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. XI. **Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, November 4, 1861.** **New Series.---No. 43.**

MR. W. A. JOHNSTON,
OF HALIFAX, N. S.
ATTORNEY AND BARRISTER AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. &c.
☞ For the present enquire at the "Pavilion Hotel."
Charlottetown, October 21, 1861.

ALFRED PURCHASE,
Watch and Clock-maker, Smardon's Corner.

Horizontal Watches in Silver cases,	£4	0	0
Hunting.....do.....do.....	4	10	0
Lever Escapement.....	5	10	0
Hunting..do.....	6	0	0

Charlottetown, Sept. 23, 1861. 1y

R. R. MACLELLAN,
Artist.
GREAT GEORGE STREET,
Charlottetown, - - - - P. E. Island.

REMOVAL.
DR. GAUVREAU has removed to the corner of POWNAL and SYDNEY STREETS, where he may be consulted at all hours. Entrance on Sydney Street.
Charlottetown July 1, 1861.

JUST PUBLISHED,
BAGSTER'S
HISTORY OF P. E. ISLAND.
For Sale at all the Book Stores. Price 3s.

PISCATAQUA
Fire & Marine Insurance Co. of Maine.
STOCK DEPARTMENT:
Authorized Capital, $500.000. Capital Subscribed and Secured, $253.445.76.
Hon JOHN N GOODWIN, Prest. OBED P MILLER, Vice Prest.
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Fire Insurance on Dwellings, Furniture, Warehouses, Public Buildings, Mills, Manufactories, Stores, Merchandize, Ships in Port, or while building, and other property. Inland Insurance on Goods to all parts of the country. Marine Insurance on Vessels, Cargo and Freight to all parts of the World.
Policies issued and further information obtained of
J. S. CARVELL, Agent.
Charlottetown, September 23, 1861.

A CARD.
NEIL RANKIN begs leave to inform the MERCANTILE and TRADING COMMUNITY of Prince Edward Island, and the Neighbouring Provinces, that he has made arrangements for the immediate prosecution of business as an
Auctioneer, Commission Merchant & General Agent,
in each of which lines all Commissions with which he may be favoured (at home or from abroad) shall receive his prompt and best attention.
Charlottetown, July 8, 1861.

New York Commercial Circular.
WITH perfect confidence in our long experience in Commercial Business, we respectfully offer our services as SHIPPING, COMMISSION & IMPORTING MERCHANTS, in the City of New York.
Under our new Firm we commence a new and unencumbered Business, and are fully prepared to receive and sell Produce of the British Provinces, Merchandise of Foreign and Domestic Manufacture connected with the shipping interest; all of which departments we assure our friends and correspondents will receive our prompt attention.
FOWLE, HEWETT & CO.
97, Pearl-street, New York.
Yew York, June, 1861. 6m [July 8, '61.

ALEXANDER McKINNON,
AUCTIONEER
AND
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,
QUEEN STREET,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.
Office in the same Building as A. H. Yates, Esq.

For Charter,
A NEW BRIGANTINE, now at Georgetown. The above Vessel, 180 tons medium measurement, built under Lloyd's inspection, will be ready to receive cargo in a few days, and will charter for any Port in Great Britain
Apply to JAMES REDDIN.
Charlottetown, October 21st, 1861. 1sl & R W

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
THE Commissioners are desirous of procuring samples of the following articles, to be forwarded to the International Exhibition, to be held in London in 1862:—
Grain and Seeds, including Wheat, Barley, Oats, Buckwheat, Clover, Timothy, Flax and Turnip Seeds, Vetches, Peas, Beans, and ears of Indian Corn,
Flour, Oatmeal, and Pearl Barley,
Furniture and Cabinet work,
Carriages, Sleighs and Harness,
Samples of Island grown woods,
Leather of the various kinds,
Agricultural Implements,
Model Threshing Machine,
Boots and Shoes,
Preserved Fruits, Meats and Fish,
Hemp and Flax,
Bricks and Building Stone,
Maple Sugar and Honey in the comb,
Ship's Wheels, Blocks, &c., &c.,
Hams, Bacons, and pickled Pork and Beef,
Dyed and dressed Skins and Furs.
The above articles are in addition to those advertised for by the R. A. Society, and must all be the growth and produce of the Island, as far as practicable.
The Commissioners intend purchasing a considerable portion of the above articles.
H. HASZARD, Sec'y to Commissioners.
Charlottetown, Sept. 23, 1861. (all papers)

