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, August 15, 1864. New Series.---No. 37.

King Square House!

SUMMER 1864.

WE would call attention to our Stock of—

BLACK BROAD CLOTHS and DOESKINS, BLACK, BROWN, GREY and FANCY MANTLE CLOTHS, DRESS GOODS, HATS and BONNETS, RIBBONS, RIBBON VELVETS, PARASOLS, TIES & SCARFS, SHIRT COLLARS, GLOVES, HOSIERY, WHITE and STRIPED SHIRTINGS, GREY COTTONS, PRINTS, LINNEN and COTTON TICKINGS, COTTON WARP, TOWELLINGS & OZNABURGS, 1200 Pairs BOOTS and SHOES; CARRIAGE SPRINGS, AXLES and BANDS, 140 Bags CUT & WROUGHT NAILS and SPIKES, Blacksmith's ANVILS, PLOUGH METALS, WHITE & COLORED PAINTS, PAINT OILS, VARNISH, TURPENTINE, TURPENZINE, SETTS THRESHING MACHINE CASTINGS, A GENERAL ASSORTMENT SHELF HARDWARE, NINETEEN TONS ASSORTED IRON, SPRING, CAST and BLISTER STEEL, Ninety-five Packages SUPERIOR TEAS, CRUSHED and BROWN SUGARS, LAYER RAISINS, CURRANTS, &c. &c. &c.

BEER & SONS.

July 4, 1864. 6w

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.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST RECEIVED A FURTHER SUPPLY OF

Singer's World Renowned Sewing Machines.

The above Machine has obtained such a world wide reputation that further recommendation is quite unnecessary. Suffice it to say that they are the best Machines now in use for all purposes. No Dress-maker, Vest-maker, Boot maker or Shoemaker should be without one.

JOHN HIGGINS, Agent.
Great George Street, May 30, 1864.—3m

FOR SALE,

A few copies of Baker's New Map of P. E. Island. Apply at the subscriber's office, Reading Room Building, Charlottetown.

A. McNEILL.

N. B. An early application is necessary as there are but few copies unsold.

July, 18, 1864.

International Steamship Company.

Two Trips a Week.

THE Splendid sea-going STEAMERS "NEW ENGLAND," ENOS FIELD, Master, and "NEW BRUNSWICK," E. B. WINCHESTER, Master, will leave Reed's Point Wharf on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at 8 o'clock, until further notice.

FARES:

From St. John to Eastport,..........$1 50
" " Portland,..........4 00
" " Boston,..........5 00
By Steamer and Railway to Boston,...6 00

☞ All fares and freights payable in New Brunswick currency.

J. S. CARVELL, Agent.
April 16, 1864. tf

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

FOR COUGHS, COLDS,

AND

THROAT DISEASES.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

SOOTHING SYRUP

For Children Teething.

IT RELIEVES COLIC.

An enlarged and improved Edition of

A WORK ENTITLED

"Sar obair nam Bard Gaelach,"

—OR—

The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry,

AND

LIVES OF THE HIGHLAND BARDS;

WITH

Historical and Critical Notes,

AND

A Glossary of Provincial Words,

By Norman McDonald, Esquire.

A MR. CHISHOLM is now travelling in the Island soliciting subscriptions for the above work, which comprises, in English, Biographical sketches of thirty-five different poets,—and, in Gaelic, selections from the works of each author, with English translations of a few of the best lyrics; the whole interspersed with explanatory and critical notes in both languages, thus rendering the publication a work of surpassing interest to the lover of song and the admirer of true poetic genius, and indeed to every Highlander, or person of Highland descent, who, amid the degeneracy of our times, still retains some partiality for the land designated in song, "Tir nam beann, nan gleann, Sriam breacan."

The work consists of about 350 pages, printed on good paper, with small clean type and close matter, and is bound in different styles to suit fancy.

Orders for the above work will be received at the "Vindicator" Office. The price varies in accordance with the style of binding, from 9s. to 12s. 6d. and upwards, Halifax currency.

Ch'town, P. E. Island, June 13, 1864.

RENFREW HOUSE,

Thomas's Old Stand,
Great George Street.

