

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. X.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Tuesday, August 28, 1860.

New Series.—No. 33.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—In bad legs, ulcers, scrofulous sores, and glandular swellings, this Ointment operates very gently, but surely, and with a rapidity that resembles magic. It should be rubbed into the parts affected, after they have been fomented with lukewarm water. The purifying and curative powers of this marvellous ointment have never been disputed by any one who has given it a fair trial. It contains not a particle of any substance of a noxious nature, nor is there a case on record in which it has done the slightest harm; while there are authentic reports of innumerable cures effected by it in all countries. It is as mild in its action as it is powerful and beneficial in its effects.

BURNETT'S COCAINE.—The important qualities of a perfect hair-dressing seem to have been successfully combined in Burnett's Cochine, the active principle of which is Cocaine Oil. Aside from its acknowledged superiority, it is claimed there is a saving of fifty per cent. in favor of this over other compounds, one application being sufficient to last for days.—*Providence Post.*

Prepared by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston, and sold in Charlottetown by M. W. Skinner, T. Desbrisay and W. R. Watson.

DYSPEPSIA AND CONSTIPATION.—Which of these diseases occasions the victim the most suffering? The Dyspeptic will say the former. It is, therefore, a consoling fact, that Oxycodated Bitters cures this most distressing complaint.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.—This remedy has long been cherished by the community for its remarkable efficacy in relieving, healing and curing the most obstinate, painful and long standing cases of Cough, Cold, Influenza, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Inflammation of the Lungs; while even Consumption itself has yielded to its magic influence when all other means have failed. Its whole history proves that the past has produced no remedy of equal value, as a cure for the numerous and dangerous pulmonary affections which prevail all over the land.

Read the following Order From a respectable and well known Druggist.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, }
June 21, 1860. }
Messrs. S. W. FOWLE & Co.,

Gentlemen:—I will please send me another supply of Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, and also some more of THE OXYCODATED BITTERS, the sale of which I am happy to state, is steadily increasing. Those who have tried either of them have borne witness to their efficacy as remedial agents in the diseases to which they are respectively applicable.

Respectfully yours, W. R. WATSON.

Certificate of T. B. BARKER, Esq., A well known Druggist.

St. John's, New Brunswick, June 8, 1860.
Messrs. S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, Mass.
Gentlemen:—I feel constrained from a motive of justice, to inform you of the results attending the sale of your valuable remedy, Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. Although I do not feel at liberty to mention the names of parties who have a high appreciation of its worth, I can truly say that for coughs, colds, and all pulmonary diseases, this remedy performs cures not excelled, if equaled, by any other remedy known, and I therefore confidentially recommend it to those who suffer from pulmonary difficulty. Yours respectfully,

T. B. BARKER.

Caution to Purchasers. The only genuine Wistar's Balsam has the written signature of "T. B. BARKER" and the printed one of the Proprietors on the outer wrapper; all other is vile and worthless.

Prepared by S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, and for sale by W. R. WATSON, (general agent), T. Desbrisay and M. W. SKINNER, Charlottetown, and by Druggists generally.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

The sciences of Chemistry and Medicine have taxed their utmost to produce this best, most perfect purgative which is known to man. Innumerable proofs are shown that these Pills have virtues which surpass in excellence ordinary medicines, and that they are so perfectly adapted to the system of all men. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the obstructions of every body, the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the foul humors which breed and grow distemper, stimulate sluggish or disordered organs into their natural action, and impart a healthy tone with strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the ordinary diseases which require a purgative, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have killed the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are at the same time, in diminished doses, such as Constipation, Flatulency, Biliousness, and Headache, and are equally efficacious in the treatment of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

Do not be put off by some unprincipled dealers with some other pill they make more profit on. Ask for AYER'S PILLS, and take nothing else. No other can give you compared with this in its intrinsic value or curative powers. The sick want the best and there is no other, unless they should have it.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.

PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOX. FIVE BOXES FOR \$1.

BARRY'S TRICHOPOREOUS is the best and cheapest article for dressing, beautifying, cleansing, curling, preserving and restoring the hair. Ladies, try it. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

WHEN WE SAY

That Mrs. WISELOW'S Soothing Syrup acts like a charm, we do not reiterate the language of every person who ever used it for their children, for all diseases incident to the period of teething, such as Dysentery and Diarrhoea, Wind Colic and Cholera Infantum. It will produce quietude and rest, relieve all suffering, and the infant will awake invigorated and replete with preparations of opium. Sold everywhere, 25 cents per bottle. Office, 13 Cedar-street, New-York.

