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. XIV. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, September 5, 1864. **New Series.---No. 40.**

SUMMERSIDE.

1864 New Goods. 1864

Ex Commodore and W. W. Lord, from LIVERPOOL,—Col. Ellsworth, Argonaut, Pearl, Comet, Mary Cleaveland, and Steamer Commerce from UNITED STATES.

THE Subscriber has received a large and well-selected STOCK OF GOODS by the above named vessels.

Direct from the Manufacturers in England, and from first Houses in the United States.

which he will sell at his Store, SUMMERSIDE, for cash, or approved credit, consisting, in part, of—

Coburgs, Lustres, Alpacas, Delaines, Lamas, printed Muslins, Ginghams, Zeriffa Checks; Repps, Prints, Grey and White Cottons, Striped Shirtings, Bedtick, scarlet, blue, white and fancy printed Flannels; Mantles, Shawls, Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, Cap Fronts, Parasols, Umbrellas, Gloves, Hoisery, Hair Nets; a large assortment of ready-made CLOTHING in Coats, Jackets, Pants, Vests, Flannel and Cotton Shirts, Paper and Linen Shirt Collars, Neckties and Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, India Rubber and Cotton Braces; Black and Fancy Doeskins, Blue and Black Broadcloths, Tweeds, Cassimeres, Stocknett, Russell Cord, Linen domestic, Jean, Velvets, Canada bagging, Osnaburgs, Duck, Carpeting, Blankets, Counterpanes, Sheets, Verona, Serge, Oil Clothes, Ladies' Collars, Handkerchiefs, Neckties, Stays and Corsets, Carpet Bags, White and Blue Cotton Warp, Tailor's Trimmings, Ladies' Dress Trimmings.

HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Plough Metals, Cut and Wrought Nails, Pit, Cross-cut, Hand, and Tenon Saws; Window Glass, Putty, Blister and Cast Steel, Pots, Pans, and spare Covers, Sad Irons, Gunpowder and Shot, Shot Bags, Powder Flasks, Gun Caps, Percussion Guns, Fishing Rods, Trout and Cod Hooks; Hoes, Shovels, Spades, Griffin Scythes, Scythe Stones and Rifles, Codlines, Manilla Rope, Frying Pans, Gridirons; a large assortment of Hinges and Screws, Plough Traces, Leading Harness, Halter Chains, Mullen Bitts, Backbands, Watering Chains, Rings, Buckles; with a large assortment of Harness Mounting of every description; Steelyards, Door, Pad, Chest, Cupboard and Chest Locks; Carpenter's Rules, Squares, Handsaw Sets, Latches, Sewing and Pegging Awls, Shoe and Stove Blacking, Bed Screws, Copper Nails, Pump and other Tacks, Jewsharps, Black and White Coffin Furniture, Spoke Shaves, Slide Bevils, Smoothing, Jack and Trying Planes, Screw Bitts, Gimblets, Firmer and Socket Chisells, Drawing Knives, Thompson Screw Augurs, American and English made Horse Nails, Coil Chain, Paint Brushes, Sash Tools, Whitewash and Scrubbing Brushes, Hair Brooms, Horse and Shoe Brushes, Sheep Shears, Preserving Kettles, Fine Tooth and Dressing Combs, Shoe Knives, Steel Pens, Table Knives and Forks, Carvers, Pocket Knives, Table and Tea Spoons, Salt and Mustard Spoons, Razors and Straps, Tooth and Shaving Brushes, Looking Glasses, Sheaths and Belts for sailors' knives, Chalk Lines, Shoe Thread, White and Yellow Closing Flax, Scissors, Violen Strings complete, Oyster Knives, Sail Needles, Carpenters' Brads, Trays and Waiters, Saucepans, Horse Rasps, Mill, Pit, Cross-cut, hand and Tenon Saw Files, Wood Rasps, best Boot Web, Whips and Whip Thongs, Slates and Pencils, Clench Rings, Spikes, Weavers' Reed's Paints, Oils, Red and Yellow Ochre, Blue, Glue, Borax, Washing and Baking Soda, Cudbear, Extract of Logwood, Alum, Log and Red Wood, Annatto, Indigo, Olive and Castor Oil, Epsom Salts, Sena, Seidlitz Powders, Sulphur and Brimstone, Pimento, Rosin, Raisins and Currants, assorted Candy and Lozenges, Cloves, Nutmegs, Lemon Syrup, Walnuts, Filberts, Almonds, Dried Apples, Ginger, Pepper, Mustard, Vinegar, Snuff, Saltpetre, Candles, Soap, Tea, Tobacco, Cheese, Crackers, Pilot Bread, Ginger Snaps, Seed Cake, Matches, Clocks, Pitch, Tar, Oakum, Round and Flat Iron, Tables, Chairs, Bedsteds, Washstands, Rocking Chairs, Settees, Cradles, Sole Leather, Bibles, Testaments, Catechisms, Prayer and other Books, Stationery, Buckets, Brooms, Hay Rakes, Scythe Sneaths, American Broad and Narrow Axes, Adzes, Hatchets, Wool Cards, Hoop Skirts, Cane for Hoops, &c. &c.

