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, October 3, 1864. New Series.---No. 44.

1864.

NEW GOODS

JUST ARRIVED
AT THE
LONDON HOUSE.

H. HASZARD

BEGS to announce the ARRIVAL of his SPRING and SUMMER STOCK of

BRITISH DRY GOODS,

Hardware, &c., &c.,

In all the varieties of the LATEST STYLES in fashion, and Material suitable for the season, having been carefully selected and purchased on favorable terms, will be sold

CHEAP FOR PROMPT PAYMENT.

Upper Queen Street,
Charlottetown, May 30, 1864.

FLOUR DEPOT
FOR
King's County!

Depot at Georgetown, King's County, P. E. Island,

FOR THE BEST No. 1 and 2

CANADA FLOUR,

warranted.

Also for NEW YORK, GENESSEE FANCY BRANDS, DOUBLE EXTRA SUPERFINE, and all other grades of FLOUR.

A large assortment of

BOOTS and SHOES,

now opening, and for sale Cheap.

F. P. NORTON.

Georgetown, July 25, 1864. 2m isl

FOR SALE!

300 BBLS. No. 1 Superfine CANADA FLOUR,
150 Bbls No 2 DO DO
10 Puns Muscovado Molasses,
Bags Liverpool Salt,
Boxes Tobacco, 10s,
Bbls choice Biscuit,
Cases Claret, 'Mentferrand.'

J. ROBERTS ECKART,
Telegraph Building,
June 27, '64. 6m Water-street.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, at the subscriber's WAREHOUSE, in CHARLOTTETOWN,
2000 Bushels Liverpool Salt
50 Sacks Butter Salt
20 Tons ¼, ½ & ¾ Iron
3 Tons Navy Oakum.

JAMES C. POPE.
June 13 1864. tf

TO EXCURSIONISTS.
ROUND TRIP FOR $13.

TICKETS from CHARLOTTETOWN to PICTOU, TRURO, HALIFAX, WINDSOR, ST. JOHN, SHEDIAC, SUMMERSIDE, and CHARLOTTETOWN, or vice versa, and GOOD for ONE MONTH from date of purchase, may be had of J. S. CARVELL, Agent.

Charlottetown, June 17, 1864. tf

On Consignment.

TO ARRIVE per Schr. *Adino* from HALIFAX—
15 Hhds. Bright Sugar,
10 Tierces do do,
20 Puncheons Molasses,
10 Chests Tea,
10 Bags Rice,
40 Bundles Oakum.

For sale low. P. W. HYNDMAN.
August 29, 1864. 5in

Cloth Factory!

THE SUBSCRIBER begs respectfully to inform the public that he will continue to manufacture CLOTH, &c., at his establishment in Tryon. Wool will be received in Charlottetown by H. J. Callbeck, Agent, or at the Mill.

☞ Cloth received for Dyeing and Dressing as heretofore.

CHARLES E. STANFIELD.
May 23, 1864. tf

Advice to the Farmers of P. E. Island.

AS the season for Harvest operations is approaching, and as the crops promise to be unusually abundant, the undersigned begs to remind FARMERS throughout the Island that he has just received an Invoice of his Stock of

Manny's Celebrated and Wonderful Mowing and Reaping Machines,

which save immense time, labor and money to those who use them, as is proved by the well established fact that they will enable a Farmer to save his crops four or five weeks sooner, and at less than half the cost, than he could do the work by the old fashioned Hook and Scythe, now rapidly going out of use, with the older and still more useless Flail. No enterprising or temperance Farmer should be without one of those wonderful Machines; the cost is comparatively trifling, and no man who is able to bear the cost should think of hiring one, as before it came to his turn to *hire one* of the Machines that might be in his neighbourhood, he would, perhaps, lose the chance of securing or selling his crop to advantage.

The MOWING and REAPING MACHINES were never in greater demand in the United States than at present. The scarcity of manual labor in that country, caused by the number of Farmers killed and wounded in the present War, renders such LABOUR-SAVING MACHINES more desirable than ever, and it will be almost impossible to secure a sufficient supply hereafter for the use of the agriculturalists of this Island. NOW IS THE TIME TO SECURE THEM. The undersigned, knowing that they would be in great demand, ordered a considerable number of them for the use of the Farmers of this Island, but could not get more than half he required, which he is prepared to sell for Cash or approved credit, for one or two years, if they are ordered before the 25th inst.

The following Agents will act for the Subscriber in selling those extraordinary and beautiful MACHINES which are so well adapted for saving labour and money; and the Subscriber hopes that they will send their orders immediately and use their best exertions to promote their sale, and thereby advance the best interests of the Colony. The Machines have JUST ARRIVED in the Steamer "COMMERCE," and one of them, together with some patent ploughs, will be on exhibition at the NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL, where an office will be opened for the sale of all such goods, during the season.

RICHARD J. CLARKE,
Of Orwell Cheap Store,
From a Needle to an Anchor.

July 11, 1864.

