LATORS

veral valuable FREEHOLD
e Island in good cultivation
immediate possession can be

n sold the present Season) in
MONTAGUE BRIDGE, tw
d nearly all paid for in Cash.
tes &c.
have been established for some
of all kinds lumber can be built
nders it most desirable for the

Double Wharf and site for a

ice of Messrs. BALL & SON;
P. NORTON, Tuos. ARMOUR,
ce, Charlottetown, and to be
Machine, the celebrated
Mill View, the Hon'ble. JAS
ceived and returned with des

. CLARKE.

OUGHAN,

ustoms Department)

OKER, &c.,

d the SCALES on

s Wharf,

weighing of COAL, OATS
Y, &c.

P. E. Island.

ERICAN HOTEL.

CHARLOTTETOWN
erly known as the "GLOBE
argest in the City and centrally
ed for the reception of perma-
lers. The subscriber trusts, by
ants and comfort of his friends
, to merit a share of public pa-

quors always on hand. Good
of horses, with a careful hostler

OHN MURPHY, Proprietor.
1.

mary Hair Cleaner,

tion for the Toilet and Nursery
highest degree, the property of re
uff from the Head, and by its invi-
asing the growth of the Hair.
W.R. WATSON.

v. 23, 1867.

PEST AND SAFEST
DOCTOR.

way's Pills.

d edicine ranks among the leading
It is well known to the world that
its other remedies cannot reach the
d as that the sun lights the world.

he Liver and Stomach,

some period of their lives, suffer from
nt of the liver, stomach or bowels,
removed, frequently settle into a dan-
well known in India, and other tropi-
way's Pills are the only remedy that
n cases. Almost every soldier abroad
n his knapsack. In England most
e Pills will cure them whenever the
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ess and Debility.

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rders of Children

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lers of the Stomach.

the deadliest maladies. Their effect is
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the channels of circulation. Now what
he Pills? They cleanse the bowels, re-
g the relaxed or irritated stomach into a
nd acting through the secretive organs
lf, change the state of the system free
y exercising a simultaneous and whol-
its parts and functions

plaints of Females.

egularities peculiar to the weaker sex are
without pain or inconvenience by the
Pills. They are the safest and surest me
s incidental to females of all ages.

ilious Affections.

n should have administered to them, from
doses of these Pills, which will purify
ble them to pass safely through the dif
dental to children, such as measles, hoop-
, and other infantile diseases. These Pills
heir nature as not to injure the most deli-
d are therefore more peculiarly adapted
humors affecting them.

Dropsy.

ured yearly by the use of these Pills, now
Ointment, which should be rubbed very
e parts affected.

gement of the Kidneys.

d quality of the bile are of vital importa
pon the liver, the gland which secretes the
for digestion, the Pills operate specifically,
g its irregularities and effectually curing
remittants, and all the varieties of disease
natural condition of that organ.

are the best remedy known for the fol-
lowing diseases:—

lity	Jaundice	Secondary symptoms
sey	Liver Complaints	Tic-Douloureux
entery	Lumbago	Tumors
ipelas	Piles	Ulcers
ales Irre-	Rheumatism	Venereal Affections
larities	Retention of Urine	Worms of all kinds
rs of all	Scrofula or King's Evil	Weakness, from whatever cause &c., &c.
nds	Sore Throats	
ts	Stone and Gravel	
d-ache		
gestion		
ammation		

tablishment of PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, 244
ample Bar, London, and by all respectable
ealers in Medicine throughout the civilized
ing prices: 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s.,
Box.
considerable saving by taking the larger
ections for the guidance of patients in every
to each Pot.

The Herald.

VOL. IV. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SEPTEMBER 23, 1868. NO. 2.

THE HERALD
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING
BY
EDWARD REILLY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
at his Office, Queen Street.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."
For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0
" " " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING
Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch and on moderate terms, at the HERALD Office.

