

# 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."—Burton.

Vol. A.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Tuesday, October 9, 1860.

New Series.—No. 39.

## MEDICAL NOTICE.

**ELZEAR D. GAUVREAU, M. D.**  
McGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.  
Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada.  
Office at Mr. W. McKay's, Dorchester Street, Ch. Town.  
May be consulted daily between the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m.  
October 2, 1860.

**FRANKLIN HOUSE,**  
SITUATED IN  
QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.  
Now complete and open for the accommodation of  
**TRANSIENT & PERMANENT BOARDERS.**  
PETER MAUGOWAN, Proprietor.  
Aug. 7, 1860.

**ALEXANDER MCKINNON,**  
AUCTIONEER.  
AND  
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
QUEEN STREET,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

Office in the same Building as A. H. Yates, Esq.  
**McMURRAY & DAMMARELL,**  
Ship Chandlers & Grocers,  
No. 69 SOUTH STREET, cor. Pine,  
NEW YORK.

Cap. JOSEPH McMURRAY, JAMES DAMMARELL  
N. B.—Provisions constantly on hand at the lowest market rates.  
Sept. 4, 1860. 3m—pd.

**J. S. CARVELL,**  
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT,  
(Bank Buildings.)  
HEAD OF QUEEN'S WHARF,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

Highest CASH price paid for WOOL, GRAIN, &c.  
June 5, 1860. 3m.

**ST. JOHN HOTEL,**  
BY  
WHITNEY & ADAMS,  
CORNERS OF  
King and Charlotte Streets,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

John Q. Adams, P. T. Whitney  
**Fairbanks's Patent Scales,**  
of all sizes and descriptions, for Sale by  
J. S. CARVELL, Agent.  
Charlottetown, P. E. I., Sept. 4, 1860. 3m.

**PISCATAQUA FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE CO. OF MAINE.**  
CAPITAL . . . \$500,000.  
J. S. CARVELL, Agent.  
Charlottetown, P. E. I. Sept. 4, 1860. 3m.

**SWABEY & ROBERTS,**  
Commission Merchants,  
AND  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL PROVISION DEALERS,  
Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

ALWAYS ON HAND, AT LOWEST MARKET RATES—  
FLOUR  
Our Meal  
Ship Bread  
Crackers  
Rice  
Park  
Bacon  
Hams  
Bath Cloths  
Cheese  
Tobacco  
Manilla Ropes  
Oakum  
Col'd Oil  
Albertine  
Paints  
Glass

English Soda Water, and numerous other smaller articles, all  
London Importation, and all warranted.  
Liberal advances made against CONSIGNMENTS at  
all times, on receipt of Goods.  
May 29, 1860. 1y

**HAYING AND HARVESTING  
Machines and Implements.**  
RECENTLY received from England and the United States,  
and for sale at the Charlottetown

**AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE & SEED STORE,**  
Manny's combined MOWER and REAPER, for one and two  
horses.  
Griffin & Son's best SCYTHES, in variety  
Partridge's best quality STEEL HAY FORKS  
Horse and Hand HAY RAKES, (large assortment)  
CRADLES for Grain, various sizes.  
SLYCHES SNEATHS and STONES, in variety.

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

W. W. IRVING.  
Charlottetown, June 26, 1860. 1f.

**Stoves! Stoves!**  
To Farmers and others, who wish to  
save Money, when Oats and Cash are scarce.  
WE, the undersigned, certify that the YAMOUTH COOKING  
STOVES, purchased by us from the Agent at Orwell, have  
fully proved to be what they were represented to us—good  
Stoves.

The advantages of these Stoves over American manufactured  
are, that they are strong and substantial—do not have them  
in use for nearly two years, and they appear as perfect as  
when new, with a fair prospect of lasting for the next ten  
years—and the saving of wood and labour.

EDWARD MORRISS, Tavern Keeper; THOMAS McPHIBSON,  
Wharfinger; CHARLES James McDONALD, Orwell; Captain  
JAMES McDONALD, Pictou; FINLAY McDONALD, Point Prim;  
RICHARD GILL, Newtown.

