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. XI. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, February 25, 1861. New Series.---No. 8

Ex "Gazelle" from Liverpool, and "Carrie M. Rich" from Boston.

THE Subscribers have received their FALL STOCK GENERAL MERCHANDIZE, comprising a large a well selected Stock of

DRESS MATERIALS,

in French Marine, plain and striped Winceys, Gala Plaids, Coburgs, Alapacas, &c.

MANTLES, MANTLE CLOTHS & SHAWLS,

in great variety. RIBBONS, Velvet Trimmings, Scarfs, Flowers, Plumes, &c. A few magnificent

HEAD DRESSES,

GLOVES, Hosiery, Silks, Velvets, Linens Muslins, grey and white COTTONS, Prints, striped Shirtings, WARPS, Tickings, Blue Denims, Drills, &c.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHS,

in Cassimere, Doeskins, Pilots, Beavers, Whitneys, Broad Cloths, &c.

HARDWARE:

Table and Pocket Cutlery; Edge Tools; Saws, Files, Hinges, Locks, Screws, Saddlery, &c.

GROCERIES:

TEA, Coffee, Brown and Crushed SUGAR, Molasses Raisins, Currants, Candles, Soap, Spices and Dry Saltery.

—ALSO—

80 bags Nails and Spikes
60 boxes best Smithwick Glass
150 kegs Paints—black, white, blue, red, yellow & green
6 casks Linseed and Pine Oil
4 do Spirits Turpentine and Burning Fluid
248 coils Hemp and Manilla Cordage
6,600 yds Hemp and Cotton Canvass
26 cwt Sanderson's best cast, spring and shoeing Steel
50 tons Iron—various sizes
3,000 bushels Salt
67 Crates and Casks

GLASS, CHINA AND EARTHENWARE

With large stock of Pitch, Tar, Rosin, Oakum, Warping Chocks, Windlass Gear, Hawse Pipes; Bright and Naptha Varnish; Buckets, Brooms, Trunks, Buffalo Robes, &c.

Wholesale and Retail.

W. W. LORD & Co.

Charlottetown, November 26, 1860.

Tea, Sugar, Crushed Sugar, Raisins, &c.

THE Subscriber will sell by Auction, at his Sale Room, Queen-street, on TUESDAY, the 12th February, at 11 o'clock, the following Goods:

40 Chests TEA, warranted a good article,
5 Hhds. SUGAR, 25 bbls. do., 6 bbls. Crushed do.,
6 Nests Washing TUBS,
3 Doz. KEGS, from 16 to 3 gallons,
1 Case Women's India Rubber SHOES,
3 Doz. " " BOOTS,
3 Doz. Misses " do.
3 Doz. Men's " do.
2 Doz. Men's long Knee BOOTS,
25 Boxes RAISINS, 25 half do., 25 quarter do.,
30 Boxes PIPES, 20 doz. BUCKETS,
20 Doz. BROOMS, 3 doz. Wash BOARDS,
3 Doz. Hemp Door MATS,
20 CHEESE, 12 boxes SOAP,
5 Puns. MOLASSES. 20 boxes CANDLES.

TERMS.—All sums under £10, cash: over £10, Three months' credit, on approved Joint Notes of Hand.

Jan. 28, 1861. ALEX. McKINNON, Auctioneer.

For Sale or to Let,

THAT very conveniently situated BUSINESS STAND, on the West side of Souris Harbor, adjoining the Bridge, and at present in the occupation of Mr. Neil McDonald, containing 2¼ acres of Land, together with the Dwelling Houses, Stores, Wharf, Fish Flakes, &c. &c.

D. BLACKWOOD.

Charlottetown, January 21, 1861. 4i

For Sale,

THAT FARM, consisting of 59 acres, lately occupied by Richard Milford, Esqr., situate on Mill Creek, West River. On the Farm is an excellent Dwelling House, as well as new Out-buildings, consisting of Barn, Sheep-house, &c. Within a mile of the Farm are both Grist and Saw Mills, as well as Blacksmiths' Forges and a Cartwright, and a short distance from the shore is a never-failing bed of muscle-mud. For further particulars apply to Mr. William E. Dawson, Charlottetown, or to

April 18, 1859. (tf.) JOHN MILFORD, Royalty.