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
ALL persons desiring to forward any articles, the manufacture or produce of this Island, for Exhibition at the "International Exhibition, 1862, in London," are required to communicate through the undersigned with the Commissioners appointed by His Excellency the Lieut. Governor in Council on or before the 10th day of October next, specifying the nature and size of the articles desired to be forwarded, and all particulars thereof. All such articles must be transmitted through the local Board of Commissioners, and be completed for that purpose by the 10th day of November next.
H. HASZARD, Sec'y.
Charlottetown, Sept. 23, 1861. (all papers)

Don't Forget
THE great Sale of Dry Goods, commencing every morning at nine o'clock, at J. H. TURNER'S.
City, October 21, 1861.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Stoves! Stoves!
JUST ARRIVED FROM YARMOUTH, N. S., a large Stock of those celebrated COOKING, PARLOUR and BOX STOVES, for wood and coal, that have given such universal satisfaction ever since their first arrival in this Island in 1858. Also—Spare Stove Pots, Kettles, Tea Kettles, and Metal Boilers.
Persons wishing any of the above will please call and see before purchasing elsewhere. Terms—3 to 12 months, on approved Notes of Hand.
H. J. P. TERLIZZICK, Agent.
Charlottetown, Oct. 21, 1861. 1m

Literature.

MISCHIEF MAKERS.

Oh, could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground,
Where village pleasures might go round
Without the village tattling;
How doubly blest that place would be,
Where all might dwell in liberty,
Free from the bitter misery
Of gossip's endless prattling.

If such a spot were really known,
Dame Peace might claim it as her own,
And in it she might fix her throne
Forever and forever;
There, like a queen, might reign and live,
While every one would scorn forgive
The little slights they might receive,
And be offended never.

The mischief makers that remove
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,
And lead us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure;
They seem to take one's part, but when
They've heard our case, unkindly then
They soon retail them all again,
Mixed with poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way
Of telling tales. They say,
"Don't mention what I say, I pray;
I would not tell another."
Straight to your neighbor's house they go,
Narrating every thing they know,
And break the peace of high and low—
Wife, husband, friend and brother.

Oh, that the mischief-making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they were painted red, or blue!—
That every one might know them;
Then would one village, sure, forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
And fall into an angry pet
With things too much below them.

For it's a sad, degrading part
To make another's bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart
We ought to love and cherish;
Then let us evermore be found
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, peace and joy abound,
And angry feelings perish.

FLOWERS.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet;
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind flowers, and tulip tall,
And Narcissa, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the Naid like lilly of the vale,
Whom youth make so fair and passionate pale,
The light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilion of tender green.

And the hyacinth purple, and white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense.

And the rose like a nymph to the bath address,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast;
Till fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.

And the wand-like lily which lifted up,
As a Mœnad, its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star which its eye
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky.

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tube-rose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

THE TALE HE TOLD THE MARINES.

