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. XVIII. | CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1868. | NO. 17

WEST INDIA PRODUCE, FISH, &c.

ON SALE, by the Subscriber, at his Warehouse, Queen Street—
71 Puns. Bright Barbadoes MOLASSES,
60 do heavy Demerara do
10 Bbls. Bright SUGAR.
250 Qtls. prime Shore CODFISH,
100 do inferior small do
20 Boxes large Murray Harbor CODFISH, [for family use.
50 Qtls. HADDOCK,
10 Casks Codfish OIL,
20 Chests Prime Congon TEA,
2 CHAINS & ANCHORS suitable for a vessel of 100 Tons New Measurement,
3000 Bushels Turks' Island SALT.

DANIEL DAVIES.

Ch'town, Jan. 20, 1868. 10in

SAVE MONEY.

J. W. FALCONER & Co,

Have received, per *Alhambra* from Boston,

Mens' and Boys' Winter Caps,

In Fur, Astrican & Cloth.
Sold at Small Advance on Cost.

Paper Collars,

In Shakspeare, Crescent, Linen Finish, and Clipper, at 7d per box.

Gentlemen's Ties,

In Sheridan, Grecian, Henrietta, Exposition, Queen, Fancy and Black Knots and Parepus. The best assortment in town.

Gents' Knit Vests!

BUFFALO ROBES.

For all who seek Comfort.

INSPECTION SOLICITED.

South Side Queen Square.
Charlottetown, Nov. 25. 1867.

CHAIN for MUD DIGGERS.

STEEL for MUD DIGGERS.

IRON for MUD DIGGERS

at

W. E. DAWSON'S.

Jan. 3, 1868.

CANADA FLOUR.

FOR Sale at the Subscriber's Warehouse, Bank Building—
400 Bbls. Canada (No. 1) FLOUR,
60 Do CORNMEAL,
30 Bags do
18 Boxes Montreal Cavendish TOBACCO,
14 Do TEA.
2 Puns. (in Bond) Dark BRANDY,
8 Do do do do

R. W. BRECKEN.

Queen Street, Jan. 6, 1868. 3m

SUPERIOR
PHOTOGRAPHS.

Old Stand, Great George Street.

GEORGE P. TANTON returns thanks for the liberal patronage which he has received during the past eighteen years he has been in business. His Rooms having recently been closed while being re-fitted and improved, he would now respectfully announce that his GALLERY is again RE-OPENED for TRANSACTING BUSINESS.

With increased facility in his operating department, a careful selection of pure chemicals, and a strict attention to business, he hopes still to give greater satisfaction than he hitherto has done.

CARTE DE VISITE taken in the best styles, at two Dollars per Dozen.

All other styles at the lowest rates.

☞ Rooms open in winter at 8 o'clock, a. m, in summer at 6 a. m, and continued until sundown.

Charlottetown, Jan. 13, 1868. 2m

Co-partnership Notice.

THE SUBSCRIBERS have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNEYS-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. tf

NOW READY,

HARVIE'S

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND ALMANAC for 1868.

For Sale, Wholesale and Retail, at
HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,

Dec. 30, 1867. Queen Street.

Valuable Mill Property for Sale.

ROGERS' MILLS, Western Road, on Township No. 5. These Mills are in good working order, placed on a good and never-failing stream, with 150 acres of as good Land as this Island can afford, well covered with large Hard and Soft Wood. This Property is invaluable to a person of small capital. There is an industrious and thriving settlement—Bloomfield—fast improving the lands around this property, and Lumber always in demand. There is a Cottage at the Mill, a small clearance of 6 or 8 acres, with a Dwelling House and Stable. The Mill is new, well-made, and double-geared.

Information may be had on application to Mr. Rogers, on the premises; Benj. Rogers and Herbert Bell, Alberton; or to the subscriber in Charlottetown.

I. C. HALL.

January 20, 1868. 2m

Freehold Farm for Sale,

SITUATED on Lot 65, fronting on Elliot River, three miles from Charlottetown, and one mile from Rocky Point Ferry, 97 acres Land, 40 of which are cleared and in a high state of cultivation, the remainder covered with fence poles and a good growth of hardwood, with good Buildings on the premises. For further particulars apply to the subscriber on the premises.

PATRICK McMAHON.

December 16, 1867.

FAT HERRING!!

300 BBLS. Bay of Islands FAT HERRING, just arrived per Schooners "Lettie" and "Foam," and for sale by

Ch'town, Dec. 23, 1867. I. C. HALL.

CODFISH!

100 QUINTALS Large and Medium CODFISH, for sale by

Ch'town, Dec. 23, 1867. I. C. HALL.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having been duly appointed Attorney for the Rev. MALACHIAS REYNOLDS, late of DeSable, during his temporary absence from this Island, requests all persons indebted to the said Mr. Reynolds to pay up their liabilities without delay.

WM. CUNDALL.

Ch'town, Sept. 9, 1867.

GOOD FIRES.

NOW selling at the Gas Works a quantity of very superior COKE at FIVE PENCE per Bushel. N. B. Coke will last longer and give a greater heat than Sydney Coal.

