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. XVIII.] CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MONDAY, JUNE 22, 1868. [NO. 35

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.

COPPER PAINT!

A SUPPLY of "TARR & WONSON'S" genuine, in half gallon and gallon tins, just received and for sale at the "CITY HARDWARE STORE."

H. E. STARBIRD & CO.

May 11. 2m

R. RODDIN,

Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

Office:—Great George Street, Charlottetown.

(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)

September 3, 1866. tf

NEW PAINT SHOP!

THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the public in general, that he has opened a new **PAINT SHOP** above the Carriage Factory of McPhail & Hunter, Kent Street, where all orders left, either in the

House, Sign, or Carriage Painting,

will be attended to with punctuality, neatness, and on reasonable terms.

FRANCIS McGRORY.

Painter.

McPhail & Hunter's Carriage Factory, Kent St., Ch'town, May 4, 1868.

FAT HERRING!!

300 BBLS. Bay of Islands FAT HERRING just arrived per Schooners "Lettie" and "Foam," and for sale by

Ch'town, Dec. 23, 1867. I. C. HALL.

JUST RECEIVED!

BY RECENT ARRIVALS, and now FOR SALE by the Subscriber—

10 Hhds DuKuyper's GIN,
4 Qr. Casks Pure Cognac BRANDY,
30 Cases Glenary WHISKEY,
20 " Blended do
20 " GINGERETTE,
20 " Raspberry BALM,
10 Qr. Casks Fine Lochland WHISKEY,
1 " Casks " Sherry WINE
2 Crates Assorted EARTHENWARE,

ALL AT LOWEST PRICES.

WM. DODD, Auctioneer.

Ch'town, May 25, 1868.

ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.

QUEEN STREET.

Brenan's Buildings, Opposite Duncan's.

The Subscriber's beg to announce that on arrival of Brigs *Amphion* and *Volant*, from London and Glasgow, they will open at above address, a

FIRST CLASS GROCERY

AND

Wine & Spirit Store,

which will be known as the ITALIAN WAREHOUSE and will embrace every article usually found in such establishments.

In order that purchasers may receive the greatest possible value for their money, the Cash System will be observed as far as possible.

In advance of our regular Spring Stock, the following articles have been received, *to which we invite the* notice of intending buyers:

Extra Family and Superfine Flour,
Kiln dried Cornmeal, Bags
Cloves, and Bags Jamaica Coffee,
strictly prime Sugar, Bright Molasses,
casks Vinegar, casks Oil, Soaps,
Spices, Raisins, Leather, Apples,
Toilet Soaps, Woodenware,
&c. &c. &c.

MACEACHERN & CO.

Correspondents are particularly requested to address to

"ITALIAN WAREHOUSE."

Charlottetown, May 11, 1868. 2m

JUST ARRIVED!!

PER Steamship *ALHAMBRA*, and Schrs. *J. G. McGUIRE* and *FRANK*, and for sale by the Subscriber,

400 Bbls. extra and Superfine FLOUR.
50 do CORNMEAL,
10 Cases NAVY TOBACCO—a choice article,
100 Sides SOLE LEATHER.
30 Casks KEROSENE OIL.

I. C. HALL.

Ch'town, April 27, 1868.

NOTICE!

Postage Stamps.

FROM and after this date Postage Stamps will be sold at this office only between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m.

Persons wishing to post Letters before or after these hours, can procure stamps at the Stores of

D. Laird, H. A. Harvie,
E. Reilly, Mrs. Bremner,
Mrs. Stamper, G. Hubbard,
J. D. McLeod, Theoph. DesBrisay,
Jas. DesBrisay, H. Haszard,
G. & S. Davies, T. O'Connell.

THOS. OWEN, P. M. G.

General Post Office, Charlottetown, Dec. 7, 1867. rg

FRANCIS S. LONGWORTH,

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,

OFFICE—PAVILLION HOTEL,

(next door to Hon. Joseph Hensley's)

Charlotteto wn, - - - P. E. Island.

Jan. 14, 1867.

Pasture, Pasture, Pasture.

WELL WATERED PASTURE, on the Lower Royalty Road. Apply to

GEORGE COLES.

Charlottetown April, 22, 1868.

E. & N. A. RAILWAY.

1868 1868.

Summer Arrangement.

ON and after MONDAY, 11th MAY next, until futher notice, Trains will run as follows:

DOWN TRAINS—GOING EAST:

Leave St. John for Shediac and Point du Chene at 7 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

Leave St. John for Sussex at 5 p. m.