Now is the time to secure one of these everlasting cheap  
Stoves, before they are all sold.  
Also for Sale, a few FARMER'S BOILERS, at a low price,  
suitable for soap making, dyeing, or boiling potatoes for pigs.  
Two Subscribers will beat Orwell Wharf on the 4th October,  
loading with Produce for the subscriber.

PATRICK STEPHENS,  
1 Cheap Store, Orwell, October 2, 1860. 3m.

**NEW ZEALAND.**  
FREE GRANTS OF GOVERNMENT LAND to all eligible  
persons, who emigrate at their own cost—for the purpose  
of settling in the Province of Auckland. Every information  
given upon application to

CHARLES BELL  
Emigrant Agent.  
City June 12, 1860.

## DONALDSTON FARM TO LET.

FRONTING ON THE CADIZ BAY, and running back to  
Winter River, Twelve miles from Town. It consists of  
**TWO HUNDRED ACRES,**  
about half of which is in a good state of cultivation. There  
are on the premises a good DWELLING HOUSE, a large  
BARN and Cellar, a Garden and large Poultry Yard, Swamp  
land, two good dune Wells, and other watering places. Muscular  
men close to shore.  
Terms reasonable. May be let in 100 acre plots to suit.  
Possession given at a week's notice. Apply to  
JOHN A. McDONELL,  
Donaldston September 25, 1860. 4w.

**From Albany Direct.**  
**STOVES! STOVES!**  
JUST RECEIVED, per Brig "Henry," 300 STOVES, consist-  
ing of Cook, Franklin, Parlor Cook, Air-tight, Box  
and Ship STOVES, in variety, for sale by the Subscribers, at  
DODD'S Brick Store, Pownall-street.  
September 25.

**FELLOW CITIZENS.**  
THE Subscribers have also received a few COOKING  
STOVES, adapted for coal or Wood, among which is the  
"Good Samaritan," the most economical Stove of the age.  
Call and see, and judge for yourselves.  
Sept. 25. DODD & ROGERS.

**NOTICE TO FARMERS.**  
JUST RECEIVED, a few FARMER'S BOILERS, of 30, 45  
and 60 gallons, for sale cheap by the Subscribers.  
Sept. 25, 1860. 6w. DODD & ROGERS.

**PREMISES TO LET.**  
TO LET, the PREMISES occupied by the Subscriber as a  
Dwelling, in Queen Square, very suitable for Attorneys'  
offices.  
July 3, 1860. WILLIAM DODD.

**Excellent Business Stand for Sale.**  
THE Subscriber will let or sell the Dwelling House, Shop,  
and Premises lately occupied by him at Traveller's Rest,  
Lot 12. The stand is a most desirable one, being well adapted  
for an Innkeeper, Tradesman, or Merchant. It is in the  
middle of the most flourishing community in the Island, and is  
within 4 miles of Summerside and St. Eleanor's. It is so well  
known that further description is unnecessary.  
Terms moderate, and possession given immediately.  
JAMES MUIRHEAD.  
Summerside, Lot 19, Sept. 11, 1860. 1f

**EUROPEAN AND NORTH AMERICAN RAILWAY,**  
From St. John to Shediac.  
J. S. CARVELL, Agent.  
Charlottetown, P. E. I., Sept. 4, 1860. 3m.

**Wool, Wool, Wool!**  
WANTED a quantity of WOOL, for which Cash will be  
paid at the CITY TANNERY, West End of Grafton St.  
May 15. 1m.

**CRAMP AND PAIN KILLER.**  
THE world is astonished at the wonderful cures performed  
by the Cramp and Pain Killer prepared by  
CURTIS & PERKINS. Its equal has never been known for  
removing pain in all cases; for the cure of Neuralgic Complaints,  
Cramp in the Limbs and Stomach, Rheumatism in all its  
forms, Bilious Colic, Chills and Fever, Burns, Scalds, Sprains  
and Grievs, it is decidedly the best remedy in the world.  
Evidence of the most wonderful cures ever performed by any  
medicine, are on circulars in the hands of Agents.  
W. R. WATSON, General Wholesale Agent for the Island  
and so by Merchants every where.  
August 21, 1860.

