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. XX. 1 — CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22. 1869. — NO 54

The Examiner

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY BY

WALTER C. GRANT,

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

TERMS.

Fifteen Shillings, per annum, half in advance.

We have appointed the following Gentlemen to Act as Agents for the "Examiner," viz:--

William Bearisto, Esq., Owen O'Neill, Esq.,	Summerside,
Mr. Joseph Sharpe	Linkletter Road,
Richard Reid, Esq.,	Alberton,
Mr. William Callaghan,	Mimineagash,
" Lawrence Hogan,	Hope River,
Nicholas Conroy, Esq.,	Tignish,
Mr. John Doyle,	Skinner's Pond,
Joseph Arsenault, Esq.,	Egmont Bay,
Mr. J. H FitzGerald.	Wellington,
Onesime Gaudet, Esq,	Miscouche,
Mr. John Breen,	Princetown,
Thomas Laughlin, Esq.,	Lot 16,
Mr. Bennett McLellan,	Indian River,
M. McKinnon, sen., Esq.,	Lot 14,
Michael Kilbride, Esq.,	Lot 11,
Mr. Peter Hughes,	South West,
" Patrick McLellan,	West Point,
" Thomas O'Connor,	Campbelton, Lot 4,
" John Kelly,	Crapaud,
Hon. A. A. McDonald, Mr. Geo. A. Hughes,	Georgetown,
George Forbes,	Vernon R'r. Bridge,
John McDougall, Esq.,	Orwell,
Mr. John French,	Sturgeon,
" James O'Brien,	Montague,
Wm. P. Lewis,	Cardigan Bridge,
Mr. Donald McDonald,	Little Pond, Lot 56,
" Peter Sinnott,	Morell,
Dr. McIntyre,	Souris,
Hon. F. Kelly,	Fort Augustus,
Captain John McIntyre,	Fairfield,
Patrick Griffin, Esq.,	St. Andrew's,
Mr. Ronald MacDonald, (Garahelia,)	Pisquid,
Anthony McCormack, Esq., Mr. Simon Bulger,	St Peter's Bay,
Joseph McAulay, Esq.,	Black Bush,
John Stewart, junr., Esq.,	Red Point, Lot 46
Dugald McDougall, Esq.,	Dundas,
Lawrence Peters, Esq	Rollo Bay,
Mr. Angus McDonald,	Goose River,
J C. Underhay, Esq.,	Bay Fortune.

ALMANAC FOR NOVEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

New Moon, 3d day, 7h. 23m., eve., W.
First Quarter, 10th day, 10h, 43m even., W.
Full Moon, 19th day, 3h. 5m., morn., S. W.
Last Quarter, 26th day. 2h. 2m. even., N W.

D M	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises h	m	SUN sets h	m	Sun fast clock m	s	Moon rises h	m	High Water h	m	day's Length h	m
1	Mon	6	46	4	42	16	19	3	20	6	43	9	56
2	Tues		47		40	16	19	4	36	7	43		53
3	Wed		49		37	16	19	5	53	8	46		48
4	Thur		50		36	16	18	sets		9	45		46
5	Frid		52	4	34	16	16	6	23	10	42		42
6	Sat		53		33	16	14	7	10	11	32		40
7	Sun		55		31	16	10	8	3	morn			36
8	Mon		56		30	16	6	9	0	0	22		34
9	Tues		57		29	16	1	10	0	0	11		32
10	Wed		59		27	15	55	11	2	1	59		28
11	Thur	7	1		26	15	48	morn		2	46		25
12	Frid		2		25	15	40	0	3	3	35		23
13	Sat		3		24	15	32	1	4	4	29		21
14	Sun		5		23	15	23	2	4	5	29		18
15	Mon		7		22	15	13	3	3	6	32		15
16	Tues		8		21	15	2	4	0	7	36		13
17	Wed		9		20	14	50	5	0	8	38		11
18	Thur		10		19	14	37	6	3	9	32		9
19	Frid		12		18	14	24	rises		9	54		6
20	Sat		14		17	14	10	5	50	10	21		3
21	Sun		15		16	13	54	6	23	11	6		1
22	Mon		16		15	13	39	7	24	11	45	8	59
23	Tues		18		15	13	22	8	26	even.			57
24	Wed		20		15	13	4	9	30	1	58		55
25	Thur		23		14	12	46	10	40	1	34		51
26	Frid		24		14	12	27	11	48	2	10		50
27	Sat		25		13	12	7	morn		2	49		48
28	Sun		26		12	11	47	1	2	3	28		46
29	Mon	6	26		12	11	26	2	15	4	15		46
30	Tues		27		12	11	4	3	20	5	9		45

