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. XIII. **Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, August 10, 1863.** **New Series.---No. 36.**

NEW STORE

AT SUMMERSIDE.

Wholesale and Retail.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE, at his Store in SUMMERSIDE, the following GOODS, Wholesale and Retail, at a small advance on first cost, for cash or approved credit:—

400 Bbls. FLOUR,
25 Boxes Honey-dew TOBACCO,
50 Chests and half-chests TEA,
150 sides SOLE LEATHER,
20 Bbls. PILOT BREAD,
20 Doz. BUCKETS,
20 Doz. BROOMS,
50 Narjarn, Clinton, Waterloo and Premium COOK STOVES,
20 Boxes CANDLES,
20 Do SOAP,

Sugar, Water Soda and Oyster Crackers; Cheese, Brown Sugar, Window Glass, Scythes, Sneaths and Rifles; Hay Rakes and Forks, Shovels, Narrow and Broad Axes, Adzes, Hats and Caps in variety; Chairs, Bedsteads; Ladies' and Misses' HOOP SKIRTS.

JOHN ANDREW McDONALD.

Summerside, July 13, 1863. isl 1m

CHEAPSIDE STORE.

VINEGAR!

THE SUBSCRIBER begs to inform the Public that he has on sale a few Casks of

Hills & Underwood's VINEGAR.

The following certificate will testify to its genuineness.

BENJ. DAVIES.

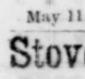
July 20th, 1863. 6n

I hereby certify that the Vinegar prepared by an improved process of fermentation from Malt by Messrs. Hills & Underwood, of Norwich and London, possesses the taste and aroma of the finest White Wine Vinegar of France; and being free from the gluten present in all Vinegars manufactured in the old way, it is not liable to become decomposed by keeping or to cause disorder in weak stomachs. It contains no Sulphuric or other mineral Acids, such as contaminates all the ordinary Malt Vinegars of the United Kingdom, and is stronger by nearly 20 per cent in pure Malt Acid than the Vinegar on sale in London not manufactured on this excellent system. A Vinegar thus perfectly acidified must be far more wholesome, grateful and mild than our ordinary half fermented Vitriol holding Vinegars, and preferable to much even of the pretended Wine Vinegar of France, which is most commonly nothing more than the acrimonious Acid distilled from wood, flavoured in imitation of the genuine article.

ANDREW URE,

M. D. F. R. S. &c, Professor of Chemistry and Analytical Chemist, London, 24 Bloomsbury Square, 5th September, 1850.

Flour! Flour! Flour!



JUST RECEIVED from New York, and will be sold low for cash—

300 Bbls. Extra and Superfine FLOUR,

100 Bbls. Pastry FLOUR.

(WARRANTED.)

M. LOWDEN.

May 11, 1863. Peake's Building.

Stoves! Stoves! Stoves!

JUST RECEIVED by Schooner "EMILY," from ALBANY DIRECT, at DODD'S BRICK STORE—

600 STOVES,

among which are the celebrated Magician, Black Diamond, and Union Coal Cooking Stoves

DODD & ROGERS.

June 22, 1863. isl 6w.

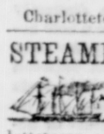
LONDON TRADER.

THE Regular Trader Clipper Brig "URANUS," 196 tons register, A 1 at Lloyd's, A. McDONALD, Master, will sail from LONDON for this Port on 10th September. For Freight or Passage apply in London to J. PITCAIRN & SONS, 69 Cornhill; at Charlottetown to the undersigned.

D. G. & S. DAVIES.

July 27, 1863. 3w

LIVERPOOL TRADER.



THE A 1 American Clipper Barque "PRIORESS," 561 tons register, JAMES BARD, Master, will sail from LIVERPOOL for CHARLOTTETOWN, on Saturday, the 5th day of September next. For Freight or Passage, enquire of Messrs. Joseph Pope & Co., Trafford Chambers, Liverpool; John Yeo, Esqr., Port Hill; or of the subscriber.

JAS. C. POPE.

Charlottetown, July 27, 1863.

STEAMER "HEATHER BELL."

THE Steamer 'HEATHER BELL,' W. C. BOURKE, Master, will, until further notice, leave Charlottetown every TUESDAY morning, at half-past seven o'clock, for SUMMERSIDE and SHEDIAC; and will return to Charlottetown the following day, calling at Summerside on her way down.

For Freight or Passage, apply on board at Reddin's Wharf, or at Summerside to Mr. MUNCEY, Telegraph Office.

June 15, 1863. mon

Paints, Oils, and Iron.

FOR SALE CHEAP by

JAMES DUNCAN & CO.

Chalottetown, July 6, 1863. tf

Wool! Wool!! Wool!!!

THE highest price given in CASH for any quantity of WOOL by

GEORGE W. GARDINER.

Charlottetown, 8th June, 1863.

LABRADOR HERRINGS.

THE UNDERSIGNED has in Store a quantity of choice Labrador Herrings for sale.