A CARD TO THE SUFFERING.

The Rev. WILLIAM COBURN, while laboring as a missionary in Japan, was cured of consumption, when all other means had failed, by a receipt obtained from a learned physician residing in the great city of Jeddo. This receipt has cured great numbers who were suffering from Consumption, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds, and the debility and nervous depression caused by these disorders. Desires of benefiting others, I will send this receipt, which I have brought home with me, to all who need it free of charge.

Address: REV. WM. COBURN, 459, Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

July 2, 1860.

HAYING AND HARVESTING

Machinery and Implements. RECENTLY received from England and the United States, and for sale at the Charlottetown.

AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE & SEED STORE, Manny's combined MOWER and REAPER, for one and two horses.

Griffin & Son's best SCYTHES, in variety. Patented best quality STEEL HAY FORKES, and Hand HAY RAKES, (large assortment), CRADLES for Grain, various sizes.

SCYTHES, SNEATHS and STONES, in variety.

N. B.—Manny's two horse Machines have been in use in the Island during the last two Summers, and have given every satisfaction, proving themselves to be the best combined Mowers and Reapers extant. As the number of Machines on hand is limited, Farmers had better make early application to the subscriber. Terms liberal.

W. W. IRVING.

Charlottetown, June 26, 1860. tf.

CHEAPSIDE HOUSE, QUEEN SQUARE.

MR. BENJAMIN DAVIES begs leave to announce to his friends and the public that he has purchased the entire STOCK IN TRADE,

as well as the premises above named, formerly belonging to the late CHARLES McNEILL, Esquire, and that he intends continuing the business under the various branches of

BRITISH AND AMERICAN GOODS dealt in by his predecessor.

The STOCK consists of almost every variety of Goods in demand, having been selected by an experienced hand in the Trade.

He deems it necessary to notify the customers who dealt at the Cheapside House, that for the future the business will be conducted on the cash principle, and that no goods will be delivered to any person until paid for.

It will be the care of the Manager to maintain the character this Shop has earned and well deserves for

PRIME AND CHEAP GOODS,

by providing the best description of articles which he conceives, by selling for cash only, will enable him to provide future Stock at the lowest rate, and thereby be enabled to dispose of it at lower prices than heretofore known.

Charlottetown, Aug. 7, 1860. Isl. 4w.

THE SPRING STOCK OF OVER 1200 PACKAGES,

Received per 'Gazelle,' 'Isabel,' and 'William Douse,' AT THE

British Dry Goods Store.

THE whole has been selected in the best English and Scotch Markets by one of the Firm, and will be sold at most reasonable rates.

The newest and most elegant styles in Mantles, Dresses, Shawls, Bonnets, Flowers, Ribbons, &c., superior White Cottons and Linens.

Floor Cloths, Druggists, Damask, &c., and every description of Staple and Fancy Goods.

IRON, Steel, Hardware, Glass, Paint, Varnish, excellent Congou, and a very splendid article of Southing Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Sultana, Layer and Valencia Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Marmalade, &c., &c.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. J. H. TURNER & Co. May 29, 1860. tf.

New Shape SPRING SKIRTS.

A large lot just received, by

J. H. TURNER & Co., to be sold at about HALF THE USUAL PRICES! British Dry Goods Store, July 3, 1860.

TEA! TEA!

SUPERIOR CONGOU. THE CHOICEST SOUCHONG. This Spring's importation from England—Wholesale and Retail at

July 3, 1860. J. H. TURNER & Co's.

'QUEEN SQUARE HOUSE' IS NOW SUPPLIED WITH

An Excellent Assortment of DRY GOODS, SELECTED AT SOME OF THE FIRST HOUSES IN ENGLAND. W. M. HEARD.

W. M. H. thankful for the large share of patronage he has so long enjoyed, intimates that in future the business will be conducted, so as to merit a still greater share of the support of Cash customers. June 12, 1860.

CODLINES. CARPENTERS' CHALK LINES, SALMON, MACKEREL, HERRING and SHAL TWINES, WHITE, BROWN and YELLOW SAIL THREAD.

A large supply of the above for sale by CHARLES DEMPSEY. July 3, 1860.

FLOUR & TEA.

