

Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, AND NEWS.

Vol. 3.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, May 7, 1868.

No. 31.

THE Summerside Journal,
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY EVENING,
BY
JOSEPH BERTRAM,
AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

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1 copy for one year, in advance, 6s. 3d.
" " half advance, 7s. 6d.
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JOB PRINTING
of every description, performed with neatness and despatch, at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

Almanac for May, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 6th day, 2h 24m. a'noon, below h. Last Qtr., 14th day, 1h. 2m., a'noon, below h. New Moon, 22d day, 2h. 23m., a'noon, below h. First Qtr. 28th day, 7h. 29m., a'noon, b. West

D	SUN	SUN	SUN	MOON	MOON
DAY	RISES	SETS	LAST	RISES	SETS
WEEK			CLOCK		
M					
1	5:17	4:3	4:15	4:5	2:22
2	5:18	4:3	4:15	4:5	2:24
3	5:19	4:3	4:15	4:5	2:28
4	5:20	4:3	4:15	4:5	2:32
5	5:21	4:3	4:15	4:5	2:36
6	5:22	4:3	4:15	4:5	2:40
7	5:23	4:3	4:15	4:5	2:44
8	5:24	4:3	4:15	4:5	2:48
9	5:25	4:3	4:15	4:5	2:52
10	5:26	4:3	4:15	4:5	2:56
11	5:27	4:3	4:15	4:5	3:00
12	5:28	4:3	4:15	4:5	3:04
13	5:29	4:3	4:15	4:5	3:08
14	5:30	4:3	4:15	4:5	3:12
15	5:31	4:3	4:15	4:5	3:16
16	5:32	4:3	4:15	4:5	3:20
17	5:33	4:3	4:15	4:5	3:24
18	5:34	4:3	4:15	4:5	3:28
19	5:35	4:3	4:15	4:5	3:32
20	5:36	4:3	4:15	4:5	3:36
21	5:37	4:3	4:15	4:5	3:40
22	5:38	4:3	4:15	4:5	3:44
23	5:39	4:3	4:15	4:5	3:48
24	5:40	4:3	4:15	4:5	3:52
25	5:41	4:3	4:15	4:5	3:56
26	5:42	4:3	4:15	4:5	4:00
27	5:43	4:3	4:15	4:5	4:04
28	5:44	4:3	4:15	4:5	4:08
29	5:45	4:3	4:15	4:5	4:12
30	5:46	4:3	4:15	4:5	4:16
31	5:47	4:3	4:15	4:5	4:20

Summerside Markets, May 7.

Oats per bush	3s 3d
Barley per bush	3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	2s 3d
Turnips per bush	1s 3d
Butter per lb by Tub	1s
Lard per lb	9d
Tallow per lb	9d
Eggs per doz	10d
Beef per lb	5d
Mutton per lb	5d
Pork per lb by carcass	5d
Geese each	2s 3d
Flour per bbl	18s
Oatmeal per cwt.	80s
Hay per Ton	2s
Straw per cwt.	10s
Pine Boards	4s
Spruce Boards	4s

Charlottetown Markets, May 7, 1868.

Beef (small)	6d
Do, by quarter	6d
Mutton	4d
Lamb per lb.	4d
Butter	1s
Do, by tub	1s
Cheese	4d
Tallow	9d
Lard	8d
Flour lb.	3d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	20s
Eggs	15d
Potatoes	2d
Turnips	1s
Barley	3s
Oats	3s
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Spruce	7s
Pine	12s
Shingles	1s
Wool	70s
H-y	2s
Straw cwt.	5s
Homespun	2s
Sheepskins	5d
Calfskin lb.	4d
Hides lb.	4d

Business Cards.
BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown
President—HON. DANIEL BRESAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDELL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.
from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

UNION BANK.
Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown
President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire.
Discount Days—Wednesdays & Saturdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.
from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

SUMMERSIDE BANK.
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.
President—HON. JOHN R. GARDNER.
Cashier—E. L. LYDIARD, Esquire.
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Notes for Payment must be in before 11 o'clock on payment days.
Hours of Business—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.
from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

THOMAS FAZZEL.
Boot and Shoe Maker,
WATER STREET,
opposite Green & Schurman's Store.
Boots and Shoes of a superior quality constantly on hand, and at a sale cheap.
Summerside, June 6, 1867.