SPRING STOCK COMPLETE!

DELANY & WILSON

BEG to announce that their SPRING and SUMMER STOCK is now complete, and comprises an EXTENSIVE and VARIED ASSORTMENT of

New and Fashionable GOODS,

—IN—

LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS,

BONNETS, HATS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, RIBBONS, GLOVES, HOSIERY, HAIR NETS, &c.
BONNET BORDERS, MANTLES, SHAWLS, Parasols & Parachutes, Muslin & Linen COLLARS, DRESS CAPS, TIES & SCARFS, Black & Colored SILKS, &c.

Grey and White COTTONS, Prints, Ginghams, Regatta and Striped Shirtings, Bed Tick, Jean, Osnaburg, Cotton Warp, &c. &c.

Skeleton Skirts,

CANES, BATTING, WADDING, &c. &c. &c.

Men's Furnishing Goods,

in Cloths, Tweeds, Clothing, Shirts, Ties, Collars, Scarfs, Braces, Gloves, Pins, &c. &c. &c.

Mens' and Boys'

Hats and Caps,

in great variety and newest styles.

Mens' Women's & Children's

BOOTS and SHOES,

at very low prices.

Hardware,

In Cut Nails, Plough Mounting, Steel, Hoes, Shovels, Rope, Oils, Paint, Putty, Glass, Table Cutlery, Weavers' Reeds, Powder, Shot, &c. &c.

Groceries,

Tea, Brown and Crushed Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Candles, Soap, Starch, Rice, Currants, Spices, &c., all warranted of superior quality.

"Renfrew House,"

Ch'town, June 6, 1864. VMIP

MAILS

BY STEAMERS

'Princess of Wales' and 'Heather Belle.'

NEW SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

THE MAILS for the neighbouring Provinces, etc. will, until further notice, be made up as follows:—

For NOVA SCOTIA, via Pictou, on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at 9 o'clock. Also, via BRULE, on WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY evenings at 8 o'clock.

For NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA, and the UNITED STATES, via Shediac, on MONDAY and TUESDAY evenings at 8 o'clock, and on FRIDAY mornings at 8 o'clock.

Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland, the Bermudas, and the West Indies, every alternate Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, as follows:—

Wednesday, 20th July, Wednesday, 31st August,
" 3d August, " 14th Sept.
" 17th August, " 28th Sept.

L. C. OWEN, Postmaster General.
General Post Office, Ch'town, August 1, 1864.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

PRINCESS OF WALES AND HEATHER BELLE.

New Summer Arrangement,

Commencing 18th JULY.

Charlottetown for Pictou.
Monday, Heather Belle leaves at 9 morning.
Thursday, Princess of Wales leaves at 8 do.

Pictou to Charlottetown.
Monday, Heather Belle leaves at 7 evening.
Thursday, Princess of Wales at 12 midnight.

Charlottetown to Brule.
Thursday, Heather Belle leaves at 4 morning.
Saturday, Heather Belle leaves at 4 do.

Brule to Charlottetown,
Thursday, Heather Belle leaves at 5 evening.
Saturday, Heather Belle leaves at 5 do

Ch'town to Summerside and Shediac,
Tuesday, Princess of Wales leaves at 7 morning.
Wednesday, " " 4 do.
Friday, " " 8 do.

Summerside to Shediac.
Tuesday, Princess of Wales leaves at 11.30 a. m.
Wednesday, " " 8.30 do.
Friday, " " 12.30 do.

Shediac to Summerside and Ch'town.
Tuesday, Princess of Wales leaves at 3.30, p. m.
Wednesday, " " 2 do.
Saturday, " " 2 do.

Summerside to Char'town.
Tuesday, Princess of Wales leaves at 7 evening.
Wednesday, " " 5.30 do.
Saturday, " " 5.30 do.

