THE EXAMINER:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

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DAVIES & WEEKS,
HAVING COMPLETED THEIR
FALL IMPORTATIONS,

RESPECTFULLY invite attention to their large and varied Stock of
STAPLE & FANCY
DRY GOODS,
Ready-made Clothing,
HARDWARE, GROCERIES.

The Store having been recently opened, every department will be found filled with
Fresh & Seasonable Goods,
which are now selling at Extraordinary Low Prices, at Duncan's Brick Building,
CORNER SHOP.
Queen-street, Charlottetown, Dec. 28, 1863.

M, P M & P!

75 BBLS. PORK of the above brands.
12 Tubs LARD.
For sale low. Apply to WM. DODD.
Charlottetown, March 21, 1864.

UNION BANK
OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

IN accordance with a resolution passed at the General Meeting of the Stockholders of the above Bank, held at the Colonial Building, Charlottetown, on the 11th instant, a call is hereby made of 35 per cent on the Subscribed Stock, which amount the Stockholders are hereby requested to pay into the hands of the Chairman of the Board of Directors, at his office, in Charlottetown, on or before Tuesday the 22nd March next.
CHARLES PALMER, Chairman.
Dated 22nd February, 1864.

AT a Meeting of the above Directors, held on Monday, the 15th February, instant, it was RESOLVED, That inasmuch as the Stock has not all been taken up, and some of the Subscribers have expressed a wish to be permitted to pay up a larger proportion of their Subscribed Stock than 35 per cent, therefore that any Stockholder paying in a larger per centage shall be entitled to participate in the profits of the Bank in proportion to the amount of Stock so paid in.
CHARLES PALMER, Chairman.
22nd February, 1864.

The Great Land Commission a failure!

Procure free land while you can.

THE Subscriber has THREE FARMS on Lot 15, which he offers to sell on reasonable terms. There is a portion of each of those Farms cleared and under cultivation; they front on the shore, where abundance of sea manure can be had. A Building Lot or two in Charlottetown or Summerside would be taken as a payment. For further particulars apply to the Hon. W. W. LORD, Charlottetown; Mr. P. BROWN, Summerside, or to N. J. BROWN.
Brown's Mart, Egmont Bay, Feby. 29th, 1864.

Valuable Leasehold Farm
NEAR THE CITY.

TO be sold by PRIVATE CONTRACT the Leasehold Interest in
100 Acres of LAND,
at One shilling per acre rent, lease 999 years, fronting on the Royalty Road, near to Wright's Mill, 60 acres of which are cleared and in a high state of cultivation; the remainder is covered with Longers and fencing stuff. There is on the Premises a very excellent DWELLING HOUSE, 32 × 24 feet, containing Nine Rooms, all well finished, with a good Cellar and Dairy, 7 feet deep, with a stone wall; BARN, 42 × 28 feet, with a horse and cattle Stable underneath, supported by a stone wall of 8 feet; a good Well of Water close to the House. 24 Tons of Hay was cut off the place last year, besides other green crops, and the greater part of the Land has been manured with Lime quite lately. As the owner is about to make an alteration in his business, the Terms of this Property to a good purchaser will be made easy—for which and any other information, please apply to the Subscriber, at his Office, Queen Square.
WILLIAM DODD.
March 7, 1864. Isl

ROYALTY LOTS.

TO LET, for such term of years as may be agreed on, and either in whole or in part, that BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED FARM, belonging to the Subscriber, fronting on the Mount Edward Road, and lying about a mile from Charlottetown. It contains about 70 acres, 40 of which are improved and in a high state of cultivation. On the premises are two large barns.
For terms, &c., apply to
JOHN LONGWORTH.
Charlottetown, Oct. 26, 1863.

VALUABLE
FREEHOLD PROPERTY
AND MILL STREAM,
For Sale or to Lease.

TO be Sold, or Leased for a term of years, as may be agreed upon, that VALUABLE FREEHOLD PROPERTY formerly occupied by John Ladner, situated on the Bannockburn Road, Lot 31, consisting of One Hundred and Twenty-five Acres of very superior LAND, fifty of which are in a high state of cultivation, the remainder covered with an excellent growth of both Hard and Softwood. There is on the property a good and commodious DWELLING HOUSE 30 × 41 feet, together with numerous out-buildings. There is also on the property a SAW MILL in good working order, with plenty of water to drive one or two Mills all the year round. The above Property is so well known, that it is almost unnecessary to remark upon it, being situated in one of the most thriving settlements in the Island, it offers an excellent opportunity for individuals, with or without capital, to make money.
—ALSO TO BE SOLD—
A very superior Frame got out for a Grist Mill, but which would answer well for a Church, Warehouse or other large building. For full particulars apply to the Subscriber.
FREDERICK DOUSE.
Ch'town, March 21, 1864. 4i

SALE OF
Valuable Freehold Property.