UP TRAINS—GOING WEST:

Leave Sussex for St. John at 6.15 a. m.
" Shediac for St. John at 7 and 11 a. m.

The 6.15 a. m. Train from Sussex, and the 11 a. m. Train from Shediac, as well as the 1.45 and 5 p. m. Trains from St. John will carry freight.

Freight from St. John for Sussex and stations WEST, will be sent by the 5 p. m. train only and must be delivered at that Station before 4 o'clock. Freight for Stations EAST of Sussex must be delivered at St. John before noon, daily.

Freight to be forwarded from Sussex, must be delivered at that Station at least ONE HOUR, and from other Stations than St. John, at least HALF AN HOUR before the advertised departure of any Freight Train.

Goods for Prince Edward Island must be accompanied with invoice or outward certificate of value, to prevent detention at Point du Chene.

Goods intended for exportation at St. John, to the United States, must, in addition to the invoice, when the value shall exceed $50,000, be accompanied by a U. S. Consul's Certificate.

LEWIS CARVELL, General Manager.

Railway Office, St. John, N. B. April 30, 1868.

B. WILSON HIGGS,

General Commission Merchant

AND

AUCTIONEER,

Charlottetown, ... P. E. Island.

May 27, 1867. 1y

A. McNEILL,

Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,

MASON'S THREE-STOREY BUILDING,

Dorchester Street.

Charlottetown, ... P. E. Island.

July 23. tf

WEST INDIA PRODUCE.

Now Landing ex "Helen Davies," from Demerara

109 Puncheons bright Muscovado MOLASSES.

33 Puncheons dark, for distilling,
50 " strong Demerara Rum,
30 bbls. moist Sugar,
5 hhds. " "
30 bbls. bright Vacuum Pan do.
1300 bushels Turk Island Salt.

Terms as usual.

Apply to J. & T. MORRIS, or to

DANIEL DAVIES.

Ch'town, May 11, 1868. 10 in

BELL'S

TAIORING ESTABLISHMENT.

NOTICE!

THE UNDERSIGNED takes this opportunity of returning thanks to the large number of his customers who have so promptly complied with his terms and paid for their work on delivery. There are, however, a considerable number who have not paid thus promptly; and he respectfully requests all such to call and pay their respective accounts without delay. He would further remind them that their respective amounts, although a trifle to each, would in the aggregate materially assist in making up some of the deficit which their indebtedness has occasioned

Feb 17, 1868. JOHN BELL.

A CARD.

MRS. COMBS desires to intimate to the ladies of Charlottetown, that she has opened a class to teach Wax Work in Flowers, and Baskets. Groups of Flowers made to order.

E. COMBS.

Residence opposite the Catholic Cathedral.

☞ Also, part of a house to rent.

ELEANOR COOMBS.

MOWING MACHINES

AND

HORSE RAKES.

A QUANTITY OF MOWING MACHINES, with several improvements added, are now being manufactured in Charlottetown. Also a number of HORSE RAKES, of the most improved pattern.

The manufacturers feel confident that the machines will give satisfaction to persons desirous of purchasing a real good

MOWING MACHINE

OR

HORSE RAKE

OF

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MANUFACTURE!!

The above can be sold on reasonable terms, and inspected at the

Seed and Implement Warehouse

of

BEER & SONS.

25th April, 1868. 3m

KING STREET,

NEAR WELSH & OWEN'S OFFICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER return thanks for past favors, and begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he has on hand

A Large Stock of Ready-made Mens' Boots, Shoes, and Gaiters; Womens' Balmoral. Elastic sides and other Boots.

ALSO,

250 pairs Children and Misses Boots,

which will be disposed of low for Cash.

JAMES STANLEY.

Ch'town, 18th May, 1868.

WE, the undersigned, Trustees of the late Mr. W. T. PETHICK, request all persons indebted to PETHICK'S BREWERY, to make immediate payment to HAMMOND JOHNSON, at his Dispensary, Kent Street, Ch'town

THOMAS PETHICK,
HENRY LONGWORTH,
HAMMOND JOHNSON.

April 20th, 1868.

JUST RECEIVED,

100 Bbls. Extra FLOUR, (warranted good).
30 Bbls. CORNMEAL,
50 Sides Sole LEATHER,
15 Bushels TIMOTHY SEED,
Lot of SUGAR and MOLASSES,

For sale at lowest market prices for CASH.

GEORGE HOWATT.

Crapaud, May 18, 1868.

A CARD.

