

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. XXII.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1871.

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 Cathedral.

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 Twelve Shillings when not paid in
 advance.

POSTERS AND HANDBILLS
 PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE.

"The Weekly Globe,"
 FOR 1872.
 \$1 PER YEAR, PAYABLE IN
 ADVANCE.

WE beg to direct the attention of our friends
 throughout the country to the
 EXCELLENCE AND CHEAPNESS
 of

"The Weekly Globe."

Without special efforts of any kind, it has gradu-
 ally won its way into favor, and is now LARGE-
 LY CIRCULATED in all parts of the Province.
 It has a good corps of correspondents abroad, and
 its compilation of Home and Foreign News is em-
 braced in a present to its readers a faithful record of cur-
 rent events.

Twenty Papers will be sent to one
 Address for \$15.

Gentlemen who have kindly acted as our
 Agents in the past, will confer a favor by con-
 tinuing to act in the capacity; and we would thank
 any of our friends, whether known to us personally
 or not, to endeavor to extend the circulation of the
 paper.

ELLIS & ARMSTRONG,
 St. John, N. B., Nov. 20, 1871.

THE 54th VOLUME
 FOR 1872!
 THE ILLUSTRATED
Phrenological Journal!
 A FIRST-CLASS FAMILY MAGAZINE.

Phrenology.--The Brain and its Functions;
 Location of the Organs, with directions for cul-
 tivating the faculties, and the relations of Mind and
 Body described.

Physiognomy, or the "Signs of Character"
 with illustrations, and how to read them," is a
 special feature.

Etymology, or The Natural History of Man,
 illustrated with given.

Phrenology and Anatomy.--The Organs
 of the Brain and its Functions of the Human Body;
 with the laws of life and health. What we should
 eat, drink, how dressed, and how to exercise,
 sleep and live, in accordance with hygienic prin-
 ciples.

Portraits, sketches and biographies of leading
 men of the time in all departments of life, are
 special features.

Parents, Teachers and Others.--As a
 guide in educating and training Children this
 magazine has no superior.

Such general information on the leading topics
 of the day is given, and no efforts are spared to
 make this the most interesting and instructive as
 well as the best Pictorial Family Magazine ever
 published.

Established.--The JOURNAL has reached its
 54th Volume. It has steadily increased in favor
 during the many years it has been published, and
 was never more popular than now.

Terms.--Monthly, at \$3 a year, in advance.
 Single numbers, 25 cents. Clubs of ten or more,
 \$2 each, and an extra copy to Agent.

We are offering the most liberal Premiums. In-
 cluding 15 cents for a sample number, with new Pic-
 torial Power and Prospectus, and a complete List
 of Premiums.

A. S. B. WELLS, Publisher,
 329 Broadway, New York.

Dec. 4, 1871.

Business Cards.

SPRUCE SLEEPERS.
 THE Subscriber is now prepared to Manufacture
 SPRUCE SLEEPERS and all other kind of GAS-
 FITTING, Cheaper than can be imported.

GAS FITTING. STEAM FITTING.
 AND
PLUMBING,
 Done at the shortest Notice, by
JOHN H. TORREY, Kent Street,
 Opposite Rocklin House,
 Char'ottetown, Nov. 20, 1871.

**OLD GASALEARS CLEANED
 AND
 REPAIRED.**
 After 12 years experience in Halifax,
 where above Business, I feel confident to be able
 to give satisfaction.
J. H. TORREY.

**WILLIAM JAMES HENEY,
 AUCTIONEER,
 General Broker, Accountant
 AND
 COMMISSION AGENT.**
 WATER STREET,
 Summerside - P. E. Island.

**CARVELL BROTHERS,
 AUCTIONEERS,
 Commission Merchants,
 AND
 GENERAL AGENT,**
 BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,
 Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

**H. HAZARD,
 Commission Merchant,
 GENERAL AGENT,
 AND
 AUCTIONEER**
 Upper, Queen Street,
 Charlottetown, P. E. I.

**A. McNEILL,
 READING ROOM PROPRIETOR,
 COMMISSION MERCHANT
 AND
 AUCTIONEER.**
 CHARLOTTETOWN,
 March 21, 1870.

**WILLIAM DODD,
 Commission Merchant and
 AUCTIONEER**
 QUEEN SQUARE,
 CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

AGENCY OFFICE!