FARES:

From Charlottetown to Pictou or back, Cabin 12s., Steerage 10s. 6d.
Do. do. Brule or back, Cabin 9s., Steerage 7s. 6d.
Do. do. Summerside or back, Cabin 9s., Steerage 7s. 6d.
Do. do. Shediac or back, Cabin 18s., Steerage 15s.
Do. do. St. John or back, £1 8s. 1½d., or $4. 50c.
Do. do. Eastport or back, £1 17s. 6d., or $6.
Do. do. Portland or back, £2 10s., or $8.
Do. do. Boston or back, £2 16s. 3d., or $9.

Return Tickets to or from Charlottetown and Summerside, 12s., available one week.—Tickets void if parties leave the Island during the time.

Excursion Return Tickets, at one first class fare, may be issued at any Ticket office, to parties of five or more going and returning together, to and from any one station within one week, it being distinctly understood that unless these conditions are complied with the Tickets will be void.

☞ The Steamer "Heather Belle," leaves Mount Stewart Bridge every FRIDAY morning calling at the different wharves on her way up and down the River.

By order,
F. W. HALES, Secretary.
Ch'town, July 11, 1864.

GEORGE NICOLL,

OF the late FIRM of CRAIG & CO., takes this opportunity of informing the numerous friends and customers of the late firm that he is prepared to furnish all kinds of

Men's BOOTS & SHOES,
Women's BOOTS & SHOES,
Boys' BOOTS & SHOES,
Misses' BOOTS & SHOES,
Children's BOOTS & SHOES.

☞ All orders promptly attended to.

Charlottetown, July 18, 1864.

GEORGE McDONALD, Tailor,

BEGS leave to inform his numerous friends and customers that he has removed his place of business from North side Queen's Square, to Weymouth Street, opposite the Convent, where he hopes to meet with a share of public patronage, and is prepared to receive all kinds of work, and to cut all styles of garments at the shortest notice and moderate prices.

Charlottetown, June 27, 1864. tf

LITERATURE.

HAMLET IN THE FOREIGN OFFICE,

ON THE DANISH QUESTION.

To do, or not to do; that is the question:—
Whether 'tis wiser in a State, to suffer
The chaff and swagger of outrageous Bismark;
Or to take arms against a lot of Germans,
And, by opposing, smash them?—make war—to fight;
No more; and, by a fight, to say we end
This nausea, and these thousand awful shocks
To our propriety;—a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. Make war—to fight:—
To fight! perchance to pay;—aye, there's the rub;
For in that fighting time what bills may come,
When we have shuffled off this modest budget,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes humiliation of long peace:
For who would bear the quips and scorns of Beust,
The Austrian's wrong, the Prussian's contumely,
The pangs of outraged Poles, the Frank's delay,
The insolence of Russia, and the spurns
That patient Europe of her tyrants takes,
When he himself might their quietus make
With a bare Whitworth? Who would Cabdens bear,
To groan or blush under a doubtful peace;
But that the dread of something after war,—
Th' unestimated outlay, from whose depth
No halfpenny returns—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those Brights we have,
Than fly to Ellenb'roughs we know too well?
Thus taxes do make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of Palmerston
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of Gladstone;
And ironclads of greatest armament,
With this regard, their stately heads turn home,
And scuttle out of action.——Soft you, now!
Fair Alexandra:—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my slips remember'd.

DANISH LADY—Good, my lord.
How does your lordship since this conference?

H.—I humbly thank you; tolerably well.

D. L.—My lord, I have certain promises of yours
That I have long'd two months to re-deliver;
I pray you now receive them.

H.—No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

D. L.—My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

H.—Ha! am I honest?

D. L.—My lord?

H.—Am I fair? [Exit doubtful.

—*Punch.*

THROUGH THE BLOCKADE.

'Phillips, something must have happened to the governor. I've been watching the clock ever since eleven. It is almost half-past. He has never been five minutes after time in all the twenty-seven years that I have been a clerk here.'