J. S. CARVELL.

March 2, 1863. 6m

FOR SALE,

AT the Store of Mr. HUGH MONAGHAN, Queen Street, the following—

Whiskey, Rum, Wine, Gin & Brandy; Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco and Sole Leather.

—ALSO—

30 bbls. CORNMEAL, and

800 barrels FLOUR.

All of which will be sold for the lowest prices.

July 5, 1863. 2m

HOMŒOPATHIC COCOA.

PREPARED and HOMŒOPATHIC COCOA,

No. 1 Broma and Chocolate,
Filberts and Walnuts,
Prunes and Raisins,
Water Crackers and Pilot Bread,
Mazena and Corn Starch,
Lime Juice and Flavoring Essences,
Salt, in crocks, baskets, boxes & bags.

W. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, July 20, 1863.

FLOUR IN STORE.

300 BBLS. EXTRA STATE FLOUR (Choice Brand)

250 Bbls. DO. DO.
200 Bbls. Extra Superfine DO.

To arrive, and daily expected, 200 Barrels FINE FLOUR.

June 8, 1863. tf J. S. CARVELL.

Molasses and Sugar.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS IN STORE

50 Hhds. CIENFUGOS MOLASSES, choice.
60 Hhds. MUSCOVADO DO.
20 Hhds. SUGAR, choice.

For sale cheapest in market.

June 8, 1863. tf J. S. CARVELL.

1,000,000 SHINGLES.

THE undersigned has in Store PINE and CEDAR SHINGLES, for sale low.

June 8, 1863. 8m J. S. CARVELL.

FOR SALE,

THAT pleasantly situated and well finished DWELLING HOUSE and PREMISES, now in the occupation of DR. INGLIS, in the Common of Charlottetown, at the entrance of the Staint Peter's Road, and opposite to the residence of LEMUEL C. OWEN, Esquire,—the property of the late John, Egan—particulars on application to

DANIEL BRENAN, } Executors and
RICHARD REDDIN, } Trustees

Charlottetown, August 3, 1863. isl & vin

IMPROVED

FREEHOLD FARMS

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers SEVERAL VALUABLE IMPROVED FARMS FOR SALE, situated on Township No. 31, viz:—

TWO FARMS containing 48 and 60 acres each, and located on the South Wiltshire Road, and within eight miles of the city. These Farms are in a good state of cultivation, with Dwelling Houses, Barns, Water, &c., on the premises.

ALSO, 100 acres, situated on the Tryon Road, with good Buildings, a well of water, and good improvements.

AND ALSO, several other improved FARMS, beautifully situated on the West River, with good improvements also.

ALL THESE PROPERTIES are in a flourishing settlement, with abundance of Hard and Soft Wood, and within ten miles of the city, and convenient to shipping places, and obtaining advantages in the way of sea manure, &c., seldom met with.

Possession to any of the above farms can be given immediately, if required.

For further particulars apply to

WM. DOUSE,

April 20, 1863. tf Charlottetown.

FOR SALE,

THE HOUSE and FARM belonging to the Subscriber situate on the Malpeque Road, and within 1½ mile of Charlottetown. The HOUSE is suitable for a Gentleman and Family, and the FARM consists of seven Pasture Lots, or about eighty-four acres. The purchaser can have the House and premises together, with as many of the said Lots as he may want, also the CROP on the Farm this year, if required. Apply to

JOHN MORRIS.

Charlottetown, June 8, 1863. 3m

Leasehold Farm for Sale.

TO be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, at the Colonial Building, in Charlottetown, on TUESDAY, the 11th day of August next, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, by virtue of a power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage, dated the 27th day of June, 1861, and made between Bernard Shannon of Township 35, farmer, and John Shannon of the same place, mail carrier, of the one part, and John Knight of Souris, merchant, of the other part,—all the unexpired term of 999 years (mentioned in a certain lease from Roderick Charles McDonald to the said Bernard Shannon, and made the 24th day of November, 1841) of an end to that tract of land situate in Bedford Parish, in Queen's County, commencing on the north side of St. Peter's Road, and running from thence North, one degree; East, seventy-one chains; thence West, one degree; North, five chains and five links; thence North, one degree; East, seven chains and thirty links; thence East, one degree; South, six chains and fifty links; thence South, one degree; West, seventy-one chains and eighty-six links to the Road, aforesaid; and thence along said road to the place of beginning; bounded on the North by lands in the occupation of James E. Wood and Alexander McDonald; on the East by Peter Phee's land, on the South by said road, and on the West by lands in the occupation of James Brossugh, containing, by estimation, fifty-two acres, a little more or less, with the apurtenances thereunto belonging.

TERMS—25 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid on the day of Sale, and the remainder on delivery of the Deed.

For further particulars apply to the Subscriber or his Solicitor.

Dated at Souris, this 10th July, 1863.

JOHN KNIGHT.

CHARLES PALMER, Solicitor. [July 13.

FOR SALE!

