

# Summerside Journal.

## AND WESTERN PIONEER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, AND NEWS

Vol. 3. Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, December 26, 1867. No. 12.

THE  
**Summerside Journal**  
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY  
THURSDAY EVENING,  
BY  
**JOSEPH BERTRAM,**  
AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

TERMS:  
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**ADVERTISEMENTS**  
inserted at moderate rates and in good style.  
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reasonable terms for a whole, a half, or quar-  
ter column, or by the year.

**JOB PRINTING**  
of every description, performed with neatness  
and despatch, and at moderate rates,  
at the JOURNAL Office.

**Summerside Markets.**  
SUMMERSIDE, DECEMBER 26, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s 9d
Barley per bush	3s 6d a 4s
Turnips per bush	1s 9d
Butter per lb by Tub	10d a 1s
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	10d a 1s
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	2d a 3d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4d
Geese each	1s 6d a 2s
Flour per bbl	5s 6d a 6s
Oatmeal per cwt	16s a 18s
Hay per Ton	60s a 70s
Straw per cwt	1s 6d
Pine Boards	4s a 5s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

**Charlottetown Markets.**  
DECEMBER 25, 1867.

Beef (small)	4d a 6d
Do. by quarter	3d a 4d
Mutton	3d a 4d
Lamb per lb	11d a 1s
Butter	10d a 1s
Do. by tub	4d a 7d
Cheese	7s a 9s
Tallow	9d a 10d
Lard	8d a 9d
Flour lb.	3d a 3 1/2d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	17s a 18s
Eggs	11d a 1s
Potatoes	1s 9d a 2s
Turnips	1s 4d
Barley	3s a 4s
Oats	2s 9d
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Spruce	4s a 5s
Pine	7s a 9s
Shingles	12s a 15s
Wool	1s 18 a 3d
Hay	60s a 70s
Straw cwt.	1s 6d a 2s
Homespun	5d a 6s
Sheepskins	9d a 1s
Calfskin lb.	5d a 9d
Hides lb.	4d

**Business Cards.**  
**BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**  
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown  
President—HON. DANIEL BREXAN.  
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.  
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.  
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.  
from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

**UNION BANK.**  
Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown  
President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.  
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire.  
Discount Days—Wednesdays & Saturdays.  
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.  
from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

**SUMMERSIDE BANK.**  
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.  
President—HON. JOHN R. GARDNER.  
Cashier—E. L. LYDIARD, Esquire.  
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.  
Notes for Discount must be in before 11  
o'clock on Discount days.  
Hours of Business—10 a. m. to 1 p. m.,  
from 2 p. m. to 4 p. m.

**DR. MCNEILL,**  
**Physician & Surgeon,**  
RESIDENCE—At George Garret's, Esquire,  
Stanley Bridge.  
New London, P. E. I.  
Jan 24, 1867.

**DR. PRICE,**  
**Physician & Surgeon,**  
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE,  
next door to Bank, Central Street  
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.  
October 12, 1865.

**KITSON CASEY, M.D.,**  
**PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR**  
formerly Assistant Surgeon in the U. S.  
Navy, offers his professional services to the  
people of Summerside and vicinity. He can  
be consulted at his office, over the Store of  
Green & Schurman, in Summerside.  
June 13, 1867. tf

**WILLIAM M. HOWE,**  
**Attorney-at-Law and Notary**  
**Public.**  
St. ELKANOR'S, P. E. ISLAND

**FRANCIS LONGWORTH,**  
**BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW**  
Office—PAVILION HOTEL.  
(next door to the Hon. Joseph Hensley's.)  
CHARLOTTETOWN - P. E. ISLAND.  
Jan. 17, 1867. ly

**Co-Partnership Notice.**  
THE Subscribers have this day entered into  
CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS  
and ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, under the  
name, style and firm of  
**ALLEY & DAVIES**  
OFFICE, O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING,  
GREAT GEORGE STREET.  
GEORGE ALLEY,  
LOUIS H. DAVIES.  
Charlottetown, Oct. 18, 1867. oct 11

**Business Cards.**  
**Commercial Hotel.**  
NEW ARRANGEMENT!  
**COACH FARE PAID!**

IN FUTURE the COACH FARE of all travel-  
ers from the Railway Station and Steam-  
boat Landings in this City to the COMMERCIAL  
HOTEL, King Street, who make their  
stay one day or upward, WILL BE PAID by the  
Proprietor.