RECEIVED this day, and for sale by the subscribers—R 200 bbls. Southern FLOUR, warranted a first-rate article. 20 chests TEA, 1 case LOZENGERS. August 7, 1860. 3w DODD & ROGERS.

SALT AFLOAT.

10,000 BUSHELS SALT, ex 'Gazelle,' (now on her passage from Liverpool), for SALE from ship at 1s 4d per bushel. Purchasers will please make arrangements to receive it immediately on arrival, as the ship will be despatched without delay for Liverpool, returning again for Fall voyages. W. W. LORD & Co. Charlottetown, July 17, 1860.

Tea, Gin, Soap.

ON SALE by the subscriber, at his SALE ROOM, Water-street—Chests superior Congou TEA, Half-chests do., Casks Holland GIN, Boxes English SOAP. ALEX. McKINNON. July 24, 1860.

NEW ZEALAND.

FREE GRANTS OF GOVERNMENT LAND to all eligible persons, who emigrate at their own cost—for the purpose of settling in the Province of Auckland. Every information given upon application to CHARLES BELL, Emigrant Agent. City, June 12, 1860.

Notice. ALL Book Debts, Notes of Hand and other securities, due to the subscriber in this Island, having been duly assigned by me to Messrs. Alex. McLeod & Co., of Halifax, Merchants, by Assignment dated 14th August last, the several debtors are respectfully requested to pay their several amounts to the said firm, without further notice. HIGH FRASER.

In pursuance of the Assignment above referred to, all persons who were indebted to Mr. HIGH FRASER, are requested to make immediate payment of their respective amounts to CHARLES PALMER, Esq., Charlottetown, or to the undersigned to receive the same. ALEX. McLEOD & Co. Charlottetown, 21st August, 1860.

EDUCATION. AT the Monthly Meeting of the Board of Education, held this day, it was ordered that the following notification be inserted in all the newspapers:—All Teachers whose terms have expired, or who have entered or may enter into new engagements subsequent to the passing of the amended Education Act (2nd May, 1860) will be admitted to an examination at the Board Room, on the last Thursday of each succeeding month. Candidates are required to attend, as above, on the day previous, at ten o'clock, for the purpose of performing preparatory exercises. JOHN McNEILL, Secretary of Board of Education. Charlottetown, June 28, 1860.

Wool, Wool, Wool! WANTED a quantity of WOOL for which Cash will be paid at the CITY TANNERY, West End of Grafton St. May 13. 11 Mo.

Literature. THE ETERNAL GOD.

[The original of the following is in the production of Derzhavina, Russian poet of some note. It is said to have been translated into Japanese by order of the Emperor, and hung up, embroidered in gold, in the temple of Jeddah. It has been translated also into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of silk, and suspended in the imperial palace of Peking.]

O thou Eternal One! Whose Presence bright, All space doth occupy—all motion guide; Unchanged through Time's all devastating flight, Thou only God: there is no God beside.

Being above all things! Mighty One! Whom none could comprehend, and none explore! Who fill'st existence with thyself alone; Embracing all—supporting—ruling—er— Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy May measure out the ocean deep—may count The sands, or the sun's rays—but God, for Thee There is no weight, nor measure, none can mount Up to Thy mysteries; reason's brightest spark, Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try To trace Thy councils, infinite and dark:

And thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high, Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call First chaos, then existence—Lord, on Thee Eternity has its foundation; all Spring forth from Thee: of light, joy, harmony, Sole origin—all life, all beauty Thine.

Thy word created all and doth create, Thy splendor fills all space with rays Divine; Thou art, and wert, and shalt be glorious! great Life-giving, life-sustaining, Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround; Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath, Thou the beginning with the end hast bound, And beautifully mingled life and death.

As sparks burst upward from the fiery base, So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee, And in the splendor of the sunny rays Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry Of Heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand, Wander unward through the abyss; They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command, All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.

What shall we call them? Piles of Crystal light? Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright? Suns, lighting systems with their joyous beams? A glorious company of golden streams?

But Thou to these art as the noon to night. Yes, as a drop of water in the sea, All this magnificence in Thee is lost—What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee? And what an I do Thou, Heaven's unnumbered host, Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd In all the glory of ethereal thought, Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd.

Against Thy greatness—is a epher brought Against infinity! What am I then?—Naught.

Naught—but the effluence of Thy light divine, Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too—Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine, As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew;

And what an I do Thou, Heaven's unnumbered host, Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd In all the glory of ethereal thought, Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd.