THE SUBSCRIBER will attend to all or-
 ders for the Selling, letting, purchasing,
 leasing, &c., of Dwelling Houses, Business
 Establishments, and lands both in City and
 Country.

Parties wishing to dispose of or purchase
 Property of any description, to let or lease
 Houses, Stores &c., will please apply by let-
 ter stating particulars.

SECRETARY, when required, strictly
 observed.

A. McNEILL,
 Exchange Buildings, Ch'ottown,
 May 15, 1871. } tf

FIRST FALL IMPORTATIONS

Seasonable Goods!
 Just Received
 By Steamers from England and Scotland, and
 for Sale Cheap, by

**HEARTZ & SON,
 COTTON WARP!**
 the following Goods, viz:
 250 Pieces Fancy DRESS GOODS.
 200 " Black and Colored COBURGS &
 LUSTERS.
 80 " Plain and Fancy WINCIES.
 50 " Printed COTTONS.
 100 " Grey COTTONS.

**COTTON WARP,
 White & Colored.**
 Fancy Cloths and Heavy Coatings,
 a splendid assortment.

TAILORS' TRIMMINGS!
 a great quality.

Also various other articles, too numerous to
 mention, which we offer
Wholesale and Retail.
HEARTZ & SON.
 Ch'ottown, Sept. 18, 1871.

Weeks & Co.
 offer an
 ATTRACTIVE STOCK
 of
**NEW CLOTHS
 and
 READY-MADE
 Clothing**
 at the
Lowest Prices.
 Please call and get
 SUITED.

1400---FARMERS!
**ONE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED
 HEAVY GRAIN BAGS,** 2 to 5 lb. each,
 in stock and to arrive. Will be Sold Cheap.
 W. A. WEEKS & Co.,
 Sept. 18, 1871. } Queen Street.

**PONCEAU!
 And Aniline Dyes,
 in all Colors, at
 WM. R. WATSON'S.**
 Sept. 18, 1871.

FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.
Pure Cod Liver Oil,
 Fresh. Manufactured from Shore Fish, at
 WM. R. WATSON'S.
 Sept. 18, 1871.

NOTICE.
 THE Subscriber offers for Sale a VALU-
 ABLE FREEHOLD PROPERTY of
 15½ Acres of LAND, at Morell, Lot 40.
 No. 1. Containing 45 Acres, 30 Acres
 under cultivation, the remainder under
 Hard and Soft WOOD, with a good Well of
 WATER at the door, and a good Fruit GAR-
 DEN, with variety of Fruit TREES. There is
 on the Farm one MARE 11 years old, and one
 of the Farm one FOLEY months old. Build-
 ing, 8 years, and a FOLEY months old. Build-
 ing, with the remainder of this Stock, which is too
 tedious to mention.

No. 2. 54 Acres with ten Acres under
 cultivation, and the remainder under Hard
 and Soft WOOD, and the River Marie in
 rear, where there can be plenty of Water for
 to build Mills on the same River.

No. 3. 55 Acres, with 4 Acres out down,
 and the remainder under Hard and Soft
 WOOD. This Property will be Sold in one
 or in different Blocks, on or before the Second
 of September next. The Subscriber can be
 consulted at any time before 2nd September,
 where particulars will be made known. If
 the Property is not Sold before next Septem-
 ber, it will be put up at Auction for Sale.

No. 4. This Property is in the best land
 in the County for merchant or dealer,
 within a few yards of St. Peter's Main Post
 Road, and a Public Road in front of all this
 Land.

JAMES AYLWARD,
 Morell, July 13, 1871.

House to Let!
 PART of a HOUSE, situated on HILLS-
 BROUGH SQUARE, containing Five
 Rooms, together with a small Garden and
 Stable. Apply at this Office.
 Oct. 30, 1871.

CHARLOTTETOWN STEAM BAKERY!

Corner of Prince & Grafton Streets.

THE Subscriber, having recently fitted up
 a STEAM BAKERY, is prepared to sup-
 ply his numerous customers, to whom he is
 thankful for past favors, and the public gen-
 erally, with everything in his line of business.
 He keeps constantly on hand, and makes to
 order, the following, viz:

Pilot Bread:
 No. 1 Pilot, Extra Pilot, Cabin Pilot,
 No. 2 Pilot, No. 1 Navy,
 No. 1 Thin Pilot, No. 2 Navy,
 No. 2 Thin Pilot, Fancy Pilot,
 Truck Family Pilot.