ALMANACK FOR SEPTEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

FULL MOON, 1st day, 11h. 45m., even., S.
LAST QUARTER, 9th day, 5h. 52m., even., S.
NEW MOON, 16th day, 9h. 7m., morning, N. W.
FIRST QUARTER, 23rd day, 11h. 9m., morn., W.

DAY MONTH	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	High Water	Moon sets.	DAY'S LENGTH
		h m		h m	h m	h m
1	Tuesday	5 22	6 35	10 24	6 5	13 13
2	Wednesday	26	34	11 6	6 59	8
3	Thursday	28	31	11 53	7 24	3
4	Friday	30	30	even.	7 50	0
5	Saturday	31	28	1 0	8 20	12 57
6	Sunday	32	26	1 41	8 55	54
7	Monday	33	24	2 23	9 24	51
8	Tuesday	34	22	3 5	10 2	48
9	Wednesday	35	20	3 49	10 50	45
10	Thursday	37	19	4 36	11 42	42
11	Friday	38	17	5 25	morn.	39
12	Saturday	39	15	6 19	0 42	36
13	Sunday	40	13	7 14	1 52	33
14	Monday	41	11	8 9	2 29	30
15	Tuesday	42	9	9 5	4 18	27
16	Wednesday	43	7	9 59	sets.	24
17	Thursday	44	5	10 55	7 5	21
18	Friday	45	4	11 46	7 42	19
19	Saturday	46	3	morn.	8 18	17
20	Sunday	47	1	0 33	8 47	14
21	Monday	48	5 59	1 29	9 28	11
22	Tuesday	50	57	2 21	10 12	7
23	Wednesday	51	54	3 12	11 1	3
24	Thursday	52	51	4 5	11 53	11 59
25	Friday	53	48	5 1	morn.	55
26	Saturday	54	46	5 50	0 42	52
27	Sunday	55	44	6 55	1 40	49
28	Monday	56	43	7 37	2 36	47
29	Tuesday	57	41	8 26	3 36	44
30	Wednesday	58	39	9 47	4 35	41

Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, September 18, 1868.

Provisions.	
Beef, (small) per lb.	3½d to 7d
Do by the quarter.	3½d to 5d
Pork, (carcass)	3½ to 5½d
Do (small)	5d to 8d
Mutton, per lb.,	3½d to 6d
Lamb per lb.	3½d to 6d
Veal, per lb ,	3d to 5d
Ham, per lb.,	6d to 7d
Butter, (fresh)	1s 3d to 1s 4d
Do by the tub,	1s to 1s 2d
Cheese, per lb.,	5d to 5d
Tallow, per lb.,	9d to 10d
Lard, per lb.,	
Flour, per 100 lbs.,	20s to 26s
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.,	18s to 20s
Eggs, per dozen,	9d to 1s
Grain.	
Barley, per bushel,	5s to 6s 6d
Oats per do.,	2s 9d to 3s
Vegetables.	
Green Peas, per quart	6d to 7d
Potatoes, per bushel,	1s 6d to 2s
Turnips per bush.	1s 9d to 2s
Poultry.	
Geese,	none
Turkeys, each,	4s to 7s 6d
Fowls, each,	1s to 1s 8d
Chickens per pair,	1s 6d to 3
Ducks per pair.	1s 3d to 1s 6d
Fish.	
Codfish, per qtl.	20s to 30s
Herrings, per barrel,	25s to 40s
Mackerel, per dozen,	2s 6d to 3s 6d
Lumber.	
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Do (Spruce)	4s to 5s
Do (Pine)	7s to 9s
Shingles, per M	13s to 18s
Sundries.	
Hay, per ton,	65s to 70
Straw, per cwt	2s
Timothy Seed,	
Clover Seed, per lb.,	
Homespun, per yard,	4s to 6s
Calfskins, per lb.,	6d to 9d
Hides, per lb.,	4d
Wool,	1s 6d to 2s
Sheepskins,	2s to 2s 3d
Apples, per doz.,	6d to 9d
Partridges,	

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

A. HERMANS,
GUN-SMITH,
BELL-HANGER AND TIN-SMITH.

BEGS to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has again commenced Business on Dorchester Street, next door to the Reading Room Building, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line with neatness and despatch.