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 Propietor,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND
AUCTIONEER,
Charlo ttetown, - - - P. . I.
May 31, 1869. tf

NOTICE.
THE Business hitherto conducted in my own name will henceforth be continued under the firm and style of
HIGG & HURT.
Mr. R. N. HURT having this day been ad mitted a partner.
B. WILSON HIGGS.
October 4th, 1869. 1m

Direct from Bordeaux, via Halifax.
THE Subscriber has just received from Bordeaux, via Halifax,—
50 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 ext-emely 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.

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 PATERSON, 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 50
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 Isla

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.

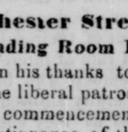
AMERICAN
OYSTER SALOON.
Queen Street,
Opposite W. R. Watson's Drug Store
Best of Liquos Always on hand.
BENJAMIN PETTIGREW,
PROPRIETOR.
Charlottetown, ... *P. E. Island*
NB.—Families supplied with Fresh OYSTERS
Aug 2, 1869. 3m

9,000.
NINE THOUSAND
ROOM PAPER!
ROOM PAPER.
JUST RECEIVED at HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE, QUEEN STREET—
Nine Thousand Rolls ROOM PAPER, from 3d per Roll, upwards.
H. A. HARVIE.
May 24, 1869.

REUBEN TUPLIN,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AUCTIONEER.
AND GENERAL AGENT.
Margate, - - - *P. E. Island.*
REFERENCES:
Hon. D. BRENAN, Charlottetown.
R T. HOLMAN, Summerside.
April 22, 1869. 6m

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.

Kerosene.
30 BARRELS BEST AMERICAN OIL, for sale by
CARVELL BROS.
Nov. 1, 1869. 1m



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 constanty 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 Cl sets,
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

JUST RECEIVED,
AND FOR SALE
Cheap for Cash,
HEARTZ & SON
HAVE JUST RECEIVED per Steamer from Britain, a LARGE ASSORTMENT of
Dry Goods, &c, &c.
And a further supply expected in a few days by midsummer vessels.
The above Goods, along with stock on hand, the subscribers offer to their customers
VERY LOW,
as they wish to make quick sales of the same, to prepare room for FALL importations.
Intending purchasers will please call and examine for themselves.
HEARTZ & SON.
August 3, 1868.

T. T. T.
GOOD TEA, SUGAR, MOLASSES and other GROCERIES, together with &c., &c.,
at the WEST END STORE, Rochford Square.
June 28, 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.
403 bags assorted fine American Cut Nails,
Cut and Wro't Spikes, Brads and Finishing Nails,
Wro't Nails, all sizes,
Boct Nails, in copper, zinc and iron,
Horseshoe Nails,
Copper Burrs and Belt Rivets,
Wood Screws, ½ 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 Crome Paint,
Burnt Terra Sienna do.,
Emerald Green,
Ultramarine Blue,
Patent Dryers,
Red Ochre,
Extract Logwood,
Umber, mixed and un mixed,
Drop Black,
Metallic Paint,
Glue,
Paris Whiting,
challes.

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 8s. to 120s.
Wire Cloth, all sizes,
Fence, Well 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, Pa'el, Keyhole, an Miln-l 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.
Fanner 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, SNEATHS, RAKES.
CUTLERY.—Ivory Handled Table, Carving and Dessert KNIVES; Elliot's celebrated RAZORS, Pocket, Pruning and Sportsmens' 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 Charlottetown, 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. NEW GOODS.
—AT—
ROBERT YOUNG'S
"Centre of Attraction."
New Bonnets, New Hats,
New Ribbons, New Flowers,
New Feathers, New Mantles,
New Mantle Velvet, New Velveteens,
New Silks, New Irish Poplins,
New Dress Stuffs, New F. Merinoes,
New Shirts, New Shirtings,
New Flannels, New Wool Shirts,
New Wool Shirting, &c., &c.,
TO BE SOLD CHEAP.
North Side Queen Square.
Ch'town, Oct. 7, 1869. tf

NEW GOODS. NEW GOODS.
JUST RECEIVED AT
JOSEPH A. McDONALD'S
Queen Street,
PER STEAMERS "ORIENTAL" & "ALHAMBRA,"
4 Cases Hats and Caps, New Style,
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Per "City of Quebec," from Montreal,
3 Cases Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Per "St. Lawrence,"
1 Case Ready-Made Clothing,
(Fashionable Make.)
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Ch'town, Oct. 4, 1869.

