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. XIII. | Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, October 12, 1863. | New Series.—No. 45.

ARRIVAL OF DR. L. LA'MERT IN CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

TO THE NERVOUS AND DEBILITATED.—Dr. L. La'Mert, of 37 Bedford Square London, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England; Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh; M. D. of the University of Erlangen, &c., begs to inform his Patients, and others seeking confidential Medical Advice, that he has arrived in CHARLOTTETOWN, on a Professional visit, and may be consulted on all cases of Nervous and Physical Debility, and on the various Disorders resulting from Sedentary Habits, Excess, Accident, or Climate, Daily, from 10 till 1 p. m., and 6 till 9 p. m., until the 22nd of this month, at Mrs Douglas's, Water Street, near the "Islander" Office, when his visits will positively terminate.

Where a secret infirmity exists, involving the happiness of a life, and that of others, reason and morality dictate the necessity of its removal, for it is a fact that premature decline of the vigour of manhood, matrimonial unhappiness, compulsory single life, local and physical debility, &c., have their source in causes, the germ of which is planted in early life, and the bitter fruit tasted long afterwards.

The numerous cures effected by Dr. La'Mert, during his previous sojourn in the Lower Provinces, some in cases which had been pronounced hopeless — have led to many inquiries as to the probability of his making a Professional Visit to Prince Edward Island, and it is in consequence of those inquiries that the above announcement is made.

The great experience derived by Dr. L. La'Mert both, whilst assisting his father, Dr. Samuel La'Mert, of London, in his extensive Practice, and in the various Hospitals of Continental Europe, affords an ample guarantee, to those seeking advice, of being under the care of a legally-qualified Practitioner. Dr. La'Mert's name is to be found in the 'Medical Register,' published under the Authority of the Medical Council of Great Britain, and is, consequently, not to be classed with the names—in many cases assumed—of a horde of adventurers, who, through the public press seek to impose upon the credulous and unwary, by the publication of pretended qualifications and the advocacy of specifics, that are never beneficial, and in most cases positively injurious.

Dr. La'Mert's Work on "Self Preservation." with Engravings and Cases, revised by Dr. L. La'Mert, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, &c., describes how all the attributes of Manhood are lost or suspended, how they can be re-invigorated and restored to an advanced period of life, and is intended to enlighten thousands on important subjects, in regard to which they are entirely ignorant. The Work may be had in Charlottetown, price 25 cents, or free by post for 50 cents, of Mr. J. Ings, "Islander Office," or from Dr. La'Mert, at Mrs. Douglas', Water St., near the above office, until the 22nd of this month.

Charlottetown, October 5, 1863.

A CHANCE THAT OFFERS Only Once in Ten Years.

EXTENSIVE and UNRESERVED SALE of a VALUABLE FREEHOLD PROPERTY, in Georgetown, Prince Edward Island, by PUBLIC AUCTION, to commence on TUESDAY, the 13th day of October next, at 12 o'clock noon, at the residence of Messrs. JOHN & THOMAS McDONALD, Water Street, Georgetown:—

1 whole Town Lot, No 6, 1st Range, Letter A, with all the Buildings thereon erected. This property is delightfully situated, commanding as it does the entire view of the spacious and beautiful harbour of Georgetown and Three Rivers. There is on the premises a good comfortable Dwelling house, with a Barn and Stable, and all other Out-Buildings convenient and necessary, with an excellent Pump in the yard, of the best water, from a never failing spring, a good sized garden, filled with everything useful, making up a property affording every accommodation necessary to make a comfortable and desirable residence, either for a retired gentleman or a merchant desirous of carrying on a good and prosperous business; and as the present occupants are induced by flattering prospects now offered, to leave the Island for Wisconsin, United States, and are determined to sell out, at any sacrifice, GREAT BARGAINS MAY BE EXPECTED.

At the same time, and from day to day, till all will be disposed of, will be sold THE ENTIRE OUTFIT OF FURNITURE, consisting of the whole paraphernalia requisite to complete the establishment, and too numerous to name in an Advertisement. ALSO — a lot of excellent WHEAT, with Straw, and everything on, or about the premises.

An indisputable Title to the property will be given.

TERMS—The sum of £100 currency to be paid on receiving the Deed; the balance may remain, if desirable, secured on the property, for the term of one year from the day of purchase. For Furniture, &c., &c., all sums under £5, cash; over £5, a credit of 3 months will be given, on approved joint notes of Hand.

FREDK. P. NORTON, Auctioneer.

Georgetown, Sep. 21st, 1863.

Wool & Sheepskins.

F. P. Norton, Georgetown, Agent for King's County.

THE highest prices paid in CASH for any quantity of WOOL and SHEEPSKINS at his Establishment, head of Queen's Wharf, Main Street.

Georgetown, September 7, 1863.