—ALSO—

1500 Barrels SUPERFINE FLOUR; and hourly expected 500 barrels EXTRA FLOUR: 100 barrels CORN MEAL, together with a great variety of other GOODS.

☞ The highest price always paid in Cash for OATS, EGGS, WOOL and SHEEP SKINS.

JOHN ANDREW McDONALD.

Summerside, June 27, 1864.

AUGUST, 1864.

Hats, Scarfs, Collars, Ties, &c.

NEW GOODS.

50 DOZ. Gents' and Boys' HATS and CAPS just received per GAZELLE from Liverpool, embracing a lot of NEW STYLES in

Velvet, Tweed, Cloth and Felt.

Gents' Black and Colored SILK SCARFS, including the favourite

Prince of Wales Ring Scarf, Uncle Sam, Danes, All Right and Nautical Scarfs.

Gents' Paper and Linen COLLARS and TIES in endless variety.

Lamb's Wool and Fancy Flannel Shirts, &c &c &c

DAVIES & WEEK.

Aug. 15, 1864. 4in

STOVES! STOVES!!

STOVES.

JUST received from ALBANY, NEW YORK, and BOSTON,

600 STOVES,

of all sizes and patterns, suitable for wood and coal; among which are the celebrated WATERLOO and NIAGARA for wood, and BLACK DIAMOND, UNION, VULCAN Cook Stoves for coal.

ALSO:

Parlor, Hall, Shop, and Box Stoves in great variety. Purchasers in want of good STOVES and STOVES to suit them, will save 10 per cent by calling at

Dodd's Brick Store, Pownal Street,

and purchasing of

DODD & ROGERS.

P. S. Daily expected, a large variety of Grates of different patterns. D. & R.

Charlottetown, July 18, 1864.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST RECEIVED A FURTHER SUPPLY OF

Singer's World Renowned

Sewing Machines.

The above Machine has obtained such a world wide reputation that further recommendation is quite unnecessary. Suffice it to say that they are the best Machines now in use for all purposes. No Dress-maker, Vest-maker, Boot maker or Shoemaker should be without one.

JOHN HIGGINS, Agent.

Great George Street, May 30, 1864.—3m

Butler's Rosemary Hair Cleaner.

AN elegant preparation for the Toilet and Nursery, possessing, in the highest degree, the property of removing Scurf and Dandruff from the Head, and by its invigorating qualities increasing the growth of the Hair.

W. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, July 18, '64.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

FOR SALE by the Subscriber—

200 barrels Extra State FLOUR,
250 do Superfine do
150 do Fine

June 13. tf J. S. CARVELL.

KEROSENE! KEROSENE!

IN STOCK, and FOR SALE—

25 casks KEROSENE OIL.

June 13. tf J. S. CARVELL.

GEORGE McDONALD, Tailor,

BEGS leave to inform his numerous friends and customers that he has removed his place of business from North side Queen's Square, to Weymouth Street, opposite the Convent, where he hopes to meet with a share of public patronage, and is prepared to receive all kinds of work, and to cut all styles of garments at the shortest notice and moderate prices.

Charlottetown, June 27, 1864. tf

Wanted,

1000 EMPTY FLOUR BARRELS, full-hooped and provided with two heads, for which the highest cash price will be paid by I. C. HALL, Peake's Buildings.

Water street, Ch'town, Aug. 15, 1864.

Charlottetown and Souris PACKET.

THE well-known fast sailing schr. CHRISTIANA, Dominick Deagle Master, will run between Charlottetown and Souris this Summer, calling at intermediate Ports.

For Freight or Passage please apply to W. W. Lord & Co. Charlottetown; John McLean, Souris; Ronald Walker, Grand River; Thos. Cameron, Georgetown; D R Stewart, Murray Harbor; J C. McMillan, Wood Islands.

May 9, 1864. tf

TO BE LET,

With immediate Possession,

THE commodious and elegant DWELLING HOUSE and PREMISES, on the north side of Rochfort Square, now in the occupation of Wm. A. Johnstone, Esq.

For particulars apply at the Bank of Prince Edward Island. [June 6, 1864.

FOR SALE,

A HOUSE and LOT in Hillsborough street, suitable for a tradesman or a man in business: the Lot is forty by seventy-six feet. Also, a House and Lot in Grattan Lane, of the same description as that in Hillsborough street. Both Houses and Lots will be sold cheap, and time given for a large proportion of the purchase money. Apply to

J. & T. MORRIS.

June 6, 1864.

MOLASSES!

THE Subscriber has just received, direct from the WEST INDIES, 100 Punchs. and Tierces Choice MOLASSES, For sale low.

J. S. CARVELL.

Ch'town, June 13, 1864. tf

Marine Insurance Company OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Incorporated 14th April, 1863.

PRESIDENT:
WILLIAM HEARD, Esquire.

DIRECTORS:

HON. DANL. DAVIES,	HON. JOS. HENSLEY,
HON. W. W. LORD,	HON. GEO. BEER,
JAMES DUNCAN, Esq.	HENRY HASZARD, Esq

SECRETARY:
DANIEL J. ROBERTS

☞ Risks taken daily at the Offices in Water-street.