TO be Sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, at the Colonial Building, in Charlottetown, on the Fourth day of MARCH next (1864), at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, dated the Tenth day of December, 1860, and made between the Honorable William Forgan, of the Royalty of Charlottetown, and Susan Kemys, his wife, of the one part, and Daniel Hodgson, of Charlottetown, aforesaid, of the other part, and by said Daniel Hodgson assigned to me,—All those Tracts, Pieces or Parcels of Land, being Pasture Lots Numbers Nineteen (19), Twenty-six (26), Thirty-four (34), and Forty-two (42), in the Royalty of Charlottetown, aforesaid, as the same are delineated and laid down on a certain Map or Plan of the said Royalty made and now kept in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds and Keeper of Plans for the said Island, reference being thereunto had will more fully and at large appear.
For further particulars and terms of Sale, &c., apply to the Subscriber or his Solicitor.
Dated at Charlottetown this 31st August, A. D. 1863.
WILLIAM H. HOBKIRK.
JOSEPH HENSLEY, Solicitor.

THE above Sale is POSTONPED until WEDNESDAY, the 15th day of June next, A.D. 1864, at the same place, and at twelve o'clock, noon. Dated the 29th February, A.D. 1864.
WILLIAM H. HOBKIRK.
JOSEPH HENSLEY, Solicitor.

PASTURE LOT FOR SALE.

TO be sold by PRIVATE SALE, that beautifully situated PASTURE LOT, No. 42, in the Royalty of Charlottetown, having a front of Six chains on the Western side of the Mount Edward Road, and extending back by parallel lines Twenty chains to the property of G. W. Deblois, Esquire, and directly fronting the residence of the Honourable Colonial Secretary. It will be sold together or in Acre lots to suit intending purchasers. Should the above not be sold by Private Sale before the 2d day of MAY NEXT, it will then be offered by Public Auction on the premises.
A Plan of the Property can be seen at the Office of the Hon. Dr. Young, or at the Office of
WILLIAM FORGAN.
May 7, 1864. tw mon a pro

LONDON HOUSE.
ESTABLISHED 1820.
FALL 1863.

BY the "GAZELLE," "THERESA," and Halifax steamers from LIVERPOOL, "Uranus" from London, "Helen Davies" from Barbadoes, and "C. M. Rich" from Boston, the subscribers have completed their importations for the season, which, with stock on hand from previous importations, they offer for sale at their usual Low Prices. The present importations comprise:

20 hhds Barbadoes Sugar	5 bales Cloths,
50 do Muscovado Molasses,	4 do Carpets and Woollens,
50 chests prime Congou Tea,	4 do Paper-hangings,
300 sacks Coarse Salt,	4 do Cotton Warp,
50 sides Sole Leather,	6 do Printed, Unbleached & White Calicos,
6 cases Ready-made Clothing,	2 do Striped Shirtings,
9 do Ladies' Boots & Shoes,	2 do Glazed Linings,
4 do Rubber do do	2 do Buffalo Skins,
3 do Silks & Ribbons,	2 hhds Paint Oil,
3 do Millinery,	114 packages assorted Paints,
4 do Haberdashery,	20 tons assorted Iron,
4 do Linen Drapery,	150 bars Muntz Metal, ½, ¾, and ⅞ in. Kegs Butt Bolts, 6¼, by ¾, 7 by ⅞.
1 do Hosiery,	
1 do Gloves,	
1 do Shawls & Mantles,	20 bundles Spring, Cast & Blister Steel,
1 do Ladies' Furs,	
6 do Dress Materials,	50 sets Wilkie & Gray's Plough Metals,
10 packages Glasgow Goods, in Gala Plaids, Winseys, Shawls, Printed Shirting, Flannels & Shirts, Comforters, Bags & Bagging, Osnaburgs, Calicos, Cotton Handkerchiefs, &c, &c.	100 Wrought Iron Plough Shares, 1 case assorted Cutlery, 100 packages Nails and Spikes, 50 do Ironmongery and Hardware.

Casks Baking Soda, Whiting, Putty, Washing Soda, Bbls Jamaica Ginger, Crushed Sugar, Currants, Kegs Cudbear, Powder, Mustard, Boxes London Soap, Raisins, Lozenges, Extract Logwood, Pepper, Glass, Bags Rice, Pepper, Allspice, Corks, Coffee, Coils Manilla Rope; Dozens Pails, Brooms, &c. &c.
D. G. & S. DAVIES.
Charlottetown, Dec. 7, 1863.