So said the elderly cashier, and I could not but admit that the occurrence was unprecedented, though my own experience in the firm was short in comparison with that of the first speaker. Mr. Trent, second in the old-established banking-house of Follett Trent & Co., was punctuality itself. He chiefly managed the business, since we saw little of our nominal principal, the first partner, whose working days were past. And during the five years for which I had been in the employ of the firm, I had never known Mr. Trent to be absent from his post. Any deviation from routine on the part of a methodical man of business is apt to startle his subordinates, and it is not surprising that while Mr. Griffith and myself were shaking our heads over the non-appearance of our chief, the juniors should be venturing on rash conjectures, ranging from apoplexy to insolvency. But these guesses were abruptly checked by the sudden arrival of Mr. Trent himself. He came in with a hasty step, and I thought as he passed by with a nod and a civil word of greeting to the bank parlour, that he looked ill and harrassed. Almost immediately he sent for me.

'Mr. Phillips,' said the banker, speaking in a nervous fidgetty manner, quite unlike his usual calm decision of speech and bearing, 'I have something to ask of you—a service—a favour, in short, for I am sensible that this is not at all in the way of regular business duty—in a word, would you go to America to oblige me?'

'Certainly, sir,' I replied at once. 'I have been there before, if you remember, to attend the winding up of that Wall-street firm, three years since. If it is your desire that——'

But here I was interrupted:

'I want much more than that, Frank Phillips,' broke in my employer, speaking with unwonted excitement, 'more than I have a right to ask of you, and more than I would ask of any of your companions, except, perhaps, Griffith, who is too old, and we have been good friends out of business hours, you and I, and—and I knew your father, Frank, and knew you before you left Charterhouse, so I think I may rely on you in this sad business.'

And then Mr. Trent proceeded to explain. The service he required at my hands was strictly of a private character, and wholly unconnected with money matters. The banker, as I was vaguely aware, had an orphan niece to whom he was greatly attached, and who had for some years been married. This lady resided abroad, somewhere in Italy, to the best of my knowledge, and her husband was an American gentleman from one of the Southern States, and the owner of sufficient property to enable him to live in Europe with his English wife. But I was now to hear, for the first time, that on the outbreak of hostilities, Mr. Bolton had found it impossible to withstand the call of patriotism, that he had hastened across the Atlantic to take service in the Confederate army, and that he had quieted his young wife's apprehensions by the promise of a speedy return. Many Southerners did the same, obeying the summons to arms with a certainty that the whole dispute would be settled in one short campaign. Among the disappointed was Captain Bolton. Long months went by, and still the war went on, nor did any safe and convenient opportunity for his wife to rejoin him present itself. Blockaded by sea, and guarded by land, the passage of the Confederate frontier was full of risks, especially for ladies and children. Natural anxiety and hope deferred had affected Mrs. Bolton's health and spirits. She had come back from Italy to England, to be nearer, as she said, to her husband when he should summon her to share his fortunes. And at last the summons had come, but it was no joyful one.

Captain Bolton had been severely wounded in a skirmish with some of General Gillmore's troops, then besieging Charleston, and he had expressed a strong desire to see his wife and babes for what might but too probably be the last time. And the favour which Mr. Trent had to ask of me was, that I should undertake the task of escorting his neice and her children on the hazardous voyage to South Carolina. The hazards of which I have spoken of course belonged entirely to the last portion of the route, for the outward run from England to the British possession of New Providence was safe and easy. But between the Bahama Islands and the Carolina coast lay the blockading squadron, and I knew that no trifling dangers and hardships must be risked by those whom love of gain or any higher motive should urge to elude the vigilance of the Federals. Be that as it might, I undertook the commission, and the next packet carried Mrs. Bolton and her two children, under my care, to Nassau, where the real difficulties of the pilgrimage began.

To procure a passage to Charleston, Wilmington, or some other and less known port of the beleaguered Confederacy, was, indeed, easy enough. The bay was full of vessels attracted to that once lonely roadstead by the gainful contraband commerce then at its height. There, at anchor, side by side, lay the bluff bowed brig that had brought out a cargo of war material from England, and the swift rakish schooner destined to carry on the transhipped freight to a Southern harbour. All the fishing-boats, dories, and canoes, seemed to have been enlisted in the service of plying between the deep-laden vessels and the shore, and the quays were all too small to accommodate the towering piles of clothing and medicine, saddles, sabres, cavalry boots, kegs of gunpowder, and Birmingham rifles, that lay heaped upon wharf and jetty. Streets, landing-place, beach and bay were all alive with the bustle and stir of a gainful and perilous traffic. Under such circumstances as these, to obtain a passage to the American mainland might have appeared the simplest proceeding conceivable.