RECEIVED.

PER late arrivals, and for Sale by the Subscriber—
250 Barrels extra and superfine FLOUR,
50 Barrels Pastry do
80 Sides New York SOLE LEATHER
60 Half-chests superior TEA
3000 Gunny Bags (cheap bags for grain)
All of which will be sold LOW for Cash.

MORIN LOWDEN.

Peake's Brick Building, January 7 1861

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has been empowered by a power of Attorney to collect all debts due to JOHN McPHEE, formerly of Souris, P. E. Island. Begs to notify all persons indebted to him to have their respective accounts settled on or before the 15th inst., otherwise they will be sued after that date without distinction of persons.

ARCHIBALD McPHEE.

I HEREBY notify that I have appointed Mr. Richard Hayes, of Souris, my Attorney to collect the above.

ARCHIBALD McPHEE.

Big Pond, Lot 45, January 3, 1860.

Grain, Grain.

THE highest price given for BARLEY and OATS at

Coles's Brewery and Distillery.

Constantly on hand at prices cheaper than can be purchased in the Market, the best of Rum, Brandy, Gin, Whiskey, and a superior article of old Malt Whiskey. Also—X, XX, and XXX Ale.

Charlottetown, November 14, 1860.

FOR SALE.

7,000 TO 8,000 bushels of dry heavy OATS,
1,000 bushels BARLEY,
30 tubs BUTTER,
200 bushels OYSTERS,

Now ready for shipment at Orwell, as fast as they can be taken on board.

—ALSO—

1 Cargo good sound POTATOES.

For particulars, enquire of
ALEX. McKINNON, Charlottetown,
PATRICK STEPHENS, Orwell.

Nov. 5. tf

PISCATAQUA

Fire & Marine Insurance Co.

OF MAINE.

STOCK DEPARTMENT.

Authorized Capital, $500,000. Capital Subscribed and Secured, $253,445.76.

HON. JOHN N. GOODWIN, Prest. OBED P. MILLER, Vice Prest.
SHIPLEY W. RICKER, Secretary.

DIRECTORS.

HON. JOHN N. GOODWIN, OBED P. MILLER, SHIPLEY W. RICKER,
DAVID FAIRBANKS, ASNER OAKES, JOHN A. PAINE,
F. W. DE ROCHEMONT.

Fire Insurance on Dwellings, Furniture, Warehouses, Public Buildings, Mills, Manufactories, Stores, Merchandise, Ships in Port, or while building, and other property. Inland Insurance on Goods to all parts of the country. Marine Insurance on Vessels, Cargo and Freight to all parts of the World.

POLICIES ISSUED AND FURTHER INFORMATION OBTAINED OF

J. S. CARVELL, Agent.

Charlottetown, January 7, 1861. 1y—all papers.

Liquors and Groceries.

Great George and Kent Streets.

N. RANKIN would respectfully invite the attention of his friends, and the public generally, to his choice and well selected STOCK of

LIQUORS & GROCERIES.

They are all imported from the very best markets, and for excellence of quality and moderate prices, he feels confident they cannot be surpassed by any house in the City.