**FARE AT THE HOTEL:**  
TRANSIENT.  
One Day, ----- \$1 00  
One Week, ----- 5 00  
PERMANENT.  
Per Week, ----- \$3 25 to \$4 50

The HOTEL is situated on the best business  
street in the city, and nearly opposite the  
WAVERLY. It is handsomely fitted up and  
calculated to accommodate some fifty persons  
very comfortably.  
D. P. HOWE, Proprietor.  
St. John, N. B., Nov. 7, 1867. ly

**CRAWFORD'S HOTEL,**  
No. 9 King Square, St. John N.B.  
Permanent and transient Boarders accom-  
modated on reasonable terms.

In connection with the above the subscribers  
have opened a  
**First Class Grocery Store**  
where they will keep constantly on hand,  
Flour, Corn Meal, Provisions, Tea, Sugar,  
Molasses, and all articles usually kept in a  
Grocery Store.  
J. CRAWFORD & SON.  
May 30, 1867.—ly

**Fountain House Hotel.**  
King Square, (North Side),  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
The Subscriber having leased the above  
Hotel, and refitted the same, is now prepared  
to accommodate Transient and Permanent  
Boarders, and trusts by attention to meet a  
share of public patronage.  
Having also leased the commodious Stable  
attached, and secured the services of a careful  
Hostler, who will be in attendance at all  
hours, travellers will be sure to get satisfac-  
tion at lowest rates.  
JAMES W. THOMSON,  
Proprietor.  
St. John, N. B., July 4, 1867.—ly

**ROCKLIN HOUSE,**  
Kent Street, Charlottetown,  
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.  
Permanent and Transient Boarders will  
find the above House to give satisfaction.  
Ch'town, June 13, 1867. tf

**North American Hotel,**  
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.  
JOHN MURPHY, PROPRIETOR.  
Permanent and Transient Boarders will  
find good accommodation.  
Good Stables in connection with the Hotel,  
and a careful Hostler always in attendance.  
Ch'town, Feb. 14, 1867. tf

**J. H. ALLEN,**  
**Commission Merchant,**  
And Dealer in Provisions, &c.  
MARKET STREET,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
Gives personal attention to the Sale  
and Purchase of every description of Goods.  
May 9, 1867.

**THOMAS HANFORD,**  
**AUCTIONEER**  
AND  
**Commission Merchant,**  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
Nov 1, 1865

**C. L. RICHARDS,**  
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in  
**British & Foreign Groceries.**  
1, Head North Wharf,  
ST. JOHN, N. B. - NEW BRUNSWICK.  
Dec. 6, 1865. ly  
**CARVELL BROTHERS,**  
**AUCTIONEERS,**  
**Commission Merchants,**  
And General Agents,  
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.  
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

**WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,**  
**Commission Merchant,**  
Auctioneer & General Agent,  
WATER STREET,  
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.

**WILLIAM DODD,**  
**Commission Merchant,**  
And Auctioneer,  
QUEEN SQUARE,  
CHARLOTTETOWN - P. E. ISLAND

**THOMAS KELLY,**  
**Barrister - at - Law**  
AND  
**NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.**  
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.  
aug. 9, 1866

**Business Cards.**  
**KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.**  
Flour, Produce, Leather,  
AND GENERAL  
**Commission Merchants,**  
MONTREAL, ----- C. E.

The most careful attention given to the  
execution of orders for Flour, Grain, Seeds,  
Provisions, Leather, Hides, Coal Oil, and  
general Merchandise. Freight secured and  
Insurances effected at lowest current rates.  
Merchants in the Lower Provinces will find  
it to their interest to forward their orders for  
Flour to us for execution, as an extensive  
acquaintance with Western Millers, and as  
Agents for some of the most popular Brands  
in Canada, we can with safety assure them  
of every satisfaction.

Remittances against orders when not otherwise  
provided for, may be made with Sterling  
Exchange, or Gold Drafts on New York.  
Drafts on New York being worth usually and  
to a 4 per cent. more than on Boston.  
Every information as to the state of the  
market, present and prospective, given when  
required.

Consignments of Fish, Cod Oil, &c., care-  
fully realized, and returns made with the  
utmost promptitude, or applied according to  
the wish of consignors.  
Charges only made for actual disbursements  
and commissions not over those of responsible  
Houses in the line. Unquestionable references  
given when required.  
KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.  
503 St. Paul Street,  
Montreal, C. E.  
February 7, 1867.

**NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE**  
**INSURANCE COMPANY.**  
FIRE AND LIFE.  
Established 1809.  
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.  
HEAD OFFICES:  
EDINBURGH & LONDON.  
G. W. DEBLOIS,  
Agent at Charlottetown.

Forms of Application can be had by apply-  
ing to Mr. J. BERTRAM, Journal Office, Sum-  
merside.  
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867.—ly

**Important to Shipbuilders**  
**Blocks! Blocks! Blocks!**  
IF YOU WANT TO RAISE THE  
Price of Vessels  
in England, order a set of those SPLENDID  
BLOCKS, which everybody is praising, from  
**YOUNG'S.**  
Terms Liberal.  
Water-st., Summerside, Sept. 26, 1867.

**Carriage Factory!!**  
Head of Queen Street,  
CHARLOTTETOWN.  
THE Subscribers beg leave to acquaint the  
public that, having entered into a Co-  
partnership, they are prepared to execute all  
orders in the  
**CARRIAGE, SLEIGH,**  
OR  
Blacksmith Business,  
and having each had considerable experience,  
they are able to turn out a FIRST CLASS  
**Carriage or Sleigh.**  
Repairing of all kinds, together with all  
other work appertaining to their line of busi-  
ness, will be attended to.  
Send in your orders immediately  
PROUD & McCOURBRY,  
Queen Street, Charlottetown,  
Jan. 10, 1867. ly

**S A W S,**  
**SAWS! SAWS!!**  
SAWS of the best quality, and at the follow-  
ing Cash prices, always on hand at the  
manufacture of the subscribers:—  
CIRCULARS.  
DIAMETER. DIAMETER.  
36 in. \$20 each 34 in. \$18 each  
32 in. \$16 each 30 in. \$15 each  
28 in. \$12.50 each 26 in. \$11 each  
24 in. \$9 each 22 in. \$8 each  
20 in. \$7 each 18 in. \$5.75 each  
16 in. \$5 each 14 in. \$4 each  
12 in. \$3 each  
Mill Saws 5 1/2 feet, \$5 each; Buck Saws 28  
in. \$7 per dozen, set and sharpened.  
All orders left at the Book Store of Mr.  
Joseph Bertram, Summerside, or forwarded  
direct, will receive immediate attention.  
A RICHARDSON & Co.  
St. John, N. B. April 11, 1867. y

**DAVID BERTRAM,**  
Saddle and Harness Maker,  
Water Street . . . . Summerside.  
October 12, 1865.

**JABEZ HUDSON,**  
**Authorized Auctioneer,**  
GENERAL AGENT, &c.,  
TRYON, P. E. I.  
June 27, 1867.

**THOMAS FRIZZEL,**  
**Boot and Shoe Maker,**  
WATER STREET,  
opposite Green & Schurman's Store.  
Boots and Shoes of a superior quality con-  
stantly on hand, and for sale cheap.  
Summerside, June 6, 1867. ly

**James Greenough,**  
**FLOUR**  
**Commission Merchant.**  
No 47 Commercial Street  
Corner of Clinton Street - - - - BOSTON

**POETRY.**  
**THE TYPE-SETTER'S GOLDEN ANNI-  
VERSARY.**

Brother! If all the radiant thought  
Thy hands have traced in fifty years,  
From heart and mind of genius wrought,  
Unimpaired by clouds or falling tears,—  
If all the good thy hands have told  
By type on type and line on line,  
Could be upon thy future rolled,  
Our willing hearts would wish them thine.

O veteran knight of royal art!  
What thought and poverty thy hands have held,  
What made the rolling ages start,  
And earth's grand hymn of progress swelled;  
A half a century has passed  
Since thou wast to thy letters wed,  
And now in love we come to cast  
Our benedictions on thy head.

Long may the years bring joy to thee,  
And honor crown thy closing day,  
And good blessings, large and free,  
Be strewn along thy peaceful way,  
And fifty years of glorious art,  
In toil and thought and zeal like thine,  
Shall write upon the loving heart  
McDevitt's name, a golden line.

**Select Literature.**  
**A LIFE WATCH.**  
(Concluded.)

I KNOW not whether I am mad or sane,  
I know not whether I was mad when I  
did it. There is madness in our family.  
My mother died raving mad. The old  
earl, my grandfather, was methodically  
mad, and was kept under disguised restrai-  
nt in his ancestral mansion, that the world  
might not know it. But it oozed out,  
as things concealed usually do, with  
exaggerations. If I am mad I am not ac-  
countable for it. And if I am sane I have  
expiated it by a long life watch of cruel  
and horrible self-torture. To live all my  
days in a house converted into a mausole-  
um; to be condemned to sit upon a grave  
as upon an arm-chair; to be encumbered  
everywhere with a tenant who should be  
sleeping in the tomb; to eat side by side  
with a skeleton; to taste food out of a red  
hand, and have a red sky ever before me  
—are parts of my punishment. I never  
see a blue sky or a gray distance. Every-  
thing has a sanguinary haze over it, as if  
I looked through spectacles of flame-color.  
And yet I did not shed blood—ah no, I  
did not do that.

I have formed a friendship for this wo-  
man, and I should like to talk to her; yet  
I cannot divulge my secret. She seems to  
love her husband; yet not as I loved mine.  
As I loved him? As I do love him, pas-  
sionately, wildly, fearfully, madly, so that  
I can never take my gaze of his coffin; so  
that I rise in the darkness and silence of  
the night to kiss and embrace the cold  
wood; and I feel my passion and my re-  
morse eating out my heart. I cannot  
weep. I never shed a tear now, as I  
never shed a tear then. My grief is cold  
and tearless, and my happiness cold and  
tearless, when he lived. Outwardly, only  
outwardly. Within I was and am a hun-  
ble volcano, and the fire is consuming my  
heart and brain, sense and being, slowly,  
slowly—Heaven how slowly! It is retribu-  
tion.

In my girlhood I was beautiful, and  
gifted with extraordinary talents. What-  
ever I undertook I mastered. I studied  
astrology, and cast my nativity. I saw  
the doom then, but did not comprehend it.  
Could we literally know the future, of  
what use could it be? Should we be warn-  
ed, advised, or guided? No! Doom is  
doom, and we should rush on blindly to-  
ward it.

In every accomplishment I excelled.  
And yet I was but fifteen years of age,  
living in retirement at a country seat with  
my governess, when I met my beloved  
Carlo. I was sketching the stump of a  
tree in a grove, he out with dog and gun.  
Our eyes met with a flash of light, and we  
loved each other. He was so handsome a  
beauty might have thought him a deity  
descended from the clouds. His hair was  
fair, rich and waving, over eyes blue as  
skies, set in a complexion more delicate,  
if possible, than my own. His voice was  
soft, rich, and manly. He had traveled,  
and was as well-read as myself. I did  
not discover all this at first. But we loved  
as our eyes met. Then we were impelled  
to speak. We walked home and saw my  
chaperon—an interview which resulted in  
his seeking my father, whose parliament-  
ary duties yet held him in London. No  
parent could object to such an unobjection-  
able match as Carlo; but an obstacle ex-  
isted on his side, whose father, Lord  
(I will betray no names, not even to her I  
loved my friend; but for the credit of this  
story unwillingly related suppress all no-  
menclature, and carry shame and crime  
alone to the grave)—Lord—refused to  
sanction his son's union with the daughter  
of a lunatic, the grandchild of an idiot.  
But Carlo and I were mad for love. We  
met; we eloped; we married, and fled to  
the Continent to avoid the reproaches and  
interference of angry parents.