Business Cards.

Co-Partnership Notice.
THE Subscribers have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNIES-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of
ALLEY & DAVIES
OFFICE.—O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING, GREAT GEORGE STREET.
GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES.
Charlottetown, Oct. 18, 1867.

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC &c.
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.
aug. 9, 1866

WILLIAM M. HOWE,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.
St. ELEANOR'S, P. E. ISLAND.
DR. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1865.

KITSON CASEY, M.D.,
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur
formerly Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, offers his professional services to the people of Summerside and vicinity. He can be consulted at his office, over the Store of Green & Schurman, in Summerside.
June 13, 1867.

North British and Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY,
FIRE AND LIFE.
Established 1809.
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
HEAD OFFICES:
EDINBURGH & LONDON.
G. W. DEBLOIS,
Agent at Charlottetown.
Forms of Application can be had by applying to Mr. J. BERTRAM, Journal Office, Summerside.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867—1y

CRAWFORDS HOTEL,
No. 9, King Square, St. John, N. B.
Permanent and transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.
In connection with the above the subscribers have opened a
First Class Grocery Store
where they will keep constantly on hand, Flour, Corn Meal, Provisions, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, and all articles usually kept in a Grocery Store.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
May 30, 1867—1y

Fountain House Hotel.
King Square, (North Side), ST. JOHN, N. B.
The Subscriber having leased the above Hotel, and retitled the same, is now prepared to accommodate Transient and Permanent Boarders, and trusts by attention to meet a share of public patronage.
Having also leased the commodious Stable attached, and secured the services of a careful Hostler, who will be in attendance at all hours, travellers will be sure to get satisfaction at lowest rates.
JAMES W. THOMSON,
Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., July 4, 1867—1y

Commercial Hotel,
NEW ARRANGEMENT!
COACH FARE PAID!
IN FUTURE the COACH FARE of all travellers from the Railway Station and Steam-boat Landings in this City to the COMMERCIAL HOTEL, King Street, who make their stay one day or upward, WILL BE PAID BY THE Proprietor.

FARE AT THE HOTEL:
TRANSIENT.
One Day, \$1 00
One Week, \$5 00
PERMANENT.
Per Week, \$3 25 to \$4 50
The HOTEL is situated on the best business street in the city, and nearly opposite the WATERING PLACE. It is handsomely fitted up and calculated to accommodate some fifty persons very comfortably.
D. P. HOWE, Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., Nov. 7, 1867

"FOUNTAIN HOUSE,"
CENTRAL STREET,
SUMMERSIDE!
THE subscriber most respectfully returns his thanks to the public who so liberally patronized him heretofore in the "Union House," and wishes to inform them that he has again opened up, next door to his old stand, a
Boarding House & Bar.
Having plenty of yard room, and excellent and commodious STABLING, he is prepared to make all comfortable who may patronize the "FOUNTAIN HOUSE."
DAVID GRADY.
Fountain House,
Summerside, Feb. 27, 1868.

DAVID BERTRAM,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Water Street, Summerside.
October 12, 1865.
Look Here.
J. B. FITCH'S GOLDEN OINTMENT is used for all complaints, that skin, flesh, bones and muscles are afflicted with; with wonderful success. Try it.
W. R. WATSON,
General Agent for P. E. Island.

Business Cards.

DANIEL CREW,
Watch & Clock Maker,
Water Street, Summerside.
(Adjoining the Shop of Mr. Jas. Caldwell)
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired, at moderate charges and with punctuality.
April 2, 1868.