**The latest Discovery for Saving Money to the  
Farmer, who Purchase.**  
THE PRINCE OF WALES  
New Patent Potato Digger,  
OF GEORGE JENKINS, Patented, Lot 49.

THE above named DIGGER has been tried and proved to  
be the best invention of the kind ever seen in this Island,  
and for which Letters Patent have been granted by the  
Government of this Island. Any one infringing on the same  
will be prosecuted as the law directs.  
The following Agents will take orders for these celebrated  
Machines, which are warranted to dig from 24 to 3 acres each  
day, with proper attendance and care—  
W. W. LYING and J. ROBERTS, Charlottetown, where one of  
the machines can be seen.  
HENRY FARQUHARSON, Southport.  
DONALD FARQUHARSON, West River.  
GEORGE ADAMS, Vernon River.  
DANIEL CARROLL, Contractor, St. Andrew's.  
DESAZAR ADAMS, Grand River East, and at  
PATRICK STEPHENS'S Cheap Store, Orwell, where one of the  
above can now be seen at work, and one of McKinnon's  
patent also.

Price and Terms same as those of the Patentee.  
September 11, 1860.

**Fruit Trees for Sale.**  
A LARGE quantity of FRUIT TREES, consisting of Apple  
Trees, from one to thirty different kinds. Plum Trees  
—a great quantity—consisting in part of Green Gage, Mag-  
num Bonum, Orleans Plum, and many other kinds. Pears of  
different kinds. All English Fruit.

The above Trees, with Thorn Plants, are for Sale by Mr. T.  
Dark, Princetown Road, Lot 23, Orchard Hill Farm;  
Neil Rankin, Esq., and W. W. Irving, Esq., Agents for  
the above. The market will also be attended twice a week  
during the season of transplantation.  
October 2, 1860. 1st. R. W. 1m.

**Lands! Lands! Lands!**  
WANTED TO PURCHASE,  
FREEHOLD OR LEASEHOLD, WILD OR CLEARED.  
Those in the vicinity of Bed, preferred.  
J. S. CARVELL, Gen. Commission Agent.  
Charlottetown, P. E. I., September 4, 1860. 1m.

**Iron, Salt, Earthenware, &c.**  
JUST RECEIVED per BARK "GAZELLE," from  
Liverpool—  
15 Crates assorted EARTHENWARE,  
2 Tons of IRON,  
10,000 Bricks, in bulk and bags,  
OAKUM, Cordage, Canvas and Nails,  
SPIKES, Glass, &c., &c.  
Wholesale and Retail, by  
W. W. LORD & CO.  
August 29. 6w.

**FOR SALE,**  
ONE of Morris & Sons' best CARDING MACHINES  
Apply to  
G. COLES,  
July 4, 1860. 1f.

**EUROPEAN AND NORTH AMERICAN  
RAILWAY.**  
RUNNING OF TRAINS.  
ON and after 9th AUGUST, Trains will run as follows:—  
UP TRAINS—  
Leave St. John at 9 a. m., 12 noon, 5.45 p. m.  
Leave St. John at 9 a. m., 3.15 p. m.  
DOWN TRAINS—  
Leave Point Du Chene 8 a. m., 11.30 a. m.,  
Leave St. John at 6.45 a. m., 11.10 a. m., 4.17 p. m.

The Evening Train from St. John will not pass Sussex, but return at  
6.45 next morning.  
The 8 o'clock Train on Monday, 21 September, and every alternate  
Monday thereafter, will connect with Steamer Arabian for Quebec and  
intermediate ports.  
The 8 o'clock Train on Wednesdays and Saturdays will connect  
with the Steamer Westward Ho for P. E. Island and Pictou.  
All Freight will be sent by the Mid-day Trains.  
By Order,  
R. JARDINE, Chairman.  
Railway Commissioner's Office, Aug. 10, 1860.  
For further information, apply to  
J. S. CARVELL, Agent.  
Charlottetown, P. E. I., Sept. 4, 1860. 1m.

## Literature.

### DARK GORDON'S BRIDE.

BY D. S. MONTGOMERY.