A SHORE FARM, at Kildare Capes, on Lot Three, containing 100 acres of LAND, 70 of which are in a good state of cultivation, fenced off into eight acre fields, and the remainder covered with Hardwood and Fencing. The Main Road runs through the Farm, and it has a front of ten chains on the Gulf Shore, where abundance of Sea Manure can be obtained.

The Buildings are nearly new—DWELLING HOUSE 30 × 25; a FRAME BARN 40 × 30; a LOG BARN of about the same size, and a small FISH HOUSE at the shore.

Part of the Purchase Money can remain on the premises. Application for further particulars to be made to Mr. Thomas Mountain on the premises, or to

GEORGE W. HOWLAN.

Alberton, March 9, 1863. 1sl

Leasehold Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE the LEASEHOLD INTEREST OF ONE HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND, situate two miles from Southport, in Lot 48, fronting the Sea shore; 60 acres are cleared and in a high state of cultivation, and is well fenced,—the remainder is covered with hard and soft wood. There are six acres limed, and fifty seven barrels in composit ready for the spring, and five or six hundred loads of Manure in the yard.

SEA MANURE can be had within about three quarters of a mile from the farm. There are about eight acres prepared for wheat. On the farm is a DWELLING HOUSE 30 by 26 feet, and a Dairy 14 by 10 feet, stoned to the bottom; also a new BARN, 50 by 27 feet, all double-boarded and a place for Cattle underneath. A Horse SABLE 25 by 20 feet, double-boarded. Also Sheep Houses and Shed, 36 by 20 feet. There are on the premises a never-failing Spring of Water, and a quarry of good land stone. The lease is for 999 years. Rent one shilling per acre.

The above farm is under crop, and will be sold to suit the purchaser with or without the crop.

TERMS—One half of the purchase money to be paid down, and the remainder may remain for several years on good security.

For further particulars apply to the Subscriber.

PETER ROBERTSON.

July 27, 1863.

Freehold Land

FOR SALE.

FIFTY ACRES of VALUABLE FREEHOLD LAND, on Lot 8, in Prince County, a good part of which is cultivated, will be sold cheap, on application, at Summerside, to the owner—

MRS. JOHANNA O'CONNOR.

April 18, 1863.

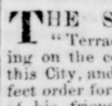
For Sale or to Let.

A WELL FINISHED DWELLING HOUSE and STORE, with a good Granary and Stable, in an excellent business stand, at the Head of St. Peter's Bay. Apply to Andrew A. McDonald, Georgetown, or on the premises to

JOHN PARKER.

Head St. Peter's Bay, 16th April, 1863. tf

TO LET.



TO LET, and possession given immediately, the COTTAGE and GARDEN fronting on Euston-street, occupied by F. W. HALES, Esqr. Rent low, payable quarterly. For further particulars please apply to

W. W. LORD.

Charlottetown, June 8th, 1863.

NEW HOTEL.

THE MANSION HOUSE.

THE SUBSCRIBER — late of the "Terrace House"—has leased the large building on the corner of Pownal & King Streets, in this City, and has had it remodelled and put in perfect order for a HOTEL. He solicits the patronage of his friends and the travelling public to the "MANSION HOUSE," which is conveniently situated for travellers on either business or pleasure, being near the Steamboat landing, Bank, and Reading Room.

EDMUND MAWLEY, Proprietor.

Ch. Town, P. E. I., June 1, 1863. tf

WANTED,

A VESSEL of about 300 Tons Register, to load Birch at GUYSBORO, N. S., for a Port in Britain. Apply to D. McDONALD, Esq., New Glasgow, N.S., W. WELSH, Esq., Charlottetown, or to the subscriber at Antigonish.

JOHN BOYD.

Antigonish, N. S., July 6, 1863. 8m

LITERATURE.

IN HEAVEN.

The sweetest, prettiest, and most modest flower
That the warm sunshine ever loved to greet,
Was plucked away in its full-blooming hour,
To make the very air of heaven more sweet.

The whitest, daintiest, tenderest little lamb,
That always from the rough wind shrunk aside,
Strays now where waters and where winds are calm,
And the eternal hills are beautified.

The noblest, loftiest type of womanhood,
With the immortals now hath found her place;
I think the very angels must have stood
And wondered at the sweetness of her face.

And I believe that my own soul, set free,
Unerringly through heaven to her's will go:
Because I know she cannot seem to me
Lovelier and purer than she was below.

LADY COURTHOPE'S TRAP.

'There is a storm gathering yonder over the Beacon Hill; the air is heavy with thunder. Surely, Richard, it were better even now to let your journey rest until to-morrow.'

The tall, bronzed knight, standing booted and spurred, with his hand on his horse's mane, turned to look with a merry smile in the fair, anxious face of the lady by his side.

'And if the storm should come, do you think, my sweet wife, that Dick Courthope has never ridden through wind and rain before, or that, for fear of a wetting, I could break my pledge to meet Philip Orme this night in Chester? No, no. Only let me find you watching for me here at noon to-morrow, with those same pink cheeks and bright eyes, and shall reck little whether I ride in sunshine or in shower. So now, dear one, farewell, and may God bless you;' and springing into the saddle, the good knight waved a last adieu, and trotted away down the long avenue.

