

A STORY OF ENGLISH LAW
(Continued)

CHAPTER III.

The letter Stuart had opened in Mrs Herbert's presence was speedily followed by several others, to none of which he thought it expedient to make any reply. But after a short interval came one to which he felt disposed to pay attention. It was an offer from the wretched woman who had worked him so much...

Six weeks afterwards, he was startled by the intelligence that that ship was lost. It is not in human nature not to rejoice at deliverance, no matter how effected, and Stuart may be forgiven, if his strong feeling for that disaster was one of thankfulness.

Both, however, knew that a possibility of mistake existed. The list of persons saved might have been incomplete, others of the missing passengers might turn up elsewhere. For some months Stuart waited, if not in expectation, yet in readiness, for evidence contradictory of the report; and, not content with waiting only, he caused careful inquiries to be made in every accessible quarter...

As months wore on, and Stuart grew satisfied of his own safety, it is no wonder that he relaxed somewhat in his strict self-government, and every man knows, or ought to know, that when this is the case, a crisis is not far off. The crisis came, and Catherine Herbert listened to the strange story of his life, ere he would permit her to answer the avowal by which it had been prefaced.

My tale is not ended, but I must hasten towards its close. This will bring me to a period more than a year after the loss of the emigrant-ship Ashbourne, and a very few weeks after Catherine Herbert had given her hand to Stuart.

It was morning, and Stuart was preparing to go out, when he was informed that some person wished to see him immediately. Ordering the applicant to be shown into his study, he presently repaired thither himself.

How little do we know what lies before us! Stuart walked into the room carelessly drawing on his gloves, and thinking so little of his visitor that he had closed the door and taken two steps forward ere he perceived who was there. Then he stood still. Speechless, motionless, while his heart leaped with a terrible agony, he gazed upon her whom he a moment before believed that the waters had engulfed!

His wife! Who was she! To whom did the title belong? To her who long ago had forfeited her right to bear it, and had covered herself and him with dishonour! Yes, in the eye of the law that creature was still his wife. And she, the pure and irreproachable being, the very impersonation of true conjugal fidelity, who had lately cast in her lot with him—what was she!

'Good-morning,' said the visitor, perceiving that Stuart did not seem likely to break the silence. 'I don't wonder you are surprised to see me; for I dream you heard of the wreck! Stuart said "Yes" calmly—it was the calmness of desperation; the cup of trembling seemed full for him.

'The fact is, I was picked up by an American vessel the morning after the wreck. I had taken a "life preserving cap" with me, and it kept me afloat beautifully. Capital things those life-preservers, are they not?'

The easy nonchalance of the speaker was not without its effect upon Stuart. Sometimes like indignation empowered him to ask: 'Why have you been so long in discovering the truth to me?'

'About my being alive, you mean! Oh, how could I! The ship that took me up was not coming to England. We went to some place in South America, and then, after a while, back to New York.'

'You might have written.'

'Well, I never thought of that; or if I did, you know you made me promise not to write to you again.'

'You promised also that I should never see you again.'

'Yes—the reply was accompanied by a spiteful laugh—but then I wasn't expecting to be wrecked. Shipwrecks are sad things for upsetting arrangements.'

'Why did you not stay in America?'

'The idea! When every one of my friends was drowned!—Good morning, ma'am—how do you do?'

Catherine, believing that Stuart was gone to the office, had come in search of some trifle which had been mislaid, and opened the study-door before she was aware of the room being occupied. The word 'shipwrecks' caught her ear, and a horrible suspicion darted through her mind.

It was speedily confirmed, for, as Stuart hastily turning, when the stranger greeted her, would have hurried her from the place, his tormentor exclaimed, with the same levity as before: 'So, then, this is the mistress in my husband's house!'

Stuart tried to lead Catherine away, but she was fainting on his shoulder. He lifted her up, and carried her to her room. Presently he returned. 'Why are you here!—what do you seek?' he asked in a voice husky though unbroken.

It was money that was wanted, and obtained. 'Go now,' said Stuart, 'and come to this house no more. At the office you may see or hear from me, but here it is not safe for you to come.'

The dark, almost fierce glitter of his eyes seemed to startle his auditor. She took the money silently, and departed at once. George wrote a couple of lines to Mr. Morgan, begging him to come immediately, and then returned to the room where Catherine still lay helpless. The sudden shock had completely unsettled her nervous system; and the doctor, who had been hastily summoned, said gravely that she must be kept quiet.