Now, mind, I will not guarantee the truth of this. I can only tell it you as he told it us. It sounds improbable, certainly, but no one can say it is impossible. What is there to prevent a lady, if she is so inclined, from——? But that would spoil the story. And there is no law of nature, I suppose, to restrain a man who is so devoid of gentlemanly feeling as he is—— But that would tell you what is coming. It is no good saying he was intoxicated, because I defy you to get drunk on sherry and soda water; and to lay it to the heat of the season is absurd, for it was a remarkably cool evening for August. No! Jenkyns is a man who has had some strange experiences, and this was not the least strange among them. Still, mind, I will not guarantee the truth of this; though, by the way, you don't often find a man tell the same tale twice in exactly the same way if it is not true, and I have heard him tell this twice. The first time was at a dinner at Lord ——. Well! it does not matter where. It is sometimes advisable not to mention proper names. I don't think mentioning this would do any harm, though—at a dinner at Lord's cricket-ground, and the second time was on the occasion of which I am speaking, when I found him drinking sherry and soda-water and smoking cheroots with three officers of Marines, one of whom, with five gloves (lady's six-and-a-half) and a withered rose before him, was telling how—'after leading me on in this way, after gaining my young affections in this treacherous manner, by Jove! sir, she throws me over and marries Blubber.'

'It's like the sex,' said the second Marine.

'It's the woman that sejuices all mankind,' said the third Marine.

'I reminds me of what once happened to myself,' said Jenkyns; 'you know the story,' he continued, turning to me. 'So just order yourself some sherry and soda-water; ah! and while you are about it order some for me too, and you can pay for them both when they come; then I shan't be put out. Paying for anything always puts me out. Thank you! I'll try one of your cigars. Well! gentlemen,' turning to the Marines, 'some time ago, I was staying with Sir George P—— P—— House, P——shire. Great number of people there—all kinds of amusements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting, everything in fact. Sir George's daughter, Fanny, was often my companion in these expeditions, and I was considerably struck with her. For she was a girl to whom the epithet 'stunning' applies better than any other that I am acquainted with. She could ride like Nimrod, she could drive like Jehu, she could row like Charon, she could dance like Terpsichore—she could run like Diana, she walked like Juno, and she looked like Venus. I've even seen her smoke.'

'One good point in her character, at any rate,' said the third Marine.

'Just like the sex!' said the second Marine.

'Ah! she was a stunner,' continued Jenkyns, 'you should have heard that girl whistle and laugh—you should have heard her laugh. She was truly a delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, fished together, walked together, sang together, danced together; I called her Fanny, she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her, and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one day, when we were out together fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees amongst the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat, and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife.

''Don't be a fool!' she said. 'Now drop it, do! and put me a fresh worm on.'

''Oh! Fanny,' I exclaimed, 'don't talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only say——'

''I tell you what it is, now,' she replied, angrily, 'if you don't drop it I'll pitch you out of the boat.'

'Gentlemen,' said Jenkyns, with strong emotion, 'I did not drop it; and I give you my word of honor, with a sudden shove she sent me flying into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat. 'Jenkyns!' said I to myself, 'Revenge! revenge!' I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed. Pulled to the bank, went to the house, and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner-table, I perceived that everyone had been informed of my ducking—universal laughter greeted me. During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbour, and glanced at me. Smothered laughter invariably followed. 'Jenkyns!' said I, 'Revenge!' The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had tormented her father into letting her ascend with the aeronaut. I instantly took my plans, bribed the aeronaut to plead illness at the moment when the machine should have risen; learned from him the management of the balloon, though I understood that pretty well before, and calmly awaited the result. The day came. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny was in the car. Everything was ready, when the aeronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him to see that he was properly attended to. Fanny was in despair.

''Am I to lose my air expedition?' she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car. 'Some one understands the management of this thing, surely? Nobody! Tom!' she called out to me, 'you understand it, don't you?'

''Perfectly!' I answered.

''Come along then!' she cried, 'be quick; before papa comes back.'

'The company in general endeavoured to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation, I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed, and said: 'How jolly!'

'We were higher than the highest trees and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time.

''I understand the going up part,' I answered, 'to come down is not so easy,' and I whistled.

''What do you mean?' she cried.

''Why, when you want to go up faster, you throw some sand overboard,' I replied, suiting the action to the word.