January 20, 1868. isl

TO FISHERMEN.

WE OFFER FOR SALE, at low prices, a very large and complete assortment of
HERRING TWINE, 2 & 3 ply,
SALMON TWINE,
MACKEREL TWINE,
SHAD TWINE,
HAND LINES,
SET LINES,
TRAWL HOOKS,
COD HOOKS,
BOAT NAILS,
MANILLA ROPE,
At the "CITY HARDWARE STORE."

H. E. STARBIRD & CO.

Jan. 20, 1868. 6i

ON SALE
AT
The British Warehouse!

Fancy and Plain Coal Scuttles.
Fancy and Plain Coal Shovels.
Iron Bedsteads and Stretchers.
Umbrella Stands.
Fire Guards. Nursery Guards.
Fancy Fenders for Grates.
Mahogany Poles, Rings and Ends.
Brass Poles, Rings and Ends.
Brass Brackets and Holders.
Brass Stair Rods and Eyes.
And all Furnishing Goods.

W. & A. BROWN.

Charlottetown, Nov. 11, 1867.

WEST INDIA HOUSE,
Upper Great George Street.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale, at his Store, the following, viz:
11 Hhds. Strong Demrara SPIRITS,
Hhds. Holland GIN,
Casks Port and Sherry WINE,
Casks Hennessey's Dark & Pale Brandy,
Casks Scotch Whiskey (Prime),
Casks Irish WHISKEY.
50 Doz. Edinburgh ALE, 6 Cases CHAMPAGNE.
40 " Blood's x x x PORTER, Cases CLARET,
40 Boxes RAISINS, 3 Bbls. CURRANTS,
25 ½ do RAISINS, Bags RICE,
60 Boxes FIGS, Bags PEPPER,
Chests Superior TEA,
Bbls Crushed SUGAR, Casks Washing SODA,
Hhds and Bbls. P. R. MOLASSES, Hhds and Bbls. P. R. SUGAR,
6 Bbls. Kerosene OIL, 6 Bbls. Red ONIONS,
20 Doz. Am. BROOMS, 20 Doz. Am. BUCKETS,

—Also—

A large stock of Spices, Pickles, Fruit, &c., &c., suitable for the season.

The above articles are of the very best description, and will be sold cheap for Cash.

LEMUEL McKAY.

Charlottetown, Dec. 17, 1866.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER,

HAS proved itself to be the best preparation ever presented to the public; a fact to which thousands have testified who have been benefited by its use.

A few applications of this Compound will change brash, dry and wiry Hair to a moist and glossy appearance, and make it of

SILKEN TEXTURE.

The Proprietors offer the SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER *to the public, entirely confident that by its* restorative properties it will bring back the Hair to its

NATURAL COLOR.

It is not a dye, and consequently does not stain the skin or soil the finest fabric. If the Hair is falling off or becoming grey, the use of the RENEWER will surely arrest its decay, no matter from what cause, and will create a new growth, and make it assume in a short time all its former vigor, as it furnishes the nutritive principle by which the Hair is nourished and supported. As a

HAIR DRESSING,

he RENEWER is unequalled by any other Hair preparation in the world, giving it that beautiful texture which is so much admired by all. It does not contain any poisonous drugs, the basis of its remedial properties being a VEGETABLE COMPOUND. It completely eradicates scruf and dandruff, and cures all diseases of the scalp, and by its cooling properties allays the itching and fever of the scalp. It combines not only the best remedial properties for all diseases of the Hair and Scalp, but also is the best dressing for the Hair. This preparation has been sold for the past seven years entirely upon its own merits.

Beware of the numerous imitations, which in appearance only are similar to it, which are forced upon the public upon our reputation. Call for HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER, and take no other, or you will be dis appointed.

R. P. HALL & CO,
Proprietors, Nashua, N. H.

FOR SALE BY Henry Beer, Southport; Wm. Findley, Orwell; R. J. Clarke, Orwell; Jas. Hayden, Vernon River; Daniel Gordon, Georgetown; A. W. LeBrocq, Georgetown; J. R. Bourke, Jr, Mount Stewart; John Binns, Jr, New Glasgow Bridge; D. & P. McNutt, Malpeque; Wm. T. Hunt & Co, Summerside; David Rogers, Summerside; Herbert Bell, Alberton.

W. R. WATSON,
General Agent for P. E. Island.

City Drug Store, Victoria Building,
September 30, 1867.

School for Little Girls,
In connection with the Charlottetown Academy.

TERMS per Quarter of Eleven Weeks, commencing from day of entrance, Tuition in English £1. French £1. Music £1 10s.

TERMS, in all cases payable in advance. A quarter's notice required previous to the removal of a pupil.

For further particulars apply to

MRS. McDONELL,

Jan. 20, 1868. Great George Street.

Charlottetown Academy for young Ladies.