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how there had been a power of surmise and conjecture as to how Mr. Silas would like it; how, on the bridal morning, directly after leaving the church, he had disappeared, and how they next heard from him in some foreign country, where he said he intended to pass the remainder of his life.

"Very strange man, Mr. Silas," Rogers said, wagging his head solemnly, "very, very strange."

The dullest place upon earth must surely have been the Pollards. It was a bare, ugly, red brick building, having on one side, a weedy and neglected garden, on the other, a large stagnant dyke, upon the banks of which, and inclining over the water, grew in fantastic shapes some dwarfish pollards, from which the house derived its name. This dwelling had long been the property of Mrs. Gardlestone's family; but, since her father's death, had until lately remained untenanted. It was with the intention of renovating it and making it his country residence that Mr. Ralph had now come down with his wife and sister, but he falling ill immediately upon his arrival, the repairs and improvements had been for a while suspended. You may be sure the town servants were full enough here; indeed James, young was a sight to see and he frightened at, in such imminent peril of falling off did the top part of that gentleman's head appear to be on these occasions. As for Hester, her recent grief, the breaking up of a happy home, her present friendless condition—all preyed upon her mind, and with the general melancholy of the place, combined to render her life a very sad and weary one. But there was soon other cause for anxiety.

Somehow Mr. Ralph grew worse and worse, in spite of doctors and physick. Night and day his wife watched by his bedside; Mr. Silas, too, was unremitting in his care for and attention to the invalid, often mixing and administering his medicines to him. One night there was a slight change for the better, and Mr. Silas had persuaded Mrs. Gardlestone to go and seek a few hours' repose whilst he took her place in the sick room. She, poor thing, fagged and jaded by long watching, with a little persuasion, consented, and then all the household retired to their respective chambers, except the watcher. Thus for a while, the time passed silently, and then there broke upon the stillness of the sleeping house a loud continuous knocking at Mrs. Gardlestone's door. She came out, pale and anxious, in answer to the summons, and found Mr. Silas, trembling and violently excited, who cried out in a broken voice:

"He's gone!—dead—of a sudden! I thought I heard his breath stop, and drew the curtain."

The distracted woman hurried into the room. It was too true: he was indeed dead—his hands twisted in the bed-clothes, his eyes wide open, a strange look of dread and horror in his face, and quite cold!

Then the sleepers, awakened by the young widow's piercing screams, came crowding, half-dressed, to the spot, their white faces looking horrible in the fading candle-light. The nearest doctor was summoned, and all sorts of remedies suggested—but in vain. Hester, whilst attending her fainting mistress, stopped to pick up something lying by the dead man's bed.

"What is it?" Mr. Silas said, quietly, taking the object from her fingers.

It was but a straightened hair-pin. He pinched her slightly in pulling it away, and must have scratched himself with it, for there was a mark of blood upon her hand.

A greater gloom than ever fell upon the house after the master's death. The servants one by one gave warning, and left. The cook promised to find Hester a place in town, and write for her; while James, who had always been particular in his attentions, offered to take her to London as his wife. He has since then gone into the public line, is the proprietor of the Levantine Music Hall in Radcliffe Highway, drives his own carriage; and keeps, besides his magnificent better-half and her establishment, a pretty little cottage, &c., at Brompton "on the quiet." The cook, perhaps, forgot her promise, or perhaps places were scarce, for she did not write; and so Hester, at last, was the only one of the London servants remaining.

It was dull, indeed! The stagnant pool and neglected garden were at any time but dreary objects for contemplation. The awkward, ill-educated but sturdy servants afforded but indifferent companionship for Hester, who had brought up with no idea of going into service, or mixing with such society, and so grew to be very sad and silent and downhearted.

Mrs. Gardlestone's sister (Miss Ethel) had permanently taken up her abode at the Pollards, and Mr. Silas still lingered to clear up certain matters of business referring to the late Mr. Ralph, although he had on several occasions fixed a day for his departure. As well as Hester could learn from scraps of conversation up stairs, Miss Ethel disliked him very much, and wished her sister to give him a broad hint that his company was not needed. Whatever may have been Mrs. Gardlestone's wishes upon the subject, she was too considerate of the feelings of others, or too much wrapped up in her great grief, to be otherwise than passive, and things went on the same as usual.