CLOUDS, CLOUDS, CLOUDS.
Ladies' Clouds
IN
IMMENS E VARITY.
CHEAPER THAN EVER,
AT
ROBERT YOUNG'S,
THE "CENTRE OF ATTRACTION,"
North Side Queen Square.
Ch'town, Oct. 18, 1869. tf

IRON!
JUST RECEIVED per ship DUNCAN from LIVERPOOL—
10 Tons Best Refined IRON.
For Sale Low.
GEORGE HOWAT.
Crapaud, May 17.

SQUIRE HEATHCOTE'S HEIR.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

A richre man than Anthony Heathcote, Justice of the peace, in one of the brightest spots of merry England, years and years ago, could not be found—a haler or a more respected man. His broad acres swept east and west and north and south. His tenants were legion. His great, solid mansion, built in the days of Queen Elizabeth, was a fortress without and a palace within; and his wife was as loving and as fair a lady as you could have found in any mansion in the land.

Men envied him, and that his life must be without a cloud, and wondered why Heaven so loaded some with good gifts while others struggled under heavy loads of poverty and misfortune, which bore them at last down to the very grave; and 'as rich and as happy as Squire Heathecote' grew to be a proverb.

Yet all this while Squire Heathcote was very miserable. He envied the poorest hind on his estate: the most oppressed laborer in any part of England; a cottager; a miner, a slave—black or white; in fact, at whose hearthstone children had played; in whose ears had wrung the sweet word 'father.' For twenty years he had been married to that gentle, blue-eyed lady, and yet there was no cradle-sleeper under that great roof. The gem of all gems, the pearl of greatest price, was held back from him, and he chafed as though to deny him aught were a fault in his maker

When farmer tenants came up to the Hall to pay their rents, with hulking sons beside them in the wagon, he would look at the clowns with envy, and mutter:

'They have sons—why not I?'

When riding past the curate's little house he saw his troupe of children at the door. He would think:

'Ah, he has hard work, t'll be bound, to fill the dozen mouths and cover the dozen backs and my lands must go to strangers for want of one child—only one.'

And when at County ball, or rout or race, he saw the lovely daughters of his neighbors in their floating robes, and glistening jewels, he would grind his teeth and feel most of all that he had been wronged and forgotten. Yet, as a poor man hides his envy of his neighbor's house and lands and costly raiment and nourishing fare, so Squire Heathcote hid his heart from everyone more blest, and led his wife a wretched life of it in private.

Many a day the blue eyes shed floods of tears, and the poor bosom at which no babe had ever nestled throbbed woefully because of her husband's discontent, and she who was the gayest girl in Devonshire grew sad and pale with the daily endurance of coldness and reproach. Once, even, he had said:

'Had I wed Anne Clyde, I might have called some fine lad son; but I let John Murcock take her and choose you.'

And then the poor lady thought her heart was broken. So it went on for years. But at last, one merry Christmas time, joy-bells were wrung, and there were oxen roasted whole, and barrels of ale broached, and the peasants far and wide feasted, and prayers offered up at the church, and rejoicing every where, for Squire Heathcote's heir was born unto him—a bright-eyed boy, over whom the strong man wept and uttered thanksgiving.

Elizabeth Heathcote gave praises also for the boy, whose life had well nigh been paid for by her own; and all the old-time tenderness came back, and the Squire was his wife's lover once more, as in the courting time he held her hand in his and kissed it, and whispered that the fairest lady in the land was his Elizabeth; and her cheek bloomed again, and her heart leapt, and she was doubly paid for all her trouble, paid in her husband's love and the smile of her fair first-born.

Eve was not happier in Paradise with the man-child God had given her.