ON HAND,

A neat assortment of Tinware, Kitchen Utensils, &c. &c.

Including the patent BON TON COFFEE POT, which received the Gold Medal Prize, at the Paris Exposition of 1867. Also, BON TON LANTERNS, which will surpass everything in the Market, and suitable for either Farm use or on board Vessels.

A few WATER COOLERS on hand, which together with a large variety of other Stock will be sold cheap for Cash.

Mr. HERMANS is Agent for SAWYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE, a new, economical and superior article used in washing, whereby a saving of fifty per cent is guaranteed, and for which he begs to solicit the patronage of Laundry Maids, &c.

Ch'town, July 24,

THE OLD FAVOURITE HOSPITABLE
BOARDING HOUSE,
At The Head Of St. Peter's Bay.

ESTABLISHED by the late John Sutherland, Esq., is now opened for the accommodation of travellers, and the Proprietor solicits a share of Public Patronage. No trouble or expense will be spared to make visitors comfortable.

ANTHONY McCORMACK.
Head of St. Peter's Bay, }
June 17, 1868. }

RONALD McDONALD,
Commission Merchant, Auctioneer,
AND
COLLECTING AGENT.
Souris, Jan'y 2, 1868. 1y

CORNS & WARTS
Are Permanently and Effectually Cured by the use of
ROBINSON'S
PATENT CORN SOLVENT.
For Sale by
W. R. WATSON
City Drug Store, Dec. 13, 1867.

R. REDDIN,
Attorney and Barrister at Law,
CONVAYNCER, &c.
Office,---Great-George St., Charlottetown.
(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)
August 22.1866. tf

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE SUBSCRIBERS have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNIES-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of
ALLEY & DAVIES,
Office - - - - O'Halloran's Building,
Great George Street.
GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES.
Oct. 23, 1867. tf

KING STREET.
NEAR WELSH AND OWEN'S OFFICE.

THE Subscriber returns thanks for past favors, and begs leave to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has on hand a
Large Stock of Ready-made Men's Boots, Shoes and Gaiters,
Women's Balmoral, Elastic Side, and other Boots.
ALSO 250 PAIRS
Children and Misses Boots,
which will be disposed of low for Cash.
JAMES STANLEY.
Ch'town, 14th May, 1868.

COTTON DUCK,

THE Subscriber is AGENT for the Sale of the celebrated
Russel Mills Cotton Duck,
and is prepared to fill all orders for the same with the least possible delay.

Also on hand COTTON BOAT DUCK and COTTON DRILLINGS, suitable for Boat Sails; together with Cotton Sail Twine, Pure Bee's Way, &c.
I. C. HALL.
Ch'town, May 20, 1868.

DAWSON'S ESTATE.
Important Notice!

THE SUBSCRIBERS have been instructed by the TRUSTEES of W. B. DAWSON'S ESTATE, to SUE all parties, without any distinction, whose meritide Accounts, or Notes of Hand, to W. B. DAWSON or GEORGE NICOLL, are not immediately paid,
ALLEY & DAVIES,
Atty's for Trustees of Dawson's Estate.
Ch'town, Feb. 26, 1868.

COPPER PAINT.

CONSTANTLY on hand, Gallon and Half Gallon Cans of
Tarr & Wonson's Copper Paint,
which effectually prevents the action of worms on the bottoms of Vessels and Boats and also prevents the collection of Barnacles, Grass, &c.
I. C. HALL.
Ch'town, May 20, 1868.

PACKET
BETWEEN
SOURIS & CHARLOTTETOWN.

THE Fast-sailing and Commodious Schooner "A. R. McDONALD," will run between Souris & Charlottetown, calling at the intermediate ports, as soon as the navgaition permits.
DOMINICK DEAGLE, Master.
January 29, 1868. 1y

MAILS.