LIQUORS—Brandy, Holland's Gin, High Wines, fine old Jamaica Rum, Port and Sherry Wine, Highland and Belmont Whiskeys, Champaigne London Porter and Scotch Ale.
CORDIALS—Novau, Curacao, Maraschino, Cherry Brandy, Lemon Syrup and Raspberry Vinegar.
SUGARS & TEAS—Porto Rico and Scotch Sugars; Congo, Souchong, and Young Hyson Teas.
PRESERVED FISH—Salmon, Mackerel, Lobsters, Sardines, Yarmouth Bloaters and Dutch Anchovies.
PICKLES & SAUCES—Mixed Pickles, Chow-chow, Cauliflower, West India Pickles and Peppers, Cayenne Pepper, Carrie Powder, Mulligatawny Paste, Soyer's, John Bull, Worcestershire and Harvey's Sauce, Extract Coffee, Olive Oil, French Capers, Flavouring for Cake, Mixed Spice
PRESERVED FRUITS—East India Ginger, Lemon and Citron Peel, French Olives, shelled Almonds, Currants, Raisins, Calf's-feet and Red and Black Currant Jellies, Gelatine, American and Annapolis Apples.
VARIETIES—Molasses, London W. W. Vinegar, Tobacco, Cigars, whole and ground Coffee, Split Peas, Beans, Rice, Pearl Barley, Arrowroot, Baking Powder, Butter Powder, Brown Windsor, Fancy and No. 1 Family Soaps; Tallow and Sperm Candles, Table Salt, Matches, Starch, Blue, Durham Mustard, Copperas, Allum, Blue stone, Whiting, Glue, Putty, Cod and Seal Oil, Burning Fluid, Military and Walker's Caps, Minnie Musket Balls, T. P. and F. O Powder; 10 doz. Stone Jars from quart up to 3 gallons; Soda, Butter and Water Biscuit; American and Hyde's Cheese

January 7, 1861.

GREAT

SELLING OF!

IN consequence of the DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP, the Subscriber will sell off his very extensive *STOCK*, at an immense reduction from usual prices,

FOR CASH ONLY.

All intending purchasers will find this a golden opportunity, as by purchasing at this establishment they will save a portion of their money.

The subscriber begs now to thank his numerous customers for their liberal patronage, during the continuance of the late Firm, and would assure them that, for the future, he will endeavour to retain their custom, and keep up the well known name of the

"British Dry Goods Store,"

by importing GOOD STOCKS and selling them at the most reasonable prices.

☞ The business will now be conducted on the CASH system

January 7, 1860. J. H. TURNER.

Fresh Fruit, Sugar, &c.

EX "HELENA," from New York—
40 quarter } Fresh
14 halves } RAISINS,
16 boxes } very cheap,
18 barrels Crushed SUGAR,
Kegs CURRANTS, 8d. per lb
Drums FIGS, 2s and 3s per drum.

—IN WAREHOUSE—

Hogsheads Porto Rico SUGAR
Puncheons MOLASSES
Chests and half-chests warranted TEAS
Boxes prime family SOAP
Dozens Corn BROOMS
Casks Burning FLUID
20 English Dairy CHEESE
Kegs Baking SODA
Boxes Coffee and Ginger
50 dozen BUCKETS.

Wholesale and Retail, at low Prices.

C. C. VAUX.

Glasgow House, December 31, 1860.

BARQUE "GAZELLE."

THE Owners of the above Vessel beg to thank the Mercantile Public for the liberal patronage received during the period she has been on the line between this Port and Liverpool; and having now heard of her safe arrival in Liverpool, after completing satisfactorily three round voyages since the 5th of April last, they have much pleasure in referring to the following arrangements for the season of 1861—trusting that the public will recognise the advantages to be obtained by the opportunity of importing three times in place of twice only,—and they would also intimate that should any accident occur to prevent this vessel from performing her voyages as advertised, another ship will be immediately put on to prevent the possibility of a disappointment:

A 1, BARQUE "GAZELLE,"

400 tons burthen, R. CAMERON, Commander, will sail from LIVERPOOL for P. E. Island as follows:—

26th MARCH;
26th JUNE;
26th SEPTEMBER.

For Freight or Passage—(having superior accommodations), please apply in Liverpool to Messrs. DAVID CANNON, SONS & Co., or to the owners, W. W. LORD & CO.

Charlottetown, January 14, 1861. 4w

Freight and Passage from London.

A FIRST CLASS fast-sailing Brig of 250 tons Register, will sail from London for this Port First Week in APRIL next. For FREIGHT or PASSAGE, apply in London to JOHN PITNAIRY & SONS, 69 Cornhill; at Charlottetown, to the Subscribers

RATES OF FREIGHT.—Measurement Goods 20s.; Dead weight 17s. 6d. per Ton; Single Packages not exceeding ¼ ton, 10s. 6d. each; Parcels 5s., with customary Primage, payable here.