May 4.

The London and Lancashire FIRE AND LIFE Insurance Companies,

HAVING A LARGE PAID UP CAPITAL,

Accept all classes of Risks,

At reasonable rates of premium.

CHARLES YOUNG, Agent.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., March 21st, 1864. } all papers

Queen Insurance Company OF LIVERPOOL.

FIRE AND LIFE!

Capital - - - £1,000,000 Sterling.

THE Subscriber, having been appointed agent for the above first class Insurance Company, is prepared to take risks on all descriptions of property.

J. S. CARVELL.

Charlottetown, Feb. 10. tf

[Extracts from Newspapers.]

On reference to a return made to Parliament, and ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 7th June, 1861, it will be seen that the increase of Duty for the year, paid by the "QUEEN," was £2567, being upwards of £1000 more than paid by any other office ever yet established in this City.

[From Gore's General Advertiser, Oct. 24, 1861.]

"Indeed, we believe that we are perfectly justified in saying that no other Company, within the same period, ever attained so large an income in either the Fire or Life Departments as the Queen Insurance Company. In making this statement, we make no exception even in favor of our older local companies, namely, the Liverpool and London, the Royal, and the Lancashire Insurance Companies."

[From the Civil Service Gazette, Nov. 2, 1861.]

"Among these important institutions stands eminent for its solidity, as well as for its success, "the Queen Insurance Company," which last week held its annual meeting of proprietors in Liverpool. A reference to the ample report in another page will fully satisfy every reader of the signal progress made by this association since its foundation. Such success is, indeed, rarely attained; and it attests at once the excellence of its management, and the public confidence in its constitution."

[From the Liverpool Mercury, Nov. 2, 1861.]

"It must be gratifying to the public generally, and especially to the proprietors, to find that its income during the past three years has increased at the rate of £20,000 per annum. We believe that no other Company, within the same short period, ever attained so large an increase either in the Fire or Life Department. This speaks highly for the activity and zeal of the management, while the promptness with which all the claims, arising out of the late disastrous fire in London were met, testifies to their financial ability and the care and prudence which marked the investment of these funds."

Life Assurance Company of Glasgow.

ESTABLISHED IN 1838.

Incorporated by Act of Parliament.

GOVERNOR:
The Right Honorable The Earl of Glasgow.

Subscribed Capital,	£600,000
Accumulated Funds,	480,000
Annual Revenue,	95,000
Subsisting Assurances,	2,500,000

HENRY DUNLOP, Esqr, Chairman.
W. F. BIRKMYRE, Esqr, Manager.

Distinctive Features in the Company's Business System—

Annual Division of Profits,

Policy-Holders Participate in Profits from First Year of Entry,

Bonus Assurance at the Smallest Outlay.

Seven Years' Half Credit Assurance

Exemptions — Foreign Travel and Foreign Residence.

Rates of Assurance, and all other information, may be learned from the Agent for this Island, at GEORGETOWN. WM. SANDERSON.

Georgetown, June 27, 1864. 1y

The Liverpool and London FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE Agent for the above first class English Fire Insurance Company begs to call the attention of the public to the advantages offered by this Company, in respect to the security to the assured, and promptness to pay losses, which, without disparaging other Companies, may be safely asserted to be superior to those afforded by any other Company in the Island. The Liverpool and London F. & L. Insurance Company has been in successful operation since 1836, with agencies all over the world, and has paid in losses about two millions and a quarter sterling. Its subscribed capital is £2,000,000 sterling, and its invested funds alone amount to £1,312,000 stg; and the fire premiums for 1861 amount to £360,130 19s 9d; and in addition to this very large capital, the Company, having been established before the recent Limited Liability Act, the individual fortunes of each of the shareholders, comprising some of the wealthiest merchants in Liverpool and London, are liable for the losses, should the whole of the capital be swept away. In this respect it differs, it is believed, from any other Company established here.

And lastly, the Agent being appointed by Power of Attorney directly from England, is authorized to draw Bills the moment a loss occurs, and without referring to the Home Company, to the extent of one thousand pounds sterling.

With these superior advantages, the Company is not disposed (though it might be well justified) to ask a higher rate of premium than other English Companies, which do not present the same advantageous features, and the Agent has been advised that an uniform rate has been agreed upon by the Directors of this Company and the "Queen," and that the Agents here should, in this respect, "act in consort."

W. A. JOHNSTONE,
Agent of the Liverpool and London Fire Insurance Company.

Nov. 10, 1862.

LITERATURE.

THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

When swallows dart from cottage eaves,
And farmers dream of barley sheaves;
When apples peep amid the leaves,
And woodbines scent the way—
We love to fly from daily care—
To breathe the buxom country air,
To join our hands and form a ring,
To laugh, and sport, and dance, and sing,
Amid the new-mown hay.

A stranger comes with eyes of blue;
Quoth he, "I'm Love, the young and true;
I wish to pass an hour with you,
This pleasant summer day."
"Come in! come in! you saucy elf!
And who's your friend!" "Tis friendship's self."
"Come each—come both our sports to share;
There's welcome kind and room to spare
Amid the new-mown hay."