NEW GOODS,
FOR FALL 1863.
AT THE
BRITISH WAREHOUSE,
QUEEN'S SQUARE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE JUST RECEIVED from LONDON, per *Uranus*, from LIVERPOOL, per *Theresa*, from GLASGOW, via Pictou, per *Cabot* and other arrivals from the States and Halifax,
Their usual extensive Supply of
BRITISH & FOREIGN
MERCHANDIZE,
comprising all the requisite articles in STAPLE & FANCY GOODS, among which will be found the leading styles and novelties of the season:
Plain & Fancy Dress Goods,
Shawls, Mantles, and Furs,
Bonnet Fronts, Hats & Caps,
Black & Colored Silks,
Hosiery & Haberdashery,
Collars, Ties and Scarfs,
Plain and Fancy Flannels,
Shirts, Skirts & Skirting
Serges, Oil Cloths & Baize
Boots, Shoes & Rubber Goods
Clothing, and Gents' general outfits,
Cloths, Doeskins, and Trimmings,
Hardware, Ironmongery & Cutlery,
Nails & Horse Nails, Room Paper,
Blankets, Rugs, and Counterpanes,
Good Indigo and other Dye Stuffs.
GROCERIES,
Consisting of Choice TEAS and SUGARS
RAISINS, CURRANTS and FIGS, &c.
SPICES, &c. &c.
☞ Personally selected with care—purchased on the best terms—and will be found to compare favorably with other Stocks in the market, either for style or value.
W. & A. BROWN.
Queen Square, Nov. 16, 1863.

FARMERS! LOOK HERE!

THE Subscriber has received, Ex LADY DUNDAS, direct from the Manufacturers, A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF ALL KINDS OF
Goods generally kept in Stock.
Newly Invented Patent PLOUGHS, for 1 and 2 horses,
Do do do Threshing Machines, for 1 Horse, warranted the best on the Island, and can perform as much work as some of the two Horse power by other makers; thus effecting a vast amount of labour both of man and horse, and avoiding the great injury and loss of Straw under the inclement weather until it is left useless for fodder for cattle.
New Patent Root and Straw Cutters, for saving Hay and Oats
" " Churns, to make excellent Butter in 10 minutes.
" " Cultivator and Stump Extractor, to raise 10 ton by two men.
" " Potatoe Diggers,—just wanted,—with several other improved Farming Implements.
The above Machines will now be sold at low prices, in order to prove the advantages of them over the old fashioned ones, by which such expeditious and excellent work is now performed. A vast benefit to the land has been effected by the use of those newly invented CYLINDAR MOULDBOARD PLOUGHS, of SMITH & FIELD, Greenfield, Mass., who have obtained several Gold Prizes for the discovery they have made in reducing cost, labor, and the draft on horses, to nearly one-half that of the old Scotch and Irish Ploughs.
Parties wanting any of the above valuable and low priced Machines this season will require to order them on an early day, having now only a few left on hand for specimens, at ORWELL CHEAP STORE, cheaper than the cheapest, from A NEEDLE TO AN ANCHOR.
F. STEPHENS.
Orwell, Sept. 14, 1863.

A CARD.

THE SUBSCRIBER, in returning thanks to his numerous customers in Town and Country generally, begs to inform them that he has removed his residence to Kent-street, East of Mr. JOHN HOLMAN'S, butcher, and nearly opposite the residence of JOHN SCOTT, Esq., Carriage Builder, where he is prepared, WITH INCREASED FACILITIES, to execute all orders entrusted to him in his line of business with PROMPTNESS AND DESPATCH,
ON THE MOST MODERATE TERMS.
—VIZ:—
House, Sign, Carriage & Sleigh Painting,
Plain and Ornamental Paper-hanging,
Imitation of Wood and Marble,
And every thing connected with the trade,
And by punctuality and moderate prices, he solicits a share of public patronage.
☞ Always on hand, for sale in season, WAGGONS and SLEIGHS of the BEST MATERIAL and LATEST FASHIONS.
☞ The Subscriber also wishes to intimate that he has opened a BOARDING HOUSE for the accommodation of permanent and transient boarders, with large stabling accommodation. With moderate charges, he hopes to merit a share of patronage.
E. H. MARTIN,
Kent Street.
Ch. Town, April 27, 1863. I & V

GOLD! GOLD!

THE Subscriber offers for sale, at his shop, Great George-street, a splendid lot of Gold Ear Rings, Broches, Links, Lockets, Pencils Finger Rings, Pins, Studs, Keys, Chains.
ALSO—Some nice Watches, consisting of—

Horizontal, four holes jewelled, in silver cases,	£3	10	0
Ladies size, do do	3	10	0
In Hunting Cases,	4	10	0
Levers, Thirteen Jewels,	6	0	0

A. PURCHASE, Watchmaker.
Ch. Town, Nov. 30, 1863. Snardon's Corner.

THRESHING MACHINE CASTINGS, at BEER & SONS
February 22, 1864.

LITERATURE.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

One cold, blustering, snowy night in November, I had reached my home utterly tired and exhausted with my day's labor; and as I threw myself into the great armchair before a blazing fire of bituminous coal, and felt the cozy comfort of my room, the luxury of the warm dry stockings and slippers, the grateful fumes of tea and steak standing before me on the table, I could not but feel great happiness in the thought that I had nothing further to draw me away from the house that night. I had left each and all of my patients in a state that my services could be dispensed with till morning. This is a circumstance so seldom enjoyed by a physician in good practice, that when it does occur it is looked upon as no common holiday.