William Stiggins,

Machinist.

(Next door to Wm. B. Allin's Tin Shop.)

Guns, Locks and Magnetic Machines, accurately repaired. Brands cut, Bell Hanging and Turning on the most reasonable terms.

Mill Gear supplied to order.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., May 18th, 1868. all city papers 3m

COAL AND LIMESTONE.

THE Subscriber is prepared to deliver small cargoes of

Coal and Limestone

at any of the Harbors, Bays or Navigable Rivers of P. E. Island, at shortest notice and on Moderate Terms.

A. McNEILL,

Ch'town, May 25, 1868. Auctioneer.

CLOVER SEED!

LEA'S RED CLOVER SEED.

BUY THE BEST

THE Subscriber has on hand a supply of Best Quality Red Clover Seed. Warranted free from Daisy.

For Cash Only!

HENRY A. HARVIE.

March 16, 1868.

LIGHT! LIGHT!!

Kerosene Oil,

at

WM. E. DAWSON'S.

March 23, 1868.

GOOD FIRES.

NOW selling at the Gas Works a quantity of very superior COKE at FIVE PENCE per Bushel. N. B. Coke will last longer and give a greater heat than Sydney Coal.

January 20, 1868. isl

NOTICE.

THE Subscribers hereby caution all persons indebted to the Estate of the late JAMES ROBERTSON, Esq., of Lot 34, to pay the several amounts to themselves alone, as their receipts only will be valid discharges for the same.

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, JOHN STEWART, Jun. Executors

St. Peter's Road, March 13, 1868 t

"ALHAMBRA."

THE STEAMSHIP *ALHAMBRA*, Nickerson, Master, until further Notice, will leave this Port every alternate THURSDAY, at 6 p. m. for HALIFAX and BOSTON, calling at CANSO.

RATES OF PASSAGE:

	Ladies' Cabin.	Gent's Cabin.	Forward.
To Boston,	50s.	55s.	45s.
" Halifax,	25s.	30s.	18s.
" Canso,	20s.	25s.	15s.

CARVELL BROTHERS,

May 18, 1868. Agents.

HAY. HAY. HAY.

IN consequence of the scarcity of FODDER the Subscriber has imported into ORWELL from Nova Scotia, FOUR CARGOES OF

UPLAND HAY,

which he will sell for CASH or PRODUCE!

R. J. CLARKE.

Orwell Cheap Store, May 25, 1868.

Freehold Property

FOR SALE!

Consisting of Town Lot No. 95, in the 4th hundred of Town Lots, in Charlottetown, together with the

Dwelling House & Work-shop,

and other improvements thereon. The above desirable property is beautifully situated in Fitzroy Street.

For particulars please apply to John Ball, Esqr., or to the owner on the premises.

WM. MEIKLE.

May 18th, 1868.

1868. FRESH SEED! 1868.

THE Subscriber has received a supply of FRESH SEEDS for early planting consisting in part of—

Melon, Cucumber, Tomato, Cauliflower, Lettuce, Raddish, and a choice variety of Cabbage Seed.

A large supply expected per "Amphion," from London.

W. . WATSON.

Victoria Building, May 4, 1868.

NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late JAMES ROBERTSON, Roselyn Cottage, St. Peter's Road, Township 34, Esquire, deceased, are requested to furnish the same, duly attested, to either of the undersigned, for settlement; and all parties indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

ALEX. ROBERTSON, JOHN STEWART, Jr. Executors.

Lot 34, Nov. 29, 1867. tf

Removal.

DR HOMER having every encouragement to locate in Charlottetown, and for want of larger and more convenient rooms, has removed to the building occupied by HENRY HASZARD, Esq., merchant, directly opposite the Apothecaries' Hall.

May 4, 1868.

Fresh Seeds from England

AT

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

A FEW Samples of early varieties of choice Garden and Flower Seeds. Remainder expected by first ships from Liverpool

T. DESBRISAY.

Charlottetown, April 15, 1868.

Tombs

MONUMENTS!

Headstones!

Marble Works!

Kent Street, - - - Charlottetown.

THE Subscriber has constantly on hand a LARGE STOCK OF MARBLE AND FREESTONE, and is prepared at any time to execute orders of every description, such as

Monuments, Tombs, Headstones and Tablets.

In point of workmanship, design and lettering, he feels confident that the work executed at his establishment heretofore will compare favorably with that from any other similar establishment in the Island.

The subscribor has for sale a large quantity of Shelling Stones for Mills, all sizes.