One night, about a month after the master's death, Hester Burgess sat alone by the first-dying fire in the servants' hall. It was her duty to wait until her mistress summoned her to attend her toilet on retiring to rest; and this night she was so much later than usual, that all the other servants had been in bed half an hour. The great clock upon the stairs ticked loudly, and the wind moaned and rustled among the eaves outside the window like the stealthy whispering of thieves; all else was still as the grave. And as Hester was sitting anxiously waiting, an overpowering sense of loneliness came over her; and with a shiver she rose and went softly up stairs to her mistress's room. Mrs. Gardlestone and Miss Ethel were in the former's bedroom, which was divided from the staircase by a long, dark antechamber. The door leading into Mrs. Gardlestone's room, and that upon the stairs, were both ajar, and Hester entering noiselessly at one would have knocked at the other, had she not perceived a dark figure, with its back towards her, standing between her and the light. She stopped involuntarily, held her breath, and listened.

Miss Ethel spoke: "But, Mary, how can you be so weak—so childish?"

"What would you have me do?" the other lady said complacently. "I'm sure I do not keep him here. I wish he'd go, if he offends you. But the fact has been so kind and so true, and he is my dear husband's brother."

"I tell you, Mary, I hate him! And mark my words, if he is not some day more nearly related to you than he is now."

"Ethel!"

"He will, Mary, though I pray God I may not live to see it."

There was a rustling sound, as though one of the ladies had risen. A figure passed Hester quickly in the dark; and before she had time to speak or move, the bed-room door opened wide, and Miss Ethel came out with a light.

"What are you doing here?" she inquired, sharply.

"I came to see if I was wanted," the servant stammered; and with a searching look Miss Ethel swept out of the room.

Mrs. Gardlestone had always been in delicate health, and since her husband's death, had almost entirely kept her own room, while Miss Ethel was in constant attendance upon her. Mr. Silas, however, frequently came in to consult her upon business matters, so that away an hour. Now it was Miss Ethel's turn to be ill; she was so unwell the day after that on which Hester had heard the reported conversation that she was obliged to keep her bed, and the doctor who attended Mrs. Gardlestone was called in to see her. Mr. Silas said that it was disease of the heart.

She had been ill about three days, when the doctor calling in one evening, it came on to rain heavily, and he staid to dinner. Throughout the meal the rain poured down in torrents, and continued so long that Mr. Adams (that was the doctor's name) consented, after much persuasion, to accept the shelter of the Pollards for the night, for he lived some miles off, and must cross a wild and open country before he reached his home. It was most fortunate that he did remain. During the evening Miss Ethel was much worse, and twice he went up stairs to visit her. It was determined that the gentlemen should sit up all night, and that Hester should watch with the invalid and summon them if required.

Hester took her place in an arm-chair by the fire, with a book, having a watch before her, so that she could tell the time at which the medicines should be administered. When the cook brought up her supper on a tray, she told Hester that the gentlemen were smoking and drinking in the dining room.

"I don't think the doctor fancies there's much danger," cook said, "for he's so merry like, and has been singing a song."

"I hope," whispered Hester, "he will not drink too much."

"Lor bless you, child! Here, take your supper; and here's a glass of wine Mr. Silas has sent you to give you strength. Do you mind sitting up alone?"

"Not much," "Good night."

"Good night."

When Hester had finished her supper she mixed another dose for the sick lady, and resumed her book.

She must have been asleep for hours. The candle had burnt low in the socket; a streak of daylight was stealing in between the heavy window curtains, and the fire was out. She woke up with a start, cold and frightened. The room was very still, very still. She listened for the sleeper's breathing, and heard only her own heart throbbing, and a faint buzzing in her ears. To start forward, to draw the window-curtain, and to turn towards the bed, was the work of a moment; it required no second look—the white face and wide-open eyes could only be those of the dead.

The girl's screams awoke the doctor and Mr. Silas, who came hurrying up stairs and rushed into the room. Long afterwards Hester recollected how unsteadily Mr. Adams stood by the bed, how his hands shook, and how unintelligible he spoke—how calm and collected Mr. Silas was throughout the scene. Long afterwards she recollected too, among all the dreadful details belonging to the death and funeral, that she picked up in the ashes of the grate a straightened hair-pin, which had been thrown into the fire, but not consumed. The circumstance was, in itself, so trivial that, had it not in some old fashion connected this death with the former one, she would not have given it a second thought. As it was, her thoughts dwelt upon it, she scarcely knew why.