I could listen to the mutterings of the wind, and the tapping of the frozen snow against window-panes, almost with enjoyment, or rather with a feeling that added a zest to what I was partaking of inside.

A blazing fire is provocative of thought, and a cup of tea is no preventive; I sat, therefore, and sipped and thought. I was staring into the blaze, and recalling a hundred days in the past—a hundred incidents, having a chain that led invisibly from my first thought. I recalled the night when I sat in my humble lodging the first day of my arrival in New York, fresh from the small town where I was accounted of some importance among my peers, and how my self-esteem was lowered from my one day's experience of the great city. I recalled my first entrance into the Medical School, my disgust, and my ambition; the gradual sloughing from the half-rude country lad to the rather stylish city-dressed young man. The going into society, and the first and last real passion of my life, Marianne Graydon, that more than sacred memory to me of twenty years—that memory for which I sit here a solitary, solemn man, wifeless and childless at forty-five—I sat before the blazing fire that night and thought of it all.

I met her first at a musical *soiree.* Before I saw Marianne's face I heard her voice She was surrounded by a crowd while she was at the piano, rolling out, with a careless *abandon*, one of the popular ballads of the day. I was not sufficiently critical to know whether her voice was a soprano, mezzo-soprano, alto, or contralto, but I did know there was a spell in it to me that sends its tones even now, at a distance of almost a quarter of a century, ringing through my heart and brain. I stood with the crowd about the piano, and saw her handed away from it. A *blonde*, of middle height, quiet in appearance, save only when she raised a bright, flashing blue eye to my face as she passed slowly up the room. I felt strangely that some portion of my soul had gone with her—a particle that held attraction for the great body. It must have been so; for reason as I would with myself through the next hour, I could not exercise the strength to deny myself watching her in every movement, and finally seeking her. I left the room with the great problem of my life solved. I loved deeply, passionately I loved one whom I felt and acknowledged as my superior. Though I had scoffed at belles, and put no faith in brilliant women. Marianne Graydon was a belle—a brilliant belle—and yet she was not beautiful—and a *blonde* should be beautiful if she would be a belle. She had fine eyes, a wealth of very light brown hair, and then all was told. Nor was she rich, though she was the best dresser in her set—and the most extravagant, but dressed with most exquisite taste. The secret of Marianne Graydon's great success was earnestness, which, whether it be affected or real, rarely fails to achieve great ends. I loved her dearly. In one month I had lived years. It was this love that caused me, after graduating, to establish myself for practice in New York, rather than return to my native place. I would fight the battle out upon the spot where she could see the struggle I would make to rise for her sake. I am told that I am undemonstrative. To this, perhaps, may be attributed many of my failures in my life—failures to make myself understood, to attach those to me for whose affection I would have made every sacrifice. If this was so in ordinary, I am sure it was not with my approaches to Marianne Graydon. If I had naturally any timidity, it was laid aside, and with every wild word that passion could utter I pressed my suit.

I am sure she loved me. It did not rest alone upon her telling. But the years went quickly away, and I still remained a poor physician, working among the thousand who possessed all the requisites of myself, with more ability to make them known; and, as a matter of course, we could not marry. I knew it must be so. I could not bring her down from her position to mine. Even were I willing—which God forbid!—I knew well that she would never consent. My best friends told me that she was mercenary, and I drove them away in derision. They said she never thought seriously of me for one moment. I think now, perhaps, they were right, and I was blind. They said Marianne Graydon only waited a wealthy wooer to throw me away as she would a worn garment. In this I knew they were right too soon. The wooer came; and amidst many tears, protestations of lasting friendship—amidst pleas for pardon and regrets that we had ever met—amidst entreaties, retrospective recalling, and curses upon my side, we parted, she to become Mrs. Robert Wharton, the wife of a wealthy railroad financier, and I to plod away on my daily round, and build up that position before the world for which I had lost ambition.

It was upon this night, five years ago, I sat in my study recalling it all, staring meanwhile in the blazing firelight, and thinking for the thousandth time how strange it was since that time I had lost all desire for society, and never should look with eyes of love again upon woman. Years enough had rolled away to blunt the memory, and Marianne Graydon was now nothing but a myth to me. I had not even sufficient curiosity to express a silent wish that I might know what had been her ultimate destination, or whether she was yet living. I knew that the wealth for which she had sacrificed herself and me had within one year gone to the winds of heaven in one brief night in the great panic of '37. I knew also that herself and husband had left New York immediately after—I knew not where, nor would I suffer my pride to ask. But upon this very cold night in November all this past came back to me, and I reviewed the life that had, without my seeking, brought me reputation, wealth, and calm, quiet content, more perhaps, than I should have achieved as the husband of Marianne Graydon.

'Doctor, there's a man in the hall says he wants you.'

I did not much like this interruption to my reverie. It came from my house-keeper. I have no doubt I spoke rather petulantly when I asked what the man wanted.