JOHN CAIRNS.

March 30, 1868 6m

ERSKIN'S

BRAHEE SUGAR POWDRS,

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.

New Cottons!
New Cottons!
New Cottons!
Just Opened!
Very Cheap!

DAVIES & WEEKS.

Queen Street, May 11, 1868.

A Fortune for Sale!

IN consequence of the death of the Proprietor, the Subscriber is instructed to offer for positive Sale, that beautifully situated well known property, the

Half Way House, Vernon River, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The Land consisting of about 40 acres, is in that state of cultivation that it has been for some years past, and will for years to come, yield a clear net profit, more than sufficient to pay the interest on the amount of purchase money asked for the whole establishment. As a money making investment this is an opportunity seldom equalled in these Provinces, which fact can be positively proved to any person about purchasing. The Stock of Liquors and Stock of Goods in the Store can be taken or not at the option of the purchaser.

For particulars, address,

GEORGE ADAMS,

Half-way House, Vernon River, May 18, 1868 tf

SHOP TO LET.

TO LET, one of the Shops in REDDIN'S NEW BUILDING, immediately adjoining the Drug Store of W. R. Watson, Esqr, Lower Queen Street. For a business stand this shop is not surpassed in the City. Possession can be given about the first of April next. Enquire of

B. D. REDDIN.

Charlottetown, Feb. 24, 1868.

Bristol Line to New York.

VIA BRISTOL, R. I.

FARE: Cabin, $2.

CARS leave the Depot of the Boston and Providence Railroad, Pleasant street, daily, Sundays excepted.

At 5.30 P. M.

For steamer PROVIDENCE, Capt. Benj. M. Simmons, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

For Steamer BRISTOL, Capt. Benj. B. Brayton, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Passengers going by this line to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, can connect with the New Jersey and Camden and Amboy Railroad.

This line connects also with the Athens line going to Saratoga and the West, landing at the same Pier in New York.

Baggage checked through.

Tickets, State Rooms and Berths can be secured at the Agent's office, Old State House, corner Washington and State streets, and at the Boston and Providence Railroad Depot.

GEO. SHIVERICK, Passenger and Freight Agent.

May 23, 1868. 3m

TURNIP SEED!

JUST RECEIVED, per *UNDINE* and FOR SALE at HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE Queen Street—

Skirving's Purple Top SWEDE,
Laing's do do do
King of the SWEDE,
Green Top do
YELLOW BULLOCK, (Green Top,)
WHITE NORFOLK,

Warranted FRESH and GOOD.

HENRY A. HARVIE.

May 25, 1868.

Carlton's

Condition Powders.

CANADA FLOUR!

Per Sch. "Notre Dame De Bonseur."

NOW LANDING—

300 Bbls. No. 1 Superfine FLOUR,
100 " Kiln Dried CORNMEAL,

R. W. BRECKEN.

Telegraph Building, Water St., May 25, 1868. 3m

Cloth Mill Machinery.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale, a METAL fulling STOCK, SHEARS and other Machinery for Cloth dressing.

Apply to

SAMUAL GURNEY.

Cove Head May 18th 1868.

HOW I TOLD MY LOVE.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.

Oh, the glories of a sleigh ride in the sparkling, bracing air of a Canadian winter! The sky clear and exhilarating—keenly bright, but with a different degree of lucidity from that of a bright summer's day. Broad expanding plains—the city receding behind us, as the horses, leaping onward to the music of their chiming bells, make for the broad, boundless country. The fir-forests are clasped in a shadow, ghostly slumber. Far away on our right are those pathless funereal groves where the wolves aggregate in hundreds. To the left lies a ridge of hills sloping down to the river, which is locked up in the iron manacles of the Winter King. A head, and right before us—whither we are bound—over waste, and plain, and clearing—lies a snugly-sheltered village, the head-quarters of the 'lumberer' and the *voyageur*. Our destination is not quite so far.

This said destination is a broad-spread, low-lying farmstead, with its almost numberless outhouses, consisting of cattle-sheds and dairies, corn-stores, roofings for winter fodder, wood stacks, and other concomitants surrounding the dwelling, all pallisaded by zig-zag fences, as so many out-works to protect the comfortable citadel. Within it, warm fires blaze and sparkle from the hue and odorous logs cracking on the broad, bounteous hearth. In the great common chamber, raftered and picturesque as an antique gothic hall, are warm hearts and flashing eyes. Boarded men and fair women are there—laughing maidens, and strapping young hunters, who have just shaken the snow off their furs at the portals. Despite the stern, yet musical barritone of the singing wind, as it goes by, stinging cheeks, biting noses into purple, and making the blood tingle, shouts of mirth and laughter rise above the boreal blasts; and our leaping sleigh, gliding—flying along rather—to the music of the soft musical bells, is fast, fast approaching its terminus.