His young wife's blue eyes followed his retreating figure with a wistful gaze, until he halted at the great iron gates, and passing through, was hidden from her view; then slowly turning, she remounted the stone steps that led up to the door of Ashurst Manor-house. The gloomy red-brick walls seemed to frown upon her as she entered, the stained-glass window in the hall threw a purple tint upon her face, and made it almost ghastly, and the oak floor gave back a hollow echo to her tread. Just then, a door at the further end of the hall was softly opened, and Marston, the old buttler, advanced towards her. Old he was in service, for he had lived for more than thirty years at Ashurst Manor, at first the page and playfellow, then the confidential servant and the friend of his master, Sir Richard; yet not old in years, for he was under fifty, his black hair was still untouched with grey, and there were few wrinkles in his hard keen face. He stopped near Lady Courthope, glanced quickly at her, hesitated a moment, and then said in a respectful but constrained tone: 'Surely, my lady, Sir Richard will not ride to Chester on such a day as this?'

The lady looked up as though surprised at his addressing her. 'Yes,' she said, 'he has just started. He laughs at the weather, but I——'

'There will be little cause to laugh if the storm comes, if the river is swollen,' Marston exclaimed abruptly. 'You will see him back yet, my lady, ere night.'

'Nay, he must needs be in Chester this evening,' Lady Courthope made answer, as, stifling a sigh, she passed on to the drawing-room.

The butler looked after her. 'She would have us believe she cares for him, forsooth. He believes it. He has only eyes and thoughts for her; old friends, old times, are all forgotten now. Once he would have told me about this Chester journey, but now that waxen doll hears all his plans, and hardly deigns to speak of them to me. But I have learned all I care to know—Sir Richard *must* be in Chester this night.'

In the long, low drawing-room, the twilight had already set in, though it was but four o'clock on a November afternoon; the huge fire had burned low, and heaps of glowing fagots shed a weird light on the mirrors and pictures on the walls, while the high-backed chairs and carved tables cast strange, uncouth shadows all round, as the lady made her way to the cushioned window-seat, and gazed out on the stormy sky. 'He rides fast; his horse is sure footed; the distance is not great,' she murmured to herself. 'Why is this dread upon me, this terrible foreboding of some coming evil?' She looked back into the darkening room, and started as a half-burned log fell with a crash upon the hearth. A longing came over her to hear again her husband's blithe voice, to see his fond glance, to have him there beside her; and then gradually her thoughts wandered away from this sombre old mansion to another, far away at Kensington, alive with gay young voices, smiling faces, and where her voice, her face had only eight months since been the gayest and the brightest; for she had been a cherished daughter of that house until Sir Richard Courthope wooed and won her, and brought her here to be the mistress of his Cheshire home. Tenderly she recalled the young brothers and sisters, the loving parents of her happy maiden-days, and wondered if they yet missed her, and might perhaps be speaking of her even then; till all at once her fancy took another turn, and she felt as though her fond remembrances were treason to the absent husband, who was far dearer to her than any of that party. She would shake off this strange sadness which had crept upon her. With a sudden impulse she sprang up, stirred the glowing embers into a blaze, and sitting down beside her harpsichord, began a low, soft air; then her mood changed, and the full notes of some martial tune rang out into the room. Once she paused when Marston entered, bearing the tall, silver candlesticks, and as the music died away, she heard the beating of the rain against the casement, and the howling of the wind among the trees. A minute she listened, then her fingers touched the keys again. 'The storm has come, my lady.' It was Marston who spoke. She had thought him gone, but he was standing close behind her chair, 'Sir Richard can never pass Craven Ford to-night,' he went on.

'What will he do?' and she looked round with startled eyes.

'He may make for home, but I fear, my lady; an' I had your leave, I would ride out to meet him with a lantern. The night is black as pitch, and one false step by the cliff-path would be death.' He spoke low, but there was a strange eagerness in his tone and in his face.

'Go, pray go!' she exclaimed, her voice trembling with anxiety; 'and yet—might you not send Stephen in your stead?' She knew not why she asked that question, she only knew that some vague feeling prompted it.

Marston's face darkened. 'He is a stranger to the country, while I have lived here from my childhood. He does not even know the road, while I have ridden along it hundreds of times by night and day. But be it as you will, my lady.'

'Go yourself,' she once more repeated; 'lose not a moment. Heaven send you may be there before Sir Richard!'