TERMS, including Board and Tuition in English, French, and Music, £12 10s per quarter, payable in advance. Day pupils £5 per quarter. Vocal Music, German and Drawing, extra. A quarter's notice required previous to the removal of a pupil. *For further particulars,* apply to the Principal, Mrs. McDONELL, or to the Rev. D. Fitzgerald, Rector of Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

N. B. French, German, and Drawing Classes open to young ladies who are not pupils in the Academy. Instruction in Music £3 per quarter.

October 21, 1867.

ERSKIN'S
BRAHEE SUGAR POWDERS,

A Tonic and Unfailing Remedy for
Rheumatism of all kinds, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica,

As also for FACE-ACHE, TOOTH-ACHE, EAR-ACHE, COUGHS, and all affections from Colds.

☞ See Lancet, under MEDICAL PATRONAGE.

WM. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Victoria Building,
Queen Street, Sept. 16, 1867.

STOVES.

FOR SALE No. 1 and No. 2 MODEL PARLOR STOVES, cheap for Cash or approved Credit.

A. McNEILL.

Reading Room Building,
Oct. 28, 1867.

COPPER PAINT.

THE SUBSCRIBER keeps constantly on hand a supply of

Tar & Wonson's Copper Paint,

an article which has given the greatest satisfaction to all who have used it. It possesses superior qualities for effectually preventing the accumulation of all foul matter, such as Worms, Barnacles, Grass, &c., on the bottoms of Vessels or Boats, when properly applied.

I. C. HALL.

Charlottetown, May 20, 1867.

For Sale
AT THE
Establishment of W. W. Lord,
BY WHOLESALE!

MOLASSES in Puncheons, Tierces and Barrels,
SUGAR in Hhds. and Barrels,
FLOUR and INDIAN MEAL,
TEA in Chests and half Chests,
ONIONS and APPLES,
Boxes Ground COFFEE,
Boxes Ground PEPPER,
Boxes SODA and WINE BISCUIT,
Barrels PILOT BREAD,
Bags RICE,
Boxes Liverpool Brown SOAP
Boxes PIPES, 6 gross each,
Any quantity of SALT, by the Bushel or Bag,
HERRINGS in Barrels and half do.
25 Tons common BOLT IRON, ½, ¾, 1, a £15 cash,
STEEL, Nails, Spikes and Rope,
Second hand Rigging, Blocks, Sails, Masts, Bowsprit, Patent Iron Work for the Windlass, and Boat for a Schooner of about 60 tons.
500 Tons Round COAL. 50 Tons Small COAL.

Ch'town, Dec. 2, 1867.

QUEEN SQUARE HOUSE.

JUST received, Ex *New Dominion*—
3 CASES LADIES' & CHILDREN'S
WINTER BOOTS & SLIPPERS,
LATEST STYLES.
Ex "ALHAMBRA,"
2 CASES FUR CAPS.

WM. HEARD.

Ch'town, Dec. 2, 1867.

BUY YOUR HARDWARE GOODS
AT
W. E. DAWSON'S,

Who has Imported this Fall, and has on hand, the largest stock hitherto offered to his customers.

Nov. 25, 1867.

THE NEW SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS.

THE NEW SERIES OF READING BOOKS, authorized by the Board of Education for use in the PUBLIC SCHOOLS of this Island, can now be had complete at

HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,
QUEEN STREET.

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT allowed to Teachers and and wholesale Dealers.

☞ Please send in your orders.

Ch'town, Sept. 30, 1867. tf

HERRINGS. HERRINGS. HERRINGS.

NOW being Landed from Sch. *Commerce*, from Bay of Islands, Nfl'd.:

300 Bbls. Fat Herrings,

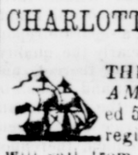
a very superior article, and sold cheap for Cash or approved credit.

ALSO ON HAND,
3,000 Bushels of Liverpool SALT,
which will be sold cheap for Cash.

W. B. DEAN.

Dec. 23, 1867. 3m

FROM LONDON
TO
CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E. ISLAND,
DIRECT.



THE FAST-SAILING NEW BRIG *AMPHION*, coppered, and classed 5 years A 1 at Lloyd's, 274 tons register. D. McDONALD, Master, will sail from LONDON, about the 1st of APRIL, 1868.

Parties wishing to Ship by this Vessel will apply in LONDON to Messrs. JOHN PITCAIRN & SONS, 69 Cornhill, *or to the owners.*

PEAKE BROS. & CO.,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Jan. 27. 1868. 4in

REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS
FROM
LIVERPOOL AND GLASGOW.

THE Subscribers inform the public that the following vessels will be at a loading berth at Liverpool and Glasgow, and will sail from their respective ports on the 1st April next:—

From Liverpool:

the A 1 Ship "L. C. OWEN," 480 tons Register, coppered, ANGUS BROWN, Commander.

From Glasgow:

the Bark "EMPRESS," 380 tons Register, 3, 3, 11 Bureau, Veritas, JOHN GILLIS, commander.

Both these vessels have first class accommodation for passengers.