'In the mean time,' asks the reader, 'who occupy this sleigh?' I hasten to answer,

First, there was your humble servant, the narrator, Dick Harding by name, but a few months back from the banks of the Isis, with the 'bar' in prospect, my 'governor' having a snug interest in the India House. I add a few of my personal *items* Rather good-looking; a fair shot; a stunning 'stroke-oar;' can hit with wonderful vigour straight out from the shoulder; am five-feet-ten and—growing; can play the fiddle, a game of pool, and have the temper of an angel. I had been of a party of venturous sportsmen, 'going in' for something worthy of Alexander and, with fishing-tackle, spears, and 'shooting-irons,' had done no inconsiderable execution among the denizens of the Canadian woods and sounding 'rapids,' and hunted the bear in his own bold and picturesque fastnesses.

Enough of myself. Now for my companions.

Place aux Dames therefore—for nestling by my side, wrapped up in rugs and and furs, is Lota d'Arville—a bright-eyed, rosy-lipped, laughing Canadian, as lovely a girl-woman of seventeen as glance of man ever rested complacently upon. The Canadian mother and the French father were expressed in her name. Her playful lambent eyes had exercised their sorcery upon me ere this; and the modulations of a voice unequalled for its low, soft sweetness, completed the young Syren's triumph. This by the way, for we had exchanged no confidences as yet on a subject very near to my heart.

We were bound to a merry sleighing party at Windy-gap Farm—ostensibly to a hunt upon a vast scale, which accounts for my two rifles and ammunition lying in the sleigh, and for the noble deer-hound, the third 'individual,' who had curled up his great body at our feet, and aided to keep them warm. I had known her brother—a young officer in the Canadian Rifles—had killed 'bar' at the 'Salt-licks' with him; had met Lota and her family on board a St. Lawrence steamer, and was now a guest at their house, enjoying their frank and bounteous hospitality.

'Hurrah!' Through the keen, sonorous air, sleigh and horses bound along! 'Cling—clang!' go the chiming bells. 'Crick—crack!' goes the long-thonged whip, with a sharp cherry significance. My 'Madawaska Cariole,' a sleigh which is the perfection of locomotion, is not less perfection than the fiery steeds, with their sinews of elastic steel, which I drive,

Driving sleigh-tandem is the easiest thing in the world, *when you are used to it*. I was a member of the 'Tandem Club,' and reckoned a crack hand, of course. I exulted in my skill now, as I bore my rosy companion flying through the air, and the whip went 'crick-crack!' like a double-barrel going off, and the sweet bells sang and chimed. 'Oh! sweet echoes of far distant wedding bells,' I thought—and the crisp snow was split and shattered into diamond dust under the grinding of the hoofs and the attrition of the 'runners;' and with an exhilaration I could not repress, I gave a vigorous 'hurrah!' which conveyed itself to Lota, wrapped up in moose and bear-skins, and warm as a toast. A sweet, girlish laugh echoed my exulting shout.

'You appear to enjoy this, Mr. Harding!' she said.

'If I don't——.' 'Crick—crack!' filled up the hiatus. What a pair of beauties! Phœbus Apollo never drove their like down the steeps of heaven! The wily Ithacan never 'raised' such cattle when he cleared the stables of Rhesus of his horses! 'Crick—crack! and the horses neigh and toss their arching necks, and the bells are chiming and tinkling, and the mad, exulting rush uplifts one like wine.

I remark, to myself, that the sky has deepened into an intense, still darkening blue—darkening with a strange, unearthly, tenebrious inkiness, betokening a coming snow-storm. No matter—'Windy-gape' is right ahead, and the welcome lights will blaze out of the casements soon, for the afternoon is wearing.

On we go—but I do not see them yet; and yet—but no—it's all right! Are you warm—quite snug, dear Lota?' said I, half turning to look at the rosy, exquisite face peeping forth with so much furtive coquetry from its *encadrement* of white cosy furs.

'Oh! *so* comfortable,' she answered, with a nesteling movement, and a smile which made my heart leap joyously upward.