Biscuit and Crackers:
 Captain's Biscuit, Dyspepsia Crackers,
 Soda Biscuit, Coffee Crackers,
 Wine Biscuit, Ginger Crackers,
 Medford Biscuit, Oyster Crackers,
 Seed Sugar Biscuit, Wine Crackers,
 Sugar Crackers, Thin Captain's do.,
 Butter Crackers, Abernethy Crackers,
 Water Crackers, Lemon Crackers.

These Biscuits and Crackers are of the best
 description, and can confidently be recom-
 mended to the public and are warranted to
 be BETTER and CHEAPER than can be imported.
 Orders from the Country promptly at-
 tended to.

JOHN QUIRK,
 Charlottetown, Oct. 16, 1871.

COTTON WARP!

COST & CHARGES!
 Messrs. DAVIES & SON
 Inform their customers of the receipt of a
 consignment of
**1760 Bundles of
 Red, White and Blue Cotton Warp!**
 which will be sold retail at
Wholesale Prices--Terms Cash.
 We have received this week from
 LONDON an addition to our former
 Stock.
 Queen Street Warehouse, }
 October 23, 1871. } p a i

THE ARLINGTON PIANO

AND
Wood's Parlor & Vestry Organs.

THE above instruments are amongst
 the best manufactured in the United
 States.

Those about to purchase a first Class
 Piano or Organ would do well to address
 the subscriber.

P. R. BOWERS,
 St. Stephen, N. B.
 Wood-look, }
 Nov. 28, 1870. }

PIANO & ORGAN TUNING.

MR. HOOPER, of Boston, having
 a long experience in
Piano and Organ Tuning,
 intimates that he is at present in CHARLOTTE
 TOWN, where he will attend to any business
 entrusted to him. Having facilities for repairing
 Pianos and Organs he can warrant giving per-
 fect satisfaction. Pianos repaired and returned
 to a good condition at a reasonable charge.
 Orders left at the Store of W. R. Watson
 Esquire, will be punctually attended to.
 Ch'ottown, Sep 11, 1871.

RAISINS AND FIGS!

FIRST ARRIVAL OF
NEW FRUIT!

400 Boxes RAISINS,
 400 Half do
 400 Quarter do
 50 Drums FIGS,
 50 Half do
 50 Quarter do

B. WILSON HIGGS.
 Ch'ottown, Nov. 20, 1871.

NOTICE.
 THE Notes issued by the MERCHANTS'
 BANK will be redeemed at the Bank
 Counter until the Decimal Currency Act
 comes into operation, at the rate of six shillings
 and two pence for each dollar.
 Wm. McLEAN, Cashier.
 Dated 2d Nov., 1871. } 2m

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
 ALL PERSONS indebted to the late JOHN
 FRASER, of Sval River, Lot 50, deceased,
 are hereby required to make immediate pay-
 ment, and any persons having legal demands
 against the estate are required to furnish their
 accounts duly attested, to the undersigned.

J. R. BOURKE, Executor.
 Nov. 20 } 3m

Wanted
 AN APPRENTICE for the Blacksmith
 business. A good, strong Boy from the
 country, will find this an excellent opportu-
 nity for acquiring a knowledge of Shipwork,
 and the general trade of Blacksmithing. Apply
 to

GEORGE H. FOSTER,
 Charlottetown, Aug. 21, 1871.

Executors' Notice.
 NO persons indebted to the Estate of
 JOHN CLARK BINNS, late of Bonaventure,
 deceased, are hereby required to make im-
 mediate payment; and any persons having legal
 demands against the estate, are required to furnish
 their accounts, duly attested, to the undersigned.

WILLIAM DODD,
 WILLIAM WHITE, } Executors.
 JOHN BINNS,
 Ch'ottown, Oct. 19, 1870.

60 BOXES AXES.

FROM the best manufacturers, including
 "BROADS," "FOREST KING,"
 "SWIFT," on consignment.
 CARVELL BROS.
 Nov. 27, 1871. } 1m
**CHEAP PRINTING DONE AT THE
 "EXAMINER" OFFICE.**

Literature.

THE POOR RELATION.