The ring is formed. But who are these?
"Come, tell your errand, if you please.
You look so sour and ill at ease,
You dim the face of day."
"Ambition!" "Jealousy!" and "Strife!"
And "Scorn!" and "Weariness of Life!"
"If such your names, we hate your kin;
The place is full; you can't come in
Amid the new-mown hay."

Another guest comes bounding by,
With brow unwrinkled, fair and high—
With sunburnt face and roguish eye—
And asks your leave to stay.
Quoth he, "I'm 'Fun,' your right good friend."
"Come in! come in! with you we'll end!"
And thus we frolic in a ring,
And thus we laugh, and dance, and sing,
Amid the new-mown hay.

THE PHANTOM WIFE.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

'You ought to get married, Pennon. It's wronging some fair creature of the other sex for you to remain a bachelor. With an inherited income of five thousand a year, besides what you make by your commissions you have more than enough for yourself, extravagant as you are; and it is plain that the balance ought to be invested in loves of bonnets, and dresses, and jewels, etc., to form the staple of some woman's happiness. You have no right to defraud her of it. Then, I will say, even if it does flatter you, that I think you tolerably well calculated to take care of a wife.'

'Thank you. But you are rather late with your advice. I have been married a month.'

'You? Bless my heart and soul! why did'nt you tell a person of it? I thought I was in your confidence, my friend.'

'There's no one in the city aware of it yet. I married my wife in the country and brought her here quietly, that we might pass the honeymoon in peace.'

'One of your freaks again. Where do you keep your bride?'

'Oh, we are house-keeping. I bought and furnished a place before I went for her, and took her directly to it. I've a beautiful house, fitted especially to an artist's tastes and necessities. My studio is in the centre of the building, and is the full height of two stories with a skylight, very secluded, being shut in by apartments on every side but one. Come, will you go with me now, and let me show it to you?'

'I am all curiosity. Of course I shall see Mrs. Pennon Carlyle?'

'I think not this morning; I believe she is out. But that need not prevent you from going through the house with me, and giving me your opinion of it. I have several new pictures. My wife's portrait is now on the easel, painted by myself since our marriage.'

The two friends turned and pursued their way into one of the avenues near Broadway, and out of this into a quiet side street, a favorite quarter with people of wealth and refinement, who preferred unobtusive elegance to the more florid display of the avenue.

'I might have known something had happened to you,' said Thomas Throckmorton, the first speaker, as they walked along. 'Your step is as buoyant as that of a child and your face absolutely radiant with joy. The light of the bridal lamp is shining out of the 'windows of your soul.' I need not ask you if you are as happy as you probably anticipated being—your whole air is that of exultation.'

'I *am* gloriously happy, and you will not wonder at it when you see her—that is, her portrait.' The speaker paused before a handsome mansion. 'This is the house,' and he rang the bell.

The door was opened by a 'highly respectable' old colored servant, who smiled with all the brilliancy peculiar to his race, as he recognised Mr. Throckmorton.

'You see I keep Hannibal; I would not part with him for his weight in gold,' observed Pennon, as they entered the suit of apartments which occupied the first floor.

These, furnished with richness and even splendor, were three in number, and presented nothing peculiar in their arrangement, unless it might be an excellence of taste and harmony of combination not altogether common.

'I knew you were in good circumstances, Pennon, but I did not suppose you able to begin with quite so many luxuries,' said his friend, looking admiringly at the elaborate finish of the rooms and the prevailing air of magnificence.

'While I was in Italy I spent not one dollar of income; it accumulated, with interest, for three years. My art more than supported me; and since my return I have been fortunate in disposing of my real estate for ten times what I gave for it. Besides, my wife is rich.'

'It sounds oddly enough to hear you speaking of your wife. I regret very much that I am not to have the pleasure of seeing her to-day; you have promised to introduce me to her portrait, which is something. Let us go to your studio.'

They ascended the winding staircase.

'Come in here a moment,' said Pennon, turning aside at the first landing. 'This is our sleeping apartment; and this is Beatrice's boudoir opening out of it; the window commands as pleasant a view as can be expected in a city residence. The roses and honeysuckles in the garden beneath are in full bloom now. They have done all the honor to our honeymoon which was in their power.'

'One would think you had never smoked Turkish tobacco, and put your heels on the table like a common mortal,' laughed Throckmorton, giving an envious glance at the sumptuous yet delicate plenishings.

The draperies were of white and rose color; the mirror-frames, cornice, and mounting of gold in plain, modest designs. In the boudoir was collected a profusion of those dainty trifles which women love to surround themselves with. An old-fasioned Italian lute lay, as if recently touched, upon the cushions, which made a luxurious recess of the bay window. The visitor noticed, upon a jaspachate table standing near this window, the remains of a scarcely-tasted breakfast, and that, although the table was laid with a *tete a-tete* set, but one person had sat down to it.