The man turned silently to obey her orders, but as he reached the door he looked round, and for an instant his eye met hers—only for an instant; but there was something in that once glance so peculiar, so sinister, that she almost shuddered. Ere she could recover her first shock, ere she could speak or think, he was gone. What did it mean? She had long known that he bore her no good-will, that he regarded her as an intruder in her husband's house, and that he bitterly resented the stern rebukes, and even threats, with which his master had visited his occasional disrespect to her. She had known this long, but never had his dislike been written so plainly in his face as now. Could he be plotting harm? Should she follow him, and countermand his going? And then again she smiled at her nameless terrors. For thirty years Marston had served Sir Richard faithfully—surely he would not now be false to him. The cliff-path might indeed be feared, but not the old and trusted servant. So she listened till, in less than half an hour, she heard his horse's hoofs crashing on the gravel road. She did not hear something else; she did not hear his muttered words, as he glanced up at the lighted window of the drawing room: 'She would have stopped me had she dared, but she cannot stop me now. There will be a heavy reckoning this night for the scorn she has made Sir Richard heap upon me,' and his teeth were ground with something like a curse.

Lady Courthope, sitting thoughtfully beside the fire, her eyes fixed upon the leaping flames, her hands lying idle in her lap, was left undisturbed, till nearly two hours later Stephen came to tell her supper waited. She asked him as she rose if the storm still raged without. 'It has passed, my lady, and the sky is clear.' She went to the window and drew aside the curtain. The dark clouds were gone, and in their stead the moon shone bright on wood and hill. Marston's journey would be needless. Sir Richard would be safe now. She heaved a deep sigh, and with a light step went her way to the supper-room.

The evening wore away; the great clock over the stables had long since struck nine, and the hands were nearing ten, when Lady Courthope, throwing a cover over the embroidery which had occupied her since supper, retired to her own chamber for the night. It was a large lofty room in the west wing of the building, remote from the staircase, and at the further end of a long corridor which opened by side-doors into several unused rooms. But the young bride had chosen it rather than any other, for she knew her husband had lived in it and loved it, and that long ago it had been his mother's room. The high mantlepiece with its curious carvings, the ceiling decorated with strange paintings of nymphs and Cupids, the antique furniture, and the tall canopied bedstead, gave a quaint and sombre aspect to the chamber; but to-night the fire roared and crackled on the hearth, and flashed upon the yellow damask draperies, and the candles burning on the dressing-table lit up every corner. As Lady Courthope entered, her maid came forward from a door on the opposite side of the room which led into a small dressing-room.

'Have you been waiting long, Hester?' the lady exclaimed, noting the girl's weary eyes. 'You look sadly tired.'

'I have but just come in, my lady. Annie and I have been in the workroom all the evening, and 'tis that makes my head ache so.'

'Poor girl!' said her mistress pityingly; 'you have been more used to milking cows than stooping over needlework. But cheer up, Hester, and it will seem more easy in time. Have the others gone to rest?'

'All out Stephen, my lady; I heard him cross the hall just now.'

'Tell him he need not keep watch for Sir Richard. He is, I trust, ere now safe in Chester. He must have forded the river while it was yet passable.'

'Or if the stream were swellen, my lady, he had but to ride down to the old stone bridge below father's house,' the girl said quietly.

'The bridge—I heard of no bridge!' exclaimed Lady Courthope.

''Tis by the old priory—a matter of three miles round, maybe; but Sir Richard knows it well.'

'And Marston had forgotten it,' said her mistress musingly.

'He said nothing of the ford,' Hester answered; 'he only said that he was going to ride after Sir Richard.'

'He has not come back?' Lady Courthope asked abruptly.

'O no, my lady; he told us that if he did not meet Sir Richard, he should stay at the Golden Horn till morning.'

'I gave him no such leave;' and there was surprise and resentment in Lady Courthope's tone. A long silence followed, while the maid moved softly to and fro, assisting her mistress to undress, till, as she brought the taffeta dressing-gown and velvet slippers, Lady Courthope said kindly: 'That will do; I can brush my own hair for this night. Now go and sleep off your headache.'

The maid lingered a while, but at a second bidding she withdrew, thankful to be released. Lady Courthope followed, to secure the door; then returning, she drew an arm-chair close to the fire, and leaning back in it began to unfasten her shining braids of hair. With her fingers moving dreamily among the golden tresses, as they fell around her lovely face, she sat thinking of many things; she thought of her husband, the husband who seemed yet closer to her heart for that very difference of age which had made many marvel at the marriage; she thought of his tender indulgence towards her faults, of his almost fatherly care, of his sympathy in all her pains and pleasures, and yet of the manly respect and trust with which he treated her—of the perfect confidence with which he, the man of forty-five, showed in the wife more than twenty years younger than himself. And then she pictured the coming years, and the time when his hair should be white, and his now upright figure bent, and when she in turn should show her love and gratitude by her unwearied care—when she should forestall his every wish, and make his declining age so happy, that he should never regret his youth; and when too—and her cheek flushed at the thought—*young* children, bearing in their faces a mingled likeness to them both, might perchance be about them, making the house, so quiet now, ring with laughter from morn to night; and as that picture rose before her, she yearned to lay her head upon her husband's breast, and whisper it to him.