For freight or passage apply in Liverpool to Messrs. William Stewart & Co, 1 & 2 Trafford Chambers, South John Street; in Glasgow to James Kelso, jun, Esquire, Union Street, or in Charlottetown to

L. C. OWEN,
WILLIAM WELSH.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island,
Jan 27th, 1868. 2m

THE FISHERIES, &c.
For Sale to the Trade.

100 BALES first quality Cotton Herring and Mackerel TWINE,
10,000 lbs first quality do do NETTING,
5,000 doz do do do COD LINES,
2,000 doz do do do Mackerel and Pollock Lines,
50 superior do Stopper and Hauling Seines,
20 do do Light and Strong Mackerel Purse Seines.

Cotton is as cheap as before the war.

AMERICAN NET AND TWINE CO.
43 Commercial street, Boston.
ISAAC C. HALL, Agent.

Ch'town, December 2, 1867. 4m

NEW GOODS.

THE Subscriber has lately received a LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Dry Goods and Hardware,

which have been bought at Auction, and will be sold very low.

GEORGE HOWATT.

Crapand, August 22, 1867.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

THE Subscriber would inform the Inhabitants of P. E. Island, that, on the arrival of the Brig *ANN*, from Liverpool, G. B., he will offer,

Wholesale and Retail,

For Cash or good Joint Notes of Hand,
Nos. 1, 2 & 3 WHITE LEAD, in 56, 28, & 14 lbs.;
Black, Red, & Yellow PAINTS, in 28 & 14 lbs.;
Boiled and raw LINSEED OILS;
Chance's Smethwick GLASS;
PUTTY, Black and White, in Bladders 28 and 14 lbs.;
CUT NAILS, and CUT SPIKES;
Diamond Head DECK SPIKES;
Bars Refined and Common IRON, assorted sizes
Barrels and Kegs COAL TAR;
Barrels Black and Bright VARNISHES;
Coils HEMP and WIRE CORDAGE;
Bolts Extra and Navy Boiled CANVAS;
Bars YELLOW METAL, ⅝ to ¾;
YELLOW METAL BUTT BOLTS, 7 × ¾;
CLINCH RINGS, Iron and Yellow Metal;
Crates and Casks GLASS, CHINA, and EARTHENWARE,—Crates assorted for country use;
A NEW MIXTURE for *Bottoms of FISHING BOATS*, much approved of by English fishermen.

Parties wanting any of the above articles will do well by calling and inspecting them, at the OLD STAND, formerly occupied by W. W. LORD & CO., HEAD of LORD'S WHARF, Water Street.

ARTEMAS LORD.

Oct. 29, 1866.

LITERATURE.

THE STRANGER ON THE HILL.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn,
In the lovely home where I was born,
The peach trees lean against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shaded door-way still,
But the stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn—and still as of yore
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the peewee's mournful song;
But the stranger comes—ah! painful proof—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees,
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,
And watched the shadowy moments run,
Till my life had imbibed more shade than sun;
That swing from the bough now sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow;
'Twas there I found the calmus root,
And watched the minnows poise and shoot,
And saw the robin lave his wing—
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

Oh! ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still,
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within the scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.

Deal kindly with those orchard trees;
And when your children crowd your knees,
Their sweetest fruit shall they impart,
As if old memory stirred their hearts;
To youthful sports still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,
The meadows with their lowing herds,
The woodbine on the cottage wall—
My heart still lingers by them all;
Ye strangers on my native sill
Step lightly, for I love it still.

THE SAILOR'S WEDDING.

"O loitering ship," the sailor cried,
"Now speed me home to meet my bride!"
The ship, through flying spray,
Went bounding on her way.

"O midnight bells! my watch is done;
O happy morrow! haste the sun."
Then down he lay and slept,
And in his dream he wept.

He dreamed that suddenly the waves
Stood fixed and green, like churchyard graves.
And then a mournful bell
Rang out a funeral knell.

"Land ho!" the deck watch called, with cheers:
The sleeper wakened from his tears.
"O day of joy!" he said;
"This night shall I be wed."

With eager feet he leaped ashore,
And stood at Mary's cottage door.
The bride in white all dressed,
Was in her grave at rest!

THE STROKE OF A PEN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

A father and son stood together in the bow-window of a lodging-house at Hythe. The tall, soldierly figure of the father leant against the sloping panels, and he was looking out over the sea with an expression that seemed partly grief, partly embarrassment. An old Indian veteran; Captain Seton's face was bronzed by exposure to climate, but his blue eyes were still both bright and soft, and his hair, though grey, was thick and glossy. His son closely resembled him, but his expression was perhaps a thought less pleasant than his father's, and the mouth a trifle weaker, while his face lacked the dignity conferred by Captain Seton's thick grey beard. The son was speaking.

'You saw Dr. Malcolm this morning, father? What did he say?'

'Oh, he was afraid to commit himself, of course. I fancy the truth is it may last for days yet. I wish I could stay, but it is quite impossible. Not that I suppose he will be conscious again, but one would have liked to be with him at the end. Poor fellow!' and tears stood in the bright blue eyes.

There was silence for a minute or two, and then Captain Seton spoke again.

'What a sweet girl Helen is. How she has nursed him. I believe she has hardly had an hour's sleep since he was taken ill.'