After I had consented to elope I looked  
round our place for a receipted wherein  
I might pack the few clothes I intended to  
take with me. In the coach-house I saw  
the old box or chest destined to play so  
awful a part in my wretched story. I  
contrived to deposit what I needed unob-  
served; and in the silence of night, when  
all slept, I aroused the young groom, who  
slept over the stable, and offered him a  
handsome gift of gold, yellow and shining  
in the light of the lamp I held, if he would  
harness the horses and take me and that  
dingy box to where Carlo awaited us.  
The coachman, an old family servant,  
might have refused to drive so young a  
mistress on so doubtful a journey. But  
Sam was at an age when such deeds raise  
sympathy in the breast; so he took his  
reward, and I, with my box, was hurried  
from my home.

Wearily of traveling, we returned to  
England, and rented a small house—a  
mere cottage—not far from Broadstairs  
where, as we thought, we ran little risk of  
being seen by any one who knew us. My  
husband, being fond of bathing, sought the  
shore every morning, and I sat in the gar-  
den until he returned.

We had not been at Broadstairs very  
long when I fancied that there was a  
change in his manner. I was certain some  
secret rested upon his mind, and I became  
aware, also, that though he sought the  
shore, he ceased to bathe. Sitting alone  
with busy thoughts I grew jealous, and  
determined to watch him; so instead of  
remaining at home, one day I hurried along  
a by-road to a part of the esplanade that  
overlooked the sands. I cast my eyes  
downward, and saw him walking with a  
young lady about my own age. After a  
time they left the sands and walked toward  
our home. They were too preoccupied to  
detect that they were followed, but sat  
down to talk by a quiet bank near a corn-  
field, where I hid myself among the wheat.  
It was not near enough to hear his words,  
to which she listened so earnestly, or hers,  
on which he seemed to have with tender  
interest. I noticed him holding her hands  
fondly, twining her curls in his fingers;  
and I observed him print a kiss upon her  
cheek ere they parted. I watched this  
day after day, and yet I said nothing. She  
only passed a few moments each time in  
his company, as if fearful of being missed  
by her friends. But was not that enough?  
was it not too much for a young loving  
wife to witness?

One morning I noticed a bouquet of  
flowers, just gathered, lying on the escritoire  
where he had been writing. Full of  
suspicion I diverted his glance to another  
part of the room, and with a hasty glance  
read the words scribbled upon a slip of  
paper: "I will meet you at sunset on the  
sands, and if your plans are ripe enough,  
we will leave Broadstairs to-morrow." He  
returned to his desk, folded the note, and  
went out with it and the flowers. Could  
I not guess how the one would be conceal-  
ed in the other, and for whom? Did I not  
know the golden-haired siren with the  
sweet baby-face that had bewitched him?  
That morning I spent at home, a wretched  
prey to love, jealousy, and wrath. At  
all hazards the sunset meeting must be  
prevented. Should I charge him with  
perjury, upbraid, entreat? Should I pre-  
vail? Should I risk failure? No; a thou-  
sand times no. As our dinner-hour drew  
near, a foolish, an evil, a vile idea entered  
my miserable mind. I was mad then; I  
know now that I was mad. I laughed  
when I remembered the laudanum that  
stood with the hair-oil on the mantle-shelf  
of my dressing-room. I emptied it into  
the wine-decanter. Carlo drank wine, but  
I did not. After dinner he slept. Coffee  
came up, but still his slumber lasted. It  
was as I wished. I sat still and smiled.  
The hours went on slowly. I sent the  
servants to bed, and the house was very  
quiet. It grew late, the lights were  
very low—no gas—burned down low; he  
was still sleeping very heavily. One, two  
sounded—then three. It was broad day-  
light; and I drew up the blinds, for I was  
getting restless and alarmed. Daylight  
was let in, and it fell upon the arm-chair  
and upon the face of a dead man. I drop-  
ped at his feet; I tried to pray, but knelt  
there wordless and thoughtless. Then  
surely I was mad—carefully, cunningly,  
strangely mad. As Heaven is my witness,  
I had only meant to cause a sleep to stop  
that meeting and put off an explanation  
so bitterly humiliating, so stormy in the  
aspect of its gathering clouds.