PAINTS,
OILS,
GLASS,
NAILS,
LOCKS,
IRON,
STEEL,
AXLES,

Cheap at W. E. DAWSON'S.

Gibson's Brick Building, 22d June, 1863.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

Idaho from New York and Carrie Rich from Boston.

JUST RECEIVED

400 Barrels FLOUR,

different grades. For Sale at DODD'S BRICK STORE.

DODD & ROGERS.

May 8, 1863.

DR. SUTHERLAND

BEGS to intimate that he has just opened, Ex "Uranus" and "Prioress," an extensive Stock of

Drugs and Chemicals,

with additional daily expected, selected from the best London establishments.

Medicines carefully prepared by himself; therefore the public may have confidence in receiving a genuine article and at the cheapest rates possible.

Toilet Articles in Variety.

Brown, White and Fancy Windsor Soaps, Ede and Rimmel's Perfumery, Jockey Club, Rondoletia, Verbena, Kiss Me Quietly, Millefleur, Queen's Own, Highland Perfume, Pomades, Hair Oils, Hair Washes, Eau de Cologne, &c; Hair, Tooth, Nail, Shaving, Hat and Clothes Brushes.

Nursery Articles in Variety.

Feeding Bottles, Nursery Syphon Shields; Gum Rings, Ivory and Gutta Percha; Combs, all sizes, shapes and prices.

—ALSO—

Salpetre, Baking Soda, Washing Soda, Baking Powder, Alum, Blue, Vitrol, Cudbear, Cream of Tartar, Camphor, Castor Oil, (best English cold drawn); Turpentine, best London purified Cod Liver Oil, Mustard, Root and Powdered Ginger, Cinnamon Bark, Powdered Cinnamon, Nutmegs, Mace, Cloves, Olive Oil, Florence Oil, Almond Oil, Holloway's Pills and Ointment, (English,) Belmontine Candles, Pruno Candles, &c &c.

☞ Dr. Sutherland can be consulted daily at his establishment for Town and Country.

☞ Advice given to the Poor gratis.

Queen Street, June 22, 1863.

Ex "THERESA."

NOW LANDING, Ex above SHIP, and will be sold at a low figure—

50 Boxes 3 Crown SOAP,
50 " T. D. PIPES,
20 bbls PALE ALE, (in pints and quarts,)
10 " DUBLIN STOUT, do do

—ALSO—

Hourly expected per Prioress & Uranus—

30 chests ENGLISH TEA,
10 cases CHAMPAIGNE,
10 " GINGERETTE.

N. RANKIN.

May 18, 1863. I & RW

To Ship Builders.

WE HAVE RECEIVED from ENGLAND and BOSTON a good supply of Ship Building Tools & Materials,

—consisting in part of—

PIT SAWS—6, 6½ and 7 feet; CROSS-CUT SAWS, 4½ to 6 feet; "Underhill's" Ship Broad AXES; "Underhill's" Ship ADZES; "Thompson's" genuine Scotch Screw AUGURS; Carpenters' Mauls, Adze and Broad Axe Handles, Caulkers' Mallets and Irons, Ship Bevels, Chalk Lines, Pencils, Composition Roller Bushings and Companion Hinges, Brass Butts, Bolts and Screws, Cabin Door Hooks, Wrought Spikes, 4 to 8 inches; Iron, Galvanized, and Copper Boat Nails and Roves, all sizes; Binnacle Lamps, Guarded Lanterns, Log Lines, Slates and Glasses, Manilla Cordage, all sizes; Paints, Oils, Putty, and a complete assortment of smal larticles used on board ship.

H. E. STARBIRD & CO.
"City Hardware Store."

Ch'town, May 25. isl

SUMMERSIDE!

THE SUBSCRIBER having taken the Premises at Summerside lately occupied by Messrs. Green & Hunt, would respectfully call the attention of the public to his stock of

Flour,	Rice,
Tea,	Candles,
Sole Leather,	Starch,
Molasses,	Brown Sugar,
Tobacco,	Crushed Sugar,
Soap,	Crackers,
&c. &c,	&c.

Persons wishing to purchase will find the goods are sold at unprecedentedly low prices.

CALL AND SEE.

H. J. RICHARDSON.

Summerside, 17th August, 1863.

NEW ANNAN MILLS.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, in returning thanks to the public in general for their past favors, beg to intimate that they have procured the services of THREE EXPERIENCED HANDS from Nova Scotia to superintend their work, and by strict attention and good workmanship, would respectfully solicit a continuance of their patronage.

Bottle Green, per yard	0	2	3d
For Fulling, ditto	0	0	3d
For Fulling and Pressing, ditto	0	0	4d
For Fulling, Dressing, and Pressing ditto	0	0	6d
Dyeing and full dressing Black, Brown, and Snuff Brown	0	1	0d
For half-dressing the above colours	0	0	10d

WOMEN'S WEAR.