AGENTS:
W. E. DAWSON and W. W. IRVING, Esqrs., Charlottetown,
F. P. NORTON and THOMAS OWEN, Esqrs., Georgetown,
Mr. THOMAS ANNEAR, Summer Hill, Montague,
Mr. J. MCDOUGALL, Grand River Bridge.
Mr. J. T. TRUELOVE, Dundas, Lot 55,
Messrs. G. MCKAY & SON, NEW LONDON,
J. A. MCLEAN, Esq., St. Peter's Bay,
I. C. HALL, Esq., Tignish,
J. W. HOWLAN, Esq., and Mr. JAMES BRODERICK, Cascumpec.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

MANNY'S CELEBRATED MOWING and REAPING MACHINES, which save immense labour and money, have just arrived in the Steamer "Commerce". The subscriber expects that all agents and others wanting them will send their orders forthwith, as the supply is limited. Farmers who desire to preserve the life and health of their young hands, especially their females, who are so severely worked by the old mode of cutting grain crops, and who also desire to economise their money, will do well to secure one of the above named MACHINES as speedily as possible.

RICHARD J. CLARKE,
Orwell Cheap Store, from a Needle to an Anchor
July 11, 1864.

Union Bank of P. E. Island.

I WILL take the Bills of the above Bank at the face, for Flour, and other merchandise, at market rates, and receive them for accounts.

THOMAS HANFORD,
July 11, 1864. 3m St. John, N. B.

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.

THE IMPORTATIONS
FOR
SPRING 1864
ARE
NOW COMPLETED
AT THE
BRITISH WAREHOUSE,

WHERE YOU WILL FIND

An Extensive and General Supply of

BRITISH and FOREIGN

MERCHANDIZE,

COMPRISING

All the requisite Articles in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

including

The leading novelties for the Season.

Superior Tea,

and other GROCERIES,

Gents' General Outfits,

HARDWARE and CUTLERY,

Iron Bedsteads,

AND

FURNISHING GOODS,

Purchased on the Best Terms, and selected with the greatest care, and

Sold at the Lowest remunerating Prices.

W. & A. BROWN.

Ch'town, June 20, 1864.

BOOTS & SHOES.

JUST RECEIVED,

PER STEAMER *FRANCONIA*,

500 Pairs

Ladies', Gents', Boys', Misses' and Children's

BOOTS and SHOES,

IN GREAT VARIETY,

which may be had VERY CHEAP from the subscriber.

H. HASZARD.

Charlottetown, August 22, 1864. isl

Gas Cooking Range!!

THE cost of cooking by the above has been obtained by careful experiment, and is as here stated:—

12½ lbs Bread, roasted in 42 minutes, consumes 4 feet Gas, cost 1 cent. 2 lbs Steak, broiled in 5 minutes, consumes ¼ foot Gas, cost ¼ of 1 cent. 1 quart Water, boiled in 9½ minutes, consumes 1 foot Gas, cost ¼ of 1 cent. 24 Breakfast Biscuit, baked in 12 minutes, consumes 1 foot Gas, cost 2½ mills. For roasting Meat the cost is but 1 cent per hour. For boiling, frying or stewing, the cost is but 1 cent per hour.

WM. MURPHY.
Gas Works, September 19, 1864.

Gas Stoves! Gas Stoves!

THE above are highly recommended for Hotel Rooms, Offices, Bath Rooms, Boudoirs, Dressing Rooms, Nurseries and Conservatories. In severe cold weather, the temperature of an ordinary sized apartment can by this apparatus be raised to 70 deg Fahrenheit in about ten minutes. The expense of keeping the room warm will be about one cent per hour.

WM. MURPHY.
Gas Works, Sept 19, 1864. 4in

N. B. Both the Range and Stove can be seen at the Gas Works.

Ex P. Y. Soap.

JUST RECEIVED, a few boxes of the above superior SOAP, so highly approved of by families who have hitherto purchased and used it.

N. RANKIN.
August 8, 1864.

Hides! Hides! Hides!

THE highest market price will be paid for OX and COW HIDES and CALFSKINS, at Dodd's Brick Store, Pownal Street.

DODD & ROGERS.
Sept. 19, 1864.

WAITER.

WANTED, for the Steamer "Princess of Wales," a smart, active LAD, to act as WAITER. Satisfactory testimonials required. Apply forthwith to

F. W. HALES, Secretary.
Steamboat Office, Water-st, Sept. 26, 1864.

"Greenbacks!"

AMERICAN PAPER BOUGHT and SOLD by I. C. HALL, Water-street.
Charlottetown, Aug. 15, 1864.

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.

To Shipbuilders.

THE Subscriber HAS RECEIVED on CONSIGNMENT, from ARBROATH, Scotland, a large quantity of SAIL TWINE and CANVAS in assorted numbers from 1 to 8, which will be sold at small advance.

ALSO, ON HAND:

PITCH,	IRON,	PAINTS,
PITCH OIL,	SPIKES,	PAINT OIL,
Paraffine Varnish,	NAILS,	Do BRUSHES,

H. HASZARD.

Upper Queen Street,
Charlottetown, May 30, 1864.