R. & W. T. HUNT,
Commission Merchants,
GENERAL AGENTS AND
AUCTIONEERS.
SALESROOM AND OFFICE
Head of Queen's Wharf.
(opposite the Store of Wm. T. Hunt & Co.)
Summerside, P. E. Island
April 2, 1868

Temperance Hotel,
GRANVILLE STREET,
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I.
JAMES CROZIER PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find good accommodation at the above Hotel. Good stabling, and a careful Hostler always in attendance.
This Hotel will always be kept open on the nights in which the Steamer arrives and leaves, for the accommodation of travellers. Summerside, March 12, 1868.—3m

ROCKLIN HOUSE,
Kent Street, Charlottetown,
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
Charlottetown, June 13, 1867.

HANFORD BROTHERS,
Successors to Thomas Hanford,
Commission Merchants
And General Agents,
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Chas. U. Hanford, Fred. S. Hanford
Jan. 21, 1868.

James Greenough,
FLOUR
Commission Merchant.
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street—BOSTON.

J. H. ALLEN,
Commission Merchant,
And Dealer in Provisions, &c.
MARKET STREET,
St. John, N. B.
Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.
May 9, 1867.

CARD
WILLIAM BEARSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside, P. E. Island.

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN—P. E. ISLAND

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

C. L. RICHARDS,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
British & Foreign Groceries.
1, Head North Wharf,
ST. JOHN, N. B.—NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1867.

JABEZ HUDSON,
Authorized Auctioneer,
GENERAL AGENT, &c.,
TRYON,
June 27, 1867.
SUMMERSIDE
Furniture Factory!!
(Next door to Mr. John F. Baker's, and directly opposite the JOURNAL Office.)

Cabinet Shop
next door to Mr. John F. Baker's Store, where he is prepared to manufacture Furniture as reasonably as any in the business. He will supply at short notice—
Bedsteads, Bureaus,
Wardrobes, Cupboards,
Sinks; Bedroom, Kitchen,
Leaf, Centre and Extension
Tables, Sideboards, Cheffonges,
What-nots, Stools, Desks,
Picture Frames,
Lounges, Settees,
Cradles, Cribs,
Cots, &c., &c.
Bedroom Setts, Mattresses, &c., &c., &c.
Imported Furniture put together—Old Furniture repaired, and TURNING done—
J. ALEXANDER BOVYER,
Central Street, Summerside,
Aug 22, 1867.

POETRY.

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."
A NEW VERSION, BY CHARLES MACKAY.
I.
"A MAN'S a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a' that and a' that,"
But though the song be clear and strong,
It lacks a note for a' that.
The lout who'd shrink his daily work,
Yet claim his wake and a' that,
Or beg, when he might earn his bread,
Is not a man for a' that.
II.
If all who dine on homely fare
Were true and brave and a' that,
And none whose garb is "hadden grey,"
Was fool or knave, and a' that,
The vice and crime that shame our time
Would fade and fall and a' that,
And ploughmen be as good as kings,
And churls as earls for a' that.
III.
You see you brawny, blustering sot,
Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,
And thinks, because his strong right arm
Might fell an ox and a' that,
That he's as noble, man for man,
As duke or lord, and a' that!
He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
And not a man for a' that.
IV.
A man may own a large estate,
Have palace, park, and a' that,
And not for birth, but honest worth,
Be thrice a man for a' that;
And Donald herding on the moor,
Who beats his wife and a' that,
Be nothing but a rascal boor,
Nor half a man for a' that.
V.
It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—
The truth is old, and a' that—
"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that!"
And though you'd put the matted mark
On copper, brass, and a' that,
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.
VI.
For a' that, and a' that,
"This soul and heart and a' that,
That makes the living gentleman,
And not his crown and a' that,
And man with him, rich or poor,
The best is he for a' that.
Who stands clear in self respect,
And acts the man for a' that."
—Blackwood's Magazine.

Select Literature.

COLONEL HILSON.
A STORY OF WATERLOO.
Continued.

There was a union of science and skill requisite to become eminent in the profession I had chosen, which stimulated me to indefatigable minute attention to my duty. I had many natural advantages to assist me in achieving professional superiority. I was young, patient and vigorous; my constitution unbroken, and capable of privation and fatigue; my sight was quick and powerful. I measured distances with unerring skill; the shell burst where I directed it, and the ball was propelled with fatal accuracy. Before I was two years in the service my talent was distinguished by my officers; and, when orders came for my brigade to embark for Holland, I was entrusted with the command of a gun, and promoted to a sergeant's rank.