Quiet she certainly might be, so far as the body was concerned, but it would perhaps have been better for her if the fainting-fits which continually returned upon her had been more profound or of longer duration. As it was, the intervals of consciousness served to remind her that some dreadful event, she scarcely knew what, had occurred, and that its consequences were still impending. It is well known, that this kind of consciousness is very dangerous to persons of delicate organisation: before the night closed in, 'Mrs Stuart' was pronounced to be suffering from brain-fever.

Who can describe the agony of him who bent over her couch listening to her wanderings, and feeling that this was his work! Oh, how deeply he regretted the weakness which had permitted him to accept the love she gave!—how he reproached the frenzied rashness of his youth!—how, in the bitterness of his spirit he cursed the iniquitous law which, while offering deliverance to the wealthy, condemned him to this everlasting bondage of shame!

In vain, in vain! She for whom he would gladly have given his own life, was dying before his eyes, the victim of his errors! Yet, was it so! Was he indeed to blame! Partly—not all. Again, with the fierce wrath of a revenged, deeply injured man, he execrated that mockery of justice, that solemn puppetry which only gold can set in motion—the English law of divorce.

Mr. Morgan had been with Stuart more than once or twice, but could do little to quiet the tumult of his feelings. Several days had passed ere he began to speak decisively of what he thought advisable.

'Everything must be risked now, George,' said the kind old man. 'Money must be had, and I will undertake to say that it shall be.'

'My kind, good friend!' said Stuart sadly; 'but it is too late.'

'I confess we shall be under several disadvantages; but I do not despair, nor must you.'

Again the other murmured: 'It is too late; and Mr. Morgan took his leave.'

George slowly sought the chamber, from which he could scarcely bear to be absent, though it agonised him to be there.

'The fever has abated,' whispered the doctor whom he met on the stairs.

'Will she recover?'

'The doctor paused. "Unless she is too weak to rally," and he passed on.

With a noiseless step Stuart approached the bedside. Catherine lay quite still, with her eyes partly open. Presently her lips moved,

and it was his own name they formed, but scarcely uttered. As he bent down, and lightly kissed her forehead, a faint smile played over her lips. 'George, dearest,' again she murmured, and with a sudden effort she threw her right arm around his neck.

That effort was the last: in another moment the arm relaxed its hold, the last faint breath escaped, and the lips pressed with his were those of a corpse.

There is no stone by Catherine's grave, but Stuart knows it well; and sometimes when the streets are quite still, when the moon is down, and only the stars glimmer faintly on the tombstones, he wanders among the graves, and perhaps pauses a minute beside one undistinguished hillock—sometimes, but not often; for to nourish and indulge such grief as his would be madness, and he is no repining, melancholic man. The proud spirit is wrong, the strong heart nearly broken, but his burden of bitter memories is borne calmly; the duties of the dull present are performed uncomplainingly, and what he suffers, he suffers in silence.

NOT AT HOME.—We have had the Englishwoman in Russia. The Englishwoman in Tibet. The Englishwoman in America, and the Englishwoman in almost every hole and corner of the globe. If our beautiful countrywomen carry out this mania for travelling much further, the greatest novelty our publishers could give us will be—The Englishwoman in England.—Punch.

BURYING AN ATTORNEY.—An attorney in London dying exceedingly poor, a shilling subscription was set on foot to pay the expenses of his funeral. Most of the attorneys and barristers having subscribed, one of them applied to Toler, afterwards Lord Chief Justice North, expressing a hope that he would also subscribe his shilling.

'Only a shilling?' said Toler, 'only a shilling to bury an attorney! Here is a guinea; go, bury one and twenty of them.'

TOM MOORE'S POLITICS.—The subjoined lively epigram was published in Dublin at the time that the representation of Limerick was offered to Moore:

When Limerick, in idle whim,
Moore as her member lately courted,
"The boys," for form's sake, asked of him
To state what party he supported;

When thus his answer promptly ran,
(Now give the wit his meed of glory,)
"I'm of no party as a man,
But, as a poet, am-a-tory."

'I never complained of my condition but once,' said an old man, "when my feet were bare and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet and I became contented."