On the same day, when the joy-bells rung for the Squire's hair, a woman held her first-born to her breast in a low hut beside the road—a child that was no joy, but a woe to her. She had been a poor servant maid, and was in years a very girl herself, and leaving that still country place to earn her bread in London, had come to bitter grief. She had been wooed and won by a worthless scamp, who soon left her in want and without friends. What could the poor soul do but creep back to Devonshire, and lay her weary head in her grandmother's hut, and there kiss her little boy, whose instinctive love for her seemed almost a blessing

Old Granny Grant, hearing the bells ring peeped from the door and saw the people on their way, in their holiday clothes, to the merrymaking; and as they passed she heard the whispers about poor Jean.

And with all the Christmas bonfires, there was neither candle nor fire in Granny Grant's wretched hut that bitter week through, nor a kind neighbor's face, nor a dole from Charity's purse—nothing but hunger and cold.

But at the Squire's the hearth shone, and and wax tapers glimmered and that was a great day when Madame Elizabeth went in the gilded coach to the church for the christening, and the boy was called by a long string of sounding names, and godmothers promised to care for him, and godfathers made their vows, and there was silver mugs and costly robes given, and a grand dinner with toasts and speeches, and more wine than gentlemen and ladies of to-day could drink and be quite sober.

The Squire was jocund, and brought blushes to his lady's cheek by many praises, and she looked almost as pretty as on the day, twenty long years before, when he put the wedding ring upon her finger. Yet gossips whispered that the young heir was a delicate child, scarcely likely to live long, and one old creature said:

'There's death in the babe's face. I've seen too many die, both old and young, not to know'

She would not have dared to say that to the Squire. In his hearing she only whispered:

'He's a bonny boy. God bless him.'

Doubtless the Squire would have been well pleased to stay at home dandling his babe, and talking to madame Elizabeth of what should happen when that child was a man But business called him from green Devonshire to London for awhile, and he went, kissing wife and babe, with tears in his eyes, and promising to be back as soon as lumbering old coaches and lazy post horses could bring him.

A week aft r the Squire's departure, the nurse and madame Elizabeth seemed one day troubled and anxious. Servants vowed that their mistress sobbed the night through; but that it might have been the banshee' giving warning of ill to the Squire's house hold.

And down a green lane by the water side that night lights glimmered as though lanterns were being swung low, and there was talk of two white figures that had been seen flitting through the shadows, and how Jack Ploughman, jogging from the tavern, heard some one weeping and another say:

'Take heart, take heart, the babe's in Heaven now.'

Neighbors said that it was the wrath of some poor soul that could not rest in the old church yard.

As for the predictions of the squire's child being hard to raise, they came to naught. Soon it was the villiage wonder how it throve. It was lustier than any for miles, and a great armful for the nurse now. The squire's own son—they always were a hearty race.

At last the Squire came back, and happy enough be seemed to be at home once more, and glad that his boy was so bright and full of life and Madam Elizabeth wept more than there seemed any need for when he greeted her; but tears of joy hurt nobody, and never will.

The Squire had been home three days, when one Sabbath eve at sunset, there came a crowd of villagers up the road, all talking together, all indignant and excised, and doffing their doffing their hats and scraping, made up to hall door and asked to see the Squire.

'There's been ill-doings in the place Squire,' said one. 'A wench has killed her babe. We found its bones just now in the lane. Dick Hatman's dog was at 'em'

And then the women cried.

'Do justice to her, Squire. It's hanging and she deserves no better.'

And while they were crying, Madam Elizabeth came out and stood with her boy in her arms amongst them. She was pale and trembling.

'Who is the woman,' she asked.

'Jean Grant,' said the foremost.'

'We marked her tramping away without the child, and thought ill, and see, we're right.'

'You're not sure of that,' said the Squire's wife.

But they were all honest women in the place, but miserable Jean—and said so.

Then the Squire stood broad and bluff on the porch, like old King Hal.

'She who would kill her child deserves hanging, and hanging she shall get,' he said, 'as sure os I'm a Justice of the Peace.'

And the women cried, 'Squire's a just man,' and the men cast up their caps.

But ween they were gone, and the Squire and his wife were alone together, Elizebeth went on her knees, and said.

'For my sake, and for the boy's, let the woman go, and if she has sinned, that sin will be her sorrow.'

But the Squire said:

'Sweetheart, it is too grave a crime to go unpunished, even for thy pleasure.'

And still she knelt and said:

'Husband, let God punish, and he will leave us our happiness.'

And the Squire stooped down, and lifted her to his heart and said;

'My sweetheart, thou are so good thyself, I fear thou wouldst not even hate the wicked. It is my duty to seek the woman out.'