We landed at Helvoetsluis on the 1st of March, and soon after joined a junction with the Austro-Prussian army, and a corps of Hanoverians and Hessians in British pay. In the battle of the 23d of May at Farnas, we were successful, and invested Valenciennes, which fell on the 28th of July. This our glorious success, however, was delusory; and I shall simply say that in this unhappy campaign I was a sharer in its victories and reverses. The gallant duke who commanded was worthy of a more prosperous career than that which he was fated to pass through. Attacked by a brave, active, and enterprising enemy, opposed to able and enterprising officers, he depended upon heartless friends, and operated with unwarlike allies. Paralyzed in victory, and deserted when distressed, that brave man struggled vainly against circumstances beyond his control, and, after a useless attempt upon Dunkirk, was obliged to retreat by Farnas upon Ghent.

Early next April, Pichegru having moved on West Flanders, the disastrous campaign of '94 ended. It was, in truth, a continuation of defeats. Repulsed on the 17th and 18th of May, the royal duke was driven behind the Aa. The French crossed the Maas, when all our exertions failed to defend Ninovegen, which was carried by assault. During this campaign, in the field movements and sieges the British artillery suffered heavily. Poor Hamilton fell before Dunkirk; the most of my earlier comrades were killed or invalided; I, from a severe wound, was sent home to England, having for my conduct been promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant.

I might now have returned proudly to my home; for, by my own unassisted exertions, I had made an honorable name. In fancy I revisited Hilson Hall and indulged in many a wild conjecture of the state in which I should find its inmates. What would be my reception there? Would my father's sternness give way, and nature assert her mastery, and open his closed arms to offer a prodigal's welcome to his long-extranged child? Would even my unexpected return disturb my mother's apathy—and how would Emma meet me—where was she—what was she—was she still unwedded—or, had the indissoluble bond of marriage united her to Arthur, and severed her from me forever? I still clung to the hope that Emma was yet free, and that circumstances which I could neither name nor fancy, might still make her my own. Restless and miserable, I determined to return to Ireland, and, having obtained a leave of absence, set off for Bristol, to embark in the Dublin packet.

When I arrived there the vessel was on the eve of sailing; she only waited for the turning of the tide, and, to pass the short time away, I sauntered into an adjacent coffee-house. An Irish newspaper was before me, and I carelessly threw my eyes over its columns. Suddenly I started; felt my cheek flush; I had scarcely courage to peruse the fatal paragraph—fatal, indeed to all my hopes of happiness—"At the Rectory of Ashfield, the lady of the Reverend Arthur Hilson, of a son and heir!" The paper dropped from my hand—the dream was dispelled, the charm was broken—Emma was a wife—a mother, and could I, dare I return? No, no; home was now a hateful name; and all there to me would be bitterness and disappointment. I threw myself into a coach, and in an hour was on the road to Woolwich, to rejoin my corps.

It was evening when I returned, and having entered the barracks unobserved, I was left for several hours in solitary possession of my apartments. The next rooms were occupied by a married officer, who had lately returned to headquarters with his bride. They were both young and handsome, and, as it was said, a long attachment had subsisted between them, and that theirs was what the world calls a love-match. The partition which separated our apartments was but slight, and, to my astonishment, I heard sounds of weeping and distress. All around me was still, and I easily ascertained that the lady was in deep affliction, and her husband vainly endeavoring to soothe her anguish. Soon after, my servant came to me, and on inquiry I learned that a reinforcement for the West Indies was drafted from our corps, and that my neighbor, Lieutenant Mowbray was one of the officers ordered for this service. From the imperative command received for the immediate embarkation of the detachment, it was impossible that Mrs. Mowbray could be permitted to accompany her husband; and the well-known instability of the climate rendered the chance a desperate one of the unhappy pair being again united.

