laid hold of her imagination, and the words she was uttering for mercy and pity were frozen on her tongue. Had I not myself seen the evidence of the mutilation, I should hesitate to tell you what followed. The mutilated part, with the ear-ring still attached, was what had so strongly excited the horror of Henry Meyrick, who, believing that it signified the death of the girl at the hands of his wife, could see no other course before him but escape from the country In the wretched cell in which Jane Wilmot was thrown, she remained two days without food or clothing; for though her clothes lay on the damp floor, she could only partially cover herself with them in consequence of the way in which her arms were fastened. Believing that Mrs. Meyrick was insane, and that she should be left to die of hunger, the girl gave way to despair; and when at last her mistress returned with food and cut the cord which bound her arms, she was so weak and helpless that she had not a thought of resistance, and dressed herself and ate with thankfulness. Year after year, and in total darkness, except at such times as Mrs. Meyrick brought her food, the unfortunate creature suffered in this cell, or in a little one adjoining where she slept. As for food, she needed so little that she never was in actual want of it; nor, indeed, did she suffer from any deprivation except that of liberty.

On hearing her story, I was naturally so excited at the cruelty with which she had been treated, that I did not lose an hour before setting out for Kyarlin Castle. Here, after some obstacles had been thrown in my way, I had an interview with Mrs. Meyrick. I reproached her for her cruelty to Jane Wilmot in severe terms, and insisted on her making reparation to the extent of her ability. She readily adopted all my suggestions; and when I compared her present haggard appearance with what I heard of her wonderful beauty a few years previously, I could not help feeling sorry for her. As a minister of the gospel, I thought it my duty to try and bring about a reconciliation between her and husband; and when I spoke to her of this, she bowed her head and sobbed bitterly. As soon as she had recovered sufficiently to answer my questions, she, at my request, gave me the address of the bank in London to which the steward forwarded the remittances for his master. On my return home I wrote a full account of what I had learned to Mr Meyrick, the liberation of Jane Wilmot, and the desire of his wife to be reconciled to him. Some months had passed when I received an invitation to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Meyrick at Kyarlin Castle; and in the meantime Jane Wilmot had returned to England, too crushed and enfeebled, bodily and mentally, to entertain a thought of bringing her persecutor to justice. I procured for her all the pecuniary compensation she could require, but at the same time I carefully abstained from advising her what to do, thinkit was a matter for herself to decide, and that it was not for me to urge her to accept money in lieu of justice.

COMPARATIVE POWERS OF SPEECH.—Lindley, the famous violincello player, was a great stutterer, and the following story used to be constantly told to his disadvantage:—"One day, when walking down the High-street of the city of Exeter, he saw a sea-faring man standing on the opposite side of the way with a grey parrot perched on his finger. Lindley crossed over, and accosting the man said, 'Is that p-p-p-p-p-parrot for sale?'—'Yes,' replied the man—'How m-m-m-m-much?' 'A guinea,' was the response. 'C-c-c-c-can it sp-sp-sp-sp-speak?' 'Yes,' said the fellow, 'precious sight better than you can, or I'd chop his head off.'

A Scotchman having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him, that he might help himself. After some time the master said to him: "Sandy, you take a long time to breakfast." "In troth, master," said Sandy, "a cheese o' this size is nae sae soon eaten as ye think."