D. G. & S. DAVIES, Agents.

Charlottetown, February 11, 1861. 4w

FARM FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a fine FARM, consisting of 56 acres, situated on the Seven Mile Bay Road, about half mile from the Shore, where abundance of Manure (seaweed) can be procured. 25 acres of the above Farm is in a high state of cultivation. On the Premises are a good House and Barn, nearly finished. There is also a Saw Mill joining the Farm, one-third of which will be sold with the Farm.

The subscriber also offers for Sale a BUILDING LOT, situate at Summerside. Terms made known by application to the subscriber.

ARCHIBALD McINNIS.

Seven Mile Bay, Lot 27, Feb'y 18, 1861. 3i

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Subscriber must pay up the balance of their Accounts before the last day of March next. Those who do not will be sued.

JOHN PARKER.

St. Peter's Bay, Feb. 18, 1861. 5w

MEDICAL NOTICE.

ELZEAR D. GAUVREAU, M. D.

McGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada.

Office at Mr. W. McKay's, Dorchester Street, Ch. Town. May be consulted daily between the hours of 9. a.m. and 4 p.m

October 2, 1860.

J. & T. MORRIS,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Flour, Leather, &c.,

Import direct from Liverpool, New York and Boston.

Charlottetown, Dec. 3, 1860. 3m.

ALEXANDER McKINNON,

AUCTIONEER

AND

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,

QUEEN STREET,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

☞ OFFICE in the same Building as A. H. Yates, Esq.

Literature.

A COLLOQUY WITH MYSELF.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

What are Riches? Hoarded treasures
May, indeed, the coffers fill;
Yet like earth's most fleeting pleasures,
Leave thee poor and heartless still.

What are Pleasures? When afforded,
But are gauds which pass away,
Read their fate in lines recorded
On the sea-sands yesterday.

What is Fashion? Ask of Folly,
She her worth can best express,
What is moping Melancholy?
Go and learn of Idleness.

What is Truth? Too stern a preacher
For the prosperous and gay;
But a safe and wholesome teacher
In adversity's dark day.

What is Friendship? If well founded
Like some beacon's heavenward glow,
If on false pretensions grounded,
Like the treacherous sand below.

What is Love? If earthly only,
Like a meteor of the night;
Shining but to leave more lonely
Hearts that hailed its transient light;

But when calm, refined, and tender,
Purified from passion's stain,
Like the morn, in gentle splendour,
Ruling o'er the peaceful main.

What are Hopes, but gleams of brightness,
Glancing darkest waves between?
Or foam-crested waves, whose whiteness
Gladden's ocean's darksome green?

What are Fears? Grim phantoms, throwing
Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way,
Every moment darker growing,
If we yield unto their sway.

What is Mirth? A flash of lightning,
Followed but by deeper gloom;
Patience, more than sunshine, bright'ning
Sorrow's path and labour's doom.

What is Time? A river, flowing
To Eternity's vast sea,
Forward whither all are growing,
On its bosom bearing thee.

What is Life? A bubble, floating
On that silent rapid stream;
Few, too few, its progress noting,
Till it bursts and ends the dream.

What is Death? Asunder rending
Every tie we loved so well;
But the gate of life unending,
Joy in heaven! or woe in hell!

USE THE PEN.

Use the pen! there's magic in it.
Never let it lag behind;
Write the thought, the pen can win it
From the chaos of the mind;
Many a gem is lost forever,
By a careless passer by,
But the gems of thought should never
On the mental pathway lie.

Use the pen! reck not that others
Take a higher flight than thine;
Many an ocean cave still smothers
Pearls of price beneath the brine;
But the diver finds the treasure.
And the gem of light is brought;
So thy mind's unbounded measure
May give up some pearl of thought.

SHAWN BUIE.

A LEGEND OF KILKEE.