The idea instantly occurred to me that it was within my power to avert the dreadful calamity. Every climate was alike to me; and I could reason with Orlando, "It killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; and the world no injury, for in it I have nothing." Without a moment's deliberation I opened Mowbray's door; his wife, who was leaning her head upon her shoulder, started when I entered, and he rose up, hurt and mortified at an interruption which, in any other that me, would have been unfeeling and unpardonable. But when I told him my determination, and offered to exchange and take his place, never were surprise and rapture more marked than in the features of Mowbray and his wife. In glowing language he poured out his ardent acknowledgments, while she hung upon my neck and called me her saviour—her saviour.

Gently detaching myself from her embrace, I left the delighted lovers to their happiness; and, returning to my room, commenced active preparations for a long absence from England. In a few days all necessary matters were completed—my exchange of service with Mowbray was effected—and, for the second time, I left my country, with feeble hopes, indeed, of ever seeing it again.

But fortune willed it otherwise. I remained in those unhealthy islands for four years; and although twice attacked by the malignant fever of the country, I survived to bury my companions. The French invested the fort I commanded, but I repulsed them. For this service I was promoted to a company; and, soon after, being relieved by a fresh body of veterans, I was ordered home, and with the remains of those who survived that fatal climate landed at Cove, in the spring of 1798, five years from the time I left his harbor an humble sergeant.

It was on the eve of that political convulsion which threatened the dissolution of the empire, and I returned to the South of Ireland. From the period I had left the country, to the time of my landing here, a scene of continued disorder and violence; but things were now hastening to a crisis, and I arrived but a few weeks before the insurrection of '98 took place.

In my military profession I was an eyewitness to the dreadful events which ensued, and was unhappily an actor in many a scene of commotion and bloodshed. Even at this remote time I recall the memory of those evil days with pain; and, though since luckeyed in deeds of violence and death, I shudder at the recollection of this fatal summer. It was in truth a fearful period—assassination was perpetrated in the open day—houses were nightly attacked, and the inmates, when they failed in repelling the assailants, deprived of arms and property, and not infrequently of life. The scaffold groined with victims, and the air stank with unburied hundreds, who fell in conflicts with the military, and, crushed by superior discipline, perished in idle but fearless opposition.

Time and absence had cooled the fever of my blood; I could not but feel that I was in the land of my birth, and own a yearning of the heart towards the home I had so hastily quitted. I made the necessary inquiries, and found that Sir Philip and my mother were no longer among the living. All past severity and unkindness were forgotten—my father's sternness, the chilly bearing of my mother, faded from my memory. They were now resting in the grave, and the memory of their neglect was buried with them.

Although the tie of kindred was nearly severed, I felt an uncontrollable desire to revisit my native village. Emma was there; but what was she to me? A barrier, eternal and insuperable, was placed between us. Who would be the prudence of witnessing Arthur's happiness? Was it polite to open the sacred wound, and again place myself within the dangerous influence of that cherished object, whom I could not see without emotion, and member without pain? Still this wish was irresistible—I would risk all—a world once more see Emma, though my tranquility should be broken, and my bosom bleed anew! I obtained, accordingly, a short leave of absence, and engaged a place in the mail which passed my much-loved paternal residence.

Nothing could have marked the insecurity of the times more strongly than the unusual appearance of the Cork coach. Its double guard was considered insufficient for its protection; and, apprehensive of attack, the passengers were armed, and a party of dragoons, relieved at each stage, escorted us through our perilous journey.

Of my fellow-travellers, the one who was seated opposite to me attracted my attention. He was, like myself, habited in a sort of military undress; and, from his sallow complexion and foreign air, I should have concluded him to have been one who had resided long in some torrid climate. I made some efforts to induce a conversation, but he was silent, almost repulsive, and I left him accordingly to his own contemplations.

The other travellers were persons in the humbler walk of life, and avowedly engaged in trade; and, for a time, their conversation was confined to subjects only interesting to themselves. With such dull companions, to sleep was my only alternative; and I prepared to slumber away some portion of my tedious journey. But my attention was soon engaged. I found that one of the traders was settled in Ashfield, my native town; and, with a little management, I learned the singular changes which a few years had produced in my family.

