

# 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. VII.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, September 29, 1862.

New Series.—No. 38.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**HARINGTON & SMITH,**  
Commission Merchants,  
Mount Stewart Bridge,  
P. E. ISLAND.

Grain Cargoes Purchased and Shipped on Commission.

**Rockwell, Higley & Garland,**  
Commission Merchants,  
And Wholesale Dealers in  
FLOUR, GRAIN, POTATOES, EGGS,  
BUTTER, CHEESE,  
Beans, Pork, and Produce generally,  
44, NORTH STREET, BOSTON,  
(Opposite Merchants' Row.)

References in Charlottetown—  
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**Dentistry.**  
**C. F. HUBERT, Dentist,**  
is prepared at all times  
to attend to the various branches of the  
profession.

Teeth carefully inserted, extracted, cleaned,  
and filled.

Office hours from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Resi-  
dence at Mrs. Douglas', Water-street,  
Charlottetown, Jan. 20, 1862.

**GEORGETOWN.**

**WILLIAM SANDERSON,**  
Commission Merchant, Wholesale & Retail  
General Agent, Auctioneer & Broker.

Agent for Colonial Life Assurance Company in  
King's County, Agents of the Iron Foundry,  
Town Lots, Pasture Lots, and Farms for  
Sale in King's County.

**DR. McKEON,**  
KING SQUARE,  
Next house to the residence of Mr. Beer,  
Sept. 8, 1862.

**MR. W. A. JOHNSTON,**  
OF HALIFAX, N. S.,  
Attorney and Barrister at Law,  
Notary Public, &c. &c.

Office—Mrs. McDonald's, next door to  
Mrs. Forsyth's, North side of  
Queen Square.

Charlottetown, October 21, 1861.

**A CARD.**  
**NEIL RANKIN** begs leave to inform the  
MERCHANTILE AND TRADING COM-  
MUNITY of Prince Edward Island, and the  
Neighbouring Provinces, that he has made  
arrangements for the immediate prosecution  
of business as an

**Auctioneer, Commission Merchant  
& General Agent,**  
in each of which lines all Commissions with  
which he may be favoured (at home or from  
abroad) shall receive his prompt and best  
attention.

Charlottetown, July 8, 1861.

**W. B. HERBERT,**  
SHIP BROKER,  
AND  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
No. 112 Hollis-street,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

Strict attention will be given to all consign-  
ments of Prince Edward Island Produce.

September 1, 1862.

**Watch and Clock Maker.**

**PURCHASE,**  
Swardon's Corner.

**A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF**  
WATCHES always on sale, and warranted  
to perform well. Price £3 10s. and upwards.  
WEDDING RINGS, BROOCHES, &c. &c. in  
great variety.

Charlottetown, August 4, 1862.

**JOHN & ROBERT SCOTT,**  
Coach & Sleigh Builders,  
Kent Street,  
INFORM the inhabitants of Charlottetown  
and the Country generally, that they have  
now on hand a number of new and second hand  
Carriages, open and covered, of different styles,  
which will be sold on the most liberal terms.

FP. All orders punctually attended to.

April 14, 1862.

**NOTICE!**

To Merchants and others.

The subscriber will hold an AUCTION  
on the 30th of September, at 10 o'clock, in every month,  
of the disposal of any kind of Merchandise placed  
in his hands. Goods to be sent to the AUCTION  
ROOM two days before the sale. Proceeds will  
be handed over without delay.

NEIL RANKIN, Auctioneer.

Queen-street, March 31, 1862.

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Price, with Engravings and Cases, 25 cents; by  
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**SELF-PRESERVATION:** a popular  
Essay on Nervous and Physical Debility,  
resulting from injurious habits contracted in youth,  
or disease in maturity, which, by prematurely ex-  
hausting the functions of Manhood, destroys the  
vigour upon which the hopes of posterity depend.  
It also points out how all the attributes of Manhood  
are generated in an advanced period of life, how  
they are lost, and how they can be recovered.

It is free from the gross exaggerations, alarming  
descriptions, and dangerous remedies so generally  
resorted to by persons, who, practising with false  
notions of medical qualifications, inflict most serious injuries,  
and render judicious treatment frequently abortive.

The Author is the only legally qualified practition-  
er whose name stands on the "Medical Register"  
(the sole test of medical qualification), who has been  
specially engaged for a series of years in the  
treatment of the various functional disorders of the  
nervous and reproductive systems, which, owing to  
the great discoveries of modern science, are render-  
ing so prevalent a national, simple, and easy mode  
of treatment.