But my attention was called away to the creeping, crefuscliar inkiness of the sky. It was light, yet not day light but *blue* light—to coin a word; that wintry hue of livid darkening steel always the precursor to a fierce change in the weather. This only made the long level plains of snow gleam with a lustre the more dazzling and intense. I remarked this, but with a momentarily divided and wavering sense.

I had never (familiarly as we had grown, and I was 'honest as the skin between your brows,' as *she* was in fact)—I had never said '*dear* Lota' before, and the words were yet in mine ears like a sweet old burthen. I loved her with all my heart and soul, but I had never told it. I yearned to tell her so now; but I thought it scarcely fair—not up to the mark of my manhood—o take what seemed an unfair advantage of the protection I was supposed to extend over her. I magnanimously resolved to wait—choking down the words—but not for long.

Meantime, 'Crick—crack!' went the long whip, and still 'cling—clang' went the chiming bells, and the horses held on with unabated pace and splendid vigour, but—*where* had 'Windy-gape' gone to all this time, for time was up, and we should be there by this?

'Goodness!' exclaimed Lota, all at once, how strange the sky looks; we shall have more snow—a heavy fall to.'

'I fear so,' I replied, 'but *n'importe*, we'll soon be out of it.'

'We are very long, I fancy,' she continued, reflectively; 'you have driven there quicker than this before. Oh, Heaven!' she cried, with the suddenness of a revelation, 'can we have *lost the track*?'

The blank question harped with a horrible jar on my most vivid fears. Now or never was the time to be quite cool.

'No I think not' I replied, with assumed carelessness; 'we shall come to our landmark, presently.'

'A clump of firs—an old mill, farther on; yes,' she added, 'I recollect; but we should have passed them long ere this. Oh I fear we are lost!'

A cold chill seized me as I tacitly admitted that she was in the right. I could not account for my error, if such was the case. I looked round the horizon, but beheld no friendly sign; it was only a circle gathering closer, and growing darker the while.

Suddenly my brave deer-hound lifted up his head, and uttered a low growl. The horses gave a startled swerve just as suddenly A strange, lugubrious, but appalling sound came all at once from windward, wailing like a death cry—a prolonged, awful, groaning discordance—over the white gleaming snow; and then it died away.

The horses halted tremblingly; only the shivering twinkle of the bells broke the death-silence that fell like an eclipse over all.

'What is *that*?' asked Lota, in a shuddering whisper as she clutched my arm.

I listened. 'It is the wind sighing, and dying away in the pine forest,' I answered.

'And we do not go near the fordst,' she said. 'Hark! there it is again. Oh, what—*what* can it be?'

Again the indescribably hideous and lugubrious sound broke forth; clearer—nearer. It increased; it multiplied; the horrible *crescendo*, howling, shrieking, and reavenging, was not that of the wind this time.

'Merceful God!' gasped Lota; 'The Wolves!'

I never understood, till that moment, what the concentrated essence of literal, deadly horror might mean. I never experienced the shock before, or since; and I have, in my hunting excursions, faced my danger and played out the game manfully. To have lost the way was terrible enough; but the wolves! and Lota! An instant I was numb and dumb.

It was true, however. The severity of the weather, the migration or scarcity of the animals on whom these unclean creatures preyed, had made their hunger a raging, devouring madness. They were encroaching on civilized territory, and losing their usual characteristic and craven cowardice—were approaching the habitations of men, haunting village and settlement. Woe to those in their path! As the infernal howl rose lingeringly again the horses darted away with a shrill neigh of fear, and I guided them—beginning to recover myself—in an opposite direction, while 'Terror,' my noble hound, stood up with every fang bared, and every hair erect, waiting for the enemy he had already scented.

If my good horses had gone on so admirably at first, they sped of now like arrows from the bow, for the madness off fear added wings to their speed, as that of hunger did to our pursuers. I was growing cool; Lota was pale, but calm. I felt proud of her, though it was certain that if we escaped not speedily the brutes would run us down; and then, horror of horrors! what a fate for *her*.

I had two rifles, a revolver, ammunition, a spear, and a wood hatchet in the sleigh. I conveyed my intention to Lota. 'Can you load these weapons with those cartridges?' I asked.

'Yes,' was the answer; and she loaded the 'Fuller' and a 'Manton' with true hunter's skill. I took one rifle—looked back—the pack was increasing. I fired, and Lota loaded; and one after another fell, to be devoured by their ravenous comrades; and still the horses sped on. The accursed things were for all this gaining ground. Doubts, fears, hopes, trembling were at my heart as I turned to the sweet girl whose life or death were all in all to me, and said:

'Lota! if we die together *remember that I loved you—none but you!* I tell you now, if I may never again.'

'Kill me first,' she whispered; 'I hear your words; I echo them. You have my heart. Richard ——'

'Oh, Lota! best beloved! what a moment to confess; and I know not if I feel pain or gladness most.'

'There are now no secrets between us,' said Lota, smiling; 'take this rifle; give me—the pistol; one kiss—soh! they come. Save me from *them* at any cost.'

I thought my ears would have split at their dreadful yells, for they were now upon us, opening out to surround us; and though the heroes held bravely on, I dreaded, every instant, that sheer terror would paralyze them. It is scarcely possible to conceive the unutterable horror that was circling us both; young lovers with beating hearts for ever, from that hour, interchanged with each other

With lolling tongues, eyes of flame, hoarse, deep growls, they had ceased to bay and howl; they were closing in upon us. I remarked one huge monster in advance of the rest; his object evidently being to leap into the sleigh from behind. I fired—and *missed* him! The next moment his huge bulk came scrambling over the back; his paws were on me; his fiery breath on my cheeks; and I expected, as I murmured a short prayer, to feel the fangs of the abhorrent brute in my flesh. A flash!—a crash!—a gush of blood—and the creature tumbled backward, shot through the throat, to the spine, by my brave Lota! Then I plied hatchet, and split skull after skull, while the sleigh tore on; but I was giving up all hope, and turning round—Oh, Heaven!—to spare my darling a more hideous fate, when shots and shouts rang around, and troops of dogs and hunters came swiftly to our aid, and—and we were *saved*.

Providence had directed the sleigh to 'Windy-gap;' our firing reached the hearing of our friends, and brought them out in hot haste to aid us. We were *saved*; and as I bore her fainting form into the hospitable hall, and clasped her tenderly to my breast, you may guess how sincere was the gratitude I breathed to Heaven.

It was the prelude to a wedding, which occurred soon afterwards; and you may be sure I never forgot my fight with the wolves, how pluckily my noble Lota backed me, or the somewhat original but *apropos* mode in which 'I Told my Love.'

THE WIDOW OF GEN. MIRAMON.

Madame de Miramon, the widow of the Mexican General, who was executed at Queretaro with Maximilian, had a private audience of the Empress Eugenie recently. Her Majesty conversed with this lady for more than an hour, an asked her numerous questions about the Queretaro tragedy. Before taking leave the Empress informed Madame de Miramon that a pension of 6,000fr. a year would be granted her from her Majesty's private purse. As Madame de Miramon is already in receipt of a pension from Vienna, the total loss of her fortune is compensated for to an extent which could hardly have been hoped for, but some of her friends think the Court of Belgium ought to contribute

THE EXECUTION OF MICHAEL BARRETT, THE CLERKENWELL CONSPIRATOR.

The *Times* of May 27th, in its account of the execution, gives the following particulars: "The convict Barrett had retired to rest about 10 on the previous evening, and, having spent a somewhat restless night, rose at 6 yesterday morning, dressed himself, and engaged in prayer. Shortly afterward he was joined in his cell by the Rev. James Hussen, attached to the Roman Catholic Chapel in Moorfield, who had attended him regularly since his conviction, and who remained with him to the last. It is understood that he received the Sacrament one day last week, and again yesterday morning. Toward 8 o'clock the Sheriffs paid him a visit, accompanied by the Governor, and then retired to a part of the prison leading to the scaffold, where the rest of the authorities and the public representatives had already assembled. His face had lost the florid hue it then wore, and in other respects he was an altered man.