Summer Arrangement

THE Mails for the United Kingdom, the neighboring Provinces, the United States, &c., will, until further notice, be closed at the General Post Office, Charlottetown, as follows, viz:—

For Canada, New Brunswick and the United States, via Shediac, every Tuesday and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

For Nova Scotia, via Pictou, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland and the West Indies, every alternate Monday and Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, as follows, viz:—

Monday,	May, 18.	Monday,	September 7.
Wednesday,	do 20.	Wednesday,	do 9.
Monday,	June 1.	Monday,	do 21.
Wednesday,	do 3.	Wednesday,	do 23.
Monday,	do 15.	Monday,	October, 5.
Wednesday,	do 17.	Wednesday,	do 7.
Monday,	do 29.	Monday,	do 19.
Wednesday,	July. 1.	Wednesday,	do 21.
Monday,	do 13.	Monday,	November 2.
Wednesday,	do 15.	Wednesday,	do 4.
Monday,	do 27.	Monday,	do 16.
Wednesday,	do 29.	Wednesday,	do 18.
Monday,	Aug. 10.	Monday,	do 30.
Wednesday,	do 12.	Wednesday,	Dec. 2.
Monday,	do 24.	Monday,	do 14.
Wednesday,	do 26.	Wednesday,	do 16.

Mails for Summerside, St. Eleanor's and Bedeque, to be forwarded per Steamer, will be closed every Tuesday and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

And Mails for Georgetown and Souris, per Steamer, every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Letters to be registered and newspapers must be posted half an hour before the time of closing the Mails.

THOMAS OWEN,
Postmaster General.
General Post Office,
Ch'town, May 4th, 1868. }

Poetry.

AM I REMEMBERED IN ERIN.

[The following simple and patriotic lines were found hastily and almost illegibly scrawled in pencil, on a sheet of paper, folded in a book, in the library of the Hon. T. D. McGee. As they possess an interest as being a hitherto unpublished production of the martyr statesman, and as they furnish, after death, a contradiction of the slander that he was untrue to Ireland, we deem it well to publish them.—*Ottawa Citizen.*]

Am I remembered in Erin?
Oh! tell, tell me true:
Has my name a sound, a meaning
In the place my boyhood knew?
Does the heart of the glorious Island
Ever throb at my humble name?
Oh! to be but loved in Erin
To me were more than fame.

Come weal, come woe, Dear Erin,
As death and sorrow came
When I followed my little darlings
To the place I cannot name;
Whether storm or sunshine waits me,
In the days that none can see,
I consecrate, Dear Erin,
My heart and brain to thee.

Oh! Erin, mother Erin,
Many sons thine eye hath seen,
Many life-devoted lovers,
Since thy mantle first was green—
Then how can I dare to cherish
The hope that one like me
May be enrolled hereafter
With that palm colored company?

Yet faint, and fair, my Erin,
As the hope shines on my sight,
I cannot choose but watch it
Till my eyes have lost their light,
For never amongst her noblest,
Nor amongst her martyrs blest,
Was there heart more true to Erin
Than beats within this breast!

Literature.

MRS. PAGE'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

'Are we almost there, Charles?'

'Do you see that old moss-brown roof, with the huge brick chimney, peeping up among the apple-blossoms? That is the house.'

Laura's heart gave an involuntary throb. Would they welcome her as a new daughter? Would they love her? Charles Page smiled as he read the thoughts passing through her mind.

'Do not fear Laura; I do not know who could help loving you!'

Laura smiled a little doubtfully; she could hardly expect the whole world to look at her with her young husband's eyes!'

Old Mrs. Page stood at the farmhouse-door in her best black silk, with her 'company cap,' and stiff white ribbons, as the stage-coach rolled up—a hard featured old lady, with silver-streaked hair brushed away from her wrinkled forehead, and hands on which the net-work of veins stood up like knotted cord. Her welcoming kiss was like the peck of a bird of prey—so cold and hard did it seem against Laura's cheek.