At home for consultation daily from ten till two,  
at six till eight, either personally or by  
letter.—37 Bedford Square, London, England.  
Patients residing in the country can be success-  
fully treated by correspondence, and remedies can be  
forwarded in secrecy and safety to any address.

**SELF-PRESERVATION** Agents, price  
10s. 6d. free by post, 12s. 6d. —  
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Bookellers.

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St. John, N. S.—Messrs. H. Chubb and Co.,  
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**THE FARMER'S GUIDE**

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SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL AGRICUL-  
TURE.

By HENRY STEPHENS, F. R. S., of Edinburgh,  
and the late J. P. NORTON, Professor of  
Scientific Agriculture in Yale College, New  
Haven. 2 vols. Royal octavo. 1600 pages  
and numerous Engravings.

This is, essentially, the most complete  
work on Agriculture ever published, and in  
order to give it a wider circulation the pub-  
lishers have resolved to reduce the price to  
\$5 FOR THE TWO VOLUMES!

When sent by mail (post-paid) to Cal-  
ifornia and Oregon the price will be \$7. To  
every other part of the Union, and to Canada  
(post-paid), \$6. This book is not the  
ordinary "Farm Book."

Remittances for any of the above publica-  
tions should always be addressed, post-paid,  
to the Publishers,  
LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,  
No. 54 Gold street, New York.  
Geo. T. HAZARD, Charlottetown.

**Co-Partnership Notice.**

**THE UNDERSIGNED** has this day  
entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as  
**IMPORTERS & DEALERS**

in  
British, French & other Foreign  
**DRY GOODS,**  
Under the Style and Firm of  
**VAUX BROTHERS,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

C. C. VAUX,  
H. B. VAUX.

Tropel's Buildings, 132 Granville street,  
Halifax, Nova Scotia, Sept. 9, 1862.

**Notice.**

WHEREAS, by Order, dated the 10th  
of August last, made by His Honor the  
Master of the Rolls, I have been appointed  
Committee of the Estate of PAUL MABEY,  
Esquire, who has been adjudged to be of un-  
sound mind, I therefore require all Persons  
indebted to the said Paul Mabey, for RENT,  
or otherwise, to make immediate payment  
to me of the amounts due from them respec-  
tively.

And whereas it appears that the said Paul  
Mabey, while in such unsound state of mind,  
executed Conveyances of portions of the Land  
and Real Estate belonging to him in Charlot-  
tewtown, Charlottetown, and elsewhere,  
I, hereby CAUTION all Persons against  
dealing in, or conveying any such  
Lands, or accepting any Conveyances thereof,  
until the question of the validity or invalidity  
of such Conveyances, from the said Paul  
Mabey, shall have been decided by the Court  
of Chancery.

JOSEPH HENSLEY,  
Committee of Estate.

Office, Lower Great George Street,  
Charlottetown, 16th December, 1861.

**Notice.**

WHEREAS by order made in the Court  
of Chancery by His Honor the Master  
of the Rolls, dated the 10th day of August  
instant, the management of the Estate of  
Paul Mabey, of Charlottetown, Esquire, has  
been committed to and vested in me the un-  
dersigned. Now, therefore, all tenants of the  
lands of the said Paul Mabey, and other  
parties indebted to him, are required hence-  
forth to pay the amounts due and to become  
due from them respectively to me at my  
Office, in Charlottetown.

JOSEPH HENSLEY,  
Charlottetown, August 26, 1861.

**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 quality of Old Malt Whiskey. Also  
—X. XX, and XXX Ale.

Charlottetown, November 14, 1861.

## LITERATURE.

**THE CROOKED FOOT-PATH.**

Ah! here it is, the sliding rail  
That marks the old remembered spot—  
The gap that struck our school-boy trail,  
The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church,  
A penciled shadow, nothing more,  
That parted from the silver birch  
And ended at the farm-house door.

No line or compass traced its plan:  
With frequent bends to left or right,  
In aimless, wayward curves it ran,  
But always kept the door in sight.

The gabled porch, the woodland green—  
The broken millstone at the mill—  
Though many a road may stretch between,  
The truant child can see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie—  
No fallen trunk is e'er in thorn—  
And yet it winds, we know not why,  
And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way,  
With shaking knee or leaping heart—  
And so it often runs astray  
With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain,  
From some unholy banquet led—  
And since, our devils steps maintain  
His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus—no earthen wall  
Could ever trace a furtive line—  
Our trusty steps are human still,  
To walk unswerving were divine!

Trunks of love, we dream of wrath;  
O, let us rather trust the more!  
Through all the wanderings of the path,  
We will can see our Father's door.