So after some search, those who were sent found Jean Grant at a farmers at service and brought her back to Devonshire, and there tried her for her life.

She stood broken-hearted and shame-stricken before her accusers, her pretty face faded and thin; but she denied the babe's death with every oath she knew how to utter.

'I loved the wee thing,' she said. I never harmed it. But I was poor. So when they came to me seeking it, I sold it. They gave me money, and I could win my bread, once rid of it.'

Then she went on to tell how one night when her old granny had gone to the curate's to beg for meal—for all their food was gone, and they had no money a tall lady, in hood and whimple and veil, came in like a ghost, and said:

'Your child is only a burden to you—sell him to me.'

And how she wept and said 'No,' and the lady went upon her knees, and begged and prayed; and at last she said 'Yes,' and opened her arms, and the lady put gold into her hands, and took her babe. And to this she swore a thousand times.

No one believed her, not even when she said aloud:

'I pray that lady, if she hears me, to save a poor girl's life.'

Granny Grant could only say that Jean had money—nothing more. And there were the babe's bones, bearing witness against its cruel mother, in the sight of all.

So she was tried and condemned to death And not a woman pitied her save the Squire's lady. She strove for her pardon as though it had been her own, and said strange things that were thought little of then, but were remembered afterward

All in vain. One bright May morning they led Jean Grant to her death from the cells of the grear black prison.

Her face was fair to look upon as she sat upon the cart lumbering toward the gibbet, which stood upon a high hill, that the world might see her shameful end. The chaplain had been praying with her, and she had begun to think of that strange journey over the mystic river to a world all light.

And the worn hearted serving-maid had hope of pardon there and of justice, as queens have had when done to death upon the block. A little prayer book was in her hands; and though she could not read, she kept it close against her breast for the sake of the good words within its covers

So the procession came to the hill's foot; and there were clergymen to pray for the departing soul, and the rabble to hoot her, and the Justice of the Peace and all his men, and then there was a pause, and a silence blank as though the Judgment trump had just sounded.

For at the foot of the hill there came toward them, from a place where they had hidden two long hours, the Squires lady-wife and her stately nurse, with the babe in her arms, and barred the way to the scaffold.

'Stop,' said the lady. 'Oh, my husband, oh! men and women, sinners all like this poor soul—have mercy. Let Jean Grant go free, for I believe her innocent, as she has taken oath she is. Oh, my husband, before all these people I kneel to you for grace.'

She Squire came down to his lady, and strove to lead her away.

'It is impossible, sweetheart,' he said. 'Go home, take comfort in your babe, and forget so great a sinner.'

But madam Elizabeth never stirred. She looked into her husband's face sadly.

'I wished to spare you,' she said, 'but I cannot.'

Then, with tears streaming down her cheeks, she took the babe from its nurse's arms, and held it aloft.

'Jean Grant is innocent,' she said: 'for look ye all who hear me—this is her child, not mine.'

'Elizabeth, thou art mad,' said the Squire.

The lady bowed her head, but her voice came clear and plain to all:

'For years I longed for a babe, and none came—for years my husband frowned on me because no child called him father. At last, at Christmas tide, our boy was given to us I was happy. I was beloved again, and most of all, the cloud passed from my husband's brow, the sorrow of his life was gone, and I the cause.

But listen still: One night I awoke to find my child dying. Ere the dawn it breathed its last I mourned, but I dared not think of what its father's face would be when I told the tale.

'So, in my grief and terror came a fancy —a wicked thought—a temptation of the Evil one.

'I sought Jean Grant, and bought her babe of her, not for the joy of mine—for my heart would still be sore—but for the sake of my husband, and to keep his love.

'Then we—this nurse and I—made my babe a grave in the green lane, and prayed over it, and thought our secret safe. It broke my heart, but I thought to give my husband joy.

'And now, to my shame, I am forced to tell this before so many, that one may be saved who else would be wrongfully done to death by my act. I, a gentlewoman and an honored wife——'

There she broke down, sobbing, and gave a cry, and stretched her arms heavenward, and cried;

'Oh, my babe—my babe—my darling babe, that God has taken.'

So the tale was ended, and Jean Grant saved from that dark and shameful death. And those who knew the Squire looked to see him spurn his wife from him. But when the poor lady would have shrunk away, the Squire put his arm about her.