My father had been suddenly taken off by an attack of gout in the stem ch, and Tom consequently succeeded to the title and estates. My mother resided with him; and never was an ancient name consigned to weaker representatives than Lady Hilson and her favorite son Sir Thomas.

The rate of travelling of his majesty's mail was then very different from the bird-like velocity of the present day; and the evening was far advanced when we reached the hill which commands Ashfield, and from which the narrow chimneys and fretted gables of the old hall are first seen. Here the foreign-looking traveller left the carriage, and turned into an unrequited lane, where a prison seemed to have been waiting for him; and together they disappeared behind the hawthorn hedges which flanked the narrow pathway.

I can not but describe my feelings when the coach rolled through the long street of Ashfield. Every object was familiar—every house, every tree was remembered. We pulled up at the inn, and the coach-door opened. I looked at the man who assisted me to alight, and I knew him to have been an old servant of my father's—the rosy-checked daughter of the landlord was contending in the hall to welcome me, but neither recognized me. My sumner coughed, my strong compacted figure, bore no resemblance to the wild youth whose history was now almost forgotten.

I entered the little parlor. "The neatly-sanded floor and varnished clock" were just as I had left them; and the corner cupboard fronted me, with its full display of cracked china and gilded stoneware. Above the chimney-piece the "Blossoms in the Wood" were standing in the preservation; often, when a boy, have I gazed on them with compassion and delight. There they remained in waxen glory upon a bed of moss, attended by the "gentle redoubt," which the cunning artist had represented by a two-legged animal, with the air and proportions of a Norfolk turkey. On one side, a tender couple with crooks and cattle were suspended, and underneath was written, "The Arcadian Lovers;" and on the other, a lean and famished youth was sprawling at the feet of an elderly gentleman, arrayed in a full-bottomed wig, and scarlet hunting-trook, with sky-blue breeches and jockey boots. To insinuate that the scene of this interesting limning was eastern, an elephant was judiciously introduced, scratching over his courtyard wall a camel's hump with his proboscis; and, in golden letters, the subject was stated to be, "The Prodigal's Return."

I declined the offer of refreshments, and was leaning against the mantel-piece arranging my future course of conduct, when a low whispering beneath the window induced me to look out. In the twilight I observed several persons in deep conversation, and at a little distance one or two armed men, who seemed posted there as sentinels. I was soon aware that I was the subject of their discourse; and the easement being imperfectly disclosed, enabled me to overhear them.

"Are you certain," inquired the first speaker, "that he answers the description of the stranger?"

"Perfectly. He is a dark sallow man—his air military—his height the same, and his dress exactly what the foreigner is described to wear."

"Heaven's! how fortunate! Did any one remark him but you?"

"Not a soul! I saw him alight. It struck me in an instant that he was the man. I watched him through the key-hole; he seemed in deep thought, and anxious to avoid observation."

"It must be he."

"What's best to do?"

"Arrest him before any chance could let others see him, and share the honor and reward."

"I agree with you. We'll take him at once to Captain Hilson's, and there examine him before the magistrate."

"Speak lower—let us lose no time."

They both retired; and after giving some directions to the sentinels, left the inn-yard together.

Short as the preceding dialogue had been, I recognized the principal of the speakers. He had been employed in disciplining the yeomanry of Ashfield; and, from the humble grade of a drill-sergeant, for espionage and other secret services, had been made a brigade-major for that district. He was a fawning sycophant to those in power, and a ready tool for the bigot and oppressor to work with. I remembered he had been an object of aversion to poor Sir Philip; and it at once occurred to me that I could disappoint his avarice, and gain a safe and unsuspected entrance to my cousin's house, by favoring the mistake into which the gallant major had fallen. It was quite clear that my foreign-looking fellow-traveller was concerned, or suspected to be so. In some reasonable transactions, and that a similarity of dress and appearance would naturally occasion much confusion. While I was still undecided whether to announce my name at once, and prove my identity, the door was opened, and Dalton, with