Green and Presesd. per yard	0	0	8d
Brown and Pressed, ditto	0	0	6d
Pressed, ditto	0	0	2½d

The following Gentlemen will act as Agents, from whom Cloth will be taken and returned without any additional cost:—

Richard Crabb, Town Road,
Richard Bagnall, Hazel Grove,
Mrs. Palmer, Lot 67,
Wm. Glover, Barret's Cross or Kensington,
Mr. E. L. Lydiard, Mill River,
Wm. Graham, New London,
Charles Doyle, Irish Town,
Joseph Davidson, Irish Town,
Donald McLellan, (Angus's son,) Lot 14,
Reuben Tuplin, Esq., Margate,
Benjamin Bearisto, Esqr., Malpeque,
Joseph Murphy, Esq., Lot 11,
Michael Kilbride, Lot 11,
John Beer, Esq., Hooper's Corner,
Wm. B. Strong, Esq., Bedeque,
James J. Fraser, Esq., St. Eleanor's,
Benjamin Rogers, Cascumpec.

WM. JAMIESON & SON.

New Annan Mills, Aug. 17, 1863. 3m

UNION BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Incorporated by Act of Colonial Legislature.

Capital Thirty Thousand pounds Currency, in 3,000 shares of Ten pounds each, payable by instalments in three years.

PROVISIONAL MANAGING COMMITTEE.

C. Palmer, Chairman,	Hon. W. W. Lord, M.L.C.
Hon. G. Beer, M.L.C.	Hon. J. Pope, M.P.P.
Henry Haszard, Esq.,	Geo. F. C. Lowden, Esq.,
W. E. Dawson, Esq.,	William Heard, Esq.,
James D. Mason, Esq.,	Thomas Dodd, Esq.,
Alfred Phillips, Esq.,	Wm. R. Watson, Esq.,
J. A. Darcy, Esq.,	Owen Connelly, Esq.
George Davies, Esq.,	

THIS BANK is formed to supply an addition to the money circultaion of this Island, the want of which has for some time been sensibly felt. It is the natural consequence of an increasing population, an expanding Commerce, and of the enlarged production of an industrious and energetic people. Incredible as it may seem, until the year 1855, there never was a Bank established in this Island; in that year, under the pressure of a similar necessity, the Bank of Prince Edward Island was called into existence; and while it has facilitated the trade and commercial business generally, it has largely contributed to the developement of the resources of the Country, and its results are supposed to have been satisfactory to the Shareholders, having for some years past paid them an annual dividend of ten per cent.

The increase in the population since the year 1855, the large addition to our trade and commerce, the increasing Revenue, the breadth of arable land cleared and cultivated, the growing increase of farming stock, the augmented export of grain and agricultural produce of all kinds, have rendered further Banking operations in this Island absolutely necessary.

It appears from the census of 1860, and from other authentic sources, that in the preceding five years the increase in the population of this Island was 9 361 persons; increase of breadth of land under cultivation 45,000 acres; increase in the quantity of roots and cereals exported 842,000 bush. That in the year 1861, the Imports amounted to £314,902, currency; the Exports, including shipping, to £343,421, currency, (showing a balance of trade in favour of the Island.) That in twenty years, from 1839 to 1859, the revenue more than doubled itself, the figures being, in 1839 £17,011; in 1859 £41,000

Whilst to carry on this additional trade, the public Banking accommodation up to 1855 was nil, and since that time it has never exceeded £52,000 per annum, or about thirteen shillings per head for the population, a sum so small as to be almost incredible; while the Banking accommodation of the neighbouring Province of New Brunswick, it is believed, amounts to thirty shillings per head.

The effect of the large additions above referred to, has been an increasing annual demand for Discount, and for a larger amount of Circulation or Floating Capital; but as the Bank of Prince Edward Island did not provide this, the Public in their necessity were driven to the private discounter for accommodation, at very heavy rates, and it has been estimated that at these rates a sum nearly equal to the Capital of the proposed Bank is annually discounted.

Deeply impressed with the importance of this evil, and feeling that there is in this Island an ample field for the secure and profitable action of a second Bank, the promoters have set on foot the proposed Establishment; and in submitting this prospectus to the Foreign as well as Island Capitalists, as a safe and profitable investment, they beg to refer to the Act of Incorporation of the Union Bank, now before the Legislature, and to those parts of it especially intended for the security of Shareholders and the public generally, namely, Section 18th, whereby Stockholders are declared personally liable for redemption of all Bills issued by the Corporation, and all debts due thereby in proportion to the Stock they respectively hold; but no Stockholder shall be liable for any sum exceeding twice the amount of his Stock, in addition to the Stock held by him.

And also Section 20, wherein it is enacted that the total amount of debts (deposits excepted) which the Bank shall at any time owe, shall not exceed three times the amount of the Capital Stock paid in. The Directors being made liable in their private capacities for any excess.