The period of these recollections was long antecedent to the invasion of polite society upon the simple manners and customs of the west of Ireland. The wild and barren scenery of that portion of the county of Clare which forms a barrier against the waves of the Atlantic, seemed to have communicated to the inhabitants much of its own rough character. Uninitiated in those wiles which attend the increase of population and knowledge, there was among them little to disturb the harmony of their local society. Dishonesty was scarcely known. They were willing to contribute to the relief of each other's wants, and always ready to befriend the needy. Their habits were those of plain fishermen. Fearlessly launching their corraghs, or horse-skin canoes, when the weather permitted, they obtained a precarious livelihood. Constant associations with the steep and rugged face of the precipices had rendered them daring. Accustomed to follow the seal into his hiding-places, agility and strength were cultivated in them. It was their wont to scale the cliffs in search of the sea-fowl's nest; and to descend when the retiring sea had left the seal asleep on the benches of the cavern; so that through constant intercourse with dangers, they at last became so familiarized with peril that they scorned fear. Their amusements were as simple as their pursuits. The country dance on the village green, the donky race, or bowling match, constituted their principal source of enjoyment.

For a considerable period previous to the date of this narrative these had been the customary habits of the residents of Kilkee. Its domestic scenery, now so highly prized, was then but little known; its extensive strand was more frequently used as a race-course than a bathing place. Little of its original appearance can now be traced: the central village green has been covered with buildings for summer visitors; the semi-circular bay which then presented to the eye but heather and wildness, is now adorned with lodges of every shape and size.

There are few occurrences in human life which press more heavily on the heart than the change we sometimes witness in places which had been the scenes of youthful enjoyment. We sigh over the simplicity of our former pursuits, and the wreck of the scenes where they occurred. How vividly do we recall the natural wildness of the scenery of Shawn Buie's exploits, now for ever defaced, or the innocence of the inhabitants now also undiscoverable.

Among other evil consequences, at first, increasing social intercourse, the practice of smuggling for some time held a prominent place. It had just been introduced at the period of Shawn Buie's history. Previous to that time, the forbidding aspect of the coast kept vessels of every description aloof. None ventured near enough even to reconnoitre; and the Excise department considered the expense of an establishment of police to be an unnecessary demand on government funds. This was natural, considering the appearance of the shore, which for miles together presented an unbroken extent of precipitous rock elevated from fifty to three hundred feet above the level of the sea. The indentations on its breast, the caverns and creeks, formed by the projecting fragments torn from the parent cliff by some great convulsion of nature, were lost to the eye at the distance to which vessels ventured to approach; and, indeed, could they have been more narrowly inspected, they would not have furnished a much greater inducement to become better acquainted with them, as in almost every instance they are quite as incessible as the perpendicular cliff itself. These excavations from the great body of the land cause, in many instances, appearances the most romantic. Their variations are fantastic, producing endless alternations in height, depth, width, and prominence. Encouraging the curious wanderer into situations at one time perfectly safe of approach, at another dangerous in the extreme.

Among several of these mighty fragments which lie scattered through the waters of the coast, and which bear, deservedly, in many instances, the name of "islands," one holds a prominent rank, both on account of its size and history. It stands about a half a mile from the land, in height about three hundred feet, and to all appearance, on every side, quite perpendicular. It is said to occupy the space of about one acre. Its surface supplies a few sheep with pasturage, and the shelter of two small huts into which they may retire, either at night or during inclement weather. Tradition says that it was once the abode of a monk who was condemned to live there as a penalty for some dreadful crime, of which he had been falsely accused, and that the rock was wont to rise in height during very stormy weather, in order to keep the holy man from the effects of the dashing sea; and subside again as a calm approached. That he lived for upwards of two hundred years; and suddenly disappeared, leaving no traces of any remains behind him. The name of Bishop's Island has accordingly been attached to it.