DID YOU EVER observe the change that is gradually made in the style of our cravats as we grow in years? Up to the age of ten our necks are left at liberty. As far as eighteen, the cravat is a matter of utility. From twenty to twenty-five it is an article of taste; at thirty, it is a matter of study; at forty it is a matter of art. Having passed this age, our pretensions to elegance have become extinct, our cravat does as it likes; we take no heed of it, and it becomes a kind of bag in which we bury the chin, the mouth, and sometimes the end of the nose.

A SCOTCH LOVER.—A Morayshire farmer recently sent the following message to the "lady of his love":—"Tell her," he said, "that gin she doesn't ha'e me, I winna kill myself, but Ill pine awa'!"

Horne Tooke ridiculed the practice of sea bathing, and said, if any one of the seal species were sick, it would be just as wide for a fish-physician to order him to go on shore. Persons declared that sea-bathing was only reckoned healthy because many persons have been known to survive it; but Sheridan's objection to salt water was the most quaint—"Pickles," said he, "don't agree with me."

CONSUMERS.—Looking over other people's affairs, and overlooking our own.

'Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.'

All that is truly good and beautiful in life blooms around the altar of domestic love. A good daughter is the morning sunlight and evening star of her parents' house.

A. M. MORAY, NOTARY PUBLIC,
GENERAL WILLIAMS, writing recently to some Halifax friends, says his important duties in England will prevent his visiting this continent until next year.

TO BE SOLD.

THE Farm at present in the occupation of Mr. Andrew Smith, at the Cross Roads, Belfast. For particulars apply at the office of T. HEATH HAVILAND, Esq. Barrister at Law. Charlottetown, April 25th, 1856.

"ALBION HOUSE,"
STREETLY & COUCHMAN

DEG respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Charlottetown and its vicinity, that they have taken the store lately occupied by MR. NEIL RANKIN, and have opened it under the above title with a magnificent and

MOST EXTENSIVE STOCK
OF DRY GOODS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

This stock having been purchased with great advantages, for taste, variety, quality, and cheapness, cannot be surpassed by that of any House in the Island. It would be impossible in the limits of an advertisement to particularise, but on inspection it will be found to contain everything, that is supplied by the most extensive houses in the first Cities of B. N. America, from the minutest article in Haberdashery, to those of the more costly character in

Dresses, Silks, Shawls, Mantles, &c.

In making this announcement, we trust the public will encourage us in this undertaking, and we pledge ourselves to carry on this business in a spirit of liberality, and continue to offer to purchasers advantages which will, we have no doubt, be appreciated.

STREETLY & COUCHMAN.
Charlottetown, May, 17, 1856.

A MARVELLOUS REMEDY!
FOR A MARVELLOUS AGE!



HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

THE GRAND EXTERNAL REMEDY.

By the aid of a microscope, we see millions of little openings on the surface of our bodies. Through these, this Ointment, when rubbed on the skin, is carried to any organ or inward part. Diseases of the Kidneys, disorders of the Liver, affections of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Asthma, Coughs and Colds, are by its means effectually cured. Every housewife knows, that salt passes freely through bone or meat of any thickness. This healing Ointment far more readily penetrates through any bone or fleshy part of the living body, curing the most dangerous inward complaints, that cannot be reached by other means.

ERYSIPELAS, RHEUMATISM AND SCORBUTIC HUMOURS.

No remedy has ever done so much for the cure of diseases of the skin, whatever form they may assume, as this Ointment. Scurvy, Sore Heads, Scrofula, or Erysipelas, cannot long withstand its influence. The inventor has travelled over many parts of the globe, visiting the principal hospitals, dispensing this Ointment, giving advice as to its application, and has thus been the means of restoring countless numbers to health.

SORE LEGS, SORE BREASTS, WOUNDS & ULCERS.

Some of the most scientific surgeons now rely solely on the use of this wonderful Ointment, when having to cope with the worst cases of sores, wounds, ulcers, glandular swellings, and tumours. Professor Holloway has dispatched to the East, large shipments of this Ointment, to be used in the worst cases of wounds. It will cure any ulcer, glandular swelling, stiffness or contraction of the joints, even of 20 years' standing.

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- Bad Legs
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- Chilblains
- Chapped Hands
- Cancers
- Contracted and Stiff Joints
- Elephantiasis
- Fistulas
- Gout
- Glandular Swellings
- Lambs
- Piles
- Rheumatism
- Scalds
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There is a considerable saving by taking the larger size. DIRECTIONS for the use of the Ointment are affixed to each Pot.