''Don't be foolish, Tom,' she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling uncommonly.

''Foolish!' I said. 'Oh, dear no! but whether I go along the ground or up in the air I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny, I know. Go it, you cripples!' and over went another sand-bag.

''Why, you're mad, surely,' she whispered in utter terror, and tried to reach the bags, but I kept her back.

''Only with love, my dear,' I answered, smiling pleasantly; 'only with love for you. Oh, Fanny, I adore you! Say you will be my wife.'

''I gave you an answer the other day,' she replied; 'one which I should have thought you would have remembered,' she added, laughing a little notwithstanding her terror.

''I remember it perfectly,' I answered, 'but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sand-bags, I shall ask you five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sand-bag—so, lady fair, as the cabman would say, reconsider your decision, and consent to become Mrs. Jenkyns.'

''I won't!' she said; 'I never will! and, let me tell you, that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way to press me thus.'

''You acted in a very ladylike way the other day, did you not,' I rejoined, 'when you knocked me out of the boat?' She laughed again, for she was a plucky girl, and no mistake—a very plucky girl. 'However,' I went on, 'it's no good arguing about it—will you promise to give me your hand?'

''Never!' she answered; 'I'll go to Ursa Major first, though I've got a big enough bear here, in all conscience. Stay! you'd prefer Aquarius, wouldn't you?'

'She looked so pretty that I was almost inclined to let her off (I was only trying to frighten her, of course—I knew how high we could go safely well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkyns was to his country); but resolution is one of the strong points of my character, and when I've begun a thing I like to carry it through, so I threw over another sand-bag, and whistled the Dead March in Saul.

''Come, Mr. Jenkyns,' she said, suddenly, 'come, Tom, let us descend now, and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about all this.'

'I continued the execution of the Dead March.

''But if you do not begin the descent at once I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground.'

'I laughed, seized another bag, and, looking steadily at her, said:

''Will you promise to give me your hand?'

''I've answered you already,' was the reply.

'Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of the Dead March resounded through the car.

''I thought you were a gentleman,' said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, where she had been sitting, and looking perfectly beautiful in her wrath; 'I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken; why a chimney-sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?'

'I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the Goddess of Anger or Boadicea—if you can fancy that personage in a balloon—she said:

''I command you to begin to descend this instant!'

'The Dead March, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes' silence, I took up another bag, and said:

''We are getting rather high, if you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us that we are trespassing—will you promise me your hand?'

'She sat in sulky silence in the bottom of the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself upon her knees, and bursting into tears, she said:

''Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day? It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home, and I will be a sister to you!'

''Not a wife?' said I.

''I can't! I can't!' she answered.

'Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me, after all; for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said:

''Fanny, they say that marriages are made in Heaven—if you do not take care, ours will be solemnized there.'

'I took up the fifth bag.'

''Come,' I said, 'my wife in life, or my companion in death! Which is it to be?' and I patted the sand-bag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms, as if it had been a baby.

''Come, Fanny, give me your promise!'

'I could hear her sobs. I'm the most soft-hearted creature breathing, and would not pain any living thing, and, I confess, she had beaten me. I forgave her the ducking; I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the car, and saying: 'Dearest Fanny: forgive me for frightening you. Marry whomsoever you will. Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables,—endow with your priceless beauty the Chief of the Panki-wanki Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkyns is your slave—your dog—your footstool. His duty henceforth, is to go whithersoever you shall order,—to do whatever you shall command.' I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up, and said, with a queerish expression upon her face:

''You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand.'

''With all your heart?' I asked quickly.

''With all my heart,' she answered with the same strange look.

'I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car,' and opened the valve. The balloon descended.

''Gentlemen,' said Jenkyns, rising from his seat in the most solemn manner, and stretching out his hand, as if he were going to take an oath; 'Gentlemen, will you believe it? When we had reached the ground, and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master,—when I had helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned towards her to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand,—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to him and the assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon my ear, which she assurred me had been given with all her heart.'