Exactly opposite Bishop's Island are two caverns, the entrances to which cannot be less than two hundred feet in height, and fifty in width. Their depth we never penetrated. Close to these caverns, at the northern side, there is a steep and dangerous path, which few venture to descend, leading to a small nook into which the sea calmly rolls, broken in its swells by a narrow entrance. This little nook leads to a grotto, worn out of the rock by the constant action of the wave, returning with every tide, which expands, as you advance, into a large roomy place, well adapted as an occasional asylum for seals or smugglers. A corragh or small boat could safely unload her cargo here; and by means of ropes could have it conveyed to the summit of the cliff. At the same time, the descent is both perilous and well concealed from above. A small rivulet, flowing from a bay three miles distant, has formed for itself a little channel to the edge of the cliff, just at the spot where the descent is first commenced; but instead of directing its course along the path, it discharges its waters directly over the rock; and thus conceals the descent from any but an accustomed or a very close observer.

I was ascending this path one afternoon, in the autumn of 181—. The weather had been for several weeks very warm, and the short dry grass which lined the edge of the cliffs, had become smooth and slippery. The face of the rock fronting Bishop's Island contains a kind of crumbling slaty soil, which yields under the feet, and frequently renders the descent or ascent of such places any thing but easy or safe. I had taken off my shoes to use my feet as hands, and had nearly ascended half way up this path, lying as close to the ground as possible, and carefully examining every spot before trusting my weight to it; when, on taking a sudden turn upwards, for the first time I perceived a man watching me with intense anxiety. He had recognized me before I had observed him, and for some reason had remained stationary until I reached the spot where he stood. As I had resided for some time in the village, and been in the constant habit of rambling far around the country, I felt rather surprised, and by no means pleased to be in the power of a perfect stranger, who was scanning me with a countenance not expressive of kindness or good will. He could with one stamp of his foot have loosened so much of the soil above as would have precipitated me into the sea below, without the power of remedy, or the chance of his ever being detected. However, being ignorant of any reason for anger on his part, I proceeded with the intention of passing him peaceably. He continued gazing at me silently, until I approached him; then quietly turned and began to ascend. When he had reached the top of the cliff, he uncoiled a small rope which he held in his hand, and throwing it down, assisted me considerably in the ascent. I had now an opportunity of scrutinizing him more accurately. He was ill-made; not above five feet four or five; had bad legs, awkward arms, and one shoulder higher than the other; his hair was red and shaggy; his eyes small and grey; his nose long, and much turned to one side; and his lips compressed. He wore a hat without a crown, tied round with a string; a large rusty frieze coat; knee-breeches unbuttoned at the knees; and not any shoes or stockings. He had the above mentioned coil of slight rope in his hand, but no weapon of any kind. When we had mutually surveyed each other, I thanked him for his kindness in assisting me to the top of the precipice.

He looked for an instant, and then replied—

'Thunder an age; but if it was not for the honour and glory of the green leaf which you have in your hat, but it is I would make a borroch of you before you would have felt it itself. But what the dickens brought you here? Faix, an you have a bould foot, anyhow. Let me now tell you for wanst, niver again let the sole of your foot kiss the face of this *road*, unless you want to make food for the divers among stones below.'

So saying, he threw himself on his hands and knees, and feet foremost, descended the path with a degree of celerity which I should have considered utterly impracticable half an hour before.

For a considerable time I kept aloof from the scene of this alarm. Almost a month had elapsed from the period of this occurrence, when the village was thrown into a state of much excitement. A village dance was held on the green, one Sunday afternoon. Around Neile, the piper, were gathered boys and girls, young men and maidens, while the favourite lass of the villiage was dancing with a gentleman who had lately arrived. All was mirth and gaiety, when suddenly a man was observed running at the top of his speed from the direction of Skiah. He was covered with dust and sweat.

'Boys, can any of yees save me?' cried he, dashing in among us, and wiping off the sweat from his forehead with the sleeve of his coat. 'Holy Virgin, can't one of yees hide me? The poliss are after me, and I'll be kilt, if yees don't help me!'

'Run to the rocks,' cried out several voices at once, pointing to the ledge at the southern side.