Subscription lists for Stocktakers (already largely subscribed for) are in the hands of each of the provisional committee.

Charlottetown, April 20, 1863.

LITERATURE.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design,

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

A "FIRST-CLASS" STORY; OR, THE PERILS OF TRAVELLING ALONE.

CHAPTER I. — IN WHICH THE TRAVELLER CONSULTS HER FRIENDS.

* * Of the other *Englanderinns* (as the Germans call our countrywomen) as they are to constitute the principal characters in the narrative which is to follow, we shall leave the ladies to speak for themselves. They were two cousins, originally of Irish extraction, and the one many years older than the other. The elder lady had been married to a Bremen merchant, who had died young and left her with a small independence, which she had come to eke out by a residence in the town of Eisenach, where, owing to the cheapness of provisions and rent, her income was sufficient to keep her in the state of comfort to which she had been accustomed.

The elder lady we shall call Madame Steindorf (for as the circumstances we are about to relate are founded in truth, it is superfluous to say that the name must necessarily be a fictitious one), and the younger one Miss Boyne. at the time of the opening of our story, Madame Steindorf had succeeded in obtaining for her cousin a situation as companion to the wife of a rich Hamburg merchant; for owing to her crippled means since the death of her husband, she was unable to keep the young lady with her any longer, and the main object of her visit to the *Halbe Mond* that day was to consult the gentleman whose acquaintance she had made at the *table d' hote*, as to the most prudent and safe mode of getting a young lady, unprotected as she was, to her destination, especially as she herself could not afford the expense to accompany her. *

'I want to learn from you, gentlemen, which class you consider the safest for a young lady to travel by in Germany when journeying alone by rail. Some tell me,' she added, 'that in the third class a young lady is less liable to meet with insult, because the carriages there are undivided into compartments, and some one is certain to be present to protect her.'

'For myself,' said Professor H——,' I travel some thousands of miles by rail regularly every year, and I never knew an instance of any female having been rudely treated, but then I always take a second class ticket; and you know, Madame Steindorf, our second class carriages are as good as your first, and the company one meets in them quite as respectable.'

'Oh, yes!' chimed in the officers, 'we all travel second class.'

'Besides,' added the Baron von H——,'I believe I may say without offence to so clever a lady of the world as yourself, Madame Steindorf, that our people are more polite than yours,' and the couple bowed to one another with extreme deference.

CHAPTER II.—IN WHICH THE TRAVELLER MEETS A STRANGE GENTLEMAN.

Almost as soon as it was light the next morning the two cousins were wending their way along the snow streets of Eisenach towards the railway station, with their German maidservant in advance of them, carrying the young lady's heavy trunk on the chiffonnier-like basket that was strapped to her back. The bells at the doors of the chandler's shops kept tinckling with the demand for 'schnapps' by the men on their way to work as the couple passed along. The dusty-looking bakers were busy arranging the sausage-shaped little rolls of bread on the small wooden ledges in front of their parlor windows: and the little go-cart-like milk waggons laden with their big tin jugs, not unlike in shape to large Etruscan vases, stood at the gateways, with the donkey half-dozing in the shafts: and the maidservants were grouped about the wells that were not yet frozen up, waiting for their turn to get water at the spring, while on the stones round about were ranged the tall, queer-looking wooden 'butten,' not unlike enormous quivers, in which they were to carry, strapped to their backs, the cold, wet load home to their houses. The rude old Roman tower which forms the only remaining gateway of the once ramparted town was soon passed, and then it was but two or three minutes' walk to the railway itself.

The starting-place had so few points of difference from an English station, that there is no necessity for particularising it; enough to say that the officials were all clad in suits of sky-blue, and every one had some hirsute appendage to either his lips or chin, and the "restoration-room" was heated to the temperature of a baker's oven, and reeked with the not very fragrant odour of red-hot iron stoves and stale tobacco-smoke. Here were gentlemen done up in furcoats, and fur boots, and fur gloves, until they looked more like Esquimaux than the inhabitants of the temperate zone, waiting the departure of a train, and all smoking and drinking steaming cups of coffee, till the atmosphere was as misty as that of a wash-house.

Presently the huge bell banging outside of the refreshment room door was tolled rapidly by one of the sky-blue officials, and then the glass doors that opened on the platform being thrown back, there was a general rush from within to without.