It was so strange to be here, far from him. If she could but leave this lonely, silent room, and mount her horse, and gallop through the darkness to that inn at Chester. That vague dread was coming back to her again. The fire was dying down, the room seemed darker, and a cold chill crept over her frame. The dread grew. The ivory brush upon her knee slid down, and fell with a dull, heavy sound upon the floor; she stooped hastily to reach it, but as she raised her face, all veiled by her long drooping hair, she saw, away by the window in the furthest corner of the room, a bony hand grasping the fringed edge of the damask curtain, and a white eager face peering from behind it intently watching her. One instant and the curtain fell to again softly, silently, and that face was gone. But she had seen it, and she knew it. Not six hours ago, that same look of hatred and revenge had been turned upon her, and with a sinking heart she recognised the fierce eyes, the lowering brows, and knew at last what that look meant. She did not start or cry. Her pulses throbbed wildly, her very blood was chilled; but she sat on calmly, quietly. She had trembled at the bare thought of peril to her husband, but now in her own fearful danger she was brave and steadfast, her icy hands still toyed with her bright hair, her eyes were bent vacantly upon the dying embers, and there was no outward sign of the tumult within; and yet she knew and understood all. Marston was there close by her. His night journey had been but a feint to hide his deadly purpose and to screen himself. He had stolen back in the darkness, and hidden there to wait for her, and —murder her. And he might murder her. Here alone in this locked room, how could she escape him? If she fled, if she could even gain the gallery outside, it would avail her little. Long, long before she could pass those deserted rooms, before her voice could summon any one to her aid, he would be upon her, his fingers at her throat. And then there came across her a strange memory of how one summer day she had seen him standing on the garden terrace, twisting in his hands a piece of rope—how he had wound it round and round until the strained fibres were stiff and rigid, and how then his iron fingers had been bent for one more effort, and when the last turn was given, the rope was left hanging idly on his arm. A strange thing to recall at such a time as this, stranger still that she would almost shudder in recalling it. What, if rising from her chair, she were to go straight to that window, and drawing back the curtain, confront him there, and in her husband's, in his master's name, appeal to him for pity? Ah, no; that name from her lips would but inflame his jealousy and hate. She raised her eyes, and they rested on something bright and glittering, something which just then almost seemed a friend; for there above the chimney-piece, within reach of her hand, hung her husband's rapier. She might seize it, and, with one wild dash, stab her enemy ere he could free himself from those concealing folds; but her woman's soul shrank from that deed even in this her dire extremity. In that upward glance, another thought had come into her mind—her dressing-room! The door stood open, not ten paces from her. Once locked in there—but, alas! there was neither bolt nor bar, and the key turned on the outside. Her heart almost sank within her. Already she seemed to hear stealthy steps upon the floor, behind, around her, to feel hot breath upon her cheek; and still she sat on quietly. Was there no escape for her? Once again her eyes fell on the open door of the dressing-room.

There are moments in life when every power of the mind is unnaturally strained, and when ideas and plans which at another time might be the work of weary hours, are formed in one short instant. Such a moment came to Lady Courthope now. As she looked at the dressing-room door and the key on the outside, a scheme flashed across her, bringing back the life-blood to her cheek, sending fresh hope to her heart. If she could but decoy him into that room—decoy him as she has seen birds and dogs decoyed by some tempting bait. She has a bait. He has come for his revenge, but she knows there is another passion strong in him, and that passion is avarice. Often has she seen his eyes brighten at the touch of gold; often has Sir Richard laughingly said that the one fault of his old and faithful servant was the love of money; and now, if through that love she can beguile him *first* to the dressing-room, she may yet be saved. The part before her was hard and perilous, but she could trust herself to play it. She knew that if her nerve once failed, her doom was sealed, but the brave young heart did not quail. Slowly and deliberately she fastened up her hair, then rising from her seat, threw fresh logs upon the fire, and crossing the room, laid her brush upon the dressing-table. Some books were lying there; she took up one of them, turned the leaves carelessly, then throwing it down, exclaimed in a low tone: 'Too tired to read, and yet not tired enough to sleep; I wish the night were over.' She yawned wearily and waited a moment, as though in doubt, then muttering: 'By the by, those emeralds,' took a bunch of keys from the table, and went towards a small ebony cabinet inlaid with silver which stood beside the fire place. Her voice had not faltered. No tone could have betrayed that she had seen that crouching figure, and that her words were spoken for those listening ears, and now she must constrain her limbs to calm, slow movements to bear out the deception.