'Mary ought to have come to her,' said the son.

'*I* think so,' rejoined Captain Seton; 'but since her mother's death I have never understood Mary. I sometimes think she is so strong herself, that she has lost all sympathy with weakness, and I do believe she thinks all grief is weakness. However, she is prepared to receive Helen, and you must do the best you can for her when he is gone. I'm afraid all the business matters will come upon you, too, till I can get back.'

'The whole of the property comes to you, does it not?' inquired the son.

'Yes, the whole; and from the way in which my poor brother lived, I should doubt his having saved much. But, of course, I should provide for Helen.'

'How came it all to be settled upon you?' Why, it was a queer will. You see my uncle was fond of us both, and as we were twins and so on, he had never thought of either as the elder, and yet he could not make up his mind to divide the property. He was old when he died, and crotchety. That's the only way I can account for the will. The property was to go first to my brother, and then to me, and' afterwards to the heir of the survivor. Henry!'

'Yes, father.'

'I don't mind telling you now something which I ought, perhaps, to have told you sooner. This property will relieve me from a weight of anxiety you little dream of. The bank of Shauregah, in Bengal, has broken, as you know; but I had more money invested in it than I ever told you, in fact, almost my whole fortune. But for—for what is going to happen, I believe I should have been a ruined man. Heaven forgive me! I can't help feeling the relief, though I am sorry enough for my poor brother. It's not for my own sake, God knows; but it would have been hard to have felt that I had ruined you and Mary.

Henry Seton was silent; he had grown very grave. It was startling to have been unconsciously so near the brink of ruin. The idea crossed his mind, suppose his uncle should yet recover! Such things had been. But that thought passed. He knew the case was entirely hopeless—or, for him, fearless—and that it was merely a question of time. He breathed freely again. He, too, had a communication which he longed and yet dreaded to make to his father, and the conversation had rendered it easier to speak.

Captain Seton had turned again to the window, and was gazing absently from it, and his son had just summoned up courage to make a clean breast to his father of his love for the fair young cousin so soon to be left fatherless, when the door of the room opened and she came in.

She was dressed in quaker-like, unrustling cashmere, that fell in soft folds round her very slight figure, drooping now from the exhaustion and anxiety of the last few days. At first sight there seemed to be no special beauty about Helen Seton's pale face and braided hair; but to those who knew her well, an indescribable charm lingered in the meek brown eyes,—dimmed now by weeping,—in the ever-varying play of the mouth, and in the set of the little head upon the slender white throat. Henry Seton had long found out this charm, and confessed to himself that he loved her; but as yet Helen had given him no encouragement, and rather seemed to shrink from a look or tone more tender than cousinly. Yet, Henry did not dispair. He loved her passionately, but he was not an humble man, and it was not his nature to fear failure in what depended upon his personal efforts. He told himself that he would wait and win her, and to his mind the turn which affairs had now taken had almost changed the hope into a certainty; not, in justice to him, it must be said, from any conscious thought of this fortune which would belong to his father and to him, while Helen would be left penniless, but because when Captain Seton should be Helen's nearest protector, Henry thought she would naturally turn in her grief to the arms that were ready to welcome her, and the love that was waiting to shelter her from trouble. Henry Seton was not impatient, but he thouget it would be well to give her some hint of his affection, which, though she might not be ready to accept it, would prepare her mind to receive the idea when, in the natural course of events, she should be installed under his father's roof. He had not yet found an opportunity of doing so. Meantime she came in. Very light her step was as she advanced towards her uncle, very sorrowful and gentle her look.

'Dear uncle, I thought you would be going soon. I came down to say good-bye.'

'Indeed, yes: I must start at once,' said Captain Seton, pulling out his watch. 'I suppose there is no change?'

'No; none.' Helen's voice quivered a little as she gave the answer.

'Good-bye, my child; I am grieved to have to leave you. I shall be back the moment I can get affairs at Vienna settled. God bless you!' Captain Seton kissed Helen affectionately, shook hands with his son, and was gone.

When the sound of wheels had died away, Henry Seton turned to his cousin; she was preparing to leave the room.

'Don't go, Helen,' he pleaded; 'can't you spare me one minute! I have something to say to you, and you are not wanted upstairs.'

'Yes, I must go; don't keep me,' said Helen nervously; but when her cousin quietly detained her and placed her on the sofa, she was too gentle, or perhaps too subdued by grief, to resist.

Henry took his place beside her, and spoke in a low, tender voice.

'I only wanted to ask you to let me help you as much as I can, now my father is gone. Nothing in this world could give me such pleasure as to be of use to you.'

'Thank you,' began Helen, feebly, 'there *is nothing*'—but he interrupted her.

'Helen, I cannot bear that you should treat me as a stranger; you must not. This is not the time to tell you how I love you, and yet——no, Helen,' detaining her as she would have risen, 'don't be afraid; I will not go on. Don't try to answer me I only said it that you might know what happiness it is to me to be allowed to do anything for you.'

But Helen drew her hand away and stood before him, the drooping figure erect, the clear eyes looking steadily into his.