'Now, my dear Helen, I'll go and see that your luggage is safely stowed away, while you take your seat, and arrange your rugs in this carriage,' said Madame Steindorf, as she approached the door of one of the first-class carriages, and then signalled to the porter to come and unlock it for them, and by the time the young lady had drawn on her felt shoes, and exchanged her bonnet for a quilted hood, and taken the books she had brought with her from her bag, her cousin was back again to the carriage door, inquiring if she were sure that she had brought this, and hadn't forgotten that, and then telling her that she need be under no alarm whatever, that the guard had told her that first-class carriages were almost always empty at that season of the year, and she had written, as she knew, overnight to make arrangements for some one to meet her when she arrived at Harburg, who would conduct her across the river to her destination at Hamburg. The conversation was here abruptly stopped by one of the officials closing the door of the carriage, and then Madame Steindorf had only time to shake her cousin by the hand, and bid her mind and be sure that she wrote immediately when she got to the end of her journey, before the big bell clattered again, and the chimes began to play telegraphicallly all along the line of the little belfries ranged on top of the lodges of the signal-men, warning them that the Frankfurt train was then starting, immediately after which the engine-whistle rent the air with a piercing scream, the locomotive began to snort, heavily at first, and then to pant quicker and quicker, while the carriages, one after the other, began first to glide along the platform, and then to be whisked rapidly from the sight.

As yet Helen Boyne had kept up heroically against the struggle of parting—she had promised her cousin that there should be no 'scene' before strangers at the railway station, and she was too proud-spirited to allow herself to forfeit her word; but when she saw the last flutter of her cousin's handkerchief, and felt that she was now, for the first time, adrift in the world, and bound to a strange place, where she was to see only strange faces, the tender-hearted girl burst into tears, and sobbed as if her very heart would break. Her father had been assassinated in Ireland when she was but a mere child, and her mother, who had never recovered the shock of her husband's death, died but a year or two afterwards, so that she had been left an orphan long before her school-days were over. Her mother's sister had then received her under her roof, and had the girl educated for a governess, in which capacity her own daughter—before her marriage to Herr Steindorf—was then acting in an English family resident abroad. The subsequent marriage, however, of Helen's cousin to a merchant at Bremen led to the young lady being received into that merchant's family, in order that she might perfect herself in German, but she had not been here six months before the American panic came, and merchant houses that were considered solid as the Bank of England proved to be no more secure than cardboard ones—the oldest firms crashed on every side like rotten timber, and Herr Steindorf, from being one of the largest and most wealthy ship-owners, found himself comparatively a beggar in a few weeks, for bill after bill was returned to him dishonoured, and the losses came so heavy and fast that the merchant's intellect gave way under it, and ultimately sinking into a state of childish imbecility, he ended his days in a private asylum. The little property left was then invested so as to secure a small annuity to his widow, and upon this the two cousins had been living in Elsenach until a situation could be obtained for the younger one.

It was a long time after parting from Madame Steindorf, as her only friend on that side of the Channel, before Helen Boyne could manage to divert her thoughts by reading; for directly she tried to do so the tears which she fancied she had stayed would flood her eyes once more, and fall in heavy drops, like summer rain upon the leaves. Nor did she know whether they went through tunnels or crossed rivers; all outward things were an utter blank to her, for she heard nothing but the murmurings of her own heart, and saw nothing but her own sad fate before her.

She was hardly conscious even that the train had stopped at the little village of Gerstungen on the banks of the Werra, and was suddenly aroused from her dream by a strange gentleman jumping into the carriage in which she was seated, just as the train was in the act of starting.

The entrance was so abrupt and so utterly unforeseen that the girl gave a faint scream as she saw the man standing before her. Besides, the appearance of the gentleman was not of the most prepossessing kind. He was muffled to the nose in a comforter, and wore a fur-cap drawn low over the forehead, and with the lappets covering the ears, so that there was hardly any more of the face to be seen than if the man's head had been seen through a vizor.

'Thank heaven!' gasped out the man, 'I caught the train.' And the next minute he was jolted back into the seat with the motion of the carriages. Then having flung his carpet-bag on to the vacant cushion next to him he bagan to unwind the comforter from his neck and to remove the fur-covering from his head, so that he might wipe the perspiration from his brow. After which he commenced stamping violently to divest his boots of the heavy clots of snow that still clung to the soles of them. 'I thought I should have missed it after all,' he said quickly, and half to himself, and then turning sharply round to the lady, he added in the same disjointed manner, 'You are not a German, are you?'

The brusqueness of the question so startled the affrighted girl that she knew not whether to answer him or not. On second thoughts, however, she fancied it would be better to be civil to the person, lest he should take offence and be rude to her in return; so, without turning her head, she replied:

'No, Sir; I am English.'

'Soh!' cried the other, as he mused over the information. The next minute he began to unlock his carpet-bag, and after rummaging over the contents, ultimately drew forth a small hand mirror, which he held up in front of his face while he examined his beard and the long lank locks that hung like a lion's mane about his head.