She unlocked the cabinet, and from one corner drew out a small satin-wood box—her jewel box; laying it on the floor beside her, she stooped to arrange two other boxes which she had displaced, and then fastening the cabinet, returned to the dressing table, and lifted one of the lighted candlesticks. With the box in one hand, the candlestick and keys in the other, she advanced towards the dressing-room door. Just as she reached it, a board behind her creaked sharply and suddenly, and her heart stood still. Was he following her, tempted too soon by the costly prize? Was the moment come? No; all was again still and silent as the grave. She went on, on to the further end of the long narrow dressing-room, leaving the door still set wide. She put the jewel-box and candlestick upon a table; she stood where her every movement might be seen from the dark corner where *he* was hiding, and then unfastening the box, she laid out the various trays, and spread the glittering trinkets all round her. One by one she lifted them, holding them close to the light, moving them to and fro, so that the precious stones might sparkle in the blaze, and then carefully polishing them, put them back. For nearly half an hour she stood trifling now with one, now with another, her fingers busied in rubbing and arranging, her ear strained for any sound, her heart leaping as the flickering candle threw sudden shadows on the walls; and still there was no movement in the dim chamber beyond. She must return there now, for she could stand no longer; her knees would scarcely support her; her strength seemed ebbing, and that forced composure was too terrible to last. For one half instant she paused to gather breath, then, with a weary sigh, she laid aside the bracelet she was holding, and raising her candle, moved towards the bed-room. On the threshold she stopped, retreated a step or two, and seemed to hesitate. If she had seen how at that instant the hand behind the curtain was tightening its grasp upon the knife it held, and the crouching form was making ready for a spring—if she had seen this, even her courage might have failed, but she did not see it, and she played out the play. Murmuring in a low steady tone: 'No matter for to-night,' she came on into her chamber, leaving the jewels scattered about the table, and the door standing open. And now the trap was set, and she might rest and watch.

Hastily extinguishing the lights, she drew aside the bed-curtains, and lay down. There was a strange repose after that long and fearful self-restraint in lying motionless in the fitful firelight, her aching limbs stretched out, her weary head resting on the pillow—a strange repose even though *he* was so near her. The minutes passed away, the deep tones of the clock struck out twelve, and still all was quiet, save for the click of the embers on the hearth, and the distant baying of the dogs in the courtyard. With closed eyes, drawing deep breath, as though asleep, she lay listening. It seemed as if she had lain there many hours, when at last there was a faint stir in that corner. He was coming out now. She dared not look or move, but she heard — she heard the dull fall of the curtain, the stealthy, cautious footsteps on the floor. Was he going to the dressing-room? No—Heaven help her—he was coming to her bed. The steps came on, nearer, nearer; something brushed against the bed-clothes, then stopped close behind her. Her eyes were closed, her breath still came softly through her parted lips, but within that statue-like form there was a human soul praying in mortal anguish for pardon for herself, and comfort for her widowed husband. A pause—then another slight movement. He was bending over her; his hand was pressing the pillow; then something cold and sharp was lightly laid across her throat. The last pang had come, and she had no power now to move or cry. One moment more, and she would be at peace. But the moment passed, and she still lived. Another moment, and that cold pressure was gone. His breath was no longer on her face, yet he was still there; she felt him stirring; she knew that he was watching her. Long he watched; then, muttering low: 'My hand shakes; I'll wait a while,' he turned away. She heard him turn, she heard his footsteps slowly receding from the bed, but the sound brought no relief; she was past that; she had felt the death-pangs, and she almost longed that the knife had done its work, and brought her release from that long torture; but the end had not come yet. He was going to the dressing-room. Once, twice he stopped, as though listening, then he went on again; and now he was moving something on the dressing-table. There was a faint rattle, a dead pause, then again that stealthy tread. She strove to open her eyes, but they seemed sealed, and it needed a convulsive effort to unclose them. She *did* unclose them and she saw him.

The room was very dark now, but by the faint glimmer of the fire she could just discern the doorway of the dressing-room, and the figure standing within it. The trap had taken — the jewels had lured him. He turned his head, and her lids fell instantly, though she lay hidden in the deep shadow of the heavy bedstead. When she looked again, he was standing where she had stood an hour ago. There was light in the dressing-room, for he held a blazing match, and a candle burned upon the table by his side. She could see him plainly now, his tall square form, his long arms, but not his face, for his back was turned towards her. Casting away the burnt match, he bent over the table, and softly swept the jewels towards him. This was her time. It would be but the work of two minutes for him to gather all together, and return to her. She knew that in those two minutes lay her only chance, the chance for which she had so longed. But she seemed spell-bound. That frightful moment when the steel had touched her neck had paralysed her powers, and an unspeakable horror was upon her. She struggled with that horror; she thought of her husband, of all to whom her life was precious, and with one inward prayer for strength, for courage, slipped noiselessly on to the floor. He had not heard her; his head was still bent; his fingers were still busy with the jewels. Barefooted, her eyes fixed upon his figure, she stole on, softly groping her way towards the door, past the end of the bed, by the dressing-table; she was close upon it now, her hand was stretched out to grasp it—there were but two more steps to take, when her foot struck with a dull sound against an unnoticed stool, and she stumbled; she recovered herself instantly; but faint as the noise was, his ear had caught it, and he turned and saw her. For one moment they stood face to face gazing upon each other, then they both made for the door. She was the nearer of the two, and she was there first; she had hold of it; she pushed it to, but ere she could turn the key, his fingers were upon the other handle. It was a struggle for life and death, a struggle between a strong man and a desperate woman. It could not last long. Inch by inch the door was yielding to his pressure, when gathering all her strength for one last effort, with a power beyond her own, she forced it home. It closed; the key rattled round in the lock, and with a wild hoarse scream she fell back upon the floor. She was still conscious; she heard him beating on the strong oak panels in his vain fury; she heard his passionate imprecations; and after a while other sounds, too, reached her ear—hurrying feet in the gallery, many voices outside her door. That piercing cry had aroused every sleeper in the house, and they were all gathered there now, entreating admittance; she rose, she tottered across the room, and let them in; and as they came around her, gazing horror-stricken at her wild eyes, her blanched lips, she panted out her tale, ever pointing to that inner door; then laying her head on Hester's shoulder, and moaning out: 'O husband, save me!' swooned away.