Stoves! Stoves!
Yarmouth Improved.

THE subscriber has JUST RECEIVED a full cargo of COOK STOVES, for wood or coal; also, Franklin, Box and Parlor Cook Stoves. These celebrated and almost everlasting Farmer's Cooking, Parlor and other Stoves, which "can't be beat" for strength, heat, comfort and economy, will be sold for CASH, or fourteen months' credit on approved paper.

The improvements made in these Stoves are well worthy the inspection of intending purchasers.

—ALSO—

An assortment of Spare Stove Furniture on hand.

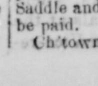
H. J. P. TERLIZZICK.
Charlottetown, August 29, 1864. 4m wkly

STRAYED,

FROM the Premises of Mr. M. Hogan, Charlottetown, on TUESDAY night last, 20th instant, a BLACK MARE, of a small size, a few gray hairs on one of her hind legs, some white hairs on her side, near the back, and a thick tail, about thirteen years old. Any information respecting her whereabouts from any person or persons, will be thankfully received by the Subscriber,

MARTIN HOGAN, Main Street.
Charlottetown, Sept. 24th, 1864.

Horses! Horses! Horses!



WANTED, by the Subscriber, TWENTY good, sound HORSES, free from blemish, 15 hands high, from 4 to 7 years of age, and suitable in appearance for Saddle and Carriage purposes, for which Cash will be paid.

J. C. BINNS.
Ch'town, Sept. 19, 1864. isl 3ins

LITERATURE.

THE FALLING OF THE LEAVES.

The autumn days are here,
And the trees are brown and sere,
And I hear the sighs of sadness that a girlish bosom heaves;
And I mark the hectic bloom,
That is brightening for the tomb,
And I know her strength is waning with the falling of the leaves.

It is hard for one so fair,
Who hath never known a care,
Nor love that hath departed, nor friendship that deceives,
To leave this world so bright,
For the gloomy shades of night,
And to tread the shadowy valley 'mid the falling of the leaves.

Hushed is the sound of mirth,
As she shivers by the hearth,
In the cool and frosty mornings, and the damp and chilly eves;
As she shuddered at the knell
Of the schoolmate loved so well—
For the young are falling round us like the falling of the leaves.

With the gentle art of love,
I would lead her thoughts above,
And bid her trust the Saviour when her tender bosom grieves;
But still, with gasping breath,
She shrinks from gloomy Death,
While fast her tears are falling at the falling of the leaves.

O pray for her, kind hearts,
That peace, ere she departs,
May gently fall upon her, not Death alone bereaves.
O well may we despair
If the innocent and fair
Fall with a troubled spirit, with the falling of the leaves.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

It was my fortune, in the year eighteen hundred and ——, to be quartered with my regiment in the Bermudas, that picturesque group of coral formed islands, which, by the corruption of the name of Sir George Summers, the first governor of the colony, who was shipwrecked there, has erroneously been called "The Summer Isles." In one respect, indeed, the name is not misapplied, for, so far as climate is concerned, eternal summer reigns throughout the year, the coldest winds from the north, in January and February, only reducing the mercury in the thermometer to the level of "temperate," while, for the remaining ten months, the heat of the dog-star rages.

Seen, as I saw the islands first, they present an aspect of incomparable beauty. Navigation, as practised on board the old transports, was not always a science of extreme accuracy, and the tub which contained the head-quarters of the regiment to which I belonged made the southern shore of the principal Bermudian island first, instead of bearing down upon it from the opposite quarter, seeing that we had sailed from the north, our port of departure being Halifax, in Nova Scotia. It was about noon when we came in sight of a low range of cedar-covered hills, separated from the deep water on which we floated by a long ominous line of surf, and knew that we had reached the 'still vext Bermoothes'—called by their first discoverers, the Spaniards, 'Los Diabolos,' and believed by all mariners to be inhabited by devils and other evil spirits, until the true relation of 'Edward Strachey, Esq.' (A. D. 1610,) swept away the tradition, and 'delivered the world from a foul and dangerous error.' The wind being light, we coasted along this breaker-beaten shore, keeping the coral reefs at a most respectful distance, and it was only as the day declined—a native pilot having meanwhile come on board—that we found ourselves abreast of an entrance to the great harbour, practicable only for small boats. As the transport could not reach the proper channel till the following morning, a small party of us, impelled by the natural impatience of landsmen to get on shore, availed ourselves of the pilot's boat, and left the ship that evening. The moon rose soon after we quitted the vessel, and was fast climbing the skies, when the boat shot beneath the steep cliff of a frontier island crowned by a ruinous fort. Just then the breeze fell, and we lay becalmed, but only for a few moments, oars being quickly out to supply the want of sail. The scene was one of extreme loveliness, and presented an effect almost theatrical, so sudden was the change within the rocky barrier. The dazzling moonlight fell on snow-white walls of scattered cottages, half buried in thickets of perfumed cedars; the clear blue heavens were fretted with golden stars of unusual size; the sea sparkled round our track, and was dashed in gleams of fire from the boatmen's oars; and our way lay amongst innumerable islets, whose outline was marked by the graceful foliage of the feathery palmetto. A mind filled with poetical ideas, such as that of a young man of two-and-twenty, with no more knowledge of the world than usually belongs to that age, might readily have fancied that in a fairy region like this no evil could possibly dwell, but youthful impressions by moonlight are not the safest to rely upon.