While he was so engaged, Helen Boyne could not help casting a furtive glance at her companion, and, as she did so, she felt assured she had seen him somewhere before; —that horrible grisly red beard, and those straight yellow locks, reaching to his shoulders, and tucked behind the large projecting ears, were too deeply impressed on her mind to forget them, and then she fell to wondering where it was she could have met him; it could not have been at the 'Klemda,' for he seemed to be hardly well-bred enough to be admitted there; and while she was thus musing she noticed that the man was about to draw a pair of scissors from the dressing-case he had removed from the bag, but the sudden appearance of the guard at the window of the carriage made him thrust them hurriedly back again.

'Your ticket, if you please,' said the man. 'Where are you going to?' he enquired, as he took the bit of pasteboard in order to make the customary hole through it.

'You can see if you can read,' snappishly answered the new comer. And as he took the ticket back from the official, he held it in front of his face, as he cried, 'Can't you see Gerstungen to Cassel; it's printed large enough. I go from there to Frankfurt this afternoon, can't I?'

'Yes,' was the laconic reply.

The manner of the stranger was so peculiar, and there was such a restlessness about his eyes that the guard could not help saying before pulling the window up again, 'Is this gentleman annoying you, madame?'

Helen Boyne could not answer the question in the affirmative. It is true she objected to the man's company; then she was too polite-minded a girl to ask for his removal from the carriage on that account, for she felt it would be casting a stigma upon him that he in no way deserved. So she stammered out:

'Oh no, thank you, not at all.'

The words were no sooner uttered than the window was closed again, and the guard was off walking along the narrow ledge outside the carriages to collect the tickets from the newcomers while the train was in motion.

'Soh, now we are all right till we get to Cassel,' cried the stranger, chafing his palms together, but whether for the sake of warmth or exultation it was difficult to say.

The words, 'from Gerstungen to Cassel,' rang like the drone of a cathedral bell for many a minute in the mind of the young girl. That man was to be her companion alone in the carriage for many an hour of her long journey. She would get out at Cassel and ask the guard to place her in another carriage. It was curious why he should have chosen to travel first-class, for it was evident by his manner and appearance that he was ill-able to afford extra expense. Then she thought of what she had heard the day before at the hotel in Eisenach, that none but English people and mad folk ever resorted to those carriages; and as the recollection flashed through her mind she shuddered with alarm as she asked herself whether her companion could possibly be a person of deranged mind.

The rapid disjointed utterances he gave vent to, the incoherence of his actions, his restlessness and irritability, all tended to convince her that she was locked in that carriage alone with a lunatic. Gracious Heaven! what would become of her? If she had only pondered over the matter a few minutes before, she could have sought protection of the guard while he was at the window. What should she now do? She would put down the window that very minute and shout for help, and then even while her hand was on the frame ready to put the first thought into execution, a second crossed her mind. Where was the good of that? Who could hear amid all the clatter of the moving wheels and the gasping of the engine. If there was only some one in the next carriage she would knock at the partition and beg of them to help her; but —no, she could hear no one speaking, and knew that she was alone in her terror.

Well, she would do all she could to calm and soothe, rather than vex the man; then, perhaps, by humouring him she might be able to ward off any great danger until they reached the next halting place.

Absorbed with such musings as the above, the girl for a moment turned her head from the stranger and was busy looking through the window sideways, now towards this end of the train and then in the direction of the other, in the hope of catching sight of the guard before he returned to his seat on the op; and when she found the official was nowhere so be seen, she turned round again and discoveaed her red-bearded companion in the act of trying to cut the hairy appendage from his face, as he held a pair of scissors in one hand and the little mirror up before him with the other.

If Helen Boyne had any doubts of the man's sanity before she was now fully convinced that her fellow traveller was nothing else than a confirmed maniac — no decent person of sound understanding would be guilty of such impropriety in the presence of an unprotected young lady.

The attempt of the fellow, however, at extemporaneous hair-cutting was utterly idle under such circumstances, for the motion of the carriage, as well as the reversed movements of his own hand as seen reflected in the glass, rendered it extremely difficult for him to divest his chin even of a lock or two; and as the girl saw him nearly run the sharp points of the scissors into his throat, she starred and half shrieked in her alarm.

The cry made the man turn sharply round and look wildly at her, and then he gave a faint titter, and raising from his seat, went and placed himself directly opposite to the girl.

'Merciful Heaven!' she breathed to herself, as her heart sank like a heavy stone within her: 'What will *he* do, and what will I do now? If I move away he will follow me and be angry, too.'

But there was little time for vague surmise, for the man soon said:

'May I ask Mess' (the German rendering of Miss) 'to do me a favour?' and as he uttered the words he smiled grimly at the terrified girl, and half bowed towards *her*.

Helen Boyne paused for a minute as she almost foresaw the ugly boon the fellow was about to seek of her, and then stammered out:

'I shall be happy to do anything I can to oblige a fellow traveller; but I must beg of you to remember that I am a young lady, and unfortunately an unprotected one also, and therefore I entreat of you, as a gentleman, not to request me to do anything which I cannot consent to do with propriety.'