'Tim, your sowl,' cried one to a little fellow,' 'Tim, show the poor fellow the way to Hag's Hole; and Tim'—here he whispered something in the child's ear; and in a moment afterwards they both started off at a sling trot towards the left-hand cliff. The fugitive had out-stripped his pursuers more than he calculated, for he was far out of sight before they arrived. The dance, of course, had broken up, and the party separated, either to talk over the matter, or to turn to other amusements, when two policemen entered the village, and began to search for their man.

Every place where it was thought possible that he could be concealed was examined. Inquiries were made, but all to no effect, for the villagers either professed ignorance or refused to give information. The rocks were tried over and over again; every nook, every grotto, the ledges of the amphitheatre were searched, even by torchlight, but fruitlessly; and late at night the police came back, professing their intention of returning to Kilrush on the following day.

On the succeeding Tuesday, about six o'clock in the evening, I took my hand-line and went to a favourite spot on the cliff to fish for bream. The evening was the close of one of the loveliest days which had appeared that season. The cool sea-breeze so refreshing after the mid-day heat, gently rippled the waters beneath; and the red disk of the sun descended rapidly, as if anxious to cool itself in the mighty ocean. Having been successful with my baits, I lay down upon the grassy edge of the rock to enjoy the luxury of the hour. The evening shades had far advanced before I rose to return home. When in the act of drawing up the hand-line, I stooped over the cliff to see what prevented its yielding, for it had caught in some projection of the face of the cliff, when I perceived a canoe with four men, stealing beneath the land as close to shore as safety would permit, and advancing in the direction of Bishop's Island. The lateness of the hour; the number of persons in the boat, usually only occupied by two; their distance from any landing place; and the cautious manner in which they were proceeding, impressed me forcibly with the idea that all was not as it ought to be. Idle persons are always meddling in matters which do not concern them; and being young and tolerably active, and my own master, I resolved at once to observe their motions, and ascertain, if possible their object.

After some efforts to disengage the line, I was at last compelled to break it. Coiling up the remainder, I followed the boat, which had made considerable progress before I could come up with it. This line of coast is most dangerous to persons unacquainted with it. The ceilings of old caverns which advance far into the land, have, in many instances, fallen in and left long narrow chasms, which a person often comes upon suddenly, not observing them until he is almost stepping into the depth beneath. These clefts sometimes extend nearly a quarter of a mile, and are so numerous that what would appear at first to be a walk of only one mile is by this means prolonged to two or three. It may then be easily understood how much more quickly the canoe would advance than I could without considerable exertion. The darkness which had by this time much advanced increased the difficulty. I traced the boat, however, to very near Bishop's Island. There the men rested on their oars, and apparently listened attentively to ascertain if any sound was near. They frequently stooped over to whisper, their dark figures, perceived against the clear bright sea, approaching each other at intervals, and receding again. All was so still that nothing could be heard but the rippling of the waters against the rocks below. At length a sound which resembled the hammering of a flint with a knife could be distinguished, and they looked towards the before mentioned descent to the cavern opposite the island several times with apparent anxiety and uncertainty. They then commenced steering towards it; and I immediately hastened to it, hoping in the darkness to escape observation. I succeeded beyond my expectations in reaching the turning point of the path, where it may be remembered that I first met with the man of the high shoulder, when, suddenly, I saw two persons, about ten yards beneath, stooping over the projecting fragments of the cliff. This sight at once stopped my progress. I stood petrified. While I was thus deliberating, my strength and courage oozing away, I was roused by one of the men seizing hold of the other by the arm, and saying in a loud whisper—

'Shawn, it is the divil's work intirely; we had best give over!'

'What do you mane?' replied the other. 'Is it cod-livered ye're growing?'

'Why, Shawn, to tell you the truth, I cannot murther 'em in cool blood. It is the divil's work out an' out!'

'Thunder-an-age, but that's a fine thing anyhow. Murther, in troth, in *cool* blood! An will yees tell me what are they going to do to us, if it isn't to murther us all, an' more of us than they are. Will they not shoot them below in the cave that is trusting to ourselves to save 'em? The divil a bit of one of them but shall sleep sweet and aisy in the bottom of the say this blessed night! An' shure they can shoot the fishes wid their pistils, if they want work for 'em. Whisht, whisht!' said he, seizing the other as if to hold him back, as the latter struggled as much as his position would permit him.