'He says he wants a doctor.'

'Cannot he find one somewhere else?'

'So I told him; but he says he wont go to any other this night—he has been to three without success already. And there he sits by the hall stove warming himself, quite comfortable like.'

'Send him up to me.'

I did not like to be interrupted, and much less I liked the idea of going out; and if the last could by any means be avoided I was ready to do so. The man was ushered in. A miserable, squalid looking wretch he was, over whom my house-keeper stood guard, not seeming disposed to trust him alone with me.

'What do you want?' I asked.

'A doctor, to be sure; what else do you think I came for?'

This was not a very encouraging beginning.

'For yourself?'

'He! he! he!' grinned the man; 'd'ye think now I look as if I wanted a doctor? No, sir-ee! Blind Mag's the one, at wants you.'

'Who is blind Mag?'

'Why, she's a woman, of course; she says so anyhow.'

'Where is she, and what is the matter?'

'Down here to Bully Dick's, dying.'

'Dying! what of?'

'Oh! what's the use of asking a feller such questions? I don't know what people dies of. They dies—that's all I know.'

I had got on my over-coat and boots as the man delivered this last address, and in a few minutes I was on my way, he trotting on a few steps in advance, down dark streets, up alleys, through blind entrances, over a heap of rubbish, groping up some flights of stairs, and we stood in some room, in one corner of which was heaped a parcel of dingy, dirty bed-clothes, a chest, a chair without a back, an old table, a pitcher without a handle, and a few pieces of wood, completed the furniture, the whole illuminated by one tallow candle burning from the neck of a bottle standing on the floor.

On the bed was my patient, introduced by the messenger as I entered, with—

'Wake up, now, Mag! here's the doctor That's blind Mag, doctor.' With this he disappeared.

The woman turned in the bed as I approached. The light was imperfect, but I could see that her hair was gray, and the spot where once were the eyes was deeply sunken, and the lids entirely closed. She put out her hand with the peculiar manner of the blind.

'Where are you, doctor? May God bless you for coming to me, though you can do me no good in this world, save to smooth my path in the next.'

The woman spoke well, and I knew directly had once been in a good position, though I could not realize that she should be able to fall lower in poverty than I found her. She was dying, in the last stage of consumption, hastened by foul air, bad food or no food, and exposure.

'I do not know you,' she went on, 'but I sent for a physician—all of that profession are alike to me now. You see, doctor, I am blind. Yes, yes! I have been blind now for years—I do not know for how many. Draw nearer, doctor; I wish to speak with you.'

I said something entreating her to lie still. For a moment she was silent, and then breaking out again, she said,—

'This world will soon close on me, doctor. and fallen and degraded as I am, I still believe in man enough to think that none could be so base as to act any deception with a dying woman. I like the sound of your voice; there is something in it that assures me you will serve me. Will you do me a last service, doctor?'

She had raised herself in the bed, and was sitting with her eyeless face turned towards me.

'If it's in my power,' I answered.

In a half whisper she asked me:

'I have been told that a physician would buy a body for dissection. What is the price they generally give, doctor?'

All my familiarity with sickness and death, anatomy and the dissecting-room, could not take from me the horror of this question. What did the dying woman mean? From the hollow, black spots that once held eyes, she seemed to gaze at me with an intensity that was fearful. It was a question I dreaded to answer, and yet dreaded to leave it unanswered. I said:

'The medical schools buy subjects, but not the physicians. They give generally from twenty to fifty dollars for a good healthy body.'

'Is that all?' she answered, and a deep shadow passed over her face; and then in a moment recovering, she stretched forward. 'Doctor, do you think I shall be worth that? I am healthy, you see—I mean I have not fallen away much. Look at me, doctor. My arm is pretty full. There is nothing the matter with me but blindness—that is nothing.'

'What is the meaning of this, woman?' I said, as sternly as I could gather courage to speak, while a shivering dread was running over me. 'Do you mean to sell your own body?'

'Ah! doctor, listen to me. Why should I not sell my body after death? Have I not sold it in life? For fifteen years I have lived a life of shame and degradation, lower and lower I have fallen, until you see me here. I am dying without enough to place upon my eyes for closing. Why should I care what becomes of my body after death? Can it matter to me whether it goes into the hands of the surgeons by my own will, or into the hands of the authorities to be thrust rudely into the ground at the public expense? I want money, doctor; and what have I to sell or give for it but my body, worthless to myself, and only good for the purpose I would give it to? It is money, doctor. Promise me that I shall have the value of my body paid after death to a source I shall designate, and I will worship you—I will bless you as a dying woman here and hereafter. You shall take it from hence as soon as the spark of life has passed away, and I will believe you when you say that its value to the medical school shall be paid to the one I shall designate.'

There was something in this too dreadful for contemplation, however familiar I might be with the details of misery. I had never yet known an instance of one bargaining before death for her own body. There was a dreadful earnestness about the woman as she sat there with her face turned towards me, repeating each few moments, 'do this, doctor, for a dying woman!'