For nearly a couple of hours we threaded our course through this bay of islands till a wider harbour opened before us, and lying in a complete amphitheatre of cedar-crowned hills, the glittering town of St. George's came in sight. This was our destination, and, after answering the challenge of the sentinel posted on the landing wharf, we stepped on shore, admiring the beauty and perfect tranquility of the place. It was a small square, surrounded on three sides by lofty white buildings, each with its broad dark green balcony, and shaded by rows of that graceful tree called locally 'The Pride of India,' a species of Fraxinus whose leaves resemble the mountain ash, and whose lilac flowers cluster like those of the laburnum. We involuntarily stopped before the largest of these houses, hoping that it was the hotel, but we were mistaken; it was only the residence of one of the leading merchants of St. George's, its doors hospitably open, as those of an inn, to all comers by daylight, but at that hour closed in the peaceful sleep that wrapped the whole town. It was not long afterwards that this quiet spot presented a very different appearance.

Garrison towns, in small colonies like the Bermudas, owe their chief social attraction to the free intercourse which prevail between the military and official occupants and the wealthier storekeepers. There was, at the period I am speaking of, the Government House for great occasions, but the real enjoyment of society was mainly to be found in the pleasant abode of the mercantile community. Foremost of this class in St. George's was a gentleman named F——, the portal of whose house might well have borne the inscription which I have seen in one of the old Italian cities — Sienna, if I remember rightly—where 'Patet janua, cor magis' assures the guests that the heart offers even a readier welcome than the unclosed entrance. This generous-minded man was everybody's friend, less for the sake of his large hospitality than for the personal merits by which he was distinguished. He was of a frank and cheerful nature, by no means unlettered, though a very slight acquaintance with books went a long way in those islands, and was seldom of native growth; he had made many voyages in the earlier part of his prosperous career, was shrewd and observant, his conversation abounded in curious anecdotes, and few whom I have known deserved the epithet of 'good fellow' better than Henry F——. At the time of our arrival in Bermuda, F——, a tall, stout, handsome man, was some five-and-thirty years of age, and had been married about three, to one of those pale, delicate, dark-eyed Bermudian girls, whom Moore the poet has rightly described as not absolutely handsome, but having an affectionate langour in their look and manner which interests even more than beauty. Two children were already the fruit of this marriage, and there was the promise of a third at no very distant date.

Such was F——'s condition, and if ever a man was happy, he seemed and deserved to be so. To complete this sketch of his domestic relations, I must add that his only sister was the wife of Dr. H——, a surgeon on the staff then quartered at St. George's, a man of high medical attainments, but of somewhat irascible disposition, the hot temper of the Highlander often declaring itself on very slight provocation.

The laissez-aller of colonial life is highly favourable to the establishment of friendly feeling amongst the classes that mingle together on the terms of equality. Here and there the morgue of the English aristocrat leads some silly fellow to affect to look down upon the storekeeper, but in a general way the case is completely reversed; and with reason—to speak of self-interest only—for the storekeeper is, for the most part, the banker of the stranger in the colony, and if accommodation in cashing bills be required, to him must the application for money be referred. There was no one in Bermuda who met an officer's wants more promptly than F——. He gave, perhaps, no higher premium than others, for his dealings were strictly commercial; but he never made a difficulty of advancing cash on the simple word of the applicant, and the confidence he displayed met with a corresponding return; the banker became, in every instance, the friend of the person whom he accommodated; assuredly, among the rest, he was mine.

A young military officer has not much in his power to offer in requital for the kindness he receives at the hands of a civilian. His opportunity is generally confined to an invitation to the regimental mess, on what is known in the army as "Stranger day." F—— soon became a frequent guest with us, and at last it came to my turn to be his host. We had then been about three months in the island, and hearing that the messman had secured a fine turtle—there had, moreover, been a gale of wind, bringing a quantity of golden plover to the island, some of which were safe to figure in his bill of fare—I sent a note to F——, asking him to dine with me on the following "stranger day." He accepted at once, not formally, but in jocose terms, alluding to the extra attractions of the forthcoming banquet, for he had heard of the turtle and plover, and expressing a playful regret that it was not the season for whale, assuring me, as was the fact, that amongst Bermudian dainties the flesh of the young mammel held a prominent place. He concluded by saying that he was content to "rough it" on what he understood was the chosen fare of the British aldermen. I showed his merry note to several of my brother officers, and they all declared how glad they were to find that F—— was coming to dine again so soon.