'Whisht, whisht, I tell yees; do yees want to make 'em shoot us at wanst, man alive? Let me alone, I tell yees; I *will* do it.'

And, with a kick of his foot, he sent a large fragment of the rock head-long down the precipice.

I scarcely had well seen what was done, ere a shriek from below told the fate of the unfortunate boat; a cry or two for help, and all was silent as the night, while the two men turned to descend the path.

My first determination was to hasten back, and rouse the village; but, upon second thoughts, it appeared advisable to act more cautiously. I proceeded, therefore, in all haste, to the house of a respectable resident at Kilkee, a gentleman who had lived there for some years, and was well acquainted with the localities, and most of the characters, in the neighbourhood. I roused him out of his bed at twelve o'clock, before which hour I could not reach his house, owing to the darkness of the night, and the caution necessary in finding my way. He listened with great attention; and then for a moment seemed absorbed in thought. 'I will lay my life for it, that the fellow you speak of is Shawn Buie, the celebrated murderer of Catherine Delaney. He has been missing for some years, ever since that occurrence, and I will answer for it that he has returned.'

'I think sir,' I replied, 'that you are right; for his associate several times repeated the name of Shawn, which I distinctly overheard. What kind of a looking person is he?'

'He is rather a remarkable looking man: badly made, crooked nose, and cursed with a most atrocious expression of countenance.'

'I am sure, then, that he is the person, and that I have seen him.' I then related to him my interview with the stranger on the pathway a short time before.

'He is the very man; and a more villainous ruffian never drew breath. But what was the green leaf he spoke of?'

'Oh, it was a leaf of palm, which my servant put in my hat on the previous Sunday, and I partly forgot, and partly did not care, to remove it.'

'Well, I can only tell you, that you had as narrow an escape as most of your friends; for if he suspected that you were likely to have discovered his hiding-place, he would as soon have hurled you from the path as he did the rock you mention. But we must not loose our time, for he is a crafty devil, and as plentifully stored with resources as a wood fox. Come we must get some help!'

We then proceeded to the houses of several friends, until we had collected a conclave of eight, and sat down to consider what was best to be done. After some deliberation, we resolved to send to Kilrush for military aid; then to arm ourselves, and with our servants, to hasten to the spot, and keep a sharp look out, so as to prevent his escape. It was doubtful, however, that he would not have left the place before we arrived, but we sent instructions to the military to examine every house on their way within three miles of the neighbourhood; and to proceed as cautiously, and with as much celerity, as the nature of the circumstances might allow.

It was two o'clock before we reached our destination; we had proceeded very silently, stopping occasionally to observe whether we could distinguish sounds of any kind; and several times turning to the edge of the cliff to ascertain if any boats were visible on the sea. The morning's light was just dawning when we arrived; but neither sound of voice nor footstep was to be heard, or boat to be seen, or human figure on the cliffs; all was as still as death, except when the whispers of our own voices disturbed the morning calm. For a moment it was thought that a figure of a woman was seen darting under one of the cliffs, near the Puffing-hole; but so rapid was the motion, and so uncertain the light, and at the same time, such seemed to be the precarious position of a person in that place, that we concluded the whole to be merely the effect of imagination.

Having posted our little party at different points on the line of the cliffs, we waited at the head of the pathway leading to the cavern for the approach of the military.

After spending about three hours in feverish expectation, having risen for about the sixth time to refresh my limbs and my head in the cool breeze, I spied at a distance the approach of the military. They were coming by a line of road considerably to the left of the village, and were bringing with them a stranger, apparently in the character of a guide. Our messenger was also with them. After the usual salutations, their officer informed us, that they had searched every house on their way, where they thought it possible that the object of our pursuit could be lurking; that they were not able to discover any traces of him; and had hired the stranger to lead them to the place of rendezvous. Some advised to procure boats, and go round to the front of the cavern by sea; others, that we should descend at once by the pathway, down which the guide professed his utter inability to lead