A faint fragrance floated in the air, as if the breath of beauty still lingered upon it. An *impression* seized upon him, that the presence which haunted these chambers must be the incarnation of beauty, and he glanced in the mirrors, unconsciously expecting to see there some shadow of the lovely shape which must recently have stood before them. He saw only his own homely, genial countenance; and after another half-covetous survey, he heaved a sigh, at which he laughed a moment after, and was ready to follow his host to his atelier.

He did not repress an exclamation of surprise upon entering this. It was a superb room, full sixty feet long, reaching up from the story upon which it was grounded through the upper one to the roof, in which was constructed a skylight, harmonious in appearance and effect. The ceiling was of pale blue, edged with a silver band. The walls were hung with a good collection of pictures; several niches for statues were filled with marbles which the owner had brought with him from Italy; and brackets, themselves of exquisite designs, were disposed for the reception of the vases, urns, busts, and antique goblets which enriched them. Even here, in this secluded studio, a feminine presence was apparent in the flowers which filled the vases, as also in a bit of embroidery, and a work-basket, left upon a little ebony table not far from the artist's easel. One end of the apartment was occupied by an organ, built in the room, and of as great a volume of tone as the space to be filled would allow.

'I did not know that you were a musician, Pennon.'

'I am not a performer, although, as you are aware, I am passionately fond of music, and an educated critic in it. The organ is my favorite instrument, and Beatrice plays it divinely. You should hear her sing!'

'I should like to, above all things, when you are ready to permit it,' answered his guest, looking at his beaming face. 'Beatrice! that is an Italian name.'

'And my wife is an Italian. That is the reason she sings so well. Beatrice Carlyle is a curious combination of names. I suppose our natures are about as unlike as our origin.'

'I do not know about that. You have been pretty thoroughly steeped in the 'oil and wine' of a southern clime. Is this the consummation of some love affair begun in Italy? Come, Pennon, you ought to tell me all about it. You might realize that I like the fair sex—am 'dying of curiosity.''

'I was betrothed to Beatrice when I was abroad; circumstances, however, prevented our immediate marriage; when these no longer interfered, she followed me, as she had promised. She came under the protection of a mutual friend, and we married at that friend's house, very shortly after her arrival. If you would like to get an idea of my wife, here is her portrait; though, *of course*, it does her injustice. No one could paint Beatrice.'

Throckmorton stepped eagerly forward, as his friend withdrew the cloth which concealed a canvas still upon the easel, and beheld a vision of unanticipated, of marvellous loveliness. The figure was girlish and slender, yet rounded and lithe, glowing through every curve and outline, with triumphant, irresistible beauty. The arms were bare to the shoulders, and the robe which covered her bosom was simply gathered in at the waist by a girdle. The countenance was that of a girl of eighteen, the complexion fair as that of an American blonde, and looking like that of a lily transfused with sunlight. The hair rippled in lustrous waves along the smooth, low brow, marking the delicious contour of the cheek and throat. As the eyes always disclose more of the soul than any other feature, so those gave character to the delicate lineaments. Pure and resplendent as planets, they were dark, and warm with all the love that makes a woman beautiful. Throckmorton felt their sweet influence thrilling his spirit.

'If she looks at you thus with those eyes, I don't wonder that you have acquired that glowing concentration of expression,' he remarked, after a few moments' silent contemplation.

'*Thus!*' murmured Pennon, abstractedly; 'I have not caught a hundredth part of their light, and love, and beauty. But we must go now, my friend, if you will excuse my shortening your visit. I have an engagement at two o'clock in Broadway.'

'I had hoped she would come in before I left,' said the visitor, as he followed his host to the lower hall.

Here, while Hannibal stood, with the door open, to bow them out with African flourishes, Mr. Carlyle thought of a letter which he was to mail, which he had left upon his writing desk, and returned for it, leaving his friend in the vestibule.

'And how do you like your new mistress, Hannibal?' asked the latter, left alone with the old family servant.

He put the question, as a matter of friendliness to the venerable valet, whom he had known ever since his intimacy with his master, not from any motive of curiosity, and certainly not anticipating the reply he was to receive.

'Why, to tell you de trute, Massa Throckmorton, dis pusson has not seen her yet,' answered the negro, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, while a shadow obscured his usual brilliancy. 'I'se not seen no such pusson as Mrs. Carlyle yet, though massa purtends she here in dis house. Berry strange! *berry* strange, Massa Trockmorton — wouldn't you say so?' and the speaker looked anxiously in the face of his master's friend.

'Do you really mean to say that you have not seen the bride?' asked the latter, startled out of all thought of the impropriety of questioning a servant about family affairs.

'I do,' answered Hannibal, in a very solemn manner. 'Massa talks about her, and takes her meals up-stairs hisself, but nobody's been got a look, eben at her shadow; and to tell de whole trute, I feel concerned about Massa Carlyle. If I did not know you is his best friend, wouldn't say nofin' for de worl', but I *suspect* something wrong here,' pointing to his forehead. 'He was very strange like for three or four days—didn't speak, nor eat, nor nofin'—seemed a'most like a dead man; and den, all at wonts, he got berry bright and happy, and come in and go out, singin' and glad, and say he married, but wasn't going to tell anybody just yet. But I neber see her—neber!'