'Henry,' she said, and her voice did not tremble now, 'you must never speak to me again as you have just spoken. I was afraid you were thinking of—of something of the sort, and it has made me seem ungrateful for all your kindness. But now you will let me treat you as a dear cousin and brother, and remember that I have asked you with all my heart to forget what you have said, and never, *never*, to think of such a thing again.'

How earnestly she spoke, and with what gentle kindness she held out her hand to him at the conclusion of her speech! And yet Henry fancied it was only maidenly coyness that prompted her words.

'Dear Helen, dearest cousin,' he said, holding her hand in his. 'I have been too abrupt; but I have not asked you for any answer yet, and I will not take one. Let me be to you now in a brother's place, but,' and he attempted to draw her nearer, 'nothing but the knowledge that you cared for some one else would make me give up the hope of being some day nearer to you than a brother.'

Poor Helen! The allusion swept away her hardly maintained composure, and her head went down in a burst of tears. There was some one whom she did love, and who dearly loved her, and he was far away. That was not all, Helen had long known that her father was living up to the very verge of his income; but she had supposed that the bulk of his property was settled upon herself, and it was only within the last few days that she had become aware that her father's self-indulgence would leave his daughter without provision for the future. She knew it now, and with it came the knowledge that weary years of waiting were before her, and before that other person, if, indeed, poverty did not separate them forever. It was torturing to have her grief for her father embittered by such a prospect—torturing to be unable to help reproaching him in her thoughts even in his dying hours. And now Henry had sharpened the pain. Helen would have fain hidden her love from all the world, but his words forbade it.

'I do care for some one else.'

The words came out with an effort, and a burning, painful blush. Henry slowly and unwillingly released her hand, and she drew herself away, and silently quitted the room.

When he was left alone, Henry rose and walked up and down with hasty strides. What a fool he had been to be so premature! Why had he not ascertained beforehand the existence of this rival? Yet, in spite of his words, he did not relinquish hope. Probably, after all, there was only some foolish, girlish fancy in the way, that would, that must fade before his own earnest love. He felt that he could not give her up. No, he would win her yet; he would, he could, she should be his.

So, notwithstanding what had passed, Henry Seton went to bed that night if not satisfied, at least a determined and by no means a desponding man.

Henry Seton sat alone in the little room at Hythe which had been given up to his use. His face was grave but not sad. On the table by his side lay a few business papers; but he was not reading them. He was resting, leaning back in his chair, and thinking of the future. Helen was now an orphan. Her father had died four days previously, and with his death the necessity of self-command on her part had departed. The exertion had been prolonged, and the reaction was severe. Helen passed her days in bitter fits of weeping, and though she did not refuse to see her cousin, she shunned all allusions from him to her loss, or her present position. Once she had sent for him to her room, and given him a clear statement of her father's affairs so far as she knew them; but she had asked no questions in return. He was glad of this silence, for he shrank from telling her that she was dependent on his father; but he would have liked to be allowed to comfort her with tender words. He could not venture to make the attempt; there was a certain dignity about the quiet, delicate girl, even in her grief, which held him in a kind of awe. He thought of her and of her forlorn position very tenderly as he leant back in his arm chair. He thought how her presence would brighten the house that would be his father's—Helen's old home; how it might be her home in a truer sense some day, if only she would allow it. On the whole, his reflections were not unhappy. A postman's knock interrupted them. Henry Seton had heard once from his father since he lef England. He had written from Vienna, whither urgent legal business, undertaken for a friend in India, had taken him. Matters had been arranged, and he had promised to write again to fix the exact day of his return. But the letter was brought in, though it bore the post-mark of a German town, was not in Captain Seton's hand, nor in any writing which Henry knew. It was directed in an irregular foreign scrawl, and in breaking the seal two letters dropped from the cover, one in English, the other in German. Henry took up the English letter first. It was dated from an obscure village in Germany, and ran as follows:—

'Sir,—I grieve to have very bad tidings to communicate to you. Last Monday, the diligence in which I was travelling stopped at this place to change horses, I was appealed to by the priest, who entreated me to receive the last words of an Englishman unable to make himself understood in German who was lying dangerously ill of a fever in the inn. On alighting, I found that the gentleman's name was Captain Seton; he was conscious when I saw him, and seemed relieved at hearing an English voice; but he was in the last stage of exhaustion, and sunk rapidly. He gave me your address, and sent his last love to Mary and Helen. I am sure you will forgive me for using these familiar names, as I do not know to whom Captain Seton referred. He gave no other directions, and, indeed, was scarcely able to articulate. He appeared to me to have been suffering from acute fever. The priest tells me that when the diligence arrived the day before, Captain Seton was unable to stand, and had to be lifted out. I presume he intended to have gone on to B——. Of course I remained here. Unfortunately, this village is so remote that no really good medical advice could be obtained till many hours too late. Captain Seton expired on Tuesday, the 15th October, at two o'clock, a. m. Allow me to express my sincere sympathy on this melancholy occasion. I have directed that all Captain Seton's effects should be packed up; and if you will be good enough to communicate with the priest (here followed his name and address) he will take care that your instructions are attended to. It was advisable that the funeral should take place immediately.