It was early, on the morning of the self-same day, when Sir Richard, followed by a groom, gallopped up the beechavenue. The white autumn mist hung like a shroud over the park, the golden leaves fell in showers around him, but he noted them not, as with spur and whip he urged on his flagging steed. His ruddy face was as pale as death—his teeth were set in dread anxiety, for he knew all. They had sent to summon him, and since he left Chester he had not once drawn rein. He was here at last, at his own door, and throwing himself off his exhausted horse, he flung the reins to his servant, and sprang up the steps. No wife was there to welcome him. All was still and quiet. Without—the dewy grass, the red sun struggling through the mist, the falling leaves. Within—the dark old hall, the servants sadly watching for him, the low sounds of weeping. He looked from one to another, then his parched tongue slowly formed the words: 'Where is she?' They led him to the room where she was lying; but when he knelt beside her, and pressed his quivering lips upon her fevered brow, she greeted him with a wild laugh, and gazing at him vacantly, began again her miserable rambling talk of emeralds and keys, lonely rooms and glittering knives. For a while he lingered, looking down upon her haggard face, softly stroking her tangled hair, then unable to endure it longer hurried away. They wanted him elsewhere, for Marston was still in the house, and had asked to see him. But Sir Richard shook his head; he dared not trust himself just now near that man; let them carry him away far from his sight. There was nothing fresh to hear, for Marston had already told all—how his first dislike had deepened into deadly hatred, and how, finding that Sir Richard would be absent, he had resolved to wreak his hatred, enrich himself, and flee; how, feigning that night-journey, and leaving his horse some three miles off, he had returned unseen to the house. He had thought to do the deed, and then escaping with what treasure he might find, be far upon his way to London before the morning broke. His horse was fleet; the servants thought him at Chester; and long before suspicion could have turned upon him, he would have been safe. Doggedly and calmly he spoke of all this, and now bade them bring Sir Richard there to hear what his neglect and harshness had brought about. They carried him bound hand and foot to Chester, where, three months later, dogged and calm as ever, he was sentenced to a life-long exile. Many days went by, and still Sir Richard, ever watching by his wife, met only those vacant eyes, heard only that weary, ceaseless muttering. At length she knew him — at length, when weeks had come and gone, she came from her sick chamber, and leaning on his arm, crept down to the drawing-room. She had last left that room a bright-haired bride, radiant with health and beauty; she entered it again gray-haired and feeble, trembling at every sound, clinging to her husband's arm for protection and support. And when years had passed away, and the roses had returned to her cheeks, the sparkle to her eyes—and when the fair children she had dreamed of, clustering round her knee, looked up into her face, and marvelled at those silvery locks, then she would hush them with fond words and tender kisses, but never spoke to them about that night—never again trod that gallery, never again trod that room.

SENSELESS WEIGHTS AND MADDENING MEASURES.—A gallon isn't a gallon. It's a wine gallon, or one of three different sorts of ale gallon, or a corn gallon, or a gallon of oil; and the gallon of oil means 7½lb. for train oil, and 8lb. for some other oils. If you buy a pipe of wine, how much do you get? 93 gallons if the wine be Marsala, 92 if Madeira, 117 if Bucellas, 103 if Port, 100 if Teneriffe. What is a stone? 14lb. if a living man, 8 if a slaughtered bullock, 16 of cheese, 5 of glass, 32 of hemp, 16¾ of flax at Belfast, 24 of flax at Downpatrick; it is 14lb. of wool as sold by the growers, 15lb. of wool as sold by the woolstaplers to each other. There are seven measures to use to define an acre. A hundred weight may contain 100lb., 112lb., or 120lb. A hundred weight of pork is 8lbs. heavier at Belfast than at Cork. A man might live by selling coal at a less price per ton than he paid for it at the pit mouth. A ton of coal at the pit mouth varies from 22 cwt. to 28 cwt. of 120lb. each; a ton to the householder means 20 cwt. of 111lb. each. Of cheese, 32 cloves (of 8lb. each) make a wey in Essex, 42 in Suffolk. We walk in the United Kingdom by the measure of four sorts of miles, an English mile being 217 yards shorter than a Scotch mile, 480 yards shorter than an Irish mile, and the geographical mile being another measure differing from all three. Our very sailors do not mean the same thing when they talk of fathoms. On board a man-of-war it means 6 feet, on board a merchantman 5½ feet, on board a fishing vessel 5 feet.—*All the Year Round.*