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.

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The Examiner

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WALTER C. GRANT,

AT HIS OFFICE, HILLSBOROUGH STREET, NEAR KING'S SQUARE.

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Fifteen Shillings, per annum, half in advance.

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ALMANAC FOR DECEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

New Moon, 3d day, 6h. 29m., morn., E.
First Quarter, 10th day, 6h 59m even., S
Full Moon, 18th day, 7h 38m., even., S. E.
Last Quarter, 25th day 10h. 21m. even., N E.

D M	DAY OF WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	Sun last o'clock	Moon rises.	High Water	day's Length
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Wed	7 25	4 10	10 41	4 41	9 8	8 42
2	Thur	29	10	10 18	5 59	10 2	41
3	Frid	31	10	9 54	sets	10 55	39
4	Sat	32	10	9 30	5 45	11 44	38
5	Sun	33	4 10	9 5	6 42	morn	8 37
6	Mon	35	9	8 39	7 42	0 33	34
7	Tues	36	9	8 13	8 46	1 22	33
8	Wed	37	9	7 47	9 50	2 10	32
9	Thur	38	9	7 20	10 52	2 57	31
10	Frid	39	9	6 52	11 51	3 44	30
11	Sat	40	9	6 25	morn	4 33	29
12	Sun	7 41	4 9	5 57	0 50	5 22	8 28
13	Mon	42	9	5 28	1 52	6 11	27
14	Tues	43	9	5 0	2 42	7 2	26
15	Wed	45	9	4 31	3 32	7 52	25
16	Thur	46	10	4 2	4 40	8 41	25
17	Frid	46	10	3 32	5 38	9 28	25
18	Sat	47	10	3 3	risen	10 14	24
19	Sun	7 47	4 10	2 33	6 17	11 1	8 24
20	Mon	48	11	2 3	6 18	11 45	24
21	Tues	48	11	1 33	7 20	even	24
22	Wed	48	12	1 3	8 25	1 20	24
23	Thur	48	12	0 33	9 40	2 9	24
24	Frid	48	13	slow	10 50	2 57	25
25	Sat	48	13	0 25	morn	3 48	25
26	Sun	48	4 14	0 56	0 2	4 42	8 26
27	Mon	48	15	1 26	1 15	5 41	27
28	Tues	48	16	1 55	2 28	6 42	28
29	Wed	7 48	17	2 25	3 40	7 44	29
30	Thurs	48	18	2 54	4 40	8 46	30
31	Frid	48	18	3 23	6 12	9 43	30

GEORGE D. WRIGHT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

DUNNS BLOCK,

QUEEN STREET,

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

June 28, 1868.

R. REDDIN,

Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

Office: -- Great George Street, Charlottetown.

(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)

September 3, 1866. tf

A. McNEILL,

Reading Room Proprietor,

COMMISSION MERCHANT

AND

AUCTIONEER,

Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.

May 31, 1869. tf

Direct from Bordeaux, via Halifax

THE Subscriber has just received from Bordeaux, via Halifax,—

53 cases Cognac BRANDY,
50 " CHAMPAGNE
5 hhds Burgundy RED WINE.
5 " Good Graves White WINE,
5 " Pure White Wine VINEGAR.

All of which are offered for sale at exceedingly low rates

OWEN CONNOLLY.

H. HASZARD.

Commission Merchant,

GENERAL AGENT,

AND

AUCTIONEER

Upper Queen Street,

Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.

N. B.—Orders from abroad, and the country, will receive prompt attention.

April 26, 1869.

MAKE YOUR OWN YEAST

CHOICE NEW HOPS for family use, in QUARTER, HALF and POUND PAPERS. For Sale by

W. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Victoria Building, Ch'town September 13, 1868.

WILLIAM KOUGHAN

Ship Broker & General Agent,

Queen's Wharf.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Peake Brothers & Co., Carvell Brothers, I. C. Hall, Esquire.

Feb. 8, 1869.

Marine and Fire Insurance,

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY,
FIRE & MARINE.

HEAD OFFICE---Corner of Church & Court Streets, Toronto.

Capital and Assets upwards of - - -	$500,000
Deposited at Ottawa - - - - -	$50,000

G. P. RIDOUT, Esquire, - - - Governor,
PETER FERGUSON, Esquire - - Dep'y Gov.,
T. W. BIRCHALL, Esquire, - - Manager.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON!

OFFICES---1 Old Broad Street, and 15 Pall Mall.

Subscribed and Invested Capital, £1,965,000.

$105,000 deposited at Ottawa for the Protection of Policy holders, in conformity with the New Canadian Insurance Law.

Hanover Fire Insurance Company of New York.

Paid Up Capital, - - - - - - - -	$400,000
Surplus, - - - - - - - - -	319,000
Total Assets, 1st July, 1869, - - - - -	$719,000

MARINE RISKS taken on HULLS, CARGOES and FREIGHTS at moderate rates consistent with the hazard.

FIRE INSURANCE effected on every description of Property.

All Policies issued immediately on application, without reference to the Head Offices.

For further particulars, rates and conditions, apply to

Fenton T. Newbery.

General Agent.

Ch'town, Sept 13, 1869. (Next door to the Telegraph Office.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY:

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Strictly Mutual and charges only Cost of Insurance.

NON-FORFEITURE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE ORIGINATED BY THIS COMPANY.

If you want a Life Policy, choose Experience, Ability & Success.

ASSETS, - - - $12 000,000

Twenty-fourth Annual Report, January 1st, 1869.

INCOME FOR THE YEAR	$4,698,280.20
TOTAL CASH ASSESTS	11 000,822 56
DIVISIBLE SURPLUS	1,689,282.17

Policies issued during the year, 9,105, insuring $30,765,947,00

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.
WM. H. BEERS, Vice-President & Actuary,
WALTER BURKE, Manager for Dominion of Canada.

Blank Forms, Tables of Rates Reports and all information can be had at the office of

HENRY A. HARVIE,
General Agent for P. E Island

PHILLIPS & LEWIS,

Carpenters & Builders,

HILLSBOROUGH PARK,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.,

Have constantly on hand a large stock of WARREN'S Improved Fire and Waterproof

FELT, COMPOSITION, AND GRAVEL,

and, from a long experience in the use of this material, can guarantee the laying of the same in the most satisfactory and workmanlike manner.

August 2, 1869.

9,000.

NINE THOUSAND

ROOM PAPER!

ROOM PAPER.

JUST RECEIVED at HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE, QUEEN STREET—

Nine Thousan Rolls ROOM PAPER, from 3d per Roll, upwards.

H. A. HARVIE.

May 24, 1869.

FRANCIS S. LONGWORTH,

BARRISTER AT LAW,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,

OFFICE: 4 doors south of Bank of P. E. I.,

GREAT GEORGE STREET

Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

ALBERT HENSLEY,

Attorney at Law, Notary Public &c.

OFFICE.—2 doors below Bank of P. E. Island, Great George Street, Ch'town.

Nov. 29, 1869. 3m

ERSKIN'S

BRAHEE SUGAR POWDERS

A Tonic and Unfailing Remedy for

Rheumatism of all kinds, Neuralgia

Lumbago, Sciatica,

As also for FACE-ACHE, TOOTH-ACHE, EAR-ACHE, COUGHS, and all affections from Colds.

☞ See Lancet, under MEDICAL PATRONAGE

WM. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Victoria Building, Queen Street, Sept. 16, 1867.

Table Delicacies of Every Description.

at the

"ITALIAN WAREHOUSE,"

MACEACHERN & Co.

Nov. 15, 1869.

A. HERMANS,

Bell-Hanger, Gun and Tin-Smith,

Dorchester Street,

(Next to Reading Room Building.)

BEGS to return his thanks to the general public for the liberal patronage extended to him since his commencement in business, and asks for a continuance of the same. He keeps constantly on hand

A neat Assortment of

TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS, &c., &c., &c.

ALL ORDERS in the above BUSINESS will be punctually attended to.

Having lately made large purchases in the Cheapest Markets, intended for House Builders, such as

Gas Fitting, Water Closets, Bell Fittings, &c., &c.,

I am prepared to SELL THEM at RATES AS LOW AS CAN BE HAD IN THE CITY, and will fit them up in a good workmanlike style

To a generous public, I would say, that all orders in THIS BRANCH OF MY BUSINESS will be attended to with Despatch

A Lot of First Class WATER COOLERS on hand.

SAYERS' CRYSTAL BLUE,

Sold Cheaper than ever.

July 12, 1869

NOTICE!

THE SUBSCRIBER has JUST RECEIVED, Ex Schooner "M. E. BANKS," his usual supply of

Yarmouth Cook, Box and Franklin

STOVES,

which compare favourably with any STOVES yet imported into the Market,

and will be sold on usual terms

He also informs those INDEBTED to HIMSELF or MARY STEPHENS, that if they do not pay up their respective ACCOUNTS and NOTES, on or before the FIRST day of DECEMBER next, they will be sued for without further notice.

CASH PAID FOR

Hides, Oats,

AND ALL MERCHANTABLE PRODUCE

R. J. CLARK.

Orwell Cheap Store, Nov. 1st, 1869. tf

Feathers, Feathers.

WANTED immediately, at Newson's Cabinet Factory, a large quantity of FEATHERS, for which the highest cash price will be paid

Ch'town, November 6, 1869.

1869

SPRING STOCK

OF

HARDWARE.

City Hardware Store.

Just received, per Steamer from BOSTON Ship *Undine,* from LIVERPOOL, and *Amphion* from LONDON, the best and most suitable

STOCK OF HARDWARE

ever imported into Charlottetown, consisting in part of:

NAIL.

443 bags assorted fine American Cut Nails,
Cut and Wro't Spikes,
Brads and Finishing Nails,
Wro't Nails, all sizes,
Boot Nails, in copper, zinc and iron,
Horseshoe Nails,
Copper Burrs and Belt Rivets,
Wood Screws, ¼ to 4 in,
Brass Hinges & Screws

PAINT.

4 tons Paint,
Best No. 1 London White,
Red Lead, Black Paint, Green Paint,
Venetian, Red & Blue Paint,
Orange Orome Paint,
Burnt Terra Sienna do.,
Emerald Green
Ultramarine Blue,
Patent Dryers,
Red Ochre,
Extract Logwood,
Umber, mixed and unmixed.
Drop Black,
Metallic Paint,
Glue,
Paris Whiting,
chalias.

OIL.

21 casks Oil, in Boiled and raw Linseed,
Olive Oil, extra,
Machinery do.,
al Oil,
Kerosene Oil,
Cod and Whale Oil,
Turpentine,
Black and Brown Japan,
Walnut Stain,
Copper Paint,
Pitch and Rosin,
Mander's Fine Mahogany Varnish,
Capel Oak do.,
Pale Carriage do,
Quick gold size,
Knotting Composition,
100 Boxes Glass, from 7x9 to 36x42,
Putty,
2 tons Zinc,
100 rolls Tarred Paper,
Stove Polish.

PAINT BRUSHES.

A choice lot of Paint, Graining, Tar and Whitewash Brushes,
Blacking, Scrubbing, and Horse Brushes.
Shoemakers' Ink and Outfits,
Whips,
Fairbanks' and other Scales, from 3s. to 120s.
Wire Cloth, all sizes,
Fence, Welt and Mud Digger Chain,
Hemp & Manilla Rope,
Best quality American Mackerel and Cod Line Hook and Fishing Gear,
Silver Table Bells,
Hand Bells and Gongs,
American Patent Roller Bushes,
Brass and Enameled Stew Pans,
Egg Beaters,
Clothes Wringers,
Flour Sifters,
Wire Sieves,
Wire Dish Covers,
Blacksmiths' Anvils, Vices, Hammers and Bellows,
Blister Steel,
Carriage Mountings, in Axles and Screw Bolts,
Malleable Castings,
Hub Bands, in Silver and Brass.
Dash Centres, &c., &c.
Taylor & Bros celebrated Circular, Crosscut Hand and Tenon, Pad, Keyhole, an Mila-Saws,
Large assortment of Files, of every description,
Locks, Hinges and Screws, of all kinds,

Few Boxes IX Tin Plate,
Bar Tin and Spelter,
Brad's celebrated Bench, Narrow and Broad Axes,
Adzes, Shingle Axes &c, &c,

Carpenters', Joiners' and Coopers' Tools of all kinds,
Fannner Wheels and Bushes.

A few Double Barrle GUNS, a very superior article; Revolvers and Breech Loaders. Ammunition of every description.

A large Assortment of English and American FORK, SHOVELS SPADES and HOES Garden Tools of every description, Hay FORKS, SCYTHES, NEATHS, RAKES.

CUTLERY.—Ivory Handled Table, Carving and Dessert KNIVES; Elliot's celebrated RAZORS, Pocket, Pruning and Sportmens' KNIVES, Hutton's Famed British PLATE in Table, Dessert and TEA SPOONS, TABLE and DESSERT FORKS, &c., &c.

The above is but a small portion of the largest stock of Hardware ever imported into Charlotte town, all of which has been purchased for CASH, on the very best terms, and we feel satisfied that we can please the public in price and quality. Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

BOURKE, GILLAN & Co.,

Successors to
H. E. STARBIRD, & CO.

June 28, 1869

NEW GOODS. NEW GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED AT

JOSEPH A. McDONALD'S

Queen Street,

PER STEAMERS "ORIENTAL" & "ALHAMBRA,"

4 Cases Felt Caps, New Style

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Per "City of Quebec," from Montreal,

3 Cases Boots, Shoe and Rubbers,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Per "St. Lawrence,"

1 Case Ready-Made Clothing,

(Fashionable Make.)

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Ch'town, Oct. 4, 1869.

A very large Stock of

SHEET MUSIC & MUSIC BOOKS,

received and for sale low.

The old Stock of Sheet Music offered at HALF PRICE.

G. BREMNER.

MORE SNOW!!

READ THIS & TELL YOUR FRIENDS

THAT

JOHN BELL

CAN

CUT OUT,

OR

MAKE UP

Garments of Every Description,

IN THE LATEST

ENGLISH or AMERICAN

FASHION.

If you want your Clothing MADE WELL, and to FIT YOU COMFORTABLY,

Call at BELLS.

If you want your garments finished at the PROMISED TIME,

Go to JOHN BELL,

AT

BELL'S

Tailoring Establishment,

Queen Street, Charlottetown.

Nov. 15, 1869.

THE HUSBAND OUTWITTED,

OR

TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME.

A week at the watering place, and most of the time each day spent in company of Mr. Manwell, the gentleman Miss Elsworth's old friend, Ned Whittaker, had introduced to her one morning on the piazza. She had sailed with him along the shores on the moonlight evenings, and she had danced with him in the thronged drawing rooms.

Miss Elsworth was not a flirt, who distributed her liking among many gentlemen, and she had found her ideal well nigh realized in Mr. Manwell. Only the evening before their talk had withdrawn itself from general topics, which to each other had been congenial, and in her admiration of his intelligence and manliness, she had encouraged an approach to that personal part of conversation which relates to love and matrimony.

And now to find Mr. Manwell, this morning with his coat off and a Smith's apron on, engaged in mending a lock. He was doing it publicly. The lock was on the door that led to the middle of the front piazza, where the fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen were sitting or promenading.

His back was toward her as she approached leaning on the arm of her friend Annie West. She recognized him, looked intently at him, gave her companion over to a party of young ladies near, and then stopped and spoke to him.

Do you like that sort of work Mr. Manwell?

I do, Miss Elsworth. I believe I am a natural mechanic.

It appears odd to see you doing this.

It is my trade, he replied, rising from his work and turning to her.

Her cheek blanched a little. Your trade? she said faintly.

My trade, Miss Elsworth. The proprietor said the lock needed mending, and I told him I could mend it for him.

The party of girls came along just then. After wondering at Mr. Manwell awhile, and laughing at him, they proposed a ride. There were three carriages among them all; these would take the party.

Ned Whittaker here joined them.

What the deuce are you doing here? he exclaimed to Mr. Manwell, he added, as the latter turned round and glanced at him, but while you are here you might as well enjoy yourself.

Mr. Manwell excused himself from joining the party, and they all went away, leaving him to finish his work.

Miss Elsworth left him without a word at parting.

It is well, he muttered to himself. If she cannot take me as I am, she is not worthy of me. The woman that marries me must take me for myself.

He stood and looked after her until she had disappeared. She did not once turn to look back.

He gave his shoulder a shrug compressed his lips, uttered a cynical 'humph,' and turned to finish his work.

Let it be so, he muttered, when he was through, and was putting on his coat. I thought I had found a woman after my own heart. But let it be so. Amidst this world of wealth and fashion, she, too, has lost her soul. Let her go.

He avoided her thereafter. He did not seek to catch her eye for a bow of recognition When she entered the drawing room where he was, he would go out by another way. But he was more than ever in the company of Ned Whittaker. Ned in passing to and fro between Miss Elsworth and him served still as a sort of link between them.

You are a cynical fellow, said Ned one day. Why don t you take people as they are? You will find good enough in them.

But they wont take me as I am, that is the trouble.

Pooh. You see yourself that she allows no other suitors to accompany her. Don't you see that she is alone, or with the girls most of the time?

Her heart is full of vanity.

Pshaw! She is trained to luxurious notions that's all.

Manwell's trunk was awaiting him on the stage outside the piazza, at the time this conversation was going on. On the trunk were his initials, 'G. M.' Miss Elsworth passing that way saw the initials—not by chance, for she had been very busy scrutenizing the trunks that lay together in a pile—and when she saw the initials she started and turned pale. She recovered herself, and withdrew with her companions a little way, and then stood and watched. So Manwell came out with Ned on the piazza. He chanced to turn his eyes toward her, and their eyes met—met for the first time since she had left him while he was at work upon the lock. She did not turn her eyes. She bowed. He approached her and bid her good bye.

What the conversation was that ensued between the two when they were left alone, by mean's of Ned's ingenuity in spiriting away the rest of the company, is unknown, save the following:

But I am a locksmith, said Manwell.

No matter.

Are you willing to live the wife of one who with his hands earns his daily bread?

I am willing to undergo anything to be with you. I have sufiered enough. During these last few days I have learned what it is to despair of being mated to one I love.

But your mother—your father.

Unless I am willing to leave them for your sake, I am not worthy of you.

But the loss of wealth, position, of the surroundings of refinement?

Do not say anything more. I am willing to leave all for your sake. I am weary of being without you.

Would you be willing to become my wife this day, this hour? Your father and mother might put obstacles in your way.

I am willing this hour—this minute.

They still think you are wealthy — as I did.

Come then, we will go on our way with Ned, and become before the world what we now are in spirit — husband and wife; and then at once we will take the cars for the home I have for you—a home, which, though lowly, you will make happy.

Whither you go I will go.

They were married in a quiet way in the little watering-place chapel, with the wicked Ned conniving at the mischief. The next train sped them to the city.

I will show you the shop where I work, said Manwell, when the carriage which they took at the depot had drawn up before one of a long row of brown stone houses in a splendid part of the city.

What do you mean? she demanded, as she accompanied her husband up the broad steps at the door.

Mean, he replied, this is the home and this is the workshop.

And he led her in, and among other rooms to which he conducted his wife, was one fitted up as a workshop, where, as he said, he was accustomed to indulge in his love for mechanical work, after having, he assured her, regularly served his time at learning a trade.

Mrs. Manwell stood and looked at him intently.

This is your house? she asked

Yes, madam.

And you are not poor but rich?

You speak the truth, Mrs. Manwell.

And why did you play the jest upon me?

To see whether you really loved me for my own sake.

Ah pretty, indeed! and I suppose you do not love me.

But I do.

Humph!

So there was a little family quarrel on the spot.

Now invite your father and mother to come and see us, said Manwell after the clouds had somewhat cleared away

I will, she replied—I will. But first you must go with me to seethem, and pacify them in view of what we have done.

Very well.

In a few days they started out in the carriage on the errand. Mrs. Manwell gave the direction to the driver, and her husband could not help expressing his wonder at the increasing squalor of the neighborhood through which they rode. The carriage drew up before a miserable tenement house, and stopped.

Where the deuce are you taking me to? asked Manwell, looking sharply at his wife

Come and see, she replied as she proceeded to step from the carriage.

Here wait, he exclaimed, after his first hesitancy, let me go out first and help you out—What does this mean?

Follow me, was her reply.

She led him upstairs—up up, through thronge and dirt, and smells, to the fourth story Here she opened the door without knocking, and the two entered. The woman was neatly dressed and so were the children, but they were all dressed very poorly, in keeping with the place The man was clad carelessly and even poorly On his head he kept his hat, which, certainly, was full half a dozen years old.

My husband, Mr Manwell: my father and mother, sisters and brothers, said Mrs. Manwell, introducing all parties.

Manwell stood and stared without speaking.

Ask their pardon, George, said Mrs. Manwell, for running away with me.

Who are they?

Have I not told you; didn't I introduce you.

Who were those at the watering place?

Some wealthy people who had seen me at the milliner's where I sewed for a livelihood—served my time, George—and fancying my appearance, dressed me up and took me there with them

You jest

Do I? Do I indeed? These people seem to recognize me as a daughter and a sister. Jest, indeed! You will find that out.

You are too cultivated, too tasteful, too fine featured

All this, said Mrs Manwell, a milliner may be, or a sewing girl. Look yourself among the class. Is it not true. All that we girls need is dress.

Manwell lifted his fist and dashed it through the air. He ground his teeth, and turning away left the room, slamming the door behind him

His wife took off her hat and cloak, and flung herself down at a table, and buried her face in her handkerchief.

The door opened and Manwell put in his hand.

You have deceived me, he said, but come, you are my wife, I will try and bear it.

She sprang to her feet and confronted him.

Your wife, am I? she exclaimed, and doomed to live with one who does not love her, but was in love with her circumstances! No, Sir, you may go; I will not live a wife unloved for myself—you must take me thus, or I will stay. Still I can work.

He closed the door and retired down stairs to the street, clenching his hand and teeth as he went.

The horrible disgrace of it he muttered.—The derision that will be my lot. And then to marry such a girl.

But at the street door he tarried. He had to struggle with himself alone. Suddenly he turned and dashed impetuously up the stairs, flung open the door of the room, seized his wife in his arms and clasped her to his heart.

My wife, he whispered in her ear, such you are and ever shall be, before God and before the world

Now I begin to think that you love me, she said, smiling in his face. You do, do love me? You really think you do, George?

He clasped her more tightly to him.

Come then said she, though of such parents as these, poor as they are, I shouldn't feel ashamed—yet they are not my parents, but have only played a part in which I have instructed them Shake hands with them, George, they are worthy people

And he did shake hands with them, and what is more he helped them.

A merry party was gathered that evening at Manwell's house a party consisting of Mr. Manwell and their guests, Mr. and Mrs Elsworth and young lady acquaintances of the watering-place, and Ned Whittaker. Ned never was in better spirits, nor, let it be stated, were Mr and Mrs. Elsworth, who forgave their daughter without hesitation.

I say George, said Ned, whispering in Manwell's ear, two can play at that game, can't they?

Manwell took Ned's jeering very soberly.—Yes, said he, after a few moments of reflection,—and the experience has taught me a lesson. What fools the pride of wealth makes of us all.

Ned shrugged his shoulders dubiously.

I think I have learned the lesson, Manwell added.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR.

Theodore Pownell, Esq., merchant and banker, of the good city of Manhattan, was retiring from business, looking over his papers, and winding up his affairs, preparatory to his leaving his town-house and settling for life, at his pleasant country seat on Long Island Sound. 'For life,' he said and his friends said for him. And yet Theodore Pownell, though upright, strong, and handsome still, might with propriety have been called by the rising generation around him, 'an old man.' The soft brown curls that fringed his lofty brow showed few silvery threads among their luxuriance, it is true. But for all that, Mr. Pownell was sixty-one on the day of which we write, and had seen most of his early companions and friends fade away from his path in life, as he went forward, vigorous, successful, and strong

Having no longer to take stock of his extensive business operations, Mr. Pownell, at the close of a fatiguing day spent in his late partner's office over the adjustment of their joint accounts, was amusing himself by taking stock of the past life which had now come satisfactorily, but for ever, to an end.

Amusing himself, did I say? Nay, his face was grave, and even sad, as he busied himself with the contents of a desk and safe that stood, always locked, in the apartment he called his 'study,' at home.

Letters, papers, bills, and receipts had been looked over, thinned out, and put orderly away.

Mr. Pownell paused, to rest for a few moments in his work.

It was summer, and the windows of the study were open. The house fronted upon a square, and had a large garden at the back. Through the window he could see the waving of trees, and hear the sound of light laughter and happy voices. His daughter Georgina was walking in the garden below, with two of her young lady friends. He could see her well from where he sat. Truly she was a beautiful girl, with her jet-black hair and large dark eyes, her stately figure, and her rich brunette complexion. Very like her mother, whom he had married solely for her beauty and grace twenty years ago.

And then Mr. Pownell sighed. This is a scandalous world, as we all know, to our sorrow. Mr Grundy had dived deep into Mr Pownell's private history long ere this, and had always averred that Mrs. Pownell, with all her beauty, was only a shallow coquette and flirt, who thought much more of exhibiting her charms in public, for the admiration of strangers, than of making the home of her husband a pleasant place of refuge to the wearied and harrassed man.

Be this as it may, it is certain that Mrs. Pownell, still stately and handsome—she was many years younger than her husband—sat at that very moment in her splendid drawing room, entertaining with nods and becks and wreathed smiles, two handsome and courteous officers belonging to one of the French frigates then lying in the bay; while Georgina and her young friends were laughing and gossiping with three more officers in the garden, just within reach of the prudent mamma's ear and eye. It is also certain that though Mr. Pownell was a polite and attentive cavalier to his wife and daughter whenever they required his services, at opera, party, or ball, he would as soon have gone for sympathy, in trouble or disgrace, to the man in the moon, or to the Egyptian sphynix, as to either of these beautiful, graceful women who lived in his house, and ate of his bread, and bore the same name with him.

He listened now to the light talk and laughter rippling up from below, with a curious expression on his face. It was opera night, and he was in full evening dress, for in the course of an hour he was to have the honor of escorting the ladies of the household to their carriage and their box. Meanwhile he was best in their study—they with their naval guests.

Opera night! An organ out in the street suddenly struck up one of the very airs he was to hear that evening. He hummed it mechanically to the end as he listened.

And then the stop was changed, and an old, old air rang out—an air that he had thought sweet and sad, and full of the most plaintive melody once.

Once, Once! Nay, it must have been an hundred years or more since he stood beside the pasture bars on the 'old home farm,' and heard a sweet young voice trill out the plaintive music of

'In the days when we went gipsying,
A long time ago.'

The 'days when we went gipsying,' indeed. They were over for ever, for him. For his fashionable wife and stately daughter they had never been In his own life, harassed and anxious as it had often been at times, was a store of experience such as they had never known.

Still the organ played on, and the rich man's thoughts went wandering back from his luxurious study to the old red farm-house on the 'Sunset Hill.' He saw himself once more a 'bare-foot boy,' driving the cows home from pasture, with a little blue-eyed child in a pink gingham frock and sun-bonnet, trotting by his side. He saw himself a tall lad at school, and the pink gingham frock sat near him, and was helped by him over sundry pit-falls, in the shape of long words words in the spelling-book, obstrusive questions in geography, and big-headed sums in the dog's eared arithmetic that 'wouldn't add up.' He saw himself, later still, a spruce clerk in a country store, whose stock of worldly wisdom far outshone that of the 'pastors and masters,' to whom he was still forced in a measure to submit. The pink gingham had changed to a snowy lawn, sprinkled over with froget-me-nots as blue as the wearer's eyes, or his own. In those days, their eyes had been said to be exactly alike. He glanced at the glass now. His own were dim with unshed tears, and he could not compare their color with that memory of the past.

Pretty, gentle, quiet little Susie Gray. How sweetly those blue eyes looked up at him over the pasture bars, by moonlight that night when, at his request, she sang, 'In the days when we went gipsying, a long time ago.' How plainly he could hear the soft clear voice still—sweet, but with a dash of sadness in it all the time that thrilled the nerves and touched the heart of the most careless listener. How he had loved her then, with all the freshness and ardor of a boy's first love. How meekly and modestly she had returned, that mose boisterous affection. How pure she was, how true.

The organ ceased. The man was moving away, when a purse clanked on the pavement at his feet. He saw the hand that had thrown it to him close the blind, and the poor Italian went away elated, for there was a store of silver and a heavy piece of gold within the silken meshes. It was the rich man's offering to the memory of his early love, and the happiness and good that gift conferred were bestowed in her sweet name.

'Susie! Susie! Oh, if I had but been as you were. If you were only my wife now—if my child was your daughter—how different life might be.' groaned the rich man, as he flung himself once more into his seat. He touched a spring in the safe that stood open before him, and a secret drawer slid out.

It contained only two things—a withered syringa blossom, and a silky tress of chesnut hair. But poor as the treasures were, they were more than house or lands, or stately wife, or beautiful child, to the lonely millionaire.

Alas! his repentance came too late for atonement, as repentance almost always does, in this weary world of ours. He had left the girl he loved—deserted her cruelly, for the sake of his grasping ambition, and when he would have returned to her once more, she was lying at rest in the village churchyard, and the age upon the stone above her head was 'twenty-three.'

'She loved you to the last—she left you her forgiveness with her dying breath, and charged me to give you mine,' said the bereaved mother, when she met the man who had broken her daughter's heart, 'and so I give it, for Susie's sake.' With it, she gave him the tress of hair cut off for him by Susie's trembling hand, on the last day of her life. The syringa blossom was one that had lain above her meek, still face before they covered it forever with the coffin lid.

Like one in a dream the rich man sat, his face bent down upon the silken hair, which was wet with his fast falling tears.

Presently came a light tap at the door.

'Papa, we are nearly ready to go,' said a lady's voice. 'Mamma has rung for the carriage.'

There was a slight pause.

'Very well, my dear,' said Mr. Pownell, with an effort, in his usual tone.

Ten minutes later he came out, locked the study door behind him, and handed his wife and daughter to the carriage with his usual grave courtesy. He kept in the back of the box that evening, and was very silent. He had a slight headache, he said.

And when, six months after, the rich man died of a short severe illness, those who prepared him for his burial found resting upon