**THE MAJOR'S DAUGHTER.**

It was rather a gay scene at the judge's  
house, in Kurraekpore, at the beginning of  
the cool season, about three years ago. The  
rooms were brilliantly lighted, and the guests  
were arriving fast, so that the broad open  
space in the front of the house was crowded  
with haggard and palkis, and their swarthy  
attendants.

Society generally stagnates in India dur-  
ing the hot season. People exist as they  
best can,—close their blinds and windows,  
and make it their grand object in life to  
keep out the scorching winds. But the hot  
season had passed, and the rains had come  
and gone, and Kurraekpore society roused  
itself from its torpid state to an interchange  
of friendly meetings, which were to be in-  
augurated by this assembly, at the house of  
Mr. Grove, the judge. Every one was there,  
that is to say, every one who was recognised  
as anybody at all, both civilian and military.

There was an additional interest about the  
party, because the Major's daughter, who  
had just come out from England, was ex-  
pected to make her first appearance there,  
and as young ladies were a decided novelty,  
there was a great amount of amusing specu-  
lation about her.

"I think I shall consign Miss Vinrace to  
the wife of your civilian. You must make  
her know everybody; and I can trust you for  
finding out what she is made of," she added,  
laughing.

"Don't give me credit for too much pen-  
etration," rejoined Mrs. Stanley; "but I sup-  
pose she is little more than a school-girl!"

"It will be a wonder if she reaches your  
standard. But here she comes with the  
Major and his wife." And the busy, kind-  
hearted Mrs. Grove started up to receive them.

Major Vinrace, tall and portly, his hair  
was almost white, and his face beamed with  
kindness and good-humor. His wife looked  
pleasant and matronly, but rather worn  
with a long Indian life. Every one turned  
to look at Clara Vinrace, and every one  
looked twice. The sight of the bright young  
girl, fresh from England, brought a home-  
feeling to all their hearts. She was slight  
and fair, with soft brown hair, taken back  
simply from her face, and a bright colour in  
her cheeks, but the eyes formed the great  
charm of her face, such merry, honest eyes  
—there was no resisting them. She was  
dressed in simple white muslin, with sash  
and trimmings of blue, and altogether for-  
med a delightful contrast to the more gorge-  
ous toilet of some of the older ladies.

Miss Vinrace was soon engaged for the  
next quadrille, and after dancing till she  
was tired, she found herself seated quietly  
on a couch by Mrs. Stanley, who amused  
her with rapid and good-humoured satirical  
sketches of the different people as they pas-  
sed near them.

"That stout lady is Mrs. A., who has not an  
idea in her head, or sufficient energy to  
learn Hindustanee, in order to manage her  
servants. That tall young officer with the  
yellow moustache is Lieutenant B., who is  
always making bad jokes. And that is En-  
sign C., who cannot see a joke when every  
one else is laughing at it."

"Who is that intellectual-looking man  
with a tremendous beard, who is talking in  
so animated a manner?"

"He is my husband," said Mrs. Stanley,  
with a pleased smile.

"Indeed! And that noble-looking elder-  
ly man, to whom he is speaking, with the  
iron-grey hair, and such earnest, expressive  
eyes?"

"What have you not been introduced to the  
Honourable Edward Neville? That is  
quite an oversight on the part of our good  
hostess. He is a splendid man. If he has  
a fault, he is a little too self-willed and  
authoritative, but that is quite pardonable  
with such a mind. He holds a high position  
under Government, and will leave us soon  
to settle affairs in rather a disturbed part  
of the district that has hardly got quieted down  
since the mutiny."

"Is his wife here?"

"He has been a widower for many years.  
His children are growing up. They are now  
in England finishing their education. But  
see, they are coming towards us."

The two gentlemen joined them, and sought  
an introduction to Miss Vinrace. They were  
soon engaged in an animated conver-  
sation in which Mrs. Stanley took an active  
part, for, as she often said, there was no  
one so well worth talking to as Mr. Neville  
in the station, and conversation was certain-  
ly her forte.

Miss Vinrace was by no means a silent

listener, but took her part gracefully and  
modestly, where she felt sure of her ground,  
perfectly charming the others by her playful  
sallies, and sprightly replies. An hour  
slipped rapidly away, and when Major Vin-  
race came to look for his daughter, he was  
amused to see her so soon at home among  
her new friends.

"Well, Clara," he said, "and how do you  
like your first trial of Indian life?"

"I am quite delighted, papa," she replied,  
bidding them farewell with a pleased smile.