Young Helen has heard the fatal order,  
Her English lover must stand by her,  
For Gordon, Chief on the Scottish border,  
Goes hither to bend the weaker's knee.

She wildly vows to the heavens above  
She'll wed young Nevill, white'er he be;  
But her father has banish'd her landless lover,  
And the haughty chief claims his bride.

In after days they meet: far better  
That parted lovers should meet no more,  
When one is bound by that golden fetter,  
With the love still warm at each true heart's core.

So sadly he touch'd her lily finger,  
Weeping she look'd at her ring of gold:  
Ah, fatal to his side to hugger!  
Fatal to sigh for the days of old!

"I saw thee kneeling before the altar,  
My naughty riv' I was by thy side,  
But I could not hear thy dear voice falter  
When vowing to be thy faithful bride!"

"What, Nevill! can't thou be cruel hearted?  
A father's blessing I could not win,  
Unless we two for aye were parted,  
But, O, I have wept for that deadly sin!"

"Vowing to honour, I started and hoted,  
Dreaming on all I had loved and lost,  
But, ah! more bitter, more dark y' loved,  
That ever again our paths have cross'd!"

She felt the clasp of his hand so tender,  
One kiss he press'd on her cheek so fair—  
Hark to that curse! May heaven defend her!  
Dark Gordon is standing before the pair!

Proudly he lifted his Scottish bonnet,  
"But his smile was dark & sad to see,  
"What! Sir Nevill, my life upon it,  
Thou comes to win my bride from me!"

Now foot to foot as the sun was sinking,  
Both lover and his hand-frowning stood,  
The fiery chieftain's blade is drinking  
The brave young Nevill's knightly blood.

She tore the ring from her lily finger,  
With, "Nevill, beloved, I come to thee!  
In the Gordon's halls no more I linger  
If this weak hand can set me free!"

She plucked the dirk from her bleeding lover,  
She hurl'd it deep in her breast, white  
With, "Nevill, beloved, our vows are over—  
To the Gordon's thrall a glad good-night!"

The chief look'd down on the hapless lovers—  
"O, but his brow was dark to see,  
"I would give the best of my lands proud Nevill,  
To hold the heart thou hast hur'd from me!"

He knelt him down as she life was ebbing,  
"O, the trampled heather he bent the knee;  
"I would pluck the heart from my breast, false Helen,  
For one soft smile of love from thee!"

### A HUNT ON THE HIGHWAY.

From the "Journal of a Police Officer."

There was a shrewd robber somewhere. The farm houses  
were robbed; shops were robbed; the tills of the bars at the  
wayside inns were robbed; and people had their pockets  
pick'd. All this happened in the region of country between  
Sidney and Lowstone, and it was not long before I had  
the robber, or robbers, out at full extent, and yet the  
robber, or robbers could not be traced. Officers had searched  
in every direction, and several suspicious looking individuals  
had been apprehended; but the real culprit still remained at  
large. One day the mail was robbed, and on the next a man  
had his pocket pick'd of five hundred pounds, while riding in  
the stage coach—for my narrative dates back to the old  
coaching days. The money had been carried in his breast  
pocket, and he knew it was stolen from him while he was  
enjoying a bit of doze on the road.

I had been confined to my house by a severe cold for several  
days, and was not fit to go out now; but as this matter was  
becoming so serious, I felt it my duty to be on the move, and  
accordingly I fortified my throat and breast with warm liniment,  
and set forth. I had no settled plan in my mind, for I had  
not yet been upon the road, and was not thoroughly posted up.  
A ride of five miles in my own trap brought me to  
Sidney, and thence I meant to take coach to Lowstone, where  
Sam Stickey, one of the shrewdest of men, lived. Stickey  
had already been on the search, and I wished to consult him  
before making any decided movement. I reached Sidney at  
half-past five in the morning, and the coach left at six.  
Lowstone was sixty miles distant, so I had a good ride before  
me. During the early part of the day I rode upon the box  
with the driver, and from him I gained considerable information  
touching the various robberies that had been committed.  
He was forced to admit that several people had been robbed  
in his stage, though he declared that he couldn't see into it,  
for he had not the most remote idea, even of who the robber  
could be.