'Oh, don't be alarmed, Fraulein,' blurted out the other, 'I am harmless enough if you take me the right way. All I want of you is to cut my beard and whiskers clean off.'

It *was* as she had expected, and the poor girl in her modesty put her hands before her eyes as she sobbed out from behind them,—

'Oh, sir, I am a stranger to you, and I blush to hear you ask me to do such a thing.'

'Come, come!' said the man, holding her hands down, 'what should you blush about? I'm not going to ill-use you, and for the little matter of hair-cutting, you needn't put on these romantic flights, for in many parts of Europe the barbers are women, and no one looks upon them as indelicate people.'

'But, sir, they are used to such an occupation, and I am not,' wept on the girl, 'therefore I implore you wait till you get to your destination, and have it done by such as make a calling of it, for indeed, indeed, I *cannot* do it.'

'Oh! oh! you can't, can't you? Too fine a lady, no doubt,' said the man, with a surly scoff, 'to play the barber; but we'll see.'

'What would you do?' gasped Helen Boyne. 'You would not *force me* to touch you?' and the girl shuddered with horror from head to foot.

'No force, only a little strong persuasion,' was the cool determined reply, as he drew the carpet-bag towards him and then dragged from the bottom of it a small revolver pistol, which he placed on the cushion beside him.

'Heaven! You would not murder me, man?' cried the girl, as she started up from her seat.

'Oh no, no!' laughed the fellow derisively. 'Not if you don't particularly wish it, Miss. But the sight of that little mild persuader there may bring you to your senses;' and then he rose to put his carpet-bag up in the netting over his head. As he did so his back was turned towards the girl but for an instant, and in that instant Helen Boyne darted forward, and snatching at the pistol that lay on the cushion, rushed with it in her hand to the opposite corner of the carriage, and there she stood with her back against the door, with her arm outstretched and the muzzle of the revolver directed point blank at her adversary; nor did the weapon tremble the least in her hand.

'It *does* bring me to my senses, coward that you are, for it teaches me that though but a mere child in strength, I have now the mastery over you; and though I never pulled a trigger before, I tell you I will shoot you down if you move but one step to lay a hand upon me.'

'Haugh! haugh!' bellowed her companion; and then turning round looked the girl steadfastly in the face, and said sarcastically, 'You never pulled a trigger before, didn't my little one?' and began to stalk towards her.

'Another step and I fire,' cried the girl.

'Bah!' returned the other, and then stretching out his hand he made a snatch at the muzzle of the pistol that the girl still held steadily directed towards him. 'Simpleton,' he shouted, as he wrenched the weapon from her clutch. 'It's very plain you never did fire a pistol before, or you wouldn't try to pull the trigger with the hammer down.'

Helen Boyne tossed her head with dismay when she saw how easily she had been defeated, and her flesh crept as the man seized her by the arm, and dragged her back to the seat which she had left but a few mintes before. When he had resumed his place opposite to her, he said calmly, as he scanned the revolver that he held in his hand.

'You see, Miss, this is what you should have done: you should have drawn the trigger back thus, making it click twice, do you hear? And then having satisfied yourself that the percussion cap on the nipple was all right, if you had held it towards me as I do to you now,' (and he brought the muzzle within a few inches of her face as he said so), 'why then the least pressure of the finger would be sufficient to lay a person's body lifeless in an instant at the feet. Do you see, simple one?' and the girl cowered her head as far back as she could, while the fellow patted her under the chin as he said: 'Come, Miss Hasty, will you trim my locks for me now?'

CHAPTER III.—A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

Helen Boyne was, as we have before said, a strange, contradictory instance of the combination of two opposite qualities: an utter want of nerve on certain occasions, and a marvellous strength of nerve upon others; for silly little coward as she was at one time, she could still play the heroine even to the extravagance of melodramatic action at another. What wonder then that the damsel with eyes as full of fire as those of a blood-horse, should at one moment be levelling a pistol at a ruffian's head, and threatening to shoot him down if he moved a step towards her—as though she were some Amazonic young lady in a penny romance of thrilling interest—and the next moment be crouching with the acutest fear, like a well-beaten spaniel at the feet of its master. Even the strongest minded of men can hardly bear to look steadily down the barrel of a loaded gun presented at their forehead; so it was but natural that poor Helen should have averted her head, and shrunk away as far as she could from the ring of ugly black holes that formed the end of the revolver held within a few inches of her face.

'Now, girl,' cried the fellow, 'take the scissors and clip away. It's no use shivering there like an Italian greyhound. Do the work quickly, and you have nothing to fear; but hesitate, or attempt to raise the least alarm, and I can tell you I am too desperate a man to make any bones about taking your life. There, lay hold of the scissors, I say, and get the job over as quickly as possible;' and so saying, he thrust the scissors into her hand.