'Mother!' whispered Laura, softly.

'I'm very glad to see you, Mrs. Charles,' said the old lady, stiffly.

'So you are Charles's new wife, hey?' said farmer Page, from the sitting-room,—'and a tall well-grown girl, too Come in, come in! Tea's most ready, and I dare say you'll be glad of a cup.'

There was something that passed like the chilled breath of an iceberg across Laura's heart as she entered, leaning on her husband's arm. It was not the welcome she had expected and hoped for; and involuntarily she felt that her mother-in-law's cold, criticising eye was upon her, and with no favorable glance.

'You look healthy for a city g'al,' said Mrs. Page, senior. 'I s'pose you've been brought up to work?'

No; Laura could not say she had.

'Can you wash and iron your husband's shirts?'

'No.'

'Can you make bread?'

'I have never tried.'

'Cannot you cook at all?'

'I'm afraid not, ma'am.'

'Humph!'

At this stage, Charles, who had been watching the deepening color, on Laura's cheek with some annoyance, broke in.

'But she can speak two or three different languages, mother, and paint beautifully, and I wish you could read some of the poetry she has written.'

'Humph!' again enunciated the mother-in-law. 'Languages, and painting, and poetry-stuff won't make the kettle boil, you'll find, young lady!'

'She has taught in a seminary, mother,' the young husband interposed, 'where she has had no opportunity to learn the useful things you speak of. All in good time. Rome wasn't built in a day.'

But Mrs. Page, with her thin lips set close together, was busying herself about the tea-table She need not have taken the trouble. Laura's appetite was pretty effectually destroyed!

'Come, darling,' said Charles, 'I want to show you the path to the spring in the woods.'

Old Mrs. Page looked contemptuously after them.

'That's all she's worth,' she muttered, 'to look at pretty, things and listen to honeyed speeches. I wonder where Hiram Page would be now if I had been cut out after that pattern?'

In short, it was an infinite relief all round when the short visit came to an end, and Charles took his young wife back to his city home. Laura was depressed and melancholy, and Charles, though he would not confess it even to himself, was a little prejudiced by the strong opinions expressed by both father and mother on the subject of his matrimonial choice.

Scarcely six months had passed over the horizon of their married life, however, when clouds came to darken it. Charles Page was [illegible] in a bank, but his humble salary [illegible] sufficiency for himself and Laura [illegible] when one night returning late [illegible] slipped and broke his right arm [illegible] that much of illness followed, it brought the grim phantom Poverty nearer to them than was at all pleasant.

'We won't let the old folks at home know of it, Laura,' said the young clerk, trying to speak cheerfully. 'I'm afraid they're in trouble themselves about that note my father endorsed for old [illegible], and I dare say we shall get along nicely with a little economy.'

Laura was sitting by her husband's bedside, one dreary November twilight, when there was an unwonted bustle at the door below—a banging down of trunks and shrill articulation of voices. She hastened to the head of the stairs—it was Farmer Page and his wife!

'We've no home of our own, now,' said Mrs. Page senior, speaking bitterly and loud, 'and we've come to stay with you and your wife, son Charles.'

'No home of your own, mother?'

'No—thanks to your father, who *would* endorse for that old scamp of a Millman, and he's lost every cent—just what he might have expected, I think—and we're as good as beggars in our old age! But dear me, what's the matter, Charles?'

Then followed explanations and recitals, much to the relief of Farmer Page, who had instinctively shrunk into the background until the violence of his wife's wrath should have subsided.

'And yo're no better off than we be!' sighed Mrs. Page, glancing sadly around the room. 'Ah—h—h! this is what becomes of fine ladies for wives!'

It was not exactly a logical conclusion, but seemed to afford wondrous consolation to the good old woman, who immediately untied her bonnet strings, and prepared to 'make herself at home.'

'Is this money in the pocket-book all you've got left, Charles?' demanded his mother, about ten days after their unexpected arrival.

'Yes, mother.'