'Thy husband forgives thee, Bess,' he said, 'God pity us both, for we have erred greatly.'

Then he said to the people:

'You rang the bells when he was born to me—toll them now, for my boy is dead.'

And bending down his head wept in sight of all.

Jean Grant, and Jean Grant's boy, dwelt with the old grandmother in a cot hard by the hall, and never wanted food or raiment.

And two years after joy-bells rang again, and the Squire looked upon the face of another son, fair as the first had been. But long years after, when sons and daughters had grown to maturity within the hall, Squire Heathcote and his Bess went often hand in hand together to the church, and kneeling by a tiny marble slab, spoke of their first-born, and fancied how he would have stood, tall, strong and fair, among his brothers.

EPITAPH ON MR. MILES.

This tombstone is a milestone—Hah! how so?
Because beneath lies Miles—who's Miles below?
A little man he was, a dwarf in size,
But now stretched out, at least Miles long he lies.
His grave, though small, contains a space so wide,
It has Miles in breadth, and Miles in length beside.

A Long Island doctor having returned a coat to his tailor, which he declared would not fit, was met by the latter at a funeral a few days after, and was thus addressed: 'Ah, doctor, you are a happy man.' 'Why so?' replied the other. 'Why, because you never have any of your bad work returned on your hands,' directing his customer's attention at the same time to the grave.

Stump Orators.—There is much originality and quaintness of expression in the following extract from a stump speech of a candidate for the Legislature in one of the Western States: 'Born,' said he, 'in a canebreak, cradled in a sap-trough, my seal for independence has grown to maturity, without being choked by the weeds of education.' Vice-President Johnson could scarcely equal that.

Proportions.—An Irish Presbyterian clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse, and thus addressed his congregation:—'My dear brethren, let me here tell you that I am now just half through with my sermon, but as I perceive your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have had.'

A Mild-Tempered woman is as a balsam that heals matrimonial sorrows.

Keep thy eyes wide open before marriage, and half shut afterwards.

An eye of the master sees more than four eyes of the servants.

Experience is the father, and memory the mother of wisdom.

Falsehoods are Pindar's razors, made to sell. Truth a damascus blade, made to shave —and nothing shaves so keenly.

A Hackney-Coachman has constantly cause to complain of the hardness of his lot, for at the best of times his business is at a stand.

If idleness be the root of all evil, then is matrimony good for something, for it sets many a poor woman to work.

John B. Gough, says: Cork screws have sunk more people than cork jackets will ever save.

A Rich Philadelphia contractor, in a severe fit of the gout, told his physician he suffered the pains of the damned. The doctor cooly answered, 'What, already!'

He who imagines that he can do without the world, is much deceived—but he who fancies that the world cannot do without him, is still more deceived.

Censure implies superiority, praise proves it: those who censure wish to level others with themselves; those who praise, feel themselves above it.

A Student of medicine from Boston, while attending lectures in London, observed that the King's Evil had been little known in the United States since the Revolution.

Bonnets worn at a theatre, when they intercept the view of the stage, give much offence to those that are prevented by them from seeing, and who often declare such bonnets should be cap-sized.

An hypochondriac will sometimes conjure up to his immagination the most frightful forms. To indulge such a melancholy propensity, may be said, in one sense, to raise the spirits.

Cross Examination.—A young lady who had been severely interrogated at court by an ill-tempered counsel, observed, on leaving the witness-box, that she never before fully understood what was meant by cross-examination.

An editor having, in a dense crowd, accidentally stepped on the toe of the one next him, asked pardon for his carelessness. 'No matter, sir,' was the good-natured reply, 'it is only an error of the press.'

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit to one man of sense: and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at loss for want of ready change.

Why is a lover like a knocker? Because he is bound to adore (a door.)

The young lady who 'jumped at an offer' dislocated her ankle.

One man, reprimanding another, said that he talked like a fool. 'True,' he replied; but it is that you may understand me.

'We must reconcile ourselves to our enemies when we are dying,' remarked an old toper, as he called for a glass of water.

Dobbs says he would have died of yellow-fever in August, if it had not been for one thing—' the doctor gave him up.'

A gentleman, the other evening, objected to playing cards with a lady because, he said, she had such a 'winning way' about her.

The poor fellow 'who could'nt hold his own,' has got himself into a worse difficulty by trying to hold another's.