We reached Bonville at noon, where we stopped to dine,  
and when we left this place I was the only passenger. At the  
distance of twelve miles, at a little village called Cadworth,  
we stopped to change horses, and here another passenger got  
up. I had been occupying the forward seat, as that happened  
to be wider than the others, and gave me a better opportunity  
for lying down; and when the new-comer entered he took the  
back seat. He was a young man, I judged, and not very tall  
in stature; but so completely handed up was he in shanks  
and muffers, that his size of frame was not so easily deter-  
mined. He was very pale, and coughed badly; and at once  
made up my mind that he was far less fit to travel than what  
I was. After we had got fairly on our way I remarked to  
him that I had been suffering from a severe cold, and that this  
was the first time I had ventured out for quite a number of  
days. He looked at me out of a pair of dark, bright eyes, and  
then he seemed to have determined what manner of man I  
was he said:

"I have something worse than a cold, sir." He broke into  
a fit of coughing, which lasted a minute or so, and then  
added—"It won't be a great while before I shall take my  
last ride."

"You are consumptive?" I suggested.  
"Almost gone with it," he replied. Again he was seized  
with a spasm of coughing, and when he had recovered from  
it, he continued—"The disease is eating me up and shaking  
me to pieces at the same time."

He further informed me that he had started on a tour for  
his health, but that he had given it up, and was now on his  
way home, which place he was anxious to reach as soon as  
possible. Another passenger seated him at this point, and he  
indicated that he was unable to converse, as he felt rough on  
his cough. I had noticed this, and had made up my mind  
to trouble him no more, even before he gave me the hint.

After this he drew his outer shawl more closely about his  
neck and face, and having secured an easy posture, he closed  
his eyes, and I was not long in following his example. Towards  
the middle of the afternoon the coach stopped at a small  
village, where we changed horses again, and where four  
passengers got up. The driver broke up the arrangement of my  
friend and self for rest, as he had to take one of the strangers  
on his seat, while I took another upon mine, the other two  
occupying the middle seat. The new comers soon reached the  
subject of the robberies which had been committed in that  
region, and I listened to gain information if possible; but they  
knew no more than every one else knew. They had heard all  
about it, and were inclined to wonder. One of the old farmer  
passengers got up, and asked me if I knew anything of the  
robber. I told him that I knew but little of it, as I was in  
my way having been sick and unable to be out among folks.  
Then he asked my consumptive friend if he knew anything  
about it. The latter raised his head from his reclining position,  
and was upon the point of answering, when we heard our  
driver, in quick, abrupt tones, ordering some one to get out  
of the road. "I instinctively put my head out at the window to  
see what the trouble was, and my eye was just quick enough

to detect a load of fagots in time to dodge back and avoid  
them. The road was quite narrow at this point, and as the  
fagots were loaded very widely, it was impossible for the  
driver to avoid them, and the side of the coach was  
scraped by them quite narrowly. I coughed without being  
touched, but not so my friend. I heard an exclamation, "I  
thought rather a profane one—from his lips, and on looking  
towards him I saw that one of the fagots had struck him  
over the left eye, making quite a mark upon the pale skin."

"These fellows ought to be taken up for loading their  
fagots out so," said another of the passengers.  
"It'll do you no harm, a fawn load lay out wide, for that won't  
hurt nobody, if it does hit 'em; but fagots is different,"  
observed another.

This turned the conversation from the subject of the rob-  
beries, and it was not again alluded to during the day.  
We reached Lowstone shortly after dark, and I went at once  
to the residence of Mr. Stickey, whom I found at home. He  
had been out all day, and had made all sorts of efforts to  
obtain some clue to the perpetrators of the robberies that were  
being committed, but without effect.

"I can learn nothing," he said, "upon which to hang a  
suspicion. Two shops have been robbed in this place but not  
a clue can I give to the perpetrators. They must be old  
birds."

"Have you seen Gambit?" I asked. Gambit was the  
officer at Orton, a few miles distant.  
"Not lately," replied Stickey.  
"He has been at work?" I suggested.  
"Yes—I am sure of it."