With the first sound of the bells came a great hungry roar from the crowd outside, and a loud continued shout of "Hats off," till the whole dense, bareheaded mass stood white and ghastly looking in the morning sun, and the pressure on the barriers increased so that the girls and women in the front ranks began to scream and struggle to get free. Amid such a scene as this, and before such a dense crowd of white faces, Barrett was executed. His clergyman came first. Barrett mounted the steps with the most perfect firmness. This may seem a stereotyped phrase, but it really means more than is generally imagined. To ascend a ladder with one's arms and hands closely pinioned would be at all times difficult, but to climb a ladder to go to certain death might try the nerves of the boldest. Barrett walked up coolly and boldly. His face was as white as marble, but still he bore himself with firmness, and his demeanor was as far removed from bravado as from fear. We would not dwell on these details, but from the singular reception he met as he came out upon the scaffold. There was a partial burst of cheers, which was instantly accompanied by loud hisses, and so it remained for some seconds, till, as the last moment approached, the roars dwindled down to a dead silence. To neither cheers nor hisses did the culprit make the slightest recognition. He seemed only attentive to what the priest was saying to him, and to be engaged in fervent prayer. The hang-man instantly put the cap over his face and the rope round his neck. Then Barrett, turning, spoke through his cap and asked for the rope to be altered, which the hangman did. In another moment Barrett was a dead man. After the bolt was drawn and the drop fell with the loud boom which always echoes from it, Barrett never moved. He died without a struggle. It is worthy of remark that a great cry rose from the crowd as the culprit fell—a cry which was neither an exclamation nor a scream, but it partook in its sound of both. With the fall of the drop the crowd began to disperse, but an immense mass waited till the time for cutting down came, and when 9 o'clock struck there were loud calls of "Come on, body snatcher!" "Take away the man you've killed!" &c. The hangman appeared and cut down the body amid such a storm of yells and execrations as has seldom been heard even from such a crowd. There was nothing more then to be seen, so the concourse broke up with its usual concomitants of assault and robbery. Barrett was an Irishman by birth, about 27 years of age, of a thick-set, muscular figure, rather below the average height, and with a prepossessing countenance. He was unmarried, and by trade a stevedore. His behaviour in prison was uniformingly becoming, and he bore himself to the last with great fortitude, submitting himself at the same time with affectionate docility to the exhortations of his priest, and gratefully received the consolations of religion. He was never unduly buoyed up by the efforts made out of doors to reverse his sentence, but rather welcomed the repeated respites as affording him further time to prepare himself for the worst, should it come to that. He died without making any confession of the crime of which he was convicted, so far as any of the authorities are informed. Yet there was this peculiarity about him, as observed more than once by one of the authorities in his visits to him after sentence, that he never absolutely denied his guilt. On those occasions, whenever he referred to the crime, he always said he had been convicted on insufficient evidence, and that he was not guilty of murder.

THE ORANGE RIOTS AT ASHTON.

Twenty three persons—eight Irish and fifteen English—were examined before the Ashton magistrates on Wednesday, on the charge of having taken part in the disgraceful riots of Sunday and Monday. Of the Irish prisoners, all but one was committed for trial. The fifteen Englishmen have been remanded on a charge of having been concerned in the disturbances at Stalybridge. It will be remembered that a woman was reported to have been trampled to death at Ashton. It appears, however, that the surgeon who made the *post mortem* examination of the bod ycould find no traces of external violence, and the coroner's jury have found that death was caused by fright.—The Rochdale magistrates have ordered 3,800 copies of one of Murphy's publications which were found in a house in that town, to be destroyed.

MURPHY AT BURY.

Last night (Wednesday) was fixed for Murphy's first lecture at Bury, and the streets of the town presented an appearance of great excitement from an early hour in the evening. On the lecturer entering his tent a pistol was fired, whether at him or by him our reporter does not state. Before the proceedings had been opened a noise arose outside, and nearly the whole of the audience rushed out. One of the Murphyites, tucking up his shirt-sleeves, brandished a sword, and said that if the others would follow him they would 'clear them all out of Bury,' meaning, it is supposed, the militia, who were said to have created the disturbance. The invitation, however, was not accepted, and comparative order was soon restored. At the close of the lecture Murphy was escorted to his lodgings. The streets were crowded, and several fights took place as a consequence, but nothing serious occurred. In the course of his address Murphy spoke of the persecution which he said he had constantly to endure, and suggested retaliation by repeating the following elegant lines:—

'And shall Murphy die; and shall Murphy die?
Then 30,000 Lancashire clogs shall show the reason why.'

—*Manchester Guardian.*

Murphy has invaded the quiet neighborhood of Bury and has succeeded in creating disturbances there, much in the same way as he had done previously at Blackburn, Bacup, Rochdale, Dukinfield, and Ashton-under-Lyne. He went there yesterday, and pitched his tent in Freetown, which is the quarter of the borough mostly inhabited by the Irish working class. He calls his tent the 'Protestant tent,' and announces himself as an Anti-Popery lecturer, knowing that most of the Irish are Papists. Last night he was accompanied from his lodgings to his tent by some hundreds of his so-called 'Protestant' friends, and it is said that as he entered an attempt was made by a Militia man to strike him. This was a signal for a row. A great number of Irish were there, and among them some Militiamen out for drill at Bury. A collision immediately occurred, and an indiscriminate fight led to the interference of the police, a body of whom