The barracks at St. George's stand—unless their site has been altered—on the table-land of height that completely commands the town and harbour, at a distance from the former of little more than a quarter of a mile. Like the greater part of the buildings in Bermuda, though there are exceptions—for instance, the storekeepers' houses in St. George's square—the barracks consist of only a ground floor, and make up in length for what they lack in height. The officers' quarters, seperated from those of the men, occupy the southern extremity of the parade ground, where the hill slightly slopes towards the harbour, and this inclination of the soil is remedied by a higher foundation, to preserve the level of the long verandah which stretches along the entire front of the building. The verandah was our great place of redezvous, whatever the occasion; whether a ship of war were reported in sight, the signal espied on Telegraph-hill announcing the arrival of the mail-packet from Halifax, the fact of a whale having been seen "blowing" in the offing, or the daily advent of the dinner-hour. On the evening when F—— was my expected "friend," the usual muster had taken place, all the other guests were assembled, the drummer had beaten the Roast Beef of Old England—the military dinner-bell—but there was a pause before entering the mess-room. 'Are we waiting for anybody?' was the general question. The answer from more than one was that 'C——'s friend' had not yet arrived. 'Who is he?' was the next inquiry; and when the delinquent was named a considerable amount of good-humoured reviling was uttered at his expense. 'Well,' said the colonel, whose sobriquet was Redgauntlet, on account of his descent from the family of the hero of Walter Scott's last novel, 'at the risk of cooling the turtle soup, and mulling the claret, we will give him five minutes more. The fellow is so fond of his pretty wife that he can't bear to leave her, I suppose. We must put down all the married ladies in the island!' 'Better invite them, too, sir!' said a gay young ensign. 'I'll tell you what,' retorted the bachelor colonel, 'if any officer of mine ventures to be merely civil to a lady, so long as I command the regiment, I'll bring him to a general court-martial. It is an offence provided for in my copy of the Articles of War, and the penalty is——' 'Death, I suppose, colonel!' said the former speaker; 'for my part, I accept my fate.' 'You are right, you young dog! Death by dancing, or such other punishment as by the general court-martial shall be awarded.' In light nonsense of this kind the permitted five minutes—and another five to boot—were consumed; but when it began to draw near a quarter of an hour, the impatient colonel would wait no longer. 'Play the Roast Beef again,' he said; 'if he hears it, coming up the hill, he must run for it. Now let us go in.' He beckoned to me, however, as he led the way, and observed: 'Your servant is a smart light-infantry man, send him down to hurry up this laggard.' John Hurley, the man the colonel spoke of, was a quick, intelligent Irishman, and I despatched him on his errand. 'Never fear, sir,' said he, 'but I'll bring him along before the drum has done beating.'

We accordingly took our places at table, and began dinner, a seat being left like Banquo's, unfilled. It was my own simile, and little did I imagine that its application would prove litterally true. But ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, before John Hurley burst into the mess-room pale and breathless.

'Please your honor,' he exclaimed, addressing me, 'Mr. F——has been kilt!'

Every one started to his feet at this abrupt announcement; a hundred questions were asked in a moment, all resolving themselves into the inquiry from the Colonel: 'What on earth do you mean? Are you drunk, man? Speak out.'

'It's not drunk I am, Colonel! Niver a drop of liquor has passed my lips since I took my mornin', and if I were to speak as loud as a gun I could only say that Mr. F—— had been shot!'

'How? by whom?' asked a dozen voices.

'Some blaggard Moodian, bad luck to him! I don't know his name,' returned Hurley.

'Has the fellow been taken?' demanded the Colonel.

'Not he, sir,' replied Hurley. 'As soon as he did it he was off like the shot he'd just fired, leaving Mr. F—— kilt upon the ground where he fell.'

'Mr. Adjutant,' said the Colonel, addressing me no longer by name, but by the designation of my position in the regiment, 'get a sergeant's party under arms, and send out patrols to scour the Island. No ammunition, mind! The scoundrel must be taken alive!'

I quitted the mess-room hastily, leaving all in confusion behind. Merely stopping at my room for an instant to buckle on my sword, I hurried to the orderly-room, summoned the sergeant-major, and gave him the Colonel's order briefly, stating for what purpose the men were wanted. There was no need to claim the first for duty; a dozen volunteered at once. We took those that came, while a score or two more, in their fatigue dresses, set of like wildfire, eager for the chase. Heading the armed party, I also followed rapidly to the town. We learnt on the road that the report of Mr. F—— being killed was not absolutely true; he was, however, desperately wounded, having been shot in the groin, and had been carried to his own house. Thither we proceeded, and found a large crowd gathered in front of it—almost the entire population of the place—restless and clamorous, as coloured people under excitement always are. I then, for the first time, heard the name of the assassin, coupled with the confirmation of Hurley's news that he made his escape. He proved to be one Joel Tucker, the master of a small schooner, trading habitually between St. George's and Norfolk, in Virginia. What was his motive for the crime he had committed nobody could tell, as nothing was known of his having ever been on bad terms with Mr. F——. On the contrary, he had often been favored by the latter with freights when others were desirous of having them on equal terms; and his last return voyage was a consignment to Mr. F——, who had been heard to express himself to Tucker as quite satisfied with the result of the business transacted between them. The man, however, did not stand well in anybody's estimation. Acts of cruelty to his 'hands'—all coloured men and boys—were related of him, and he was held to be of a surly, revengeful disposition; but still the question rose, what cause of quarrel had he with Mr. F——?

While this information—such as it was—was being given, the victim of the assassination was lying insensible, unable to give any account of what had occurred. His brother-in-law, Dr. H——, was by his bedside, where sat his poor forlorn young wife, now just on the point of being again a mother. She had scarcely spoken beyond the first exclamation of horror and dismay; but no persuasion could induce her to leave the post she occupied, even while the surgical examination was made to ascertain the extent of the sufferer's injury. The wound, which could not be probed, was evidently a very dangerous one, and from its outward appearance, and the state of Mr. F——'s clothes, which were much burnt, it was plain that the pistol had been fired close to his body. Internal hemorrhage was feared, and this apprehension was shared with Dr. H—— by the rest of the surgeons of the garrison, who all, as the news of the event reached them, were in attendance. It would have answered no purpose, under the circumstance, for me to have intruded into the sick-room; indeed, all but the medical men were strictly excluded; having, therefore, distributed my party with full instructions, I returned to the barracks to report what I knew to the Colonel. Redgauntlet was a man of very impetuous character, and chafed exceedingly at the imperfect information I was only able to give. He was not only the commandant of the garrison, but, in the absence of Sir H—— T——, the Governor, not yet arrived from England, the civil as well as the military authority over the Bermudas was temporarily delegated to him; and being his military secretary as well as his regimental adjutant, I had plenty of work to do, though much of it was superfluous. On this occasion, greatly moved to anger, by the tragical event which had occurred while the islands were under his control, and considering himself personally responsible for the result, he dictated a number of impulsive orders, which I had to reduce to writing. This occupation detained me for several hours; but towards midnight I was released, and the first use I made of my freedom was to return to F——'s house to ascertain his condition.

A great change had taken place. Poor F—— had recovered his consciousness, and had been able to tell the story of the crime of which he was the victim, but he was a dying man, and the statement he made was a deposition which those who heard it formally attested. his words were to the following effect: 'Being engaged to dine at the mess of the —— Regiment, I dressed about half past five this afternoon, and shortly afterwards went out, meaning to walk gently up to the barracks. I had got as far as the lane which turns on the left hand towards Government House, and was passing by, when I heard some one calling out to me by name to stop, and looking round, I saw a man, in whom, though it was almost dusk, I at once recognized Joel Tucker. He was running fast down the lane towards me, and on his nearer approach I saw that he held a pistol in his hand, and seemed to be greatly excited. 'What is the matter, Tucker?' I asked, 'What are you doing with that pistol!'. 'What I want to do with it,' he answered 'I'll tell you.' Then he added, with an oath: 'I have been looking for your—— brother-in-law. He wasn't at home, but I'll shoot him wherever I find him!' 'You must be mad, Tucker,' I said. 'What harm has he done you?' 'Mad!' he repeated; 'maybe I am; but mad or not, I'll have his blood! Harm? Harm enough to make me take his life.' Knowing the violence of the man's character, I tried to calm him. 'Come, come, Tucker,' I said, 'something has put you out, and, in your mistaken anger, you are laying the blame on my brother-in-law. Why, he's as good a friend to you as I am, or as any one in the island.' 'Mistaken,' he replied; 'no I'm not such a fool as that. As if I didn't know who it was last week before I got home that drove my pigs out of his indian corn, and nearly cut one of 'em in two with his cursed hoe. A pretty friend he is—and you, perhaps, are just such another.' 'Never mind me,' I said; 'let us talk about H——. Surely you don't bear malice for such a thing as that, and so long, too? He was in a passion, I dare say, and never meant to hurt the animal—only wanted to drive it away, and struck it accidentally.' 'I won't strike him accidentally,' was Tucker's reply. 'I'll blow his brains out whenever I meet him.' 'I must prevent that,' said I. 'I know you don't mean what you say: but you must give me your pistol.' 'Where is H——?' he asked. 'Tell me where the —— is hiding?' 'I don't know,' I replied; 'and,' I added 'I certainly would not tell you if I did.' 'You wouldn't!' exclaimed Tucker, coming close up to me. 'No, I would not,' I answered firmly. 'Then take that!' he cried; and standing about a yard off, levelled his weapon and fired. I remember nothing more.

Life was ebbing fast when I was admitted to F——'s room, where he had originally been placed, and, as the surgeons supposed, was sinking from internal bleeding. He had, however, recollection enough left to know me, and strength enough left to press my hand and say "Good-bye." A few minutes after, all was over on earth with one of the kindest men that ever breathed. It was a sad night for that house, and for all who knew the fate that had befallen its owner. Mrs. F——, seized with violent convulsions, was removed to her own room, which she did not leave for some months, her form wasted, her health shattered, with only her two orphans to comfort her, the child being still-born, of which she was confined a few hours after her husband's death. A single night had wrought all this woe—a single night, and no cause for the murder that made it woful! The man who felt the blow most was, naturally, Dr. H——; he showed its effect in the care he took of poor F——'s widow, to whom he became more than a brother.

For all reasons, for justice sake, for that of friendship, pity, and, it must be owned, the desire of vengeance, no exertion was spared by any of us in the endeavour to apprehend the murderer. There was no necessity for the circulation of hand-bills, the tragedy being in everybody's mouth from one end of the island to the other, but a notice, offering a large reward, and fully describing the person of Joel Tucker, for the information of those to whom it was not known, appeared in the *Bermuda Gazette*—but neither this notification, nor the unsuccessful search, were productive of any immediate result. Every morning, for six successive days, rumours were spread that Tucker had been taken; the long verandah was the scene of perpetual consultation, where, when the reports were found to be groundless, devices were suggested for effecting the murderer's capture. At last, information came, on which, we thought, reliance might be placed. It was stated by a mulatto, named Isaac Forbes, a fisherman who lived in a lonely cottage on that part of the 'main'—as the largest island is called, which partly encircles King's Harbour, the waters were crossed on the evening of our arrival in Bermuda—that, returning home late at night, he had seen a figure stealing through a thicket in the neighbourhood of the Admiral's Cave, whom he thoroughly believed was Joel Tucker. He had reason enough for knowing him, having once sailed in his vessel, and suffered severely from the cruelty with which Tucker was in the habit of treating his crew.

Amongst the natural curiosities of Bermuda, the most remarkable are the numerous caves which undermine the islands in so many places. Many of them penetrate to great distances, and all are of extraordinary beauty; the profusion, size, and wondrous forms of the stalactites far exceeding what is generally met with elsewhere. Of these, the one just mentioned is the finest; and, as it branches off into various unexplored cavities, no better place of concealment can well be imagined. The probability, therefore, was greatly in favour of the supposition that Tucker had taken refuge in the Admiral's Cave, though how he had managed to subsist for so many days was a question not easy to answer. It may be asked why so obvious a place of refuge was not thought of in the first instance; but it arose from the fact that when the troops were sent out in search of him, on the night of the murder, the party which proceeded to the extremity of St. George's Island, which is separated from the "main" by a deep and rapid channel of the sea, were assured by the ferry-master that no one had crossed that evening; and ever since a guard had been posted there, whose duty it was to examine every one who attempted to pass that way. Yet, if the assertion of Forbes could be relied on, the murderer had contrived to escape observation, and place himself in comparative safety. To search the great cave was therefore resolved on. About twenty of the most active of our men were told off for the duty, and, accompanied by a constable, armed with a warrant for the murderer's apprehension, and guided by Forbes, who knew the interior of the cabin better than most people, it being the place where he procured fresh water for all his domestic purposes, the party immediately set forth. I was of the number, together with other officers. A government boat was ordered for the service, in which we sailed for Walsingham — the name of the locality where Forbes dwelt. As it was believed, though not positively known, that there was more than one issue from the cave, the greater part of the men were dispersed by files throughout the wood at some distance around, with orders to close in at the sound of the bugle, and with the rest we proceeded on our search. Making our way through a close thicket of sage-bush and low dwarf cedar, we struck into a narrow, circuitous, and scarcely perceptible path, which led to the principal and only known entrance to the place where we hoped to find the murderer. The approach to the cave was not easy of access, its mouth being almost entirely hidden by coffee and pomegranate shrubs, and parasite plants of various kinds, the passion-flower and Virginian creeper being the most luxuriant. Orange and lemon trees, laden with fruit, were also scattered about, making the spot resemble a rich yet neglected garden; but its beauty had no charms for us at that moment, however much we might have been inclined to linger and admire it at another. Forcing aside the pendent leaves of a broad banana, Forbes pointed to the entrance of the cave, and picking his way amongst the rocky fragments, began the descent, whispering to us to follow closely. It was no easy matter to do so, the footing being very slippery and unsafe, owing to the constant percolation of rain water through the porous soil, which dripped from the long stalactites that hung from the caverned roof. There was light, however, from the outer air for the first few yards of the rugged slope, and we reached a level space without accident. It was necessary now to proceed with greater care, a dark abyss, which appeared unfathomable, yawning before us. To enforce caution, our guide displaced a heavy stone, which, after a few bounds, plunged with an echoing roar into deep water beneath. Torches were lit here, and once more we advanced. I might dwell on the subterranean wonders that met us at every step of our progress, but these were less heeded than the object which brought us to the place. For nearly half an hour we moved on, constantly descending till we reached the margin of the water, which was salt, from its communication with the sea. It proved a sort of gulf, and rose and fell with the tide.