"Then," said I, "we will go over in the morning to Orton,  
and with Gambit in company we may be able to perfect some  
arrangement for pursuing this investigation to better ad-  
vantage."

I met the views of my host, and so we left the matter  
for the evening. On the following morning we were up early,  
and as the coach would take us directly to Gambit's house,  
we chose that mode of conveyance, and repaired at a season-  
able hour to the tavern for that purpose. When we reached  
the inn we found the old farmer, who had been one of my  
follow-passengers on the night before stepping about the  
doorway in a high, rosy countenance. He had been robbed  
of three hundred pounds, and he was sure it must have been  
done in the stage coach, for he had slept with his pocket-book  
under his pillow. He had not thought to look into it when  
he retired, but he had found it empty that morning when he  
got up. He said the wallet had been taken from his pocket  
and put back again he knew it. As soon as he saw me, he  
was anxious that I should be searched. I allowed him to  
perform the operation, and when I told him who I was, and  
informed him of my business.

"But," said I, "where is the pale, consumptive man, who  
came in with us?"  
"He went away last night," answered the landlord, who  
stood near.

My first aim was to satisfy myself that the old man had been  
robbed in the stage-coach, and of this he succeeded in con-  
vincing me. After this my suspicion rested upon the con-  
sumptive man, and I believed if I could find him, I should  
find a rogue. Should we go to Orton, or remain where we  
were? Stickey said, go to Orton, first—get Gambit—and  
then make up a programme for action. So I bade the land-  
lord to keep a sharp look out; and also spoke to the driver,  
who had brought me from Sidney, and who was now on the  
point of returning to his home, if he saw anything of the  
pale man, to see that he was secured. The suspicious individ-  
ual had only remained at the inn a few minutes on the  
previous evening, and had then gone away in a gig, which  
he came for him; but no one could tell what direction he  
had taken.

The coach for Orton soon came to the door, and Stickey  
and myself took our seats inside, the farmer having determined  
to remain where he was until he heard something about the  
money. There were two other passengers inside, and two  
or three outside, but they were strangers to me. We had  
gone two or three miles, when the driver pulled up before  
a small farm-house, where a woman and a trunk were waiting  
by the garden gate. The lady was handed into the coach,  
and took a seat facing me and she turned to give the driver  
some directions concerning the baggage, she threw her veil  
over her bonnet. She was pretty very pretty—with racy  
cheeks, and sparkling eyes, and teeth that gleamed in their  
white whiteness like pearls. Her hair hung in glossy heavy  
ringlets over her neck and shoulders and was a type of beauty  
in itself. I looked at the racy cheeks again—and at the partly  
teeth—and into her dark lustrous eyes. My gaze was fixed  
upon this latter point when she caught my glance, and quickly  
dropped her veil. At first I felt a little ashamed at having  
been caught staring at her so boldly; but as the face was  
so lovely, I wondered what she would do if she saw anything of  
the pale man, to see that he was secured. The suspicious individ-  
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had taken.

It was a study for me, and I was puzzled in it at once.  
Who had I seen that face? It was possible that I had ever  
known that woman—once so lovely—and now forgotten her? I  
thought over all the intimate friends of my wife; but she was  
not to be found there. Then I thought over all the pretty girls  
I had known before I was married; but when I had called  
them to mind I remembered that the girl before me never had  
been a mere child when I was a single man. It was annoying  
—it made me provoked with myself—to think that I could not  
call this piece of feminine beauty to mind. I whispered to  
Stickey, and asked him if he had ever seen her before. He  
said he had not, and joked me for being so curious about a  
pretty face.

We stopped at a place called "Turner's Mill," in the edge  
of Orton, to exchange horses, and there I jumped out to see the  
postmaster, who was an old friend of mine; and as I was  
returning to the coach the thought struck me to go look at the  
trunk which had been left put out, and see if any name was on it.  
It was marked with the simple initials—"A. M." So that  
was all I gained from that source. As I came to the coach-  
door I approached it from behind, and as I cast my eyes up,  
I found that the trunk had been veiled, and was looking at  
the post-office, through which it was to be conveyed, and  
we might be off. The expression of anxiety detached some-  
what from her beauty, and as I looked upon her now, seeing  
her face in a different light, I was struck with a sort of stake-  
like cast which was perceptible in the whole of her features. I  
was upon the point of withdrawing my gaze, lest she should  
catch me a second time, when a slight motion of her hand rolled  
her curls over her temple, and I saw a faint line, something  
like a vein, over her left eye. It was a mark— I had never  
—saw something had struck her. It might have been the  
stroke of a whip. But—no, I quickly glided back behind the  
coach, and there I reflected, such a mark as that could not  
be made by a whip, but I was sure that that had been made by a  
fagot!