'Only five dollars: and the rent will come due to-morrow, and there's a bill for groceries, enough to make one's hair stand on end—and as for milk. I don't see how men can sleep at night who charge ten cents a quart for milk that's half water! And nobody knows how much the doctor's bill is going to be, and Bridget's wages—but I'll discharge her to-morrow morning. If your wife can't do the work of these few rooms, I can.'

Charles Page closed his eyes wearily, and pressed his hand upon his throbbing temples. It was not the best course of treatment for a feverish patient, this enumeration of domestic troubles, but old Mrs. Page had never been sick herself, and consequently made little allowance for the weak and worn-out state of her son.

'I don't know what Laura's doing up in her room,' went on the old lady. 'She had a great deal better buy a wash tub and a bar of yellow soap, and do the family washing instead of putting it out, at seventy-five cents a dozen, and spending her time writing poetry.'

'Laura has been the most tender and devoted of nurses to me, and I will listen to no aspersions of her conduct!' interrupted Charles Page, indignantly.

Mrs. Page screwed her lips tightly together, as she turned the solitary five-dollar bill over and over, but she ventured on no more derogatory remarks, down stairs. Creeping like a venerable pussy-cat up the stairway, she entered her daughter-in-law's apartment with the stealthy movement peculiar to that quadruped.

'Painting, eh, Mrs. Charles? Let me tell you I think it's your duty to attend a little more to the housework, and less to your fine amusements up here. Do you see that five-dollar bill? it's all we've got left in the house, and if you think it's going to support you in idleness, you're mistaken.'

'Is Charles alone, mother?'

'Yes, he is alone,—but as I was saying—'

'I think we had better join him.'

Old Mrs. Page hobbled down after Laura's graceful sweeping movement, grumbling as she went.

'Laura said her husband, with a troubled face, 'my mother tells me that our funds are getting low—'

'Only this five-dollar bill left,' said the old lady, clutching it greedily, as if fearful that it would take wings unto itself and vanish into thin air.

'And,' resumed her son, 'what were we to do?'

'Might as well ask advice of the biggest wax doll in the shop around the corner,' grumbled Mrs. Page, *solo voce*.

'See, Charles.'

Laura opened her little portmanteau and was showering out its contents on the bed, close to Charles' hand.

'Count it, dear!'

'My gracious me!' ejaculated the old lady, 'where did these bills come from?'

'Seventy dollars! My dearest wife, how did you get this?'

Laura's cheek flushed high with pride and gratification.

'My little picture of 'Spring in the wilderness' was sold this morning, Charles, and I have orders for two more, at the same price!'

'Seventy dollars! For a trumpery picture!' gasped Mrs. Page Senior, under her breath, yet looking at Laura with a new deference and admiration dawning in her face. 'The woman who could earn seventy dollars in a week's work was not to be despised!

Charles Page's eyes filled with tears—he pressed his lips lovingly to the hand whose whiteness Mrs. Page had so much despised!

'My dear little wife; my help-meet indeed!' he murmured, softly.

'You must not wear that serious face any longer, Charles,' she said, hiding the depth of her emotion by an assumed playfulness. 'We shall have plenty of money now, to last us all, until you get well, and mother,—' she spoke it with an effort, 'shall lay it out for us, after the most economical fashion!'

But to Laura's astonishment, the old lady jumped up and threw her arms around her neck with a curious hysterical sob.

'I've been wrong all this time—I've been a spiteful, obstinate old fool!'

'There's no use makin' a secret of it! I've scorned and despised you, and been as ugly as Cain to you, and now—'

'*Now* we will forget it all and begin anew, mother,' said Laura, soothing the old woman's agitation with a tender kiss.

It was not until Mrs. Page the elder had her intention called to the pre-eminent necessity of an apple pudding for dinner that she left off reproaching herself and crying on Laura's shoulder.

'For I have been such an old Witch of Endor to you,' she remarked, most truthfully, as she went off to the kitchen.

And Charles Page, smiling up in [illegible] as the door closed, said:

'You have conquered her, Laura!'