In short, Clara Vinrace became quite a  
rage at Kurraekpore, and in riding-excursions,  
tiffin-parties, and pic-nics, she and Mrs.  
Stanley were constant companions. Mrs.  
Stanley thought her most delightful girl  
she had ever seen, with such sterling sense,  
and such sweetness of temper and grace  
of manner.

Mr. Neville seemed very much of the  
same opinion, and finding the society of this  
young girl the pleasantest relaxation from his  
grave duties, he became much more sociable  
than his wont, and to every body's surprise,  
joined in all the pleasure-making excursions.

Some time after the evening spent at the  
judge's house, with which my story begins,  
Miss Vinrace was spending a few days with  
Mrs. Stanley. It was just after the second  
breakfast—for, in India, all who have any  
regard for health and enjoyment, rise early,  
have a slight breakfast, and then take exer-  
cise in the cool morning air, and return to  
the ordinary meal. Mr. Stanley had left  
the ladies for his usual magisterial work,  
and they were sitting out in the verandah,  
reveling in letters and the new periodicals  
which had come in by the mail that morn-  
ing. They were too much absorbed to notice  
her approaching foot-steps, and by a singular  
coincidence, Clara was in the act of exclaim-  
ing, "Oh, Mrs. Stanley! here is a passage  
that would just suit Mr. Neville—I should  
like to watch his face when he reads it,"

when Mr. Neville himself stood before them.  
Of course, she blushed, and looked very  
pretty in her momentary confusion, but she  
readily got out of her difficulty by saying  
gaily, "How very fortunate, Mr. Neville! I  
have no sooner expressed a wish than I find  
the opportunity of having it fulfilled!" to  
which Mr. Neville replied, "That he was  
only too glad to be able to gratify any wish  
of Miss Vinrace, and to prove her very great  
power of discrimination;" and so they im-  
mediately proceeded to read and discuss  
the subject in hand. After half-an-hour  
had slipped away unperceived, Mr. Neville  
started, looked at his watch, and turning to  
Mrs. Stanley, said:

"But I must not forget my errand. I  
came to ask you and Miss Vinrace to join in  
a picnic to-morrow, of my getting-up. It is  
a general holiday—a Hindoo festival; the  
courts will be closed, and we may as well  
make the best of the time, and look you  
say to a sail on the Chilkil Lake?"

"Oh, it would be delightful!" said Clara;  
"there is nothing I like better than a sail."  
"You getting up a pic-nic, Mr. Neville?  
Well, this is wonderful!" said Mrs. Stanley,  
with an arch smile. "But can you really  
manage it?"

"Oh, yes, some of us can ride, and those  
who prefer it may take palkis. I shall send  
my people on with a tent and provisions.  
Indeed, I will take no refusal, so don't let  
me see you hesitate. I am on my way now  
to make arrangements with Stanley."

"Thank you, Mr. Neville, you really carry  
all before you. I am sure we shall enjoy it  
beyond everything."

Clara said she must get papa's and mam-  
ma's consent, so a messenger was immedi-  
ately sent, who returned with a note from  
Mrs. Vinrace to the effect that she would be  
glad for Clara to have the pleasure, and she  
would trust her dear girl to Mrs. Stanley's  
care.

The picnic came and went. To Clara it  
was like a new revelation. The gorgeous  
beauty of the Indian scenery, the magnificent  
luxuriance of vegetation, the magic painting  
of butterfly and bird, all heightened and  
enhanced by the intelligent comments and ex-  
planations of Nyville and the Stanleys,  
made the day pass like a dream of wonder  
and delight. It was specially the attentions  
of Neville that affected the charm, for he  
generally found his place by her side; and  
contact with the fresh and energetic soul  
of his companion seemed to call into play all  
his varied powers of mind, and graces of  
conversation, and to clothe him with a new  
vigour and youth. He forgot his fifty sum-  
mers, or remembered them only with a sigh,  
to call himself an old fool, and then to re-  
turn and lose himself more deeply in the  
charm of the scene that stirred the pulses  
of his heart once more.

"My dear, my dear, will you step here  
for a moment?" cried the Major, in a pertur-  
bed voice to Mrs. Vinrace one morning;  
"here's a mess we are in!" He went on as  
soon as he found himself alone with his wife,  
"would you believe it, I have had Mr. Ne-  
ville here proposing for our Clara?"

"Impossible! Why he is old enough to be  
her father!"

"That's just where it is, my dear,—it is  
perfectly ridiculous."

"How did you answer him?"