When I returned to my seat in the coach the fair passenger's  
eyes were down again. I could not do possible that my suspi-  
cion were correct, and that chance had thrown in my way a solution  
of the problem which had vexed my doubts so much? Yes,  
I was sure of it; and the more I compared the two faces in my  
mind, the more I saw resemblance. Either these cheeks were  
painted red today or they had been painted white yesterday.  
The eyes were the same, the contour the same, and that brow,  
with its delicate mark, not to be mistaken.

"A hark! the matter?" asked Stickey.  
"I feel faintly," I replied. "I am afraid I've caught more  
cold."  
"Never mind. Here we are; a dose of something warm  
will help you."

As Stickey spoke, we stopped at the door of the inn at  
Orton. The driver announced that he would stop there three  
or twenty minutes, to exchange horses and wait for the mail,  
and also informed the passenger that they would find plenty of  
accommodations in the house if they chose to go in.

"Will you step in now?" he added to my beauty.  
She said she would; and he helped her out, and conducted  
her to a private sitting-room.

"Stickey?" said I, "I am going to find out who that  
woman is."  
"Nonsense!" said he.  
"I think I've got the scent."  
"Eh?"  
"I rode with her yesterday."  
"With her?"  
"It was a nim then!"  
"She—"

"Don't waste time in talking, but do you stand here by the  
door, and pop in the moment you hear anything to warrant  
it."

I left my deputy in a state of perfect wonderment, and  
entered the sitting-room. The beauty was sitting by a window,  
gazing out between the blinds. She started up as I entered,  
and then she fell.

"I thought this was a private room, sir," she said. Her  
eyes trembled and sounded unusual.

"It may be," I returned; "but that does not exclude those  
who have business. I came on purpose to see you."  
There was a momentary struggle, and then she appeared as  
calm as could be.

"What are you?" she asked.  
"I am an officer of Bow Street," I replied.  
"And what do you want with me?"  
"I want to know who you are."  
"I am one moment," she said; and as she spoke she carried  
her hand to her forehead, and I was quickly withdrawn, and I  
in her hand beneath her cloak. It was quickly withdrawn, and I  
in a moment, but she had grasped a portion of her dress with  
it, and before she could clear it, I had sprung upon her and  
seized her by the arms. But it was a far longer. There  
was more muscle in that right arm than I had but word for!  
However, my man "popped" in the moment he heard the  
scuff, and the beauty was soon secured. The glossy brown  
tresses fell falling during the scuff, and some of the paint  
remained on the cheeks.

As soon as the prisoner was secured, I had his trunk taken  
off and brought in, and upon overhauling its contents we found  
diamonds of all sorts, and quite a sum of money, besides  
watches and jewelry of much value. I made him assume a  
proper name, and when he stood forth, in propria persona,  
I found that he had not only used red paint for the passing  
beauty of a day, but that he had applied a more cadaverous  
colouring matter for the conspicuous and darkened yesterday. As  
he stood now, he was a light, intelligent looking youth, of  
not more than five-and-twenty; but with a cold-blooded expres-  
sion upon his marble face, and an evil look in his dark eyes.

We carried him back to Lowstone, where we found the  
money of the old farmer upon him, besides other money which  
had been taken by different individuals. At first he told strange  
stories of himself, but finally, when he knew that worst  
must come, he confessed the whole. He was from London,  
and had come into the country on purpose to rob. He had had  
two confederates with him, who had helped him from place to  
place. One of them had taken him away from the inn on the  
night before, and the other had brought him and set him down  
at the farmer's gate that morning. We made search for these