AN ALPINE PRECIPIC

At the age of twenty one I was light of food, and, I fear, light of [illegible] property on the bank of the Arno, n[illegible] acknowledged me as sole owner. I w[illegible] ing home to enjoy it, and delighted to [illegible] from a college life in Paris.

The month was October; the air was bra[illegible] and the mode of conveyance, a stage-coach diligence. The other passengers were few—bu[illegible] three in all—an old gray-headed vine grower of Tuscany, his daughter, a joyous, bewitching creature of seventeen, and his son about ten years of age. They were just returning from France, of which the young lady discoursed in terms so eloquent, as to absorb my entire attention.

The father was taciturn, but the daughter was vivacious by nature; and we soon became so mutually pleased with each other, she as talker, I as listener, that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning and a heavy dash of rain against the coach windows, eliciting an observation from my charming companion, that I noticed how the night passed on. Presently there was a low rumbling sound, and then several tremendous peals of thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning, awoke all the echoes of the Alps, over which we were travelling. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moan by turns through the forest trees.

I looked from the window of our vehicle. The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning revealed the danger of our road. We were on the edge of a frightful precipice. I could see, at intervals, and the sight made me solicitous for the fate of my companion. I thought of the mere hair-breadths between us and eternity; a tiny billet of wood, a stray branch of a tempest-torn tree restive horse, or a careless driver—any of t[illegible] might hurl us from our sublunary existence [illegible] the speed of thought.

'Tis a perfect tempest,' said the young l[illegible] as I withdrew my head from the window.

'How I love a sudden storm! There is so[illegible] thing so grand in the power of the winds w[illegible] fairly loose among the mountains. But is [illegible] present route dangerous?'

'By no means,' I replied, in as easy a tone as I could assume.

'I only wish it was daylight, that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. But, heavens what's that?'

And she covered her eyes from a glare of a sheet of lightning that illumined the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity.

Peal after peal of crashing thunder instantly succeeded; there was a volume of rain coming down at each thunder-burst; and, with the deep moaning of an animal, as if in dreadful agony, breaking upon my ears, I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

Lucilla, my beautiful fellow-traveller, became pale as ashes. She fixed her searching eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father, hurriedly remarked, 'We have stopped!'

'I suppose so,' was the unconcerned reply.

With instant activity, I put my head through the window, and called to the driver; but the only answer was the heavy moaning of an agonized animal borne past me by the swift wings of the tempest. I seized the door and strained at it in vain; it would not yield a jot.

At that instant I felt a cold hand on mine, and heard Lucilla's voice faintly articulating in my ear, the appaling words—'The coach is being moved backwards!'

Heavens! never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I tugged at the coach door and called on the driver in tones that rivalled the force of the blast, while the dreadful conviction was burning in my brain that the coach was being moved slowly backward!

What followed was of such swift occurrence, that it seems to me like a frightful dream. I rushed against the door with all my force, but it mocked my utmost efforts. One side of our vehicle was sensibly going down, down.

The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper and deeper, and I knew from the desperate plunges against his traces, that it was one of our horses. Crash upon crash of hoarse thunder rolled over the mountains, and vivid sheets of lightning played around our devoted vehicle as if in glee at our misery. By its light I could see for a moment—only for a moment—the vine grower standing erect with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to heaven, and his lips moving like those of one in prayer. I could see Lucilla turn her ashy cheek and superb eyes towards me as if imploring my protection, and I could see the bold glance of the young boy flashing indignant defiance at the descending storm, the war of elements, and the awful death that awaited him.

There was a roll of thunder [illegible] plunge, as of an animal in the last throes of dissolution, a harsh grating jar, a sharp piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to clasp Lucilla firmly with one hand round the waist and seize the leather fastenings attached to the coach roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice.

I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was being exhausted; but of that tremendous descent I soon lost all further individual knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of sense and motion.

It was on a low couch, in an humble room, at a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade of joy and sorrow,