"Well, I told him I was quite taken by  
surprise, but that I could not entertain the  
proposal for a moment. I said that I knew per-  
fectly well that his position and that sort of  
thing was every way desirable, but that I  
considered all these advantages were quite  
overbalanced by the difference of age, and  
that I should never consider such a marriage  
as anything but a sacrifice on the part of  
one so young as Clara. I said it was most  
unfortunate,—that I regretted exceedingly  
that such a thing should ever happen, and I  
begged him not to say anything to Clara, as  
I would myself needlessly distress her. And  
now, my dear, have I not expressed your  
sentiments as well as my own?"

"Yes, quite. I think you are acting for  
the good of our dear child. I hope she will  
hear nothing of this. But what did he  
say?"

"He looked exceedingly cloudy and stern,  
and said it was quite unnecessary to caution  
him against speaking to Clara, as he should  
leave to-day for the Mofussil."

"But he was not offensively with you?"

"Oh dear, no. He said he could hardly  
expect me to take a different view, and con-  
sidered himself presumptuous to entertain  
the idea. I heartily wish it had never hap-  
pened. I could say to half-a-dozen young  
puppies without the slightest compunction,

but such a man as this Neville—confound  
it!" And the Major sought consolation in  
a cheroot.

Morning light found Edward Neville many  
miles from Kurraekpore, and Clara, who  
was fast learning to refer everything to his  
opinion—to measure every day's enjoyment  
by the time he spent in her company—to  
find the society of other men a burden in  
contrast to his refined and gentlemanly at-  
tentions—when she heard of his sudden de-  
parture, without a word of farewell, felt  
that a cloud had fallen over her spirit which  
she could not shake off. Her parents guessed  
nothing of all this. She grew pale and list-  
less, and they thought that the climate was  
already beginning to tell upon her, and  
trembled for her future health. Mrs. Stan-  
ley had already divined the cause, and she,  
too, wondered greatly at Neville's conduct.

Acting for their child's good, the Major  
and Mrs. Vinrace raised her happiness by the  
very means they took to secure it. Had  
they only told her of Mr. Neville's attach-  
ment, she would, in all probability, have ac-  
quiesced quietly in their decision, living in  
secret on the thought of being loved by one  
whom she deemed so noble and wise. But,  
as it was, she was utterly distressed and per-  
plexed—distressed on the one hand that she  
had been betrayed into anything so unwo-  
manly as to lose her affections to one who  
did not seek them—bitterly disappointed on  
the other hand that her hero should prove  
himself less worthy of the reverence she had  
felt. Either she had been forward, or he  
had been trifling, and both were equally hard  
to believe. Did he think of her as a mere  
child? Then why had he paid her such de-  
ference?—why had he shown such deep in-  
terest in all she said and did? A mere ac-  
quaintance would have called to say good-  
bye. A friend would never have treated her  
as she was treated, and perplexed, her  
health gave way, and though she struggled  
hard to maintain her usual cheerfulness, and  
to be all that her parents wished, still every-  
one could perceive a change. The Major  
and Mrs. Vinrace, fearing that she could  
not stand a hot season, had already deter-  
mined that she should return to England,  
and remain under the care of the aunt who  
had brought her up, and it was arranged  
that she should travel under the care of Mr.  
and Mrs. Grove, who were going home on  
furlough. She was spending a few days  
with Mrs. Stanley for the last time, as she  
expected to leave for Calcutta in a few weeks.

They were sitting quietly together when  
Mr. Stanley rushed in in an excited state:

"Frank, what is the matter?" cried his  
wife.

"I have had dreadful news: poor Neville  
has been nearly murdered in his bed!"

"Horrible!" cried Mrs. Stanley, as she in-  
stinctively rushed to Clara, who looked so  
ghastly white that she expected to see her  
faint away, but she sat still and speechless  
as a statue.

Mr. Stanley went on:  
"The worst of it is, he is quite alone,  
without a European near him, and there is  
not a moment's dependence to be placed on  
those dastardly natives. I propose taking  
my doctor immediately, and going to him  
without delay. The Commissioner agrees  
with me, and will send a military guard at  
once."

"I will go with you, Frank?"

"Well, perhaps it will be best. I have  
given orders for a dawk to be laid, and we  
will start at once."

A *Chuprasse* was despatched to the bar-  
acks, and Mrs. Vinrace came to fetch her  
daughter. She was shocked at the intelli-  
gence, and still more shocked at the effect it  
seemed to have upon Clara, and she took an  
opportunity of speaking to Mrs. Stanley  
about her. In the fulness of her heart she  
told her about Mr. Neville's unfortunate  
rejection.

"Ah, I see it all," Mrs. Stanley said.  
"This was the cause of his leaving so ab-  
solutely, and now he has been exposing him-