I knelt before my dead husband and  
laughed. I had no part in the laughter;  
it was as if the voice of some strange spirit  
came up through my throat and sounded  
curiously in my ear. I was aroused sud-  
denly by hearing the servants come down  
stairs. I was alone with him; and they  
would say I had murdered him; and this  
fair girl with the golden hair and the baby's  
face would stand by and see me strangled  
out of life on a scaffold. How I found  
strength for the terrible task I cannot tell,  
but I took Carlo in my arms and carried  
him into our sleeping-chamber, which ad-  
joined, threw open the windows that led  
from the dining-room into the garden,  
and locked myself and my crime away  
together. I put him on the floor by the  
great box, and knelt down.

Suddenly an idea came into my head.  
I opened the box, and taking out my  
clothing made it into a bundle. There  
was a closet in the room which I had once  
opened, and had seen among other do-  
mestic curiosities the old ticking of a bed.  
I took it out and covered it over Carlo,  
and with the same strange strength lifted  
him into the box. He was barely dead  
then, for his limbs were not stiff, and I  
folded them into the space. Then I locked  
up the box and dressed, and went in to  
breakfast. A note lay on the table. It  
was contained in a little pink envelope,  
directed in a girlish hand. As my eyes  
rested upon it my jealousy and anger  
rushed to life again. I felt glad Carlo was  
dead. I took up the note which she with  
the yellow hair and pink face must have  
sent, and tearing it open read, "Dear  
Carlo—about Carlo! How the letters ran  
before my eyes! Did she dare to call him  
her dear Carlo? Ay, it was there, written  
upon the pink paper with perfumed ink."

"DEAR CARLO,—I have pleaded your cause  
with papa and mamma, but cannot move  
them; and because they think I must have  
seen you here, our governess is ordered to  
bring us all home by the first train to-morrow.  
But do not despair, for if I can do nothing at  
present I will yet reconcile them to you some  
day. I fear I shall not be allowed to write,  
but in silence and absence do not doubt that I  
am, and ever shall remain,  
Your affectionate and loving  
SISTER."

His sister! Ah! was ever climax so  
terrible? This, then, must be his favorite  
sister Edith, of whom he had so often  
talked, but who was unknown to me.  
Alas! why had he kept their meeting  
secret? That, too, was obvious: could he  
expose me to the mortification of knowing  
that she was pleading for my recognition  
by his family, or that he was forced to  
meet a dearly-loved sister by stealth be-  
cause he had taken me to be his wife?

And Carlo was dead! I hardly recog-  
nized that. Fear was upon me. I must  
fly, and I must conceal the deed. Twenty  
miles from my own home a lonely house  
stood in the midst of a wood. Report  
called it haunted, and no one of the simple  
country folk dare approach, far less inhabit  
it. In a feigned name I wrote to the land-

lord, and requested he would let it to me,  
with permission to enter immediately,  
saying that I was anxious to secure a good  
house at the low rent I did not doubt he  
would be happy to accept. I would have  
given any price for the house, but I wished  
to give a likely reason, not the true one.  
My offer was accepted by return of post.

Meanwhile I had told my two servants  
that their master had left early in the  
morning for town, whither he wished me  
to follow him, as we found it necessary to  
take a long and unexpected journey. I  
had paid all debts when the landlord's  
letter came. Hurrying to London I there  
disposed of our valuable plate and what-  
ever I possessed, except a little linen, a  
few jewels, and the horrible sarcophagus  
hereafter my life watch. I was anxious  
to gain my new abode, as I knew the de-  
lays of a day or two would cause detection.  
But my route was purposely circuitous  
and broken to baffle any efforts that might  
be made to trace me, though under the  
family name it was likely.

The chest was placed in a large room—  
a sort of loft—at the top of the house, and  
after a few preparations had been made  
by three women who had been induced to  
come together while it was day, and for  
a large reward, I was left alone. The fact  
of my having a large box put in the loft  
excited no suspicion. The conjecture was  
that it contained books.

There, without servants, without the  
companionship of a living soul, I dwelt  
alone for many years, until upon the death  
of the old landlord a new master of the  
soil desired to pull the house down. Then  
with my chest I traveled from place to  
place, a haunted, restless woman, asking  
of myself eternally, "Am I sane or mad?"

I had written so much of my history, in  
this poor cottage at Hamstead, to give it  
some day to one who has been kind to me;  
but going over the details of my life  
has raised in my mind a horrible suspicion,  
more exquisitely agonizing than all that  
has gone before—a suspicion, the bare  
form of which, as it suddenly came before  
me, cast me into that frenzied fit which  
has closed the weary life of one who  
neither wants nor wishes to die—one who  
only desires to live her vague life on and  
on, gazing eternally at the sarcophagus.  
The idea, the certainty so terrible in its  
nature, is, that Carlo was not dead when  
I placed him in the chest. Carlo was  
under the influence of the narcotic, but  
living—Carlo, my love, my husband, the  
young and perfect Carlo, put living into  
the tomb and stilled by his beautiful wife's  
mad hands; and his young wife of sixteen  
summers locked up his life and the secret  
of her crime, and sat down heartlessly be-  
side it to perform her cruel life watch.  
Let her die.

**CHRISTMAS REFLECTION.**  
"I wish you a merry Christmas  
And a happy New Year,  
With your stomach full of money,  
And your pocket full of beer."

yelled Ike, as he skipped into Mrs. Partington's kitchen, where the old dame was busily engaged in cooking breakfast on Christmas morning.

"Don't make such a noise, dear," said the kind old lady, holding up her hand—"you give me a scrutinizing pain in my head, and your young voice goes through my brains like a s'alped knife. But what did the good Santa Cruz put in your stocking, Isaac?"

As she looked at him with an arch and pleased expression, as he took out of his pocket a jack-knife, and a hum-top painted with gaudy colors. Ike held them up joyously, and it was a sight to see the two standing there, she smiling serenely upon the boy's happiness, and he grateful in the possession of his treasures.

"Ah!" said she, with a sigh, "there's many a home to-day, Isaac, that Santa Cruz won't visit, and many a poor child will find nothing in his stocking but his own little foot!"

It might have been a grain of the snuff she took, it might have been a floating mote of the atmosphere, but Mrs. Partington's eyes looked humid, though she smiled upon the boy before her, who stood trying to pull the cord out of her reticule to spin his new top with.

**CUBAN TRAGEDY.**  
AWFUL CRIME BY A SLAVE.

Writing on the 31st ult., the Havana correspondant of the New York Times gives the following account of a frightful tragedy which had occurred on the Island. A terrible tragedy was enacted on Sunday evening in the dwelling of Mr. Chinchilla, the postmaster general of the Island. One of his sisters-in-law, who with her mother, had been residing with Mr. Chinchilla, for some time, was possessed of a mulatto slave, aged about 17 years, with whom she wished to dispose of. The lady had placed the slave in charge of a broker, who was intrusted with the sale. The mulatto soon wearied of the tyranny of the broker, and returned to his mistress, before whom he presented himself on Sunday evening while at Mr. Chinchilla's house. The lady immediately ordered the slave from her presence, when he, drawing a poniard, sprang upon her and stabbed her over the right shoulder blade, severing the main artery.

The fiend then ran to the apartment of the mistress's mother, found her, and stabbed her three times, and then passed into Mrs. Chinchilla's room, where he assaulted the lady. Her husband was with her at the time, and throwing himself between his wife and the assassin, received the wound intended for the lady. The slave then fled from the house, wounding in his exit a domestic who sought to check him. He was subsequently pursued and secured by the police. He confessed his guilt, and appeared quite prepared to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. It is doubtful, however, that he will be executed. Criminal lawyers are skilful enough to find him from the punishment he well deserved.

How little effect is produced by the threat of the death penalty may be imagined, when, on the very morning of the day on which the above narrated crime was committed, another slave murdered a lady in the Calle Concordia.

A foolish chap of the male sex gets off the following poetical  
"When Sally's arms her  
always wish my neck w  
would I stop and  
a hand like her  
Towser's ne  
those."