'I am sir, your obedient servant,
'EDWARD WILSON.'

The letter was read, and Henry Seton mechanically stretched out his hand for the other. He felt dizzy and sick; but the blow was not realized as yet. The second letter was from the priest, a half-educated German Catholic. He wrote, however, with sincere feeling, and deep contrition for having, when driven to extremity, pressed Mr. Wilson to visit Captain Seton's dying bed. The Englishman had not known the extent to which fever, of an acute typhoid kind, was raging in the villages around. Immediately after *finishing his letter,* he had been seized with sudden faintness; he had been carried to bed, and in twenty-four hours more he had paid for his act of charity with his life. The priest entreated Henry Seton to break the news to Mr. Wilson's relatives, and lamented again and again over the two deaths, the last of which he laid at his own door.

These were the letters.

For full five minutes after he had laid down the last, Henry Seton sat like a man stunned by a blow. Then as sudden impulse came upon him; he seized his hat, passed quickly through the passage, and let himself out at the front door. Once fairly upon the beach, he stood still; the glare of light seemed to dazzle him. It was the first time he had left the house since his uncle's death, and within, the closed blinds had made a kind of shadowy twilight; without, the autumn sunbeams danced merrily upon the blue waters, and the waves came rippling to the shore with a delicious murmur. The beach was almost deserted, but upon the terrace were one or two officers from the School of Musketry conning their books. Henry Seton turned away, and walked rapidly and unsteadily up the avenue that leads from the beach to Hythe proper. He never raised his eyes towards the soft green hills, nor the grey church round which the houses clustered. On, past the withered stems of the trees which the sea had destroyed—past those on which the autumn tints glowed—through the high street, where one or two persons turned round to look after him, he never knew or thought where he went till he found himself opposite the barracks. Then he paused, gazed round him for an instant, and turned again towards the shore. He walked now with a still quicker step, like that of a man who has a definite object in view. Soon he turned into the dreary road that leads towards Romney Marsh. Past the targets, at which groups of soldiers were aiming—past the long range of beach used as a drilling-ground—past the scattered cottages that lay here and there along the shore; faster and faster he walked, the hot sun beating down upon his head, and glaring up from the stones under his feet, the prespiration standing in great drops upon his forehead, until he reached a solitary pool, some miles from Hythe. No human being was in sight: nothing living except one or two carrion crows hovering over the stagnant pool, and a few sheep in the distance; nothing to be seen but a stretch of long coarse grass, a wall of shingles shutting out the sea, the sky above, and the melancholy black pool. Here Henry Seton paused. He wiped his forehead, threw himself at full length on the grass by the brink, covered his eyes with his hand, and tried at last to look his position in the face like a man.

He was ruined. Even grief for his father's loss was swallowed up in that thought. The imprudent investment, easily forgiven when another fortune seemed ready to replace that which had been lost, now stood like a wall of ice between him and his father's memory. Not yet could he mourn for him as a son, and the consciousness of this added bitterness to his anguish. And in losing his fortune he lost—what? He lost his position in life, his home, his chance of rising in the world, his love. Yes, Helen never would be his. She would be an heiress, independent of him: doubtless she would scorn him, if he, penniless and friendless, should presume again to address her. Yet who could love her as he loved her? He twisted upon the ground as if in bodily pain. Presently he took up the fatal letter and read it once more. 'Two o'clock, A. M.!' He had no need to look again at the hour. And his uncle had died at eleven on the same morning. What a difference it would have made could his father have lived only twelve hours longer; Two o'clock, P. M.—how the change in that one letter would have altered the colour of his son's life! The change of a letter! He clutched the letter convulsively in his grasp, and buried his face in the grass to overcome the thought that had flashed into his mind. But it would not be subdued; it came again and again, even though he loathed himself for it. How easily that one letter could be altered! The stroke of a pen-knife, the stroke of a pen, and it would be done, and detection would be impossible. No Englishman had been near his father's death-bed, save the one who had so speedily followed him to the grave; no one but himself would visit that obscure German village to enquire particulars; the priest would soon forget the exact hour at which the stranger died. Yes, it might be done; only if it were, he, Henry Seton, who had always looked down from his pinnacle of self-esteem with condemnation for the erring, and contempt for the weak, he would know himself to be a villian. Yet who would be the loser? Not Helen; for he believed that but for her possession of this accursed fortune he could win her love. His devotion would secure her happiness, and the riches would all be hers. And if not Helen, who? There was no one else; no other relations near or remote would suffer; but——. Again and again he wrestled with the suggestion that had come to him, tearing up the tufts of grass, and biting them in the bitter struggle; again and again he rose, as if to return home, and end the temptation, again and again he sank down beside the pool to gaze once more at the fatal 'A. M.' After each struggle the temptation seemed to grow stronger, the power of resistance weaker. Alas! he was yielding—yielding.