'Have you never heard her singing, or playing the organ?' asked Throckmorton, recalling the musical instrument he had seen, the work-basket, and the embroidery. 'Who let her out the door this morning?'

'Neber heard her voice, talkin or singin, no more'n a ghost's. Neber let her out de door to go nowheres. I wisht you'd keep your eye on Massa Carlyle, and see what 'clusions you come to,' continued the servant in a whisper, as he heard returning footsteps.

Throckmorton felt like a man in a dream, when he got out upon the pavement with his friend, who had never seemed more hearty, and in such exuberance of spirits He wished to question him, yet hardly knew how to approach the subject, and finally parted from him at the entrance to Dodworth's saloon, still puzzling mentally over the communication made to him by Hannibal. As he was walking alone he recalled something very peculiar in the expression of his friend, which had impressed him during every moment of their morning's intercourse vaguely, and without any attempt upon his part to define it.

It was a kind of wierdness, such as a sour imagination gives to spirits. There had been something preternatural shining behind the outer smile and brightness of his eyes; and although his step was so elate and vigorous, there was something shadowy and undefined about his manner. Nothing of that which characterizes a sleepwalker,—*that* is marked by a profound abstraction from things surrounding it; this was rather that of a two-fold consciousness.

So much was the interest of the young man excited, that he determined upon making his brother artist another call upon the following day, and to enter his studio unannounced, as his previous familiar neglect of ceremonies gave him the privilege of doing.

When he rang the bell, the door was opened by Hannibal, who, in answer to his look of mute interrogation, shook his head solemnly. 'You need not announce me; is Mr. Carlyle in his Studio?' Upon receiving an affirmative answer, he went lightly up the stairs, but upon reaching the door of the atelier he paused. A voice, sweeter than he had ever heard, even in his dreams, was pouring forth a flood of melody, filling the air with its ethereal waves, rising higher and higher, swelling fuller and more full, until the listener caught his breath like a drowning person, overcome by the tide. He remained motionless until the singing ceased. Then he heard Pennon speaking a few words in a gentle tone, and, in reply, a laugh, soft, low, and delicious. It was a laugh such as a woman sometimes repays a man's flatteries with—there was nothing ghostly in it.

'Hannibal is a fool!' muttered Throckmorton, knocking at the door—he did not wish to intrude upon a lady without warning, notwithstanding his first purpose of taking his friend by surprise.

'Come in,' was the almost instantaneous response.

He entered.

'I beg your pardon; I thought it was Hannibal, coming for orders,' exclaimed Pennon, advancing and holding out his hand.

Before he took it, or before he even said a word, the visitor glanced eagerly around the large apartment. There was no one but the artist visible—not another living creature in the room; and the room had but one apparent means of exit, which was the door at which he himself had entered.

'Where is Mrs. Carlyle, my boy?—I heard her singing for some time before I ventured to knock. I expected to see her,' he began in surprise.

'She *was* here but a moment ago,' responded the husband, in the most natural manner in the world. 'She has but just this moment left me. Did you not see her in the hall?—she must have passed you.'

Pennon hastened to the entrance.

'I hear the rustle of her garments, now; she is going down the stairway—Beatrice!' he called in a tender voice, waiting an instant as if for a reply. 'She has gone to her boudoir for a book of which we were speaking,' he said, as he returned within; 'she will be back presently. It is strange that you did not observe her. See! I have added a few more touches to her picture, and I think it a little more like her.'

Throckmorton turned to the portrait. It seemed to him even more beautiful than on the preceding day.

'If there are any more women in Italy as lovely as this one you have won away, I will go all the way there for a look at one.'

'I do not believe there is another in the world quite as fair as my Beatrice. But her soul—*her soul*, my friend—that is more lovely than the body.'

'Her voice, at least, is beyond praise, for I have heard it. I congratulate you, Pennon. I do not wonder at your exultation; your bachelor friends must forgive you any amount of self-content thrown in their faces. But I must say, you are behaving very selfishly. I believe you are afraid we shall be rendered discontented and repining, so you keep her out of sight, for the sake of our peace of mind.

'I intend having a ceremonious reception soon, and introduce her to my friends with all becoming surroundings. In the meantime, I must and will enjoy my honeymoon without any intrusions of the world. You know we always were indifferent to general society, you and I, Tom; and what's the use of bidding it to that sacredest of life's festivals, the marriage feast? You needn't feel hurt now, and look around for your hat. If I had not wished *you* to become acquainted with my Beatrice, I should not have told you anything about her. I will go and find her, and bring her to you here.'

He left the studio. During his absence, Throckmorton's eyes fell upon the ebony stand which had attracted his attention yesterday. He detected the addition of a dainty rose-colored glove, and a fan, with a handle of silver and pearls; but the embroidery did not seem to have made any progress.

In a few moments his host returned—alone.

'It is very singular,' said he, 'I have been all over the house, and cannot find her. She never goes out without letting me know.'