What did she want this money for? What want could there be after death? A very perceptible shudder ran over the woman when I asked the question, and she dropped, apparently exhausted, on the bed. After the lapse of a few moments she raised herself again upon her elbow, she threw back the matted hair from her face, and said,—

'I would tell you all if I dared, though what sympathy could you have with me—poor, degraded, fallen creature that I am? False wife, false mother, and false friend! But, oh! doctor, I was once good—I was once rich—I learned to love wealth, and I grasped at its shadow instead of the reality I would tell you all; but first you must promise me that you will find a buyer for all I have to offer. My wretched soul was long since sold. Only my body—only my body. Promise me that its price shall be paid, and I will tell you all.'

I must have been terribly hardened in the trials of my profession if I could say "No" to the dreadful appeal of this woman. I told her that her request should be gratified; but she must tell me to whom and for what purpose this money must be paid. She caught my hand suddenly, and kissed it several times in rapid succession; and then, with a short, hysterical sob, sank away again upon the bed So still did she lie that I thought her dead, and to ascertain this I placed my hand on the region of the heart. She raised herself quickly.

'I am not dead, doctor. I cannot die until I tell you all. Mine is a common story, though it has remained locked within me, untold. Where can one find sympathy for her own misdoing? I have been loved, doctor—loved for myself alone—and I have thrown that love away like a worthless thing. I have been a wife—a faithless wife. I have been flung away by him for whom I lost heaven itself, as he would cast off a loathsome reptile. I have gone down, step by step, until I have wanted the very bread for which I would have been willing to have sold myself to my shame, but there were no buyers—no buyers for the wretched, wanton woman who cried herself for sale.

'For the poor girl who yields to a first love the world should have some charity in its condemnation—for the guilty wife none. Let her be cursed for evermore. And so have I been cursed. It was for wealth I married—wealth that escaped my grasp. It was for wealth that I passed away with the tempter—and here I lie dying, wretched and penniless. He took me to Paris, and there I forgot, in the mad whirl of my dissipation, all shame. It was there in the gaiety and pleasure I determined to stay. I would drown all thought, and become only the light woman of the world, embarking no feeling in any argosy not my own. I to make resolves!—I, who was a slave to the caprice of the man who found me in gold enough to aid me in all my dissipations, but not enough to make me inpependent of his will! And then came my husband—he from whom I had fled to guilty shame—and claimed me before all the world. Oh! gold is a mighty conjurer, doctor. He was poor; we were rich; and it was thus he became suddenly blind. It was thus he went away quietly, after seeking me through all the world, ready to dabble his hands in my blood. And I was bought—bought for gold. A slave, a bauble to be worn as long as it pleased my buyer to wear me, and when he tired of my fashion, give me to his valet, as he would his worn coat. My lot was not singular. He was tired, he wearied of my discontent—of the discontent himself had created—and he pensioned me off with the same liberality he would have treated a servant. He sent me home.

'Home! Where was my home? By courtesy the land of my birth. I came *home*, therefore, with my child—his child. I came among my former intimates to be shunned and pointed at. I could not bear that, you know! Then at this point, where I might have stopped, and perhaps have remained without further taint, I became desperate. They should not scoff me. I would buy my position. I had money; they should feel it. With a woman's estimate I rushed into all schemes of pleasure. I was surrounded by flatterers and sycophants. They lived upon me, they robbed me; and that which I had brought as the wages of my guilt faded away like the mist, and again I was poor. Is it strange that a woman should pall before poverty for the sake of her child? He was all I had to care for on earth. I was maddened, and prayed only for the time when I could tell him my fancied wrongs, and call on him to avenge them. For him, therefore, I would make every sacrifice. It was thus I argued in those days, doctor. False argument! I have learned better. Poverty is no plea for a woman's guilt; for, with all man's heartlessness, I believe he would rather aid her in virtue if he believes her earnest, than aid in her downfall. Is this so, doctor? You are a man; can you answer?

'There are two falls for a woman; the one where she persuades herself love is the cause; the last where she deliberately sells herself for gold. The last assuredly follows the first, and is the last step in shame. Whether I ever took the first I can leave you to judge. The last has brought me here.

'Oh, that life of shame, and its gradual steps! From the first where, amidst glitter and gilt, a few poor girls, chosen for their beauty and frivolity, are kept in a continual round of intoxication and glare—where thought is debarred, and tears are treasonable—where she is the most worthy who is the most sinful; and talent is accorded to her by the power she may possess of tossing down bumpers of champagne, and persuading the half or wholly drunken men with whom she meets to do the same. A touch of paint to hide the ghastly palor of the cheek; a little opium to brighten the eye; satin in gorgeous folds over the corroding heart; jewels to flash under the glare of the gas; and you have a woman, doctor—a woman, a creature with an immortal soul, made up for sale, and thrown out in the market to the highest bidder—sold for what will pay for her satin and silk, her jewels and gold, and bread.