"WILL you put away that book, Miss Studious and listen to me a moment?" said a tall, fashionably dressed woman, entering a pleasantly furnished room in the attic of her elegant mansion, and addressing a young girl who bent over a book by a small table. She raised her head and looked around without speaking, and her visitor went on: "I came up to tell you that you are not to go school any more; so you need not trouble yourself to study."

"Aunt."

"Be quiet, will you, and hear what I've got to say. I have procured you a situation as waiting maid, with my friend, Mrs. Russell, and you are to go a week from to-morrow; meanwhile you will have enough to do to keep you busy, and I positively forbid you to go into the parlors or leave the house."

The young girl's eyes flashed, and she turned very pale, but calmly said: "It is not possible for me to go until the close of the term. I want so much to take my diploma, and then I am very confident of getting a situation as a teacher in one of the public schools. I shall be out of your way then, and will not be as well as for me to be a waiting maid."

"The idea of having a relative of ours teaching a public school! You did not think of such a thing! I have fulfilled my promise to your mother, and kept you at school for years; you are now nineteen. I was to keep you under my charge, if you did not marry, till you were twenty. With my friend Mrs. Russell, you will be as well cared for as if you were with me. You will have good wages. Now I wish you to remember that you are not to go down stairs, and must obey instructions without any trouble, or I shall be forced to use means to make you." Said she, majesticly as she turned to leave the room. Her listener started up as from a trance, exclaiming: "One moment--wait! Was it not Hubert Lester's voice I heard in the parlour this morning?"

Mrs. Morris turned first pale and then red, as she replied hastily: "No indeed, it was not. Of course you would have been sent for if it had been."

Flora rose and walked the room rapidly, talking to herself passionately all the while: "I almost wish I were dead, and I would wish so, only dear mamma said it was wrong; but I don't know why it is wrong for me to wish to be an angel and to be with dear mother. Oh, mamma, mamma, why did you leave me alone in the cold world? This is hard, when I have tried to qualify myself to teach, as dear mother wished me to, and now, just on the eve of examination, to have 'that woman' (she cannot be my angel mother's sister) scatter all my dearly cherished plans to the winds. Is it not enough that the four years that I have lived here they have treated me worse than a hired servant, I have been permitted to go to school, and have never been rebuffed, but I will now, if they persist in keeping me from teaching. I am so wicked," she said, as she threw herself down on the floor beside the low window, and closing her arms on the seat leaned her head on them. "There is no use in trying to be good; if I do try something will happen to make me angry. Everybody hates me; other people have some one to love them; but I am alone. It was not Hubert then, that I heard this morning, where can he be? It is four years since we parted; can it be that he has forgotten me? And, if he has not, I feel he could not love me now. I shall never forget the morning he went away, how he held me close to his heart, and, smoothing my curls, told me how much he should miss his bride. But I must not repine; I have a duty to perform, and I will try and meet my destiny bravely. I can pray; I have a few earthly friends, I have a kind father in Heaven who is ever near me. And a fervent prayer went up from the heart of a mother's child to the Father of Mercies.

Poor little Flora, if she was a little wicked I can not find it in my heart to blame her. I think there are few of us who would have done better. She was beautiful, with her broad white brow shaded with clustering brown curls, her mouth small and sweet; and her pearl-like teeth, and her large bright and beautifully blue eyes; yes, she had the gift of beauty, and I think that was one reason why her aunt, Mrs. Morris, treated her so cruelly. She had three daughters of her own who were not blessed with pretty faces.

The pale moon looked down out of the blue sky on the lonely girl, and the bright stars came out one by one, while she sobbed her anger and took comfort from the beauty of the night. At last the door opened softly and Bridget looked in with a knowing grin on her broad face, and said: "Sure and wants a gentleman in the back parlor, he wants to see ye."

"I think you must be mistaken; probably it is one of my cousins' said she, without lifting her head.

"No, it is yourself intirely. I told him the young ladies were out, but he said it was Miss Flora Clinton he was after wanting."

"What shall I do, Bridget?" Mrs. Morris said "I am not to go down stairs."

"Yes," I know, Miss Flora, she bid me be after watching ye, and so I will watch that you are not disturbed. The family are all gone; is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank you, Bridget. Did you know the person who called?"

"No, but he was a rare gentleman, and said I to myself, why should Miss Flora be shut up like as if she was a thief? So I just dis-remember misters' orders, and told him you was here."