'Oh, sir!' faltered out the girl, 'why not wait till we get to Cassel, and then I will willingly pay the money out of my own pocket to have it done. I should only wound you in the terrible tremble that I am in now.'

'Bah! I shall have no time to spare there. Besides, it is my whim that you, and you alone, shall be my hair-dresser,' returned her opposite neighbour wildly. 'Directly I looked at myself in the glass, I made up my mind to have it all off; and when I saw your black eyes staring at me from the corner, like a rat peeping out of its dark hole, I was determined that you should have the shearing of the sheep; so come, to your work, for there is no time to lose. Do it quickly, I say again, and you are safe against injury from me.'

The girl felt that she was in the power of a sturdy maniac, and knew that it was as much as her life was worth to refuse to carry out his mad whim; so she merely ejaculated, with a deep, hysterical sigh, 'But pray take that ugly pistol away, sir, and then I will try what I can do.' And when the man had lowered the hand in which he held the weapon, and thrust his grisly chin forward towards her, the girl shuddered from head to foot when she laid hold of the end of the ugly red beard. As she raised the scissors in her hand, her first thought was, 'What if I stab the wretch in the throta with them?' But she paused for a moment in the frenzy of the thought, and the cunning ruffian, half guessing what was passing through the girl's mind, raised the hateful pistol once more—a movement so significant, that it quickly caused her to cast aside all ideas of vengeance. The next minute the locks began to fall thick and fast into her lap, and as they did so she shook them from her dress with her knees, as if they were a knot of adders clinging to her.

'Good! good!' shouted the fellow. 'Cut it close off—down to the roots, girl—whiskers, moustachios, and all. Make me as bare as a poodle.'

'There!' cried the girl, after a time, "thank Heaven it's over now—and I haven't wounded you either.'

'Ah, you have done it well enough so far as it goes; but come, your task isn't half finished yet,' said her ruffianly companion.

'Augh!' groaned Helen. 'What else am I to be forced to do?'

'Here, all these locks must away as well,' and with the words, the man lifted up a large bunch of the yellow mop of hair that dangled about his shoulders; so putting his head down nearly into her lap, he waited for her to continue the operation.

The girl had now so far overcome the loathing which she had felt at the commencement of her arduous task, and was so far satisfied that if she complied with his lunatic freak he would remain quiet, that she began to ply the scissors again as rapidly as she could, so as to have done with the filthy work as fast as possible; and it was not very long before she had shorn the wretch's head as close as a convict's.

'Ah, that's capital!' he ejaculated hurriedly, as he rubbed his hand over the bare round skull that was now not unlike a huge skittle-ball, and then drawing once more the little mirror from the carpet bag in the netting above, he began to gaze at himself again in the looking-glass. 'Thunder weather!' he burst out with a hoarse chuckle, as he gave vent to the customary oath of the Germans. 'I should not know myself if I were to see my face now. Come look at me, girl,' he added, seizing her by the wrists and dragging her round towards him. 'Would you believe it was the same person who stepped into the carriage some hour ago?'

'No, sir,' she faltered out, and then averted her head again as quickly as she could, for hideous as the fellow had appeared to her before, he looked now even more repulsive than ever, the colour of his hair being so light that his head seemed to be absolutely bald all over, and had more the semblance of a skeleton skull than the cranium of a living being, while the broken black stumps of teeth that had been previously hidden by the terrier-like fringe of hair on the upper lip, were now visible with hateful distinctness every time he grinned.

'What strange mania was on the man?' she asked of herself, as she took up her book and pretended to read, so that she might fix her eyes upon some other object than the hateful one before her. 'Why should he be bent on removing every bit of hair from his head and face, and that at a time when the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the frost glistened, like ground-glass, upon every window-pane? Why, too, should he have forced *her* to cut the locks from him, when in a short while he could have had it done in Cassel by a proper person? Oh, yes, there was no other solution to the riddle but insanity—some wild sudden caprice that the miserable deranged creature had no power to resist.' But the maiden's reverie was soon put an end to by the man asking her, as he let down the window to toss to the wind the lumps of hair that lay heaped at the bottom of the carriage, saying the while, 'What on earth do you take me for, Fraulein?'

Helen Boyne was so startled with the apparent sagacity of the tone in which the question was asked, that she started, as if she fancied some other person had put the question to her, and then replied, without taking her eyes from the book, 'You Germans, sir, have a saying that only English people and madmen travel in first-class carriages in this country.'

'Soh!' replied the man, closing the window; 'you are the English person, and I—," but he broke off suddenly, adding, 'You are mistaken, Fraulein; I am no lunatic, but have a purpose to serve, and for the carrying out of my object it is necessary, before reaching Cassel, that I beg another little favour at your hands.'

(To be concluded next week.)

(From Washington Irving's Sketch Book.)

* * * * * The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we brood over and cherish in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal; would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?—No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection;