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. XVII. 1 | CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 21, 1867. | 1 NO. 11

KING SQUARE HOUSE.

SUPERIOR SEAL SKIN COATS.
BEER & SONS.

A GOOD Assortment of CLOTHS.
BEER & SONS.

A SPLENDID LOT of FUR CAPS, CLOTH CAPS and FELT HATS.
BEER & SONS.

LADIES FURS.
BEER & SONS.

LADIES' HATS—in Silk, Velvet & Straw.
BEER & SONS.

DRESS GOODS in great variety.
BEER & SONS.

SHAWLS and MANTLES.
BEER & SONS.

CARPETS, in Wool, Felt and Hemp.
BEER & SONS.

HEAVY OVERCOATS and other Ready made Clothing.
BEER & SONS.

GENTS' Wool Scarfs, Shirts, Gloves, &c., &c.
BEER & SONS.

BUFFALO ROBES.
BEER & SONS.

BOOTS and SHOES in variety.
BEER & SONS.

RUBBER BOOTS and SHOES.
BEER & SONS.

FELT and RUBBER OVERSHOES.
BEER & SONS.

CANADIAN MOCCASANS.
BEER & SONS.

WARRANTED AXES.
BEER & SONS.

THRESHING MACHINE and MUD DIGGER CASTINGS and CHAIN.
BEER & SONS.

The above, together with our usual assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, &c., &c., &c., are offered on the best terms for prompt payment.
BEER & SONS.

Ch'town, Nov. 19, 1866.

1866.
NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

BY the recent arrivals from London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Canada, and the United States, the Subscriber has received a large and well selected STOCK of Seasonable Goods, comprising:

Woollen Goods.

Blankets, Flannels, Serges, Rugs, Carpetings, Hearth Rugs, Horse Rugs, Flannel Shirtings in great variety, Druggets, Cloths, a large stock in Black, Blue, Brown, and Invisible superfine Broad Cloths; Mantle Cloths in variety; Whitneys, Beaver, Devons, Moscow, Pilot, Lambskin, Seal, Astracan, Doeskins and Tweeds, and other varieties, very cheap—Shawls, a large variety.

Staple Dry Goods.

Printed, Brown, Striped and White Cottons, Fancy Shirtings, Red Blue and White Cotton Warp, best quality, Linen and Cotton Ticking, Bags and Bagging, Towels, (Turkish) and other kinds, Towelling, Osnaburgs, Canvas, &c., &c.

Dress Goods.

In Silks plain and fancy, Baratheas, Parmattas, French Merinos, Cashmeres, Camlets, Coburgs, Lustres, Alexandra Cloth, Cloth of Gold and other varieties in the latest styles, very low for cash.

Gents' Furnishing Department.

Over and under Coats, Pants, Vests, Flannel Shirts, White and colored Cotton Shirts, Collars, Ties, the newest styles in Hats, Cloth and Fur Caps, Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Mufflers, Drawers, under Shirts in variety, Web and Rubber Braces, Socks, Gloves, &c., &c., cheap and good.

Furs.

Stone Martin, Mink, Fitch, Kolenski, Chinchilli, and Mountain Martin, in sets and separately, Musquash, Ermine and other kinds, Fur Gloves, Mits and Cuffs, Siberian Lambskins, &c., &c.

Varieties.

Brussels Carpeting, Stair Rods and Eyes, Door Mats in variety, Dressed Sheepskins, Skirts, Skirting, Cane Hoops, Black and colored Silk and other Velvets, Buttons and Trimmings for dresses in great variety, Feathers and Flowers, very good and cheap, Jewellry, Ribbons, Laces, Hair Netts, Gloves, Hosiery, Veils in great variety, Ladies' Linen, Lace, Paper and Steel Collars and Cuffs, Curtain Damasks, Fringes, Rings, Loops, and Pole Ends, Shoe Thread, Twine, Candle Wick.

Hardware.

Iron and Steel well assorted, Glass, Putty, Paints, Linseed Oil, Machinery Oil, Nails, Spikes, Brads, Tacks, Blacking, Knives and Forks, Jack and Pen Knives, Scissors, Shot, Gun Wads, Files, House and Sleigh Bells, Cash Boxes, Brushes of all kinds, Wine Glasses, Tumblers, &c., &c.

Groceries.

Tea very superior, Cocoa prepared, Crushed, Brown and Granulated Sugars, Rice, Pearl Barley, Mustard, Spices, Washing and Baking Soda, Raisins, Currants, &c., &c.

The whole will be sold at the lowest prices for prompt payment, either at wholesale or retail.
H. HASZARD.

Ch'town, Nov. 26, 1866. isl

RUM! RUM! RUM!

20 PUNCHEONS of Old Demerara RUM for Sale at Subscriber's Establishment, in or out of Bond.
GEORGE COLES.

Ch'town, Dec. 3, 1866.

YARMOUTH STOVES!

JUST RECEIVED by the Subscriber, per Schooner MARY, from Yarmouth, a full and complete Cargo of those celebrated STOVES, consisting of Cooking, Box and Franklin, the character of which is so well known to our Island farmers, to whom they have given such general satisfaction. They will be sold at the usual terms for Cash or approved Notes.
R. J. CLARKE.

Orwell Cheap Store, September 10th, 1866. } isl h

JOHN BELL,

MANUFACTURER of Clothing in all its branches, thankful to his friends and patrons for past favors, begs leave to inform them and the public generally, that he is still to be found at his Old Stand on QUEEN STREET, and is prepared to make up all kinds of garments, entrusted to him in the latest style and improvement of fashion.

Terms Cash.

Entrance at the Side Door.

Queen Street, July 9, 1866.

NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs to inform the citizens of Charlottetown, and the public generally, that he has RE-OPENED his

Tailoring Establishment

on QUEEN STREET, two doors west of T. Desbrisay's; and solicits—while gratefully acknowledging past favors—a return of that public patronage which was formerly so generously and extensively conferred upon him.

Having acquired a thoroughly correct knowledge of the Cutting Department, on a purely geometrical principle, together with many years' successful practice, he is prepared to compete, for superiority, with any of his profession in this Colony.

Having also selected Mr JOHN CHRISTIAN, whose name is proverbial for superior workmanship, as his Partner, he guarantees the Firm of "McLEOD & CHRISTIAN" to give every satisfaction.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.
JAMES McLEOD.

Ch'town, June 18, 1866. tf

FINAL NOTICE.

ALL PARTIES indebted to the Estate of the late GEO. F. C. LOWDEN, deceased, by Note of Hand, Book Account or otherwise, are hereby notified that unless their several amounts are paid before the close of the present year, legal measures will at once be taken for the recovery thereof.
WM. CUNDALL,
Attorney of ESTHER LOWDEN,
Administratrix.

Ch'town, Oct. 29, 1866.

FALL GOODS.

BY various Ships from ENGLAND Steamers from BOSTON and HALIFAX I have received my

FALL & WINTER STOCK,

consisting in part of

26 Casks & Cases General Ironmongery.

1 Cask Cutlery,
1 do Traces,
1 do Shovels,
1 do Hoes,
1 do Shot,
26 Boxes Tin,
236 pieces *Plough Metals.*
16 Tons Nails & Spikes,
23 bundles Spring Steel,
15 do Shoeing do
3 do Cast do
7 do Blister do
18½ Tons Iron,
1 Cask Cart Boxes,
1 do Bolts & Nuts,
1 do Screws,
1 do Files,
1 Box Axles,
5 Pairs Bellowes,
1 Basket Vices
158 Kegs Paints,
12 Drums Varnish,
6 do Turpenzine,
2 Casks do
4 do Putty,
1 do Venetian Red,
1 do Yellow Ochre,
Vermillion,
Prussian Blue,
Drop Black,
Umber,
De Sienna,
4 Hhds Paint Oil,
1 do Olive do
2 Bbls Seal do
1 do Lubricating Oil,
10 do Kerosene Oil,
111 Boxes Glass,
2 Crates Scuttles,
1 Case Shoemaker's Thread
1 Bale Curled Hair,
1 Cask Glue,
3 do Dyewoods,
250 lbs. extract Logwood,
5 Bales Rope.

These goods have been well bought, and with Stock on Shelves and in Warehouse, form a very large assortment, and are offered at my usual low *prices—either wholesale or retail—for Cash.*
W. E. DAWSON.

Great George Street, Dec. 3, 1866.

New Goods, New Goods.

THE Subscribers have just received, per Barque "Undine," from Liverpool, their

FALL & WINTER SUPPLY OF

DRY GOODS,

Now open for Inspection at the Old Establishment, Pownal Street; also to be had at the New Store, Queen Square.

A Good Selection of

WINTER CLOTHS,

Comprising Whitneys, Beavers, Plain & Fancy Doeskins, Elephant and Moscow Cloths.

—ALSO—

A Good Selection of

Ready-made Clothing,

Scarlet, White & Grey Blankets, Horse Rugs, Railway Wrappers, Printed Druggets, Cocoa Matting, Woollen & Marsellas Quilts, Woollen Covers, Pink, Blue, White and Scarlet Flannels, Fancy do.

Dress Stuffs.

Lustres, Coburgs, Baratheas, Alpacas, Poplinets, Camlets, Shepherd Plaid Checks, Morinoes, Plain and Fancy Whincies, Tweeds, &c.

Worsted Damasks,

Black and Coloured Silks, Striped Silks, Shawls, Mantles, Paletots, Chest Protectors, Corsets.

Grey, White & Printed Cottons,

Cotton Warp, Wadding, Gloves, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Table Covers, Table Damasks, Gents' Linen and White Cotton Shirts, Woollen Shirts, Bonnet Fronts, Gents' Ties and Scarfs, Collars, Muslins, Muslin Curtains, Ladies' Grey, Black and white Lamb's Wool Hose, Gents' Hose, Drawers and Linders, Door Mats, Umbrellas—a variety in Cotton, Silk, and Alpaca, &c., &c.

—Also—

A Large Lot of Furs.

Ladies' and Gents' Fur Caps, &c., &c.

All of which will be sold *cheap* for CASH.
J. S. & J. PURDIE.

Ch'town, October 22, 1866. Isl 3m

JUST RECEIVED and now for Sale on usual terms:—
500 Bbls Superfine and Extra FLOUR,
200 sides SOLE LEATHER,
60 chests }
10 half chests } Congo TEA
7 hhds }
10 Bbls } Bright SUGAR
12 hhds. Porto Rico MOLASSES,
20 coils Manilla Rope
2 boxes Cavendish Tobacco
30 doz Grain Sacks
10 boxes Clothes Pins
A Lot of Green and Oak Window Blinds
Dry Goods
in Grey and White Cottons, Coburgs, Delaines, Linings, &c. &c.
WILLIAM DODD,
Queen Square.

Charlottetown, Dec. 31, 1866. isl pat 6w

Watts' Tea Store,
KENT STREET.
Completion of Fall Stock.

THE Proprietors respectfully beg to announce that their Stock of choice GROCERIES is now complete:—

TEA, extra good quality; best retailing MOLASSES; Crushed, Granulated, and Brown SUGARS; Lemon Syrup; Prime Island and American CHEESE; Coffee, Corn Starch Rice, Butter, Soda, Wine, Water and Sugar Crackers, Layer and Valentia Raisins, Currants, Pickles, Spices, &c.

—Also—

Crates assorted EARTHENWARE, Doz's Brooms, Buckets, Candles, Kerosene Oil, &c., &c., &c.

Kent Street, Dec. 10th, 1866. 6w

BANK of P. E. ISLAND.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FIVE POUNDS per centum on the Capital Stock of the Bank of Prince Edward Island, for the last half year, hath been this day declared, and is payable to Stockholders forthwith on demand.
By order,
WM. CUNDALL, Cashier.

Dec. 10.

UNION BANK OF P. E. ISLAND.

A DIVIDEND of Seven and One-half per cent. has been declared due, for the half year ending 30th ult., on the paid up Capital, and payable at the Bank on and after WEDNESDAY, fifth instant.
By order,
JAS. ANDERSON,
Cashier.

Union Bank, 3rd Dec., 1866.

Administration Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of Captain GEORGE FORREST, late of Southport, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment; and those having legal demands against the said Estate, are required to furnish the same, duly attested, to the undersigned for settlement.
AMELIA FORREST, Executrix.
JOHN R. BOURKE, Executor.

Southport, Sept. 29, 1866. [Oct. 1.

Administration Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of WILLIAM SNEESTON, late of Charlottetown, deceased are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against *the said estate, are required to furnish the same,* duly attested, to the undersigned for settlement.
MARY SNEESTON, Executrix.

Ch'town, Dec. 10, 1866. 3m

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the late JOHN SUTHERLAND, of St. Peter's Bay, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment; and those having legal demands against the said Estate are requested to furnish the same, duly attested, to the undersigned, for settlement, within six months from date.
JANE ELLEN SUTHERLAND.
Administratrix.

Dec. 10, 1866. 6in

The Centre of Attraction!

The Centre Attraction, in town, for

MILLINERY!

this season, is certainly at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

The largest variety and cheapest

BONNETS & HATS

are always to be found at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

If you want to buy

Velvets or Terrys,

the best and cheapest are to be found at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

The Largest and most Beautiful Assortment of

Flowers & Feathers,

is sure to be found at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

All the newest things in

Ribbons and Laces,

to be had at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

The cheapest and best place to buy

Gloves and Hosiery!

is at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

An immense variety of

Stays, at all Prices,

from 3s. 9d. upwards, at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

The favourite place, because the cheapest, to buy

Cottons of all kinds,

is acknowledged on all sides to be
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

If you intend buying

Coburgs or Winceys,

you will do well to call at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

If you want to see a stock of

Fancy Dress Goods,

that is entirely new, call at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Every one knows that the largest, cheapest, and best assorted stock of

HOOP SKIRTS

is always to be found at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

A Mammoth stock of

Paper Collars and Cuffs,

for both Ladies and Gentlemen, on hand at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Ladies never fail to have the most complete satisfaction from the

BOOTS

bought at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Beautiful

Shawls & Mantles,

all quite new, at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Great varieties in

Mantle Cloths,

very cheap, at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Gents' Crimean

Shirts and Shirtings,

cheaper than ever, at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

A great profusion of Ladies' and Gents' Woollen

Scarfs and Clouds,

from 9d, upwards, at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Ladies cannot fail to get suited with

Hoods and Sontags

at ROBERT YOUNG'S.

To all who want a first-rate

TEA,

we would say buy it at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Dec. 17, 1866. tf

Queen Street Fancy Goods Store.
ISAAC J. WALDRON, AGAIN.

PREPARE for Christmas, and select your GLASSWARE, JEWELLERY, TOYS and FANCY GOODS from my stock, where you will find every variety and at prices to suit all customers. So come along, Rich and Poor, and we will give you bargains.

Glassware.

All kinds of Glass Lamps Globes, Chimneys, Paper & Glass Shades, Tumblers in variety, Tea Sets in Glass, Salts, Cruitstands, Plates Preserve Dishes, Fruit Dishes, Patent Glass Lanterns, Butter Dishes. Chinese Marble Vases.

Brushes.

Horse, Scrubbing, Shoe, Hair, Tooth, and other Brushes, a large assortment. Japan Trays, Looking Glasses, Paper Collars, and Woollen Mufflers.

Cutlery.

Knives & Forks, Carvers, Razors, Scissors, Curry Combs, Pad Locks, a very large stock by wholesale & Retail. Transparent Toilet Soaps, a superior article for Ladies' use. Matches, Kerosene Oil (1s per gallon), Soap, Tobacco, Tea, Vinegar (superior). Lamp wicks all sizes, Albums, Toys in variety, Portemonnaies, Combs, and a variety of Case Goods.

Jewellery.

Watches, Watch Chains, Keys, Brooches, Ear Drops, Finger Rings, Bracelets, Lockets, Gents' Breast Pins, and a very large stock of new Jewellery, too numerous to mention in detail.

The above goods will be sold Wholesale or Retail, and to Country dealers at a large discount.

—ALSO—

Second hand Cook, Parlor, and other Stoves.
ISAAC J. WALDRON.
Next door to M. W. Skinner's Drug Store.

Charlottetown, Dec. 10, 1866. tf

FLOUR.

200 BBLS. Choice Extra FLOUR,
200 " Superfine "
200 " "
For Sale by I. C. HALL.

HERRING.

200 Bbls. new Bay of Island FAT HERRING, for Sale by
I. C. HALL.

Dec. 24, 1866.

TOBACCO.

10 Boxes American FLAT TOBACCO, for Sale by
I. C. HALL.

Dec. 24, 1866.

Lands to Let.

TO be let for a term of 4 years from 1st MAY next, that valuable property situated in the Royalty, about one mile distant from the City of Charlottetown, fronting on the St. Peter's Road on one side and on the lower Royalty Road and on the Hillsboro' River on the other side, and containing nearly 200 acres, known as the "Belvidere Farm," part of the Estate of Capt. GEORGE BEAZELEY, Esq., R. N. The property being so well situated as to road and water frontage that it can be let in two, three or four separate tenements, and will be let together or separately as may be desired. No wood, trees or brushment of any kind to be cut unless for use on the farms. Sealed tenders for the whole or any part or parts thereof will be received by the Subscribers until the 16th MARCH next.
D. BRENAN.
D. HODGSON.

Ch'town Dec. 17. I h p 3m

LITERATURE.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

Another swell of Time's broad surging sea,
Sinks to the vortex of the golden past;
As annual waves which float on memory
The good and evil on their bosoms cast.
So sweep the freighted, sure revolving years,
Rafting off blighted hopes, bejewelled things and fears.

Profusely scattered o'er its changeful tide,
A million moments running o'er with joy,
Spangle and gem that sea unanopied,
And twice revive their bliss without alloy.
So sweep the freighted, *sure revolving years,*
Rafting off blighted hopes, bejewelled things and fears.

Though sometimes o'er that wave dark tempests scowled,
And meeting waters clashed their angry might,
Though sometimes sorrow, wo, or grief have prowled
Around the tossing life-bark in the night,
Yet golden bars of sunlight o'er the path have smiled,
Goodness has been gracious to erring nature's child.

Though deep the soundings were where breaker's tossed,
And immolating besoms frowned above,
Though struggling life-barks grazed a rugged coast,
High o'er the gloom streamed out God's lamp of love.
And dissipating clouds revealed the darkness through
The calm and peaceful refuge to the gladdened view.

Above that yearling wave's uplifted crest,
Borne out in bold relief against the void,
Are shattered skeletons, far o'er its breast
Scattered and strewn, of barks destroyed.
They ventured forth like fledglings yet untrained to fly,
And *tempest-hurled their weakness fed the* casualty.

I sit by Time, and, musing, watch the wreck,
Go drifting by upon the mystic sea;
A solemn scene to hold in retrospect;
For many there were spirits known to me.
I watch the fretted tide sweeping downward to its goal,
In vocal silence moving to the dread land of the soul.

Some forms are there whose advent promised bright,
Was ominous of naught but swift success;
Some from high places, with the goal in sight,
Mourned one false step, fell, swallowed in distress;
And some are there from lap of luxury and ease,
Whelmed with the common brood of unblest destinies.

The wave has passed!—oblivion's seal is set!
The year rolls by to Fate's eternal bourne;
Pale Morna stoops all bowed and desolate,
And Destiny blocks up the path of their return.
So sweep the freighted, sure revolving years,
Rafting off blighted hopes, bejewelled things and fears.

FOUR BOXES OF GOLD.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

Minnie, my blessed little wife, and I, had been just one month married. We had returned only two days from our honeymoon tour at Killarney. I was junior partner in the firm of Schwarzmoor and Laddock, bankers, Lombard street, (I must conceal real names), and I had four days more of my leave of absence still to enjoy. I was supremely happy in my bright new cottage southwest of London, and was revelling in delicious idleness on that bright October morning, watching the great yellow leaves fall in the sunshine. Minnie sat by me under the hawthorn tree; otherwise I should *not* have been supremely happy.

Little Betsy, Minnie's maid came fluttering down the garden with an ominous-looking letter in her hand.

It was a telegram from Mr. Schwarzmoor. It contained only these words:

"We want you to start to the *continent* directly with specie. Neapolitan loan. No delay. Transactions of great importance since you left. Sorry to break up holiday. Be at office by 6.20. Start from London Bridge by 9 15, and catch Dover night boat.

"Is the boy gone?"

"Boy did not leave it, sir. Elderly gentleman, going to Dawson's, brought it. The office-boy was out, and the gentleman happened to be coming past our house."

"Herbert, dear, you won't go, you mustn't go," said Minnie, leaning on my shoulder and bending down her face. "Don't go."

"I must, my dearest. The firm has no one to trust to but me, in such a case. It is but a week's absence. I must start in ten minutes, and catch the 4 20 on its way up."

"That was a very important telegram," I said sharply to the station master, "and you ought not to have sent it by any unknown and unauthorized person. Who was this old gentleman, pray?"

"Who was it, Harvey?" said the stationmaster, rather sulkily, to the porter.

"Old gent, sir, very respectable, as comes to the Dawsons', the training stables. Has horses there.

"Do not let that sort of thing occur again, Mr. Jennings," I said, "or I shall be obliged to report it. I wouldn't have had that telegram mislaid for a hundred pounds."

Mr. Jennings, the station-master, grumbled something, and then boxed the telegraph boy's ears, which seemed to do him (Mr. Jennings) good.

"We were getting very anxious," said Mr. Schwarzmoor, as I entered the bank parlour, only three minutes late; "very anxious, weren't we, Goldrick?"

"Very anxious," said the little neat head clerk; "very anxious."

Mr. Schwarzmoor was a full-faced man of about sixty, with thick white eyebrows and a red face—a combination which gave him an expression of choleric old age. He was a shrewd severe man of business; a little impetuous and fond of rule, but polite, kind, and considerate.

"I hope your charming wife is quite well. Sorry, indeed, to break up your holiday; but no help for it, my dear fellow. There is the specie in those two iron boxes, enclosed in leather to look like samples. They are fastened with letter locks, and contain a quarter of a million in gold. The Neapolitan king apprehends a rebellion." (It was three years before Garibaldi's victories.) "You will take the money to Messrs. Pagliavinci and Rossi, No. 172 Toledo, Naples. The names that open the locks are, on the one with the white star on the cover, Masinisa; on the one with the black star, Cotopaxo. Of course you will not forget the talismanic words. Open the boxes at Lyons to make sure that all is safe. Talk to no one. Make no friends on the road. Your commission is of vast importance."

"I shall pass," said I, "for a commercial traveller."

"Pardon me for my repeated cautions, Blamyre, but I am an older man than you, and know the danger of travelling with specie. If your purpose was known to-night in Paris, your road to Marseilles would be as dangerous as if all the galley-slaves at Toulon had been let loose in special chase of you. I do not doubt your discretion; I only warn you to be careful. Of course you go armed.

I opened my coat and showed a belt under my waistcoat, with a revolver in it, at which warlike spectacle the old clerk drew back in alarm.

"Good," said Mr. Schwarzmoor. "But one grain of prudence is worth five times the five bullets in those five barrels. You stop in Paris to-morrow to transact business with Lefebre and Desjeans, and you will go on by the 12.15 (night) to Marseilles, catching the boat on Friday. We will telegraph to you at Marseilles. Are the letters for Paris ready, Mr. Hargrave."

"Yes, sir, nearly ready. Mr. Wilkins is hard at them."

I reached Dover at midnight, and instantly engaged four porters to carry my specie chests down the stone steps leading from the pier to the Calais boat. The first was taken on board quite safely; but while the second was being taken down, one of the men slipped, and would certainly have fallen into the water, had he not been caught in the arms of a burly old Indian officer, who, laden with various traps, and urging forward his good-natured but rather vulgar wife, was preceding me.

"Steady there, my lad," he said. "What have you got there? Hardware?"

"Don't know, sir; I only know it's heavy enough to break any man's back," was the rough answer, as the man thanked his questioner in his blunt way.

"These steps, sir, are very troublesome for bringing down heavy goods," said an obliging voice behind me. "I presume, sir, from your luggage, that you are of the same profession."

I looked round, as we just then stepped on board. The person who addressed me was a tall, thin man, with a long and rather Jewish nose, and a narrow, elongated face. He wore a great-coat too short for him, a flowered waistcoat, *tight trousers, a high shirt* collar, and a light sprigged stiff neckcloth.

I replied that I *had* the honor to be a commercial traveller, and I thought we were going to have a rough night of it.

"Decidedly dirty night," he replied; "and I advise you, sir, to secure a birth at once. The boat, I see, is very crowded."

I went straight to my berth and laid down for an hour; at the end of that time I got up and looked around me. At one of the small tables sat half a dozen of the passengers, including the old Indian and my old-fashioned interrogator. They were drinking bottled porter, and appeared very sociable. I rose and joined them, and we exchanged some remarks not complimentary to night-travelling.

"By Jove, sir, it is simply unbearable!" said the jovial Major Bagster, (for he soon told us his name): "It is as stifling as Peshawah when the hot Tinsang wind is blowing; suppose we three go on deck and take a little air? My wife suffers in these crossings; she's invisible, I know, till the boat *stops. Stewart, bring up* some more bottled porter."

When we went on deck, I saw, to my extreme surprise, made conspicuous by their black and white stars, four other cases similar to mine, except that they had no painted brand upon them. I could hardly believe my eyes; but there they were, leather covers, letter locks, and all.

"Those are mine, sir," remarked Mr. Levison. (I knew my fellow-commercial's name from the captain's having addressed him by it.) "I am travelling for the house of Mackintosh. Those cases contain waterproof paletots, the best made. Our house has used such cases for forty years. It is sometimes inconvenient, this accidental resemblance of luggage—leads to mistakes. Your goods are much heavier than my goods, as I judge? Gas improvements, railway chairs, cutlery, or something else in iron?"

I was silent, or I made some vague reply.

"Sir," said Levison, "I augur well of your future; trade secrets should be kept inviolate. Don't you think so, sir?"

The major, thus appealed to, replied, "Sir, by Jove you're right! One cannot be too careful in these days. Egad, sir, the world is a mass of deceit."

"There's Calais light!" cried some one at that moment; and there it was, straight ahead, casting sparkles of comfort over the dark water.

I thought no more of my travelling companions. We parted at Paris; I went my way and they went their way. The major was going to pay a visit at Dromont, near Lyons; thence he would go to Marseilles *en route* for Alexandria. Mr. Levison was bound for Marseilles, like myself and the major, but not by my train—at least he feared not, as he had much to do in Paris.

I had transacted my business in the French capital, and was on my way to the Palais Royal with M. Lefebre, a great friend of mine. It was about six o'clock, and we were crossing the Rue St. Honore, when there passed us a tall Jewish-looking person, in a huge white mackintosh, whom I recognised as Mr. Levison. He was in a hired open carriage, and his four boxes were by his side. I bowed to him, but he did not seem to notice me.

"Eh bien! That drole—who is that?" said my friend, with true Parisian superciliousness.

I replied that it was only a fellow-passenger, who had crossed with me the night before.

In the very same street I ran up against the major and his wife, on their way to the railway station.

"Infernal city, this," said the major; "smells so of onions. I should like, if it was mine, to wash it out, house by house; 'tain't wholesome, 'pon my soul 'tain't wholesome. Julia, my dear, this is my pleasant travelling companion of last night. By-the-by, just saw that commercial traveller! Sharp business man that; no sight-seeing about *him.* Bourse and bank all day—senior partner some day."

"And how many more?" said my friend Lefebre, when we shook hands and parted with the jolly major. "That is a good boy—he superabounds—he overflows—but he is one of your epicurean lazy officers, I am sure. Your army, it must be reformed, or India it will slip from you like a handful of sand—vous verrez, mon cher."

Midnight came, and I was standing at the terminus, watching the transport of my luggage, when a cab drove up, and an Englishman leaping out asked the driver in excellent French for change for a five-franc piece. It was Levison; but I saw no more of him, for the crowd just then pushed me forward.

I took my seat with only two other persons in the carriage—two masses of travelling cloak and capote—two bears, for all I could see to the contrary.

Once away from the lights of Paris, and in the pitch-dark country, I fell asleep and dreamed of my dear little wife, and our dear little home. Then a feeling of anxiety ran across my mind. I dreamed that I had forgotten the words with which to open the letter-locks. I ransacked mythology, history, science, in vain. Then I was in the banking parlour at No. 172 Toledo, Naples, threatened with instant death by a file of soldiers, if I did not reveal the words, or explain where the boxes had been hid; for I had hidden them for some inscrutable reason. At that moment an earthquake shook the city, a flood of fire rolled past beneath the window, Vesuvius had broken loose and was upon us. I cried in my agony—"Gracious Heaven, reveal to me those words!" when I awoke.

"Dromont! Dromont! Dix minutes d'arrete, messieurs."

Half blinded with the sudden light, I stumbled to the buffet, and asked for a cup of coffee, when three or four noisy young English tourists came hurrying in, surrounding a quiet imperturbable elderly commercial traveller. It was actually Levison again! They led him along in triumph, and called for champagne.

"Yes! Yes!" the leader said, "You must have some, old fellow. We have won three games, you know, and you held such cards, too. Come along, look alive, you fellow with the nightcap—Cliquot—gilt top, you duffer. You shall have your revenge before we get to Lyons, old chap."

Levison chattered good humoredly about the last game, and took the wine. In a few minutes the young men had drunk their champagne, and had gone out to smoke. In another moment Levison caught my eye.

"Why, good gracious," he said, "who'd have thought of this! Well, I am glad to see you. No, my dear sir, you must have some champagne with me. Here, another bottle, monsieur, if you please. I hope, long before we get to Lyons, to join you, my dear sir. I am tired of those youngsters. Besides, I object to high stakes, on principle."

The moment the waiter brought the champagne Levison took the bottle.

"No," he said; "I never allow any one to open my wine for me." He turned his back from me to remove the wire; removed it; and was filling my glass; when up dashed a burly hearty man to shake hands with me—so awkward in his heartiness that he broke the champagne bottle. Not a drop of the wine was saved. It was the major—hot as usual, and in a tremendous bustle.

"By Jove, sir; dooced sorry. Let me order another bottle. How are you, gentlemen? Lucky, indeed, to meet you both again. Julia's with the luggage. We can be very cozy together. More champagne here. What's bottle in French? Most shameful thing! Those French friends of Julia's were gone off to Biarritz, pretending to have forgotten that we were coming—after six weeks with us in London, too! Precious shabby, not to put too fine a point upon it. By Jove, sir, there's the bell. We'll all go in the same carriage. They will not bring that champagne.