Flora smoothed her hair and arranged her simple dress in its usual neat manner, and went slowly down stairs and into the parlour. A tall, manly form stood near the grate, his back to-

ward her as she approached close to him with a noiseless step, and said timidly: "Did you wish to see me, sir?"

He turned, and holding out his arms said: "My birdie, my angel, my fair princess, have I found you again? And holding her close to his arms, he kissed her fondly. She clung to him and hid her face on his shoulder as she said: "Then you do love me, Hubert?"

"Better than all the world beside, my darling. Did you doubt me? Then, holding her off, and looking at her, said: "You have changed in the few years since we parted, little one; you have grown tall and slight, and there are marks of care and suffering on your face that shall be my care to smooth away. There were traces of tears on your face when you came in; what has vexed you?"

"We will not speak of that now," she said, as he seated her beside him on the sofa with arm close about her and her hand clasped in his. "I am so happy, don't let me think there is such a thing as care and sorrow in this world."

Her eyes filled as she spoke, but he bent and kissing the tears away, said: "Have you no curiosity to know how I found you?"

"Yes, I thought I heard you in the parlour, this morning."

"Ah! and did not come in to see me?"

"I never got into the parlour. But why did you not send for me?"

"They told me you were not here. When I received your letter telling me of your mother's death, I started for your home as soon as possible, and got there only to find you gone; but I learned that your aunt Morris had taken you home with her. I have seen her several times, as you know; and although from her appearance I thought her to be very proud, and very fashionable, I never dreamed but she would be very kind to you. Business of my father's called me immediately to Cuba, and from there to South America, but I wrote letters to you frequently; did you ever receive my letters?"

"Never but one, written before you left New York."

"Poor child, no wonder you thought yourself forgotten. I returned home only a few days ago, and hurried here as soon as possible. I arrived in the morning train, and although it was an un fashionable hour, I called here immediately. Your aunt seemed delighted to see me, and I should have had a very pleasant time with your three cousins had I not been disappointed at not finding you, Mrs. Morris said that you got discountenancing and left two years ago; that the last she heard of you, you were learning a milliner's trade with Mrs. Jones, of L. I never thought but that she was telling the truth; she put her embroidered handkerchief to her face and seemed very much affected when she spoke of your ingratitude."

"What could be her object in telling such an untruth?"

"I will tell you if you do not think me conceited. I think she thought I was wealthy, and would make a brilliant match for one of her hopeful daughters, if she could secure me."

"It may be so. But you have not told me how you found me, at last."

"Well, as I was on my way to the depot intending to leave for L. in the evening train, who should I meet but my dear old friend, Horace Barton."

"Indeed! he is my teacher, and almost old friend."

"Yes, I know. Well, after we had shaken hands, &c., he asked if I had acquaintances in the city. I replied that, with the exception of himself, I had only the Morrises, that I knew of."

"Ah! said he, the Morrises of Chestnut street? Have you called? and did you see my little prodigy?"

"I enquired to which of the Miss Morrises he referred, he replied 'Not either of them, but to a cousin, Miss Flora Clinton. I caught him by the shoulder and asked him so many incoherent questions that he thought I was crazy. He at last looked himself from my grasp. I came to my senses, and told him of my errand to the city, and its results."

"Ah, said he, 'it is as I thought: there is foul play here. I have had my eyes on that girl ever since she has been in the family; she has uncommon beauty and talents, and they are afraid of her eclipsing their own daughters. I go there occasionally, but never find Flora in the parlor, and do not see her without I enquire particularly for her; but Mrs. Morris has always a good reason for her absence.---says she has no taste for company. I dare say now that half the families on Mrs. Morris's visiting list do not know of her niece's existence. She took her out of school two years ago. I missed her, and called to enquire the reason of her absence; and Mrs. Morris fearing I would make some talk about it, sent her again: Once a year at the close of my examination I give my scholars a party; and although I have always insisted upon Flora's coming, and she has sometimes promised that she would, Mrs. Morris has always some excuse for her staying at home."

"I went home with Burton to tea; and, between us all, Burton, his pretty wife and myself, we have got everything planned in a most satisfactory manner. Mr. Barton consented to know that the Morrises were to be at Mrs. Verne's this evening, so, as soon as there was a prospect of their being gone, I hastened here. And now I am the happiest man living," said he, kissing her again.

"What makes you wear that net! It is exceedingly unbecoming."

"Aunt Morris don't fancy curls."

"Fudge!" said he, pulling it off, and letting the luxurious hair fall in rippling curls on her shoulders; then, smoothing it with a caressing movement, he said, "You are going to Mrs. Burton's Thursday evening, are you not?"

"I cannot, Hubert."

"And why not. You are afraid of Madame Grundy, now, are you?"

"I will tell you. I have had so much to listen to that I had forgotten that I was a prisoner."

She related what the reader is already familiar with. Hubert was very angry, but he laughed gaily as he thought how Mrs. Morris would look when she found that all her plottings were of no avail. A nice long confidential chat they had, forgetting, meanwhile, how late it was getting, till Bridget opened the door with:--

"Excuse me, Miss; but if Mrs. Morris should come home and find you down stairs, I should be after losing my place."

Hubert rose to go, and kissing Flora tenderly, he said: "Good night, my little flower goddess--dare say it will be impossible for me to see you again before Thursday eve; meanwhile go about your duties as usual, and do not despair. Remember you have now a friend who will never desert you."

Flora went up stairs with a lighter heart than she had before for many a day. Bridget overtook her on the landing, and holding up a piece of gold, said: "Sure, an' I didn't nade this to make me remember to be kind to ye while ye are in the house. And the jintleman says, bless his kind face, that if I lose my situation I shall find a better one."

The long-looked-for Thursday eve arrived, Mr. Burton's elegant residence was filled with wealth, wit, youth and beauty. As Mrs. Morris and her daughters entered, they were surrounded by an eager crowd, clamorously inquiring after Flora; for that young lady, to all the humble opinion she had of herself, had many friends among her school-mates.

Mrs. Morris had caused the story to be circulated that sickness prevented her niece attending the classes at school, and now she replied to the eager questioners that dear Flora was very much better, but still she could not think of letting her be exposed to the evening air.

Tableaux were to be one of the features of the evening--in which some of Mr. Burton's scholars figured as actors--and all were eager for them to commence.---After a great deal of running back and forth, bustle and confusion they came at last; some very good and others indifferent, none worth mentioning till the last two. The first of these was called the Penny Marriage, representing a miserable looking couple, standing before a clergyman, taking the leap in the dark. Few would have recognized pretty Bessie May, who had appeared once before as Highland Mary, in this awkward looking creature dressed in calico, clinging to the hand of her lover. The next was the opposite of the last.

"The Diamond Wedding," said the master of ceremonies. The curtain went slowly up, disclosing--are they mistaken, or is that lovely creature in white satin with the diamonds sparkling on arms, neck and brow, Flora? And the noble looking man by her side is our friend, Hubert Lester.

A murmur of admiration ran around the room; but what is that? The clergyman steps forward, and the ceremony commences. Mr. Burton gives the bride away, and the solemn voice of the man of God pronounces them man and wife.

Poor Mrs. Morris! she sat near the stage; and as the curtain rose, and the ceremony went on, her face was a study.---Astonishment, anger, wounded pride and shame was in turn represented there; but she recovered herself, and was one of the first to offer her congratulations. In talking with friends, she bowing and smiling, and looking very knowing, told the tale of early love and romantic reunion, forgetting however the part she had played.---Although Mr. and Mrs. Lester forgave her for her wickedness and cruelty to the poor orphan, and kept it to themselves, the story, somehow, got round, and people smiled to hear Mrs. Morris and her daughters speak of the wealthy Mrs. Hubert Lester as "dear cousin Flora, and how very much we were attached to her when she lived in our family."

"Ah, me!" as Mrs. Partington says, "it takes all sorts of folks to make a world, and I'm glad I ain't one of them."

changed his life, the magistrates never investigated the wholesale murders of which he is said to have been guilty.

The morning after the wreck of the *Albion* when Bill was found "down about the beach, looking after the boats and that," many of the old fishers who had spent a long day searching after the corpses of those who had perished, held grave suspicions of the old wrecker's conduct, and many of them felt anxious to learn by what light the schooner had headed for the shore. Their next anxiety referred to the fact whether any of the St. Shott's boats had been outside any night during the week preceding the shipwreck.