The sun had long set when there crept into the house at Hythe a man with hair damp and heavy with the autumn dews, with slouching gait and weary step, a different being indeed from the Henry Seton who that morning had sat musing so calmly in his arm-chair. He entered noiselessly, and passed into his room.

When the lawyer, a personal friend of Mr. Seton's, who had been summoned from London, told Helen the next morning of her uncle's death, her first impulse was to try and comfort her cousin.

'Where is Henry?' she asked, rising; 'I will go to him.'

'You had better not, my dear,' interposed the old lawyer, gently detaining her; 'he is in no state to see you; I never saw a man so broken down by grief. He seems completely overwhelmed. I am afraid I ought to tell you before I go,' he added, after a little hesitation, 'that this will make no difference in your prospects. Your poor uncle died on Tuesday at two P. M., just three hours later than your father.'

CHAPTER II.

Some time had passed; the long winter months had come and gone, and the birds were beginning to bestir themselves in the business of nest making, when Helen Seton took refuge in her own room one morning from the companionship of her cousins. It was a pleasant, sunny room, looking out over an extensive and trimly kept garden and shrubbery. Helen had altered in these months. Her figure, always slight, seemed to have acquired a weary droop, her brown eyes were meeker and more often shaded by their long lashes, and her face was paler, unless, perhaps, it appeared so from its contrast with the deep mourning dress she wore. She carried in her hand a little basket, filled with early primroses and early lilies of the valley, confusedly tossed together, as if just gathered. After locking the door, she sat down to arrange them. But her fingers trembled, and the tears gathered and fell one by one upon the flowers. At last the task was given up, the basket was pushed aside, and Helen sank upon her knees by the bed-side and wept bitterly. Life had not gone well with her since we saw her last; she tried to find out whether the fault lay with her. Her cousin Henry was entirely changed. Before her father's death he had been kind and tender, and considerate; even after she had refused his love, he had cared for her like a brother. What could have altered him? He had grown gloomy and capricious; now persecuting her with professions of love, now recoiling from her as if with dislike; sometimes overwhelming her with gifts and attentions, sometimes leaving her to the mercy of his harsh sister, who made her cruelly feel her dependent position. Poor Helen! her heart ached sorely as she thought of the years that might have to pass before escape could be found for her from all this. Since that one time at Hythe, she had never dared to hint to her cousin her love—nay, her engagement—to one who was poor and obscure. She had learnt to fear Henry. She almost knew that he would sternly exert his rights as master of the house, and refuse to admit Alan Morton within it. Besides this, she was not yet twenty, and Henry Seton was her guardian, and watched suspiciously the very letters she received. Altogether, life looked very dark, and Helen wept, if not 'till her heart grew light,' at least till it was eased of some of the burden of grief which was heavy indeed to bear. A servant tapped at the door.

'Mr. Seton would be glad to speak to Miss Helen in the garden.' Helen rose, calmed herself, and prepared to obey. These interviews were frequent, and were most distasteful to her, yet if Henry choose to require them she had no choice but to submit, for was she not a pensioner on his bounty? It was with a very grave face that she joined her cousin; he came to meet her, and drew her into a lonely walk fringed with wild flowers, and partly shaded by the budding leaves of early spring. Henry had changed as much in appearance as in manner; his face had grown worn and haggard, like that of a man preyed upon by some constant, wearying anxiety; and an expression of suspicion had become habitual to him. He walked silently by his cousin's side for some time, and she was beginning to wonder why he had sent for her, when at last he spoke.

'Helen,' he said, and his voice was low and husky, 'it is time that you and I should come to an understanding.'

Helen was silent.

'I have asked you to be my wife often,' he continued irritably; 'and I would have loved and cared for you, God knows. But you choose to refuse, and now I have sent for you to hear my decision. *My wife you shall be.* There are reasons why no reluctance of mine, no suffering of yours, shall turn me from my purpose. It is the only way to atone,' he muttered, between his set teeth.

Helen caught the words.

'I do not understand you,' she said gently, 'what have I to atone for?'

'Nothing, nothing,' he answered, with a gesture of impatience; 'or, at least, only the suspense you have kept me in.' He flung away from her, and walked up the path by himself. In a minute he turned, and came rapidly back to where she stood.

'Listen, Helen,' he said; 'you told me once that you loved another. That may still be; I ask no questions; but you will belong to me, if not by fair means then by foul. Helen! Helen! you are mine. Why will you rebel against fate?'

He spoke almost like a man deranged; his look was excited and wild, and Helen shrank from him, horrified by a new idea.

'Never mind,' she said, soothingly, 'come home and we will talk of it another time.'

He turned upon her angrily.

'We will not talk of it another time. We will settle it now, this moment. I tell you you are mine—mine,' and he stretched out his arms as if to seize her. In mortal terror, Helen evaded his grasp, and looking round for the best way of escape, she saw the figure of a man approaching under the trees. With infinite relief she waited a moment; it must be one of the laborers returning from dinner, she thought, and surely he would help her. The stranger came rapidly forward. Henry had seen him, too, and lost his excited manner, but Helen did not feel

(Concluded on fourth page.)