For the first time his guest observed a dreamy, wandering look; he said but little, took up his palette, and began touching the portrait here and there. After waiting a time, his visitor retired more perplexed than when he came.

He did not meet Pennon Carlyle again for several days. When he did encounter him he was exceedingly cordial, pressing him to call on Mrs. Carlyle very soon:

'She regretted her absence on the two previous occasions very much, as she had heard so much of her husband's beloved friend. Be sure and come round to-morrow, Tom. We shall both be at home. If you will come at six o'clock, I will tell Hannibal to have a plate laid laid for you.'

'I am curious to see your table with a lady presiding. I shall be sure to accept your hospitality. Does your wife love flowers?'—They were passing a florist's upon Fifth avenue, as he asked the question.

'Next to her husband,' was the smiling reply.

They went in, and Throckmorton selecting a costly bouquet of such flowers as he thought most appropriate, *sent them*, with his regards, to the invisible bride.

He appeared punctually to dinner at the hour appointed, on the next day, and, not entirely to his surprise, saw nothing of the lady of the mansion.

A couple of weeks passed, during which a rumour had gained ground that Pennon Carlyle was becoming insane. And, indeed, his strange conduct gave only too much reason to fear that such was the case.

'He has thought, studied, and dreamed too much,' mused Throckmorton. 'His brain is over-excited; and if he does not immediately receive the wisest medical attendance, he will become hopelessly ruined in intellect.'

Yet his aberrations were confined to the single object of that phantom wife whose portrait stood ever upon his easel, about whom he talked to some of his confidential friends, whose meals he took regularly to her chamber, for whom a plate was always placed at the dinner-table, but who never came, who was never seen, or heard.

Ay! but she *had* been heard—and that was what puzzled Throckmorton beyond all else. He had heard a voice—a divine voice—singing and laughing! yet when he had stepped into the studio, expecting to confront the lovely owner—behold, it was empty of her presence. He remembered too, that he heard a rustle of garments, and that the air had stirred, as with a passing form, when he had opened that studio door. Pennon had said that she passed him. *Had* an invisible spirit gone out before him which his material eyes were too gross to behold? A chill crept over him, albeit he was brave, and not in the least superstitious when he puzzled himself about this matter. Was his own imagination so excited, that he fancied the sound of singing, when there had been no sound.

At the end of two weeks, he was in Pennon's rooms again; and found him in the highest state of joy and triumph possible to conceive; he looked like a person transfigured with happiness.

'Tom, my friend,' he said, 'you have been many times disappointed in my promises to introduce you to my wife. You shall be kept in suspense no longer. My cards are being sent out for the reception of which I spoke, and which is to take place Thursday evening. I have invited all my friends, and intend it to be a brilliant affair. It cannot be too magnificent to do honor to my great happiness. Be sure and come early. I swear you shall see Beatrice.'

'Poor, poor fellow!' sighed Throckmorton, as he left the elegant abode. 'To have his splendid prospects destroyed in this manner is too cruel! and he is unaware of his own danger, so, of course, will not summon the medical experience which might save him. I will go at once to some competent physician, and take responsibility of procuring advice.'

He had, during this last call, ascertained the name of the friend whom Pennon stated had brought his bride across the ocean, and at whose house he was married. Before he took any other step he concluded it best to consult this friend, and find out as much as possible of the causes which led to this singular delusion. M. Mazzini was an Italian gentleman of whom he made the acquaintance in Pennon's society, and who had recently returned from a visit to his native land, and was now residing in a villa upon the Hudson, some twenty miles from New York.

Prompted by the ardour of his friendship for Pennon, he went straight to the dock whence the afternoon boat started, and arriving some time during the evening at Mr. Mazzini's villa, spent the night there, and had a long consultation with him. He learned from this gentleman, that Mr. Carlyle, while in Rome, had been betrothed to a beautiful girl, Beatrice Cellini by name, of English and Italian parentage (her mother having been an English beauty who married Cellini during a visit to Rome), of noble descent and fine education; a maiden worth in every respect the love she inspired in the earnest soul of the young American artist. Her father had no objection to the match, except that it would deprive him of the society of his daughter; and as her beloved mother was now dead, he could not make up his mind to part with her. He allowed them, however, to enter upon a conditional engagement. Beatrice revealed to her lover, before he returned to America, that she suspected her father would soon form another marriage, and if he did that she would no longer hesitate to follow him, if she could obtain a suitable escort; if not, he must come for her on sending him word. Mazzini was then in Italy, with the intention of remaining until the following summer, and to him, as a personal friend, and also a distant relative of Beatrice, the artist confided the charge of his bride, should she be ready to accompany him. It seemed that immediately upon the return of Pennon, he set himself to preparing a beautiful home for his future wife, though he told no one of his expectations, wishing to surprise and delight his friends by a sudden revelation of the great treasure he had secured. In due course of time there arrived the letters so eagerly anticipated; one from Beatrice, a love letter, the other from her escort, naming the day of their expected departure from Naples, the name of the vessel, and all the particulars. Pennon then told his faithful servant, Hannibal, of the honor about to befall the new mansion, and the preparations he wished made for the reception of its mistress, into all of which the fellow entered with childish delight.