Nobody except an old coaster, named Gwyn, who lives near the Short Landing of the harbor, knew anything of boats being out at night during that week. What he did know was very little, but it gave strength to the suspicion that there was something fishy about their not coming across any of seventeen bodies drowned in a place where corpses are always locked in by breakers and submarine ledges. Gwyn could state that upon Sunday night (23d inst.) he was sure that he heard a bolt strike against the steps near the Short Landing; but there was no splashing of oars, though he knew that the punt was in charge of somebody, as there was nothing launched at nightfall. He afterward heard noises such as are made in hoisting a boat upon the latent davits attached to the inner part of the wharf. This was circumstantial evidence of mystery in such a village as St. Shott's; for at this season no boats are left on the water, much less used, after dusk. The atmosphere of that coast is proverbially fufal and dangerous, and our fishermen are too experienced to trust their tiny boats to the weather at night. As the circumstances of the loss of the *Albion* had already produced an unpleasant feeling among the people of St. John's and Harbor Grace; the honest fishermen began to fear that the unaccountable disappearance of the bodies would seriously jeopard their good reputation. Their informal council on the beach of St. Shott's accordingly resolved to represent to the magistrate the suspicions which avoidable arose out of their experience of other shipwrecks.

Magistrate McConnell telegraphed at once for detective Curry, who has charge of the police barracks at Black Head, near St. John's, requesting him to come on and bring with him a few competent men. On Tuesday, the 24th inst., detective Currie and his men arrived at St. Shott's overland, and after communicating with the magistrate commenced operations. A whole day passed without yielding the least clue to any crimes having been committed, and detective Curry would have given up the case as fruitless, had he not heard that old Barnacle Bill had been seen "down about the beach, looking after the boats and that," a point which owed its importance to Bill's unchangeably secluded life. It was not every one in the village of St. Shott's who could tell the rude little path that led to the hut on Devil's Peak, where old William Hepburn hid himself from men, within hearing of the breakers. Several were found, however, to guide detective Curry and his men to Barnacle Bill's habitation, for which they set out on the morning of the 26th inst. On reaching the hut, the door was shut, and several minutes elapsed before old Bill was aroused, as he slept in the inner compartment of his dwelling. On hearing the storm of tapping at the windows and kicking at the door and walls around him, he seemed to arise and come forward. He appeared by popping a thick red night cap out of a little window at the rear of his house.

"Let me in," demanded detective Curry; "It's a nice morning, Bill."

"It's over zary to get me up at this hour; come time by," said the old man, hoarsely, withdrawing his head from the window, which he slammed.

"Let me in, sir, quick!" said Curry, tapping at the window, "Come, Bill, open your door."

Bill again opened the window, and not being accustomed to such treatment, he growled fiercely, and threatened Currie with violence if he continued to annoy him.

"Send in that door!" the detective ordered, and the men obeyed. The detective entering found a small but cozy and richly furnished room. Old Bill immediately rushed from the compartment in which he had been sleeping, and presented a long old-fashioned horse-pistol to detective Curry, who in an instant had him handcuffed and in custody. The old man cried bitterly, and under promises of treating the rude guests with civility begged to be released. A visit to the interior of Barnacle Bill's cabin revealed the most appalling sight. Detective Currie, on removing a curtain which divided the wrecker's bed from a chamber of horrors, exclaimed, "My God! what is this?" on beholding a heap of mangled corpses on the floor. Fingers, wrists, and ears, cut and torn from the bodies of women, evidently to procure the rings and other jewelry that lay around. The soiled silk dresses were folded beside the bodies, as all there were nine corpses, only one of which has yet been identified by detective Currie, as that of a young lady who belongs to a wealthy family in the Bay of Islands. The old wrecker is sullenly silent when asked anything in reference to the matter, speaks only of his wife, to whom he refers every thing. She has not been seen since the fearful discovery, the particulars of which, as far as I have related, only reached here this morning.

Corner Burton left on board the *seg Victoria*, which will return on Monday with the prisoner, detectives, and dead bodies. The news has almost created a panic in this city, where the passengers of the ill-fated *Albion* were so well known. A later account gives the confession of old "Barnacle Bill," who states that it was he who on the night referred to by the fishermen Gwyn, lowered a boat, and taking with him a young man named Hoop, proceeded to the scene of the shipwreck. Five bodies were recovered and