Levison looked rather annoyed. "I shall not see you," he said, "for a station or two. I must join those boys, and let them give me my revenge. Cleared me out of twenty guineas! I have not been so imprudent since I was first on the road. Good-bye, Major Baxter—good-bye, Mr. Blamyre.

I wondered how this respectable old fellow, who so keenly relished his game at whist, had got hold of my name; but I remembered in a moment that he must have seen the direction on my luggage.

Flashes of crimson and green lights, a shout from some pointsman, a glimpse of rows of poplars and lines of suburban houses, and we once more plunged into the yielding darkness.

I found the major very droll and pleasant, but evidently ruled by his fussy, good-natured, managing, masculine wife. He was full of stories of bungalows, compounds, and the hills; in all of which narrations he was perpetually interrupted by Mrs. Baxter.

"By Jove, sir!" he said, "I wish I could sell out, and go into your line of business. I am almost sick of India—it deranges one's liver so infernally."

"Now, John, how can you go on so! You know you never had a day's illness in all your life, except that week when you smoked out a whole box of Captain Mason's cheroots."

"Well, I pulled through it, Julia," said the major, striking himself a tremendous blow on the chest; "but I've been an unlucky devil as to promotion—always bad luck in everything. If I bought a horse, it made a point of going lame next day; never went in a train but it broke down."

"Now don't, John; pray don't go on so," said Mrs. Baxter, "or I shall really be very angry. Such nonsense! You'll get your step in time. Be patient, like me, major; take things more quietly. I hope you put a direction on that hat box of yours! Where is the sword-case? If it wasn't for me, major, you'd get to Suez with nothing but the coat on your back."

Just then the train stopped at Charmont, and in tripped Levison, with his white mackintosh over his arm, and his bundle of umbrellas and sticks.

"No more sovereign points for me!" he said, producing a pack of cards. "But if you and the major and Mrs. Baxter would like a rubber—shilling points—I'm for you. Cut for partners.

We assented with pleasure. We cut for partners. I and Mrs. Baxter against the major and Lyons. We won nearly every game. Levison played too cautiously, and the major laughed, talked, and always forgot what cards were out.

Still it killed the time; the red and black turned up, changed, and ran into remarkable sequences; and the major's extraordinary luck in holding (not in playing) cards amused us; we laughed at Levison's punctilious care, and at Mrs. Baxter's avarice for tricks, and were as pleasant a party as the dim lamp of a night-train ever shone on. I could think of little, nevertheless, but my precious boxes.

There we were rushing through France, seeing nothing, heeding nothing, and having as little to do with our means of transit as if we had been four Arabian princes, seated on a flying enchanted carpet.

The game gradually grew more intermittent, the conversation more incessant. Levison, stiff of neckcloth as ever, and imperturbable and punctilious as ever, became chatty. He grew communicative about his business.

"I have at last," he said, in his precise and measured voice, "after years of attention to the subject, discovered the great secret which the waterproofers have so long coveted—how to let out the heated air of body, and yet at the same time to exclude the rain. On my return to London, I will offer this secret to the Mackintosh firm for ten thousand pounds; if they refuse the offer, I at once open a shop in Paris, call the new fabric Magentosh, in honour of the Emperor's great Italian victory, and sit down and quietly realize a cool million—that's my way!"

"That's the real business tone," said the major, admiringly.

"Ah, Major," cried his wife, ever ready to improve a subject, "if you had only had a little of Mr. Levison's prudence and energy, then, indeed, you'd have been colonel of your regiment before this."

Mr. Levison then turned the conversation to the subject of locks.

"I always use the letter-lock myself," he said. "My two talismanic words are TURLURETTE and PAPAGAYO—two names I once heard in an old French farce—who could guess them? It would take the adroitest thief seven hours to decipher even one. You find letter-locks safe, sir?" (He turned to me.)

I replied dryly that I did, and asked what time our train was due at Lyons.

"We are due at Lyons 4 30," said the major; "it is now five to four. I don't know how it is, but I have a sort of presentiment to-night of some break-down. I am always in for it. When I went tiger-hunting, it was always my elephant that the beast pinned. If some of us were ordered up to an unhealthy out-of-the-way fort, it was always my company. It may be superstitious, I own, but I feel we shall have a break-down before we get to Marseilles. How fast we're going! Only see how the carriage rocks!"

I unconsciously grew nervous, but I concealed it. Could the major be a rogue, planning some scheme against me? But no: his bluff face, and his clear good-natured guileless eyes, refuted the suspicion.

"Nonsense, be quite, major; that's the way you always make a journey, disagreeable," said his wife, *arranging herself for* sleep. Then Levison began talking about his early life, and how, in George the Fourth's time, he was *travelling for a carvat* house in Bond street. He grew eloquent in favour of the old costume.

"Low Radical fellows," he said, "run down the first gentleman in Europe, as he was justly called. I respect his memory. He was a wit, and the friend of wits; he was lavishly generous, and disdained poor pitiful economy. He dressed well, sir; he looked well, sir; he was a gentleman of perfect manners. Sir, this is a slovenly and shabby age. When I was young, no gentleman ever travelled without at least two dozen cravats, four whalebone stiffners, and an iron to smooth the tie, and produce a thin equal edge to the muslin. There were no less, sir, than eighteen modes of putting on the cravats; there was the cravate a la Diane, the cravate a l'Anglaise, the cravate au nœud Gordien, the cravate——"

The train jolted, moved on, slackened, stopped.

The major thrust his head out of the window, and shouted to a passing guard:

"Where are we?"

"Twenty miles from Lyons—Fort Rouge, monsieur."

"What is the matter? Anything the matter?"

An English voice answered from the next window:

"A wheel broken, they tell us. We shall have to wait two hours, and transfer the luggage."

"Good Heaven!" I could not help exclaiming.

Levison put his head out of the window. "It is but too true," he said, drawing it in again; "two hours' delay at least, the man says. Tiresome, very—but such things will happen on the road; take it coolly. We'll have some coffee and another rubber. We must each look to our own luggage; or if Mr. Blamyre goes in and orders supper, I'll see to it all. But, good gracious, what is that shining out there by the station lamps? Hei, monsieur!" (to a passing gendarme whom the major had hailed), "what is going on at the station!"

"Monsieur," said the gendarme, saluting, "those are soldiers of the First Chasseurs; they happened to be at the station on their way to Chalons; the station-master has sent them to surround the luggage-van and see to the transfer of the baggage. No passenger is to go near it, as there are government stores of value in the train."

Levison spat on the ground and muttered execrations to himself—I supposed at French railways.

"By Jove, sir, did you ever see such clumsy carts?" said Major Baxter, pointing to two country carts, each with four strong horses, that were drawn up under a hedge close to the station: for we had struggled on as far as the first turn-table, some hundred yards from the first houses of the village of Fort Rouge.

Levison and I tried very hard to get near our luggage, but the soldiers sternly refused our approach. It gave me some comfort, however, to see my chests transferred carefully, with many curses on their weight. I saw no sign of government stores, and I told the major so.

"Oh, they're sharp," he replied, "dooced sharp. Maybe the empress's jewels—one little package only, perhaps; but still not difficult to steal in a night confusion."

Just then there was a shrill piercing whistle, as if a signal. The horses in the two carts tore into a gallop, and flew out of sight.

"Savages, sir; mere barbarians still," exclaimed the major; "unable to use railways even now we've given them to them."

"Major!" said his wife, in a voice of awful reproof, "spare the feelings of these foreigners, and remember your position as an officer and a gentleman."

The major rubbed his hands, and laughed uproariously.

"A pack of infernal idiots," cried Levison; "they can do nothing without soldiers; soldiers here, soldiers there, soldiers everywhere."

"Well, these precautions are sometimes useful, sir," said Mrs. B; "France is a place full of queer characters. The gentleman next you any day at a table d'hote may be a returned convict. Major, you remember that case at Cairo three years ago?"

"Cairo, Julia my dear, is not in France."

"I know that, major. But the house was a French hotel, and that's the same thing." Mrs. B spoke sharply.

"I shall have a nap, gentlemen. For my part, I'm tired," said the major, as we took our places in the Marseilles train, after three hours' tedious delay. "The next thing will be the boat breaking down, I suppose."

"Major, you wicked man, don't fly out against Providence," said his wife.

Levison grew eloquent again about the Prince Regent, his diamond epaulettes, and his inimitable cravats; but Levison's words seemed to lengthen, and gradually became inaudible to me, until I heard only a soothing murmur, and the rattle and jar of the wheels.

Again my dreams were nervous and uneasy. I imagined I was in Cairo, threading narrow dim streets, where the camels jostled me and the black slaves threatened me, and the air was heavy with musk, and veiled faces watched me from latticed casements above. Suddenly a rose fell at my feet. I looked up, and a face like my Minnie's, only with large eyes like an antelope's glanced forth from behind a water-vase and smiled. At that moment, four Mamelukes appeared, riding down the street at full gallop, and came upon me with their sabres flashing. I dreamed I had only one hope, and that was to repeat the talismanic words of my letter-locks. Already I was under the hoofs of the Mamelukes' horses. I cried out with great difficulty, "Cotopaxo! Cotopaxo!" A rough shake awoke me. It was the major, looking bluff but stern.

"Why, you're talking in your sleep!" he said; "why the devil do you talk in your sleep? Bad habit. Here we are at the breakfast-place."

"What was I talking about?" I asked, with ill-concealed alarm.

"Some foreign gibberish," returned the major.

"Greek, I think," said Levison; "but I was just off too."

We reached Marseilles. I rejoiced to see its almond-trees and its white villas. I should feel safer when I was on board ship, and my treasure with me. I was not of a suspicious temperament, but I had thought it remarkable that during that long journey from Lyons to the seaboard, I had never fallen asleep without waking and finding an eye upon me—either the major's or his wife's. Levison had slept during the last four hours incessantly. Latterly, we had all of us grown silent, and even rather sullen. Now we brightened up.

"Hotel de Londres! Hotel de l'Univers! Hotel Imperial!" cried the touts, as we stood round our luggage, agreeing to keep together.

A one-eyed, saturnine, half-caste tout shrunk up to us.

"Hotel Imperial, sare. I am Hotel Imperial; all full; not a bed; no—pas de tout—no use, sare!"

"Hang it! the steamer will be the next thing to fail."

"Steamer, sare—accident with boiler; won't start till minuit et vingt minutes—half-past midnight, sare."