'The vessel in which we took passage,' said the relator to Throckmorton, 'encountered adverse storms, and was finally wrecked upon the southern coast of Florida. We were obliged to take to the boats and attempt to reach shore, amid the boiling breakers surging against dangerous reefs. The ladies were placed in one boat, into which I was not permitted to enter; I took an affectionate farewell of Beatrice, feeling it doubtful if we should live to meet again. I saw,' said he, and the tears choked up his throat hysterically, "Pennon Carlyle's life-hope go down beneath the waves. I saw the hungry waters snatch away forever the glorious beauty of my young cousin. The sea shut over the golden glimmer of her floating hair. Believe me, when I saw *her* go down, so young, so lovely, I scarcely cared for my own safety. But, as is often the case, the fairest fruit was shaken down, the withered apple clung to the tree. I reached the shore, in the course of another week my home, where I waited to confirm the terrible news to him, who had already seen the telegraphic report of the loss of the vessel, but who had *hoped* that Beatrice was saved with me. I think his reason must have given away immediately under the shock, although I did not suspect it at the time. He shut himself up away from every living creature for twenty-four hours; when he came from his chamber he appeared unnaturally calm. He asked for some relic of his bride; I had nothing to give him. He went home that night, refusing the offer I made him of my company. Three days afterward I received a trunk, which had drifted ashore and been forwarded to me. It was Beatrice's, and contained her jewels, and many little feminine treasures of the toilette, his miniature, letters, &c. I sent it immediately to Mr. Carlyle. It was probably from the reception of this that his madness took the shape of thinking that his bride had arrived. The work-basket, lute, and other trifles which you saw, were undoubtedly a part of the contents of the trunk, which he has distributed around him, to help his fancy in its singular deception.'

'But the singing,' said Throckmorton, 'what can account for that?'

'Heaven knows—since it can hardly be expected that you too are mad.'

His visitor smiled sadly.

'Alas for Pennon!' he sighed, 'it is a melancholy termination of his career, and he had such a genius! I tell you,' he continued with sudden fervor, 'I love that man like a brother; I cannot give him up; my friendship shall leave no resource untried for his salvation. Will you not return with me, Mr. Mazzini, and see what can be done? In the first place, I would like to quietly put a stop to the reception which is to take place this evening, and which will make his hallucination so notorious that, if he is ever restored, it will be exceedingly mortifying to him. I know of no other way than just to get him off somewhere, and have Hannibal close the house to company with the excuse of sudden illness. This course, however, will not prevent rumors from increasing, as it is already expected what the true state of the case is.

The two gentlemen started for the city, expecting to reach it at four o'clock; but, as usual upon emergencies, the steamer broke her paddle wheel, and it was after nine p. m. when they landed. Troubled and distressed, they made no alteration in their toilettes, but taking a carriage drove directly to Mr. Carlyle's residence, which they found blazing with light, the voices of music and mirth within, carriages still arriving although the rooms seemed already crowded. Hannibal opened the door for them, in all the glory of white kids and new suit. His sable countenance reflected all the splendor of the occasion; despite the dignity of his position he chuckled with satisfaction when he beheld who were the new arrivals.

'How are you getting on?' asked Throckmorton, anxiously.

'Oh, massas, you jis go in and see! jis go in and see!' was all the answer they could elicit.

They pressed forward into the throng. Drawn by curiosity, which had vaguely rumored strange things of this reception, everybody who had been asked was there; and the apartments were crowded with rustling silks, sweet with perfumes, sparkling with jewels. Standing underneath the arch which separated the first two rooms of the suite, they saw Pennon, erect, graceful, and joyous, appearing better than ever in his life before, as he replied to the greetings constantly poured in upon him. And there by his side stood the phantom wife, a slight, fair creature; the living reality of her portrait, only as much more beautiful as the cunning flesh and blood workmanship of nature must surpass all art.

'It is Beatrice herself!' stammered Mazzini, turning pale.

At that moment her eyes rested upon him. With a cry of joy, forgetful of cold decorum, she sprang forward and threw herself into his arms.

'Oh, my dear friend, my dear cousin, I am alive—I am saved!—and so glad to greet you;' she murmured.

'I cannot comprehend it,' said Mazzini; 'I saw you drowned.'

'No—no—not drowned; I was washed ashore insensible. The wreckers picked me up and restored me to life; but they kept me concealed on account of the rich jewelery which I wore upon my person, and of which they robbed me; I told them to take it freely, joyfully, if they would let me go to you; but they were afraid you would compel them to restore it, and they would not release me until after you had started for your home.

'Come into this recess a moment, my friends; the company must excuse us for a brief interval, until it is all explained,' said Pennon, and the four withdrew into a quiet corner.

'I had great difficulty in getting the means of coming on,' continued Beatrice, smiles and tears upon her heavenly face. 'I wrote to my cousin here, but my letter did not reach him, and after waiting four weeks for an answer, I begged of a friend's family the money to pursue my journey and arrived safely in this city only four days ago. I found Pennon's name in the Directory, sought him out, surprised him, amazed