'Bad enough, bad enough, is it while the poor intoxicated wretch is surrounded by splendour and plenty; but beauty cannot last always—she must come one step down, to the dirty drabby house, and the faded grasping landlady, to the streets, and the theatres. Oh, that terrible unwritten history!

'And further still, if imagination can picture anything worse. The garret and the corner gin shop; the cellar, and the eager grasping literally for bread. All these I have known doctor—all these I have known in their bitterest way. I have been beaten, spit upon, kicked, and starved. The law has no protection for the abandoned woman. I am blind from the blow of a ruffian, who laughs when he sees me. 'Blind Mag!' I have been taken from the streets at night, to be pardoned in the morning with half a hundred fallen, shameless creatures like myself, before a brutal magistrate and a jeering crowd. I have known the prison walls and the prison fare. And oh!——thank God! I am dying. But for one thing I would thank God! It is for my child, doctor, my boy, my grand and beautiful boy, who knows not of his mother's degradation. It is for him, doctor, I am pleading. The pittance for which I would sell myself would be his great need. For years he has not heard of or seen me. I have struggled and striven, I have deprived myself of every necessary that would have smoothed my downward path to the grave, that he might remain at his studies, unknowing his origin. That trifle will complete the sum necessary to ensure his stay at college for the few months more until he shall graduate. Oh! my brave boy, who will never know of his mother? They give such praises to his progress, doctor, I am sure of his success in life could he but graduate. For the sake of my boy, doctor, grant my request. When life shall be fled, take what was once a woman, and send the sum you would give to this address.'

She had till this moment kept herself raised in the wretched bed, with her blind face turned eagerly toward me. Now she fell exhausted, with a heavy groan, as I took *the paper from her hand and stooped toward* the light that I might read the name: 'John Edward Stewart.' I read the name aloud, and the woman turned in the bed and repeated it after me.

'And your name is——' and I hesitated that she might answer my question.

'Is it necessary, doctor, that I should speak a name that has been dead many years?'

'It would be better, my good woman,' I answered, taking her hand as kindly as I could, 'that I should know it for many reasons. Perhaps I shall be able to serve your son.'

'Oh, God bless you for those words, doctor! Though I do not know your name I trust you;' and she clung to my hand, and pressed it to her lips. 'I will tell you the name that for many years has not passed my lips—a dead name. My husband's name was Robert Wharton; my childhood name Marianne Graydon."

Marianne Graydon! How I sat that hour by the bedside of that woman whom once I had loved better than life, and not known it instinctively? And was this wretched, fallen, blind, and degraded creature before me, the memory I had cherished so many years? It fell upon me worse than the shock of death. I was speechless and deathly cold. She must have known the change, perhaps heard the groan I could not suppress; and once again she was sitting upright in the bed.

'What is your name, doctor? Let me hear the name of him who will befriend my son.'

Should I tell her to whom she appealed? Yes.

'Walter Hall.' She repeated the name in the same manner she had repeated her son's; then for almost a minute she was silent. At last there came a long, deep sob, and then she lay very still. This time it seemed to me she must be dead. so slightly did she hold her life. I thought the shock had parted the thread. I took the candle from the floor and held it to her lips. She still lived.

Until the first grey of the morning I sat by the bedside of the dying woman, expecting every moment her last breath. No human aid could avail now even in smoothing her path of the final moments. I could only sit and wait.

It was daylight when I first heard a step in the outer passage; and in a few moments a small, repulsive-looking man, whose face was scarred and disfigured, entered the room. He walked over to the bed and looked at the woman, and then turned to me with a nod and said:

'Has she gone in, doc.?'

'She is not yet dead,' I answered.

'There was a cove here last night enquiring after blind Mag, doc. I told him she warn't likely to be around agin for a spell; but he said his duty was done when he give her this 'ere letter, though I don't think it be for her. It's got another name on the kiver—'Mrs. Robert Wharton.'

'Who calls me?' came from the bed in very shrill tones, startling myself and causing Mr. Bully Dick, who was stooping to the candle reading the superscription of the letter, to jump quickly toward the door.

'Thunder!' said that gentleman, recovering himself in a moment, 'how she skeered me! Here's a letter for you, old woman, though it ain't directed to you, nuther.'

'Give it to me,' she said, raising herself to a sitting posture, and stretching out both her hands toward the man, who at arm's length put the letter in them. She turned it over rapidly in her hands for a moment, and then called:

'Doctor, I cannot read this.'

'Shall I read it for you.'

'Yes.' She spoke hesitatingly.

I opened the letter. It was simply a notification for Mrs. Robert Wharton to call at the office of Graves & Hendrick, attorneys, as soon as possible, either in person or by attorney, on business of importance.

'Graves and Hendrick? They were attorneys for the father of my child. What of them? I shall never know, doctor. Feel my pulse. Am I dying? There is something in this, I know. Oh! if I could but live to know. How long shall I live, doctor?'

I begged her to be calm, that all excitement would but hasten her end, that it would be several hours yet before anything could be known concerning it, promising to remain with her till that time, and to call myself on Graves and Hendrick, and immediately inform her of the result. Very quietly she lay for several hours, only rousing herself occasionally to ask the time. The hours slipped by, and I set by the bedside recalling all my life, and musing over the strange chance that should have brought me, of all men, to sit by the death-bed of Marianne Graydon. Nine, ten o'clock came, and I spoke to her, announcing that I would now go to Messrs. Graves and Hendrick. She felt for and caught my hand eagerly, and, speaking in a calm tone said—

'Dear friend, permit me to call you so, though I have done you great wrong. Forgive me all. I have been sorely chastened in my sin. When you return I shall be dead; but something tells me all is well, and my son is safe. For the sake of the wretched mother extend over him your protection. Farewell for ever!'

I passed forth upon my errand to hear, at the office of Messrs. Graves and Hendrick, that Mr. John E. Stewart had died in the city of Paris, leaving all his property, real and personal, to his son by Marianne Graydon, bearing the same name as himself, then residing in New York. These gentlemen attorneys had ably performed their duty in tracing the wretched woman through all her haunts, until they had discovered her, only the day before, at the establishment of Bully Dick. Through her they hoped to get trace of the son, not for a moment believing that, through all her shame and degradation, the mother had secretly supported the child.

It was true. When I returned to the room where lay Mrs. Robert Wharton, I found her cold in death. Two or three wretched-looking women, who rise like vultures on all occasions, stood over her, quarrelling among themselves for the division of the few miserable rags of clothing lying about her bed.

A plain white slab in Greenwood marks the spot where lie the remains of 'Marianne.'—Her son is with me. He will make a good man. Though he is rich, still he *regards a profession as a necessity*, and writes M. D. after his name. He is a great relief to me in my practice. I find I am not so young as I once was. To day I have made my will. I have no one to leave my little savings to who so well deserves them as Stewart. He is a fine fellow, and though his abundance is great, he will use it as well. I am sure I had much experience of him since that memorable night Five Years Ago.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

AUDACIOUS ROBBERY AND MURDER IN ROME.—A letter from Rome gives an account of a most audacious crime committed in one of the most frequented thoroughfares of the city.—M. Baldina, a money changer, who has a shop in the Corso, but resides at some distance, has long been in the habit of removing his specie to his dwelling house after business hours, in a hackney coach. On the evening of the crime, when two clerks were conveying the money, the carriage was suddenly stopped in the Via Lucina by three men, one of whom held the horse while the two others poniarded the clerks, seized the money, amounting to 10,000 scudi (53,000fr), and got clear off. One of the clerks was killed on the spot, and the other died the next morning. The coachman, whose complicity appears probable, has been arrested, but the robbers have not been discovered. As soon as Gen. de Montebello was informed of the crime, he istructed the commander of the French gendarmerie to lend every assistance to the Roman police. The general impression is that the perpetrators belong to the same band that recently stole 30,000 scudi from the Roman Railway Company. Some persons, however, seem to think that both these roberies were committed by political desperadoes belonging to the party of action, to raise the 500,000fr. which a recent manifesto of Mazzini declared to be necessary for the success of the revolutionary cause.—*Galignani.*

FEDERAL MILITARY PUNISHMENT.—It is the boast of the Stars and Stripes that there is in their army no such thing as corporeal punishment. But of corporeal punishment there are more forms in the world than one. It is true that I have never seen the lash used, but American ingenuity has not been slow to invent substitutes. A favorite mode of punishment inflicted by courts-martial is the old-fashioned mode of picketing, once used in the British army, but long since discarded as barbarous and cruel. Its victim is hung by his thumbs to a beam, so that his toes only rest on two pieces of wood driven for the purpose into the ground. Thus he remains for from half an hour to an hour, unless, as is frequently the case, he falls insensible, and is carried away to the hospital. Another form of punishment, not unlike the cangue of the Chinese, is that of the 'barrel.' A heavy cask, of from one to one and a-half hundred weight, having an end knocked out, and a square hole cut in the other for a man's head to go through, rests with its sharp edges on the shoulders of the culprit, who is thus for many hours marched round the camp, between a file of soldiers with fixed bayonets. This is described by those on whom it has been inflicted as a terrible punishment, for though to a strong man the weight is not at first great, it soon begins to give great torture, the sharp edges cutting deeply into the shoulders. Indeed, but few get through a long punishment of this kind, men fall exhausted and frequently senseless, and are carried to the guard house or hospital. Not many days passed in Camp Scott without the infliction of these and other punishments upon whole batches of delinquents. During my short stay, two men died under the infliction of these cruelties.—*Dickens' "All the Year Round."*

In New Zealand, a man who neglects to furnish for his wife and children, gets properly punished. All the women of the village, armed with green withes, are drawn up in two lines and he has to run the guantlet between them till he is whipped into decency, and willing to do his part as a husband and father.