As yet, no sound had betrayed the presence of any one but ourselves; and having to all appearance reached the utmost limits of the cave, we began to question the utility of hunting further, when my servant, John Hurley, who had been allowed to join the party, and who, in his eagerness, had got considerably ahead, shouted out at the top of his voice: 'I have him! Come on, boys! Here he is! Give up, you scoundrel!' We raised our torches, and, looking in the direction from which the voice proceeded, descried Hurley on his knees grappling what appeared to be the crouching figure of a man. But this vision was only vouchsafed for a moment. The next thing we saw was my unlucky servant rolling down the steep, and immediately afterwards a tremendous splash announced the fact of his having tumbled into the water. We fished him out, dripping wet, and spluttering, 'I thought I got him,' he said, 'but just as I laid hold, my foot slipped. He's up there still! It's mighty cowld he is!' Both these remarks were true, for when our guide climbed to the place from which Hurley had fallen, he discovered that what he had taken for the fugitive was nothing but a large stalagmite, closely resembling a human being. When our laughter at the mistake had subsided, we asked if we could get any further in that direction, and being assured that there was no practicable path, we gave up the search, and re-trod the windings of the rock till we reached the light of day, coming to the conclusion that if the murderer had made any use of the cave, it was only for a temporary purpose — probably when he believed that pursuers were on his track. Reluctantly, therefore, after scouring the neighbouring woods, and extending our examination for some distance, the men were called in, and we returned disappointed to the garrison.

Whether stimulated by the offered reward, or moved by the desire to avenge his own wrongs, or piqued at the doubts thrown on his statement—if a combination of all these motives did not operate with him — Isaac Forbes was determined to renew the search for Joel Tucker, and instead of going out to fish that evening, remained in his cottage till dark. He then — this was his subsequent statement—went quietly forth, and, climbing a large calabash-tree, sat watching among its branches, a notion having entered his brain that Tucker haunted the spot. For some hours all was perfectly still, the mocking-bird had long ceased his imitative song, and the waning moon had just risen, when by her uncertain light the watcher discerned the figure of a man emerging from a thicket at a short distance. He carried a bundle in one hand, and making his way in a southerly direction, passed close to the calabash-tree. Had there been no light at all, the intensity of the mulatto's gaze would have sufficed to distinguish, in the person who approached, the man he was looking for. It was no other than Joel Tucker. The idea of his true place of concealment then flashed upon Forbes. On the south side of the "main," to seaward of a long spit of land where the breakers terminated, extended a broad reach of sweeping sand, which, constantly encroaching, had added to the ruin of a small village originally half destroyed by fire and abandoned by its inhabitants. Singularly enough, the name of the place was Tucker's-town, but only a few blackened walls remained, sufficient, however, to afford shelter for any one desirous of concealment, with an ulterior purpose, and what subsequently happened confirmed this opinion. Noiselessly leaving the tree, and treading like Caliban, so that the blind mole could not hear his foot fall, he followed whither Tucker was evidently bound. He tracked him to the deserted village, and saw him enter the ruins. Here, then, he housed himself; but it was not enough for Forbes to know this. There was something else he wanted to ascertain, and he waited till daybreak for the purpose. When the first gleams of the morning light appeared, he moved from the underwood of sage-bush in which he had been lying, and climbed a hill that commanded the whole line of coast. His keen eyes eagerly swept the horizon, but not a single sail was visible, and he felt satisfied that no vessel could appear in sight for several hours at least. From the height where he stood the ruined village was visible, and looking towards it, he saw Joel Tucker steal out a few paces and stand with his back to the shore on the look out for some passing vessel.

He had evidently selected this spot as affording him the best chance of escape from the Island. After gazing for about ten minutes, the murderer slowly returned to his hiding-place, and, having learnt all he wished to know, Forbes hurried to Walsingham, got into his boat and made the best of his way to St. George's to communicate the certain intelligence he possessed of the whereabouts Joel Tucker hid. The matter was now in the hands of the local magistrate, who employing the civil force only, manned a larger boat than the fisherman's and sent Forbes in it to guide the party. Three or four hours had gone by since the mulatto left Tucker's-town, and in the interim the restless murderer had taken his resolution. It appeared, from the subsequent depositions, that on the night the murder was committed, Tucker took possession of a small boat which he found on the shore, belonging to the proprietor of an arrowroot plantation about a mile from St. George's and rowed across to the "main," avoiding the ferry. This accounts for the fact of his not baving been seen there, the stolen boat, which was not missed, as it was not often used, Tucker concealed in a mangrove creek on the inner side of the spit of land already mentioned, and his personal anxiety to escape was so great, that he came at last to the resolve of putting out to sea in the hope of being picked up, when he would be able to tell his own story, and accomplish his deliverance; and, but for the discovery, made by the mulatto, he might have succeeded.

Full of the expectation of making an immediate capture, the officers of justice landed

General Post Office, Charlottetown, Oct. 10, 1864.