''You villain!' said Sir George, advancing towards me with a horse-whip in his hand. 'You villain! I've a good mind to break this over your back.'

''Sir George,' said I, 'villain and Jenkyns must never be coupled in the same sentence; and as for the breaking of this whip, I'd relieve you of the trouble,' and snatching it from his hand, I broke it in two, and threw the pieces on the ground. 'And now I shall have the honour of wishing you a good morning, Miss P——, I forgive you.' And I retired.

'Now I ask you whether any specimen of female treachery equal to that has ever come within your experience, and whether any excuse can be made for such conduct?'

'As I said before, it's like the sex,' said the second Marine.

'Yes, all mankind is sejuiced by woman,' said the third Marine.

'It's just my case over again,' said the first Marine. 'After drawing me on in that way,—after gaining my affections in that treacherous manner, by Jove! sir, she goes and marries Blubber!'

Well, it does sound improbable, certainly—very improbable. But, I said before I began, that I would not guarantee the truth of it. Indeed, if you ask my candid opinion, I don't think it is true, but yet the *Marines believed* it.

THE STORY OF A LOOKING-GLASS.

I do not know why I accepted Eustace Graydon's invitation to spend the 'Long' with him, for he was not in our set, but at all events, accept it I did; and one glorious morning at the beginning of July, I found myself driving up the broad road between the larches which leads to Laulden Friars. Graydon's family were people who had risen from prosperous bankers in the county town to prosperous squires on the county sessions bench; clever, worldly, practical people, with a good chance of baronetcy in the next generation, and not a scrap of romance in their compositions. Eustace Graydon of St. Gardoc's was the only son grown up: Philip, his brother, was a mere child. His womankind, as he called them, consisted of five sisters, for they were seven at Laulden Friars.

I enjoyed myself exceedingly during the early part of my visit. The House was a thoroughly pleasant one to stay at. Weeks passed on, till one day I noticed an unusual expression of vexation on the forehead of my handsome hostess. There was whispering, too, amongst the girls, an unwonted bustle amongst the servants, which indicated something astir. I asked Eustace Graydon, as we stood at the window after breakfast, for an explanation of the mystery. 'I am glad you asked,' he said, 'for I really don't know how I should have had courage to broach the subject with becomming seriousness. We all want to ask you to do us a favor, and not one of us can summon up courage to do it. But as you have asked me yourself, I must needs be spokesman. My father has a letter saying that Sir George Blank, the attorney-general, and his lady will be here to-day, on their way to town; and Sir George Blank wants to settle what part my father is to play in the grand national drama, to be brought out at St. Stephen's next session. It so happens, also, that old Kilpack and his four daughters are coming to spend their annual fortnight to-morrow; and as the masons and bricklayers render the wing uninhabitable, we are in distress for rooms; and unless you will kindly and graciously condescend to sleep in Hester's Room—I mean the room over the library—we shall be puzzled how to provide for their accommodation.

I laughed at such a slight cause occasioning an instant's embarrassment, and professed my perfect and entire readiness to sleep anywhere, and quoted a line from *She Stoops to Conquer* about the charms of three chairs and a bolster.

Eustace thanked me, and went away to relieve his mother of household cares. We went out fishing in the morning, and on our return found the new guests arrived.

When it was time to retire, I withdrew to my new sleeping-apartment. I sat for a few minutes before the fire, seeing all kinds of whimsical shapes and figures in its embers, and then began slowly to undress. I took off my coat, and put on my dressing-gown; but though tired when in the drawing-room, I now felt no inclination to sleep, and was suddenly seized with a desire to finish a volume of *Old Mortality* which I had commenced. The book was, I knew, on the library table, and I resolved to go down stairs quietly and get it. I reached the library, which was just underneath, secured my prize, closed the door, and set off on my homeward journey. Though I had been shown the way so recently by Eustace, I contrived to miss it; and to my great surprise, as I laid my hand on the door of the room which I considered my own, I heard voices. In a moment I perceived my mistake—I had turned down the wrong passage, and was on the eve of entering the butler's room. I turned away, but not before a sentence or two of the conversation going on in the room caught my ear. The words were common enough, and might bear fifty constructions—*'I hope he will not see it.'* Just in that vacant state of mind in which we catch at everything, I immediately fancied that the words referred to me. Thrusting aside the idea as silly, I went back, locked my door, stirred the fire, and began to examine the objects round me. The room itself was of a curious old-fashioned shape, though the furniture, like that in the rest of the house, was modern. There were two divisions and two fire-places in the apartment, and a space where one would have expected folding-doors. In the larger of the two divisions raised a step higher than the other, stood the bed and all the appliances of a comfortable chamber. In the lower and smaller division there was a bath, a toilet table, and on that table, a looking-glass. I have said the appointments of the room were modern; but I must make an exception in regard to the glass, as the carved work and shape of it were both of a date at least twenty years anterior to everything else.

I was in capital health, and am—as you know, Charley—the last man in the world to be morbid or fanciful, but yet I was conscious to myself of a feeling of indefinite dread, the like of which I never experienced before, and the like of which, thank Heaven, I have never experienced since.

I undressed slowly, and got into bed, but just then recollected my novel, which the mysterious sensation evoked by the examination of my sleeping-apartment had quite driven out of my head, I got out of bed and took the book off a chair on which I had laid it. Just as I was returning, it occurred to me that I should require a table to put my candlestick on. I looked round for one which could be moved without noise. The most suitable seemed a light rosewood one in the second division of the room. To get it, I must needs pass the table on which stood the antique looking-glass. I mention the circumstance, because I was conscious to myself of feeling that passing this was for some inexplicable reason an objection; nevertheless, I went to the little table, and removed some small books and a flower-vase which stood on it, placing them on the larger table, whereupon stood the glass. I had placed my candlestick on this table as well. The first time I faced the looking-glass a white object appeared in it. I had my dressing-gown on, which was of a dark color, so the reflection could not be of my own figure. Though I am, as I said before, utterly and entirely exempt from any traces of superstition, I still was at that moment—to use a word which I have often ridiculed—*nervous*. It cost an effort to look again in the glass; I summoned up courage, however, to meet it boldly; and never shall I forget the face that looked into mine.

There was no image of my own features, not even the faint reflex of them which one sees in looking into a window. An entirely strange face appeared right before me, looking *into* me and *through* me with eyes instinct with a terrible fascination. It was a female face, belonging apparently to a beautiful girl just developing into the ripe perfection of womanhood. The complexion was a bright white; the shape not perfectly oval, for the forehead was very square, and the mouth small and open, so as to show teeth not regular, but not very white. The eyebrows were arched and dark; the hair of that pale gold which we see in Raphael's earlier Madonnas. So much I seemed to have remembered afterwards about the face; but at the time I looked at it I thought of no thing but of the eyes, so beautiful, and yet strained into an expression of the most intense horror; so bewitching, and yet dilated and bursting with agony, as though ready to start from their red sockets. Of the rest of the figure visible in the glass I remember little. There was a very graceful neck, and a necklace of flashing emeralds. But ere my first speechless fit of terror at the sight had subsided, a sound enhanced it, for I seemed to see the lips move, and to hear a whispered tone, frozen with terror, murmur the word *'Dead!'*

The breath that spoke the word then clouded the surface of the glass with a bluish film, and the face was gone?

How the rest of that night passed, I cannot tell. I stood for some time looking at the glass, then exerted a strong effort, and rushed out of the room.

I woke next morning lying on a couch, on which I had sunk down exhausted. Being very fortunately an early riser, habit woke me, even after that night, at seven. Though I dared not glance into the room where the looking-glass stood, I contrived to dress myself and to appear at the breakfast-party at nine without traces of my disturbed night.

The day passed off as the old days had passed; we were relieved, soon after breakfast, of the presence of the incubus and his lady; and things went on as they had done before the official visit. I rode, fished, talked, played chess, just as formerly. But all the time I was looking forward to the night with feelings of dread scarcely to be imagined, and fancying the hours moved with an incredible swiftness. In the evening the family were all in the drawing-room, and the conversation turned on the book we had been reading, *Old Mortality*, and thence passed, naturally enough, to the subject of the author of Waverley's most striking characteristics, and specially to his evident belief in supernatural appearances. Nothing new was said upon the subject by any of the party: Mr. Graydon took the incredulous line, and talked about dyspepsia; Mrs. Graydon had the same view, and yet confessed to a weakness in favor of one ghost who had appeared to an uncle of hers. The rector was silent until appealed to, and then professed himself unable to get over Colonel Gardner and Dr. Donne.

Old Kilpack went to sleep soon after the subject began; but the young ladies, though they had observed throughout the dialogue a discreet silence, were careful to go out of the room together after wishing us good night. Eustace joined in the conversation now and then in a careless way, but expressed no positive opinion. As for me, I took up a book, and professed myself too absorbed in it to speak, while, alas! all the while I was listening to every common-place sentence with straining ears, and showering blessings on every speaker whose remarks occupied any time, for my dread of the night increased with every minute the clock ticked away. At last the butler entered with a large prayer-book. We knelt down while the rector read prayers, and then wished each other good-night. The family retired. After a quarter of an hour sheer agony, I nerved myself to seek my chamber. Just as I was leaving the room, Eustace entered.

'Alone,' he said; and his voice had quite lost the languid drawl that he generally adopted—'alone, Arklow; that is just what I wanted. Sit down here. The servants are gone, and we shall be uninterrupted. I must talk very earnestly; but before I ask you the question which I am about to put, let me implore you to speak as if I was an entire stranger, and tell me the whole truth, thinking nothing about sparing the feelings of others, and exciting scandal. Since you came down this morning, I have watched you with the closest observation, and have seen enough to convince me that you have never passed a day wherein the interchange of common civilities was more painful, and yet (contradiction as it seems) never found hours go on so perversely quick. The expression of your countenance this evening while they talked about the apparitions of the unseen world, assured me I have not been wrong. You saw something last night in that room over the library?'

Thus addressed, it was impossible to refuse to explain. I narrated as briefly as I was able the facts which you have heard. When I had finished, he rose, left the room for ten minutes, returned, sat awhile silent, then spoke: 'You have told me exactly what I expected to hear. It is due to you now to tell all the additional particulars with which I am acquainted. Before my father bought this place, it was the property of a family called Vandeleur. Sir Philip, the last baronet, left one daughter, Hester. She was, report says, 'beautiful exceedingly;' and as the heiress of the largest estate in the county, had many suitors. Amongst them were two brothers, by name Frank and Herbert Wovewood. Hester loved Herbert, the younger and handsomer. I believe she was as sarcastic as she was lovely, and that at some ball she made Frank's plain face and stooping gait the subject of her wit. Sensitive and morbidly jealous, he resolved on humbling the woman who had despised him, and gifted his brother with the prize he himself so coveted. But in order to carry out his plan, he dissembled. Not affecting to conceal his own passion, he assumed a manly, generous tone, saying that one far worthier than he had won the heiress's hand, and he must now be her father, and not her husband. The wedding-day came. Herbert and Hester were married. In those times wedding-tours were not considered necessary, and a magnificent banquet and ball were to celebrate the event. The guests were beginning to assemble, and the bride was in her room with her bridesmaids and waiting-women. She was dressed, and seated at her toilet-table. Suddenly a servant rushed into the room, breathless, and flung herself at Hester's feet. Her message was told with frantic incoherence, but the main points of it were too clear. Mr. Herbert had gone out with Mr. Frank for a ride, to while away the hours between the morning's rites and the evening's revelry. They had tried the speed of each other's horses in a race up Windrush Hill—that tall, sea-fronting cliff some three miles off westward. Mr. Herbert's horse, it was supposed, had been frightened by some object in the way, had plunged forward, and the rider was dashed to pieces. How Hester looked as she heard the story I need not tell you, nor, perhaps, that she uttered only the one word, *'Dead!'* and fell down before the glass, a corpse!'

'And Frank?' I exclaimed.

'He died some years afterwards, but left a confession with the clergyman who attended him in his last moments, to the effect that he had induced Herbert, when excited by wine, to mount an unbroken horse, and had even struck the beast with his riding-whip, to urge him to take the plunge which hurled his brother out of the world.'

'And the room?'

'Will never be occupied again. To-night—at least the small part of it which is left us—we will spend together in my 'den.' It will remind us of the week before we went in for 'degrees.' I have ordered lights, coffee, and cigars.'

'With all my heart; of course, sleep is out of the question. But you will not put any one again to pass the night there; to a woman or invalid, the fright might be fatal.'

'To-morrow, the workmen who are building the new rooms in the wing, pull down the library and the chamber over it; and half an hour ago—directly, in fact, that I heard the story of your experience—I went up stairs and broke the looking glass.'

THE SARDINIAN BARBARITIES IN NAPLES.

It is not long since there was a universal outcry in England against Catholics, because some one was reported to have alleged that, in certain given cases, they considered murder justifiable, on the principle that the end justified the means. Of course no Catholic doctrine ever inculcated such a piece of monstrosity, and no Catholic deserving of the name ever acted on a principle so utterly at variance with the laws of God and man. But how comes it that these vehement declaimers against a teaching and a practice that had no existence save in their own imaginations, have not a word to say in condemnation of the inhuman butcheries that their model of mildness, clemency, and forbearance, Victor Emmanuel, is perpetrating daily through his blood-thirsty henchmen in Naples? The Reign of Terror has succeeded that of Francis II. Men and women, priests and monks, the young and the aged, are shot down without even the formality of a trial the very moment they are within reach of the 'gentle King's' riflemen. Crowning their work of sacrilege and spoliation Churches are sacked, houses and whole towns burnt to the ground. The pictures drawn by the English and revolutionary press of the dungeons of Naples and the suffering of the prisoners before the exile of its legitimate Sovereign, were terrific and horrifying in the extreme; but not a syllable do we now hear of the numbers that are incarcerated and treated with Heaven only knows what degree of cruelty by the ferocious janitors *il Re Gentu homo*, though it is known there are some ten or eleven thousand faithful subjects of Francis II. lingering in the Neapolitan prisons. The *Contemporaneo* of Florence gives the following account of the mild and gentle measures pursued by the satraps of the Hero of whom the Emperor of the French has placed over the destinies of Italy:

Shot without trial and killed on the spot	1,841
Shot without trial a few hours after being made prisoners	7.127
Killed	10,604
Incarcerated	6,112
Priests shot	54
Monks shot	22
Houses burnt	118
Districts ravaged by fire	5
Families persecuted	2,093
Churches sacked	12
Children killed	60
Women massacred	48
Persons arrested	13,629

This dark and dismal register of murder, ruin, and persecution is the work of some eight months; but all this, though fearful enough, is trifling compared with the crowning achievement of this redoubtable regenerator of Italy. Such of our readers as have taken due note of the movements of the reactionary party in Naples will know that a number of reactionists entered the districts of Pontelandolfo and Casalducci, killing, as the *Times* correspondent tells us, forty of the Italian troops, and severely maltreating several of the inhabitants of the former place; such at least is the account we have from the same correspondent, an authority not likely to lean very favourably to the side of the reactionists. After