Such, however, was far from being the case. I found, by listening to the flying reports that circulated about the town, and which invariably referred to the one absorbing topic of interest, that the blockade was more serious than we in England had believed it to be. Many of the sly, low black steamers, many of the tall-masted schooners and brigantines, that lay awaiting an opportunity to slip off unnoticed, were destined to capture. This was a mere profit and loss, as an old merchant, whose English was made peculiar by the drawling Bermudian accent, explained to me on the second day of our stay at Nassau.

'You see, sir, one cargo in three pays, and one cargo in four saves us from being out of pocket—yes, mister. We count on some loss, we do, but if a clipper has the luck to get twice in with notions, and twice out with cotton, why the Yankees are welcome to her afterwards, hull, spars, and running gear.'

'And the crew?' I inquired.

But my communicative friend treated this part of the business lightly enough. The seamen had high pay, and took their share of the risk of being shot, drowned, or blown up, in consideration of extra wages. The captain and mates were allowed stowage for so many cubic feet of European goods one way, and so many cotton bales the other, and often had a percentage on the amount realized by a fortunate venture. Success, therefore, meant wealth for the owners and officers, and at least a pocketful of dollars for the foremastmen, and in case of capture there was no danger of anything worse than a tedious and comfortless detention for some months in Fortress Monroe or elsewhere. When, however, I spoke of the probable results of an unsuccessful attempt to the passengers, supposing the latter persons connected with the South by descent or adoption, the talkative Bermudian grew serious.

'That,' as he observed, 'was no laughing matter. Uncle Sam was plaguy vexed with the rebels or rebels' friends, and to get out of his clutches, when once made a prisoner, was not easy.'

And, indeed, I found that the boarding-hotels of the island were crammed with families of the Southerners, longing for a secure opportunity of rejoining their husbands and fathers who, far away in Virginia, Tennessee, or Carolina, were fighting or toiling in the cause of their new-born republic, but afraid to make the perilous plunge. If many vessels came back triumphant, many were taken or destroyed, and most of those that came victoriously in with a welcome freight of costly cotton could show the shot-holes in their sails, and the marks where Federal cannon-balls had 'bulled' them during the fruitless chase.

Mrs. Bolton, my charge, was a timid, delicate little woman, quite unfit to lighten my burden of responsibility by taking any portion of it upon herself. She loved her husband dearly, and to reach the couch where he lay wounded, and perhaps dying, she was willing to endure hardships and confront dangers that at another time would have seemed insurmountable to her. But as for any aid or advice in such a matter as running the blockade, I might as well have applied for counsel to her two baby girls, little Lucy and Fanny, as to their mother, my employer's niece. Thrown thus wholly upon my own resources, I spent much time in the preliminary inquiries, and at las comforted myself that I had come to a sensible and practical decision.

The vessel in which I took our passages was a swift sailing English schooner, the *Saucy Jane*, of and from Liverpool. A beautiful craft she was, with her tapering masts and fine lines, lying like a duck on the heaving surges of the Nassau roadstead. But her chief attraction in my eyes was the high reputation for seamanship and prudence which her commander had acquired. With his sailing vessel, Captain Harrison had made six successful trips, four to Charleston and two to Wilmington, in the very teeth of the blockading squadron. In each case he had safely delivered a valuable cargo to the Confederate consignees, and had made the run home with a freight of cotton for the Lancashire market, and though chased, had got off scot-free, while fast steamers were daily being sunk or driven ashore. In these bold and dexterous evasions of the Federal fleet the merchant captain had amassed a considerable sum of money, and this was to be the *Saucy Jane's* last visit to a Southern port, at least with her present commander.

'It's profitable work, very,' said the daring young sailor, as he told me of his intention over a glass of wine in his little cabin, when our passages had been definitively engaged and paid for on board the schooner; 'but it's too like gambling to suit my taste, and I can't get out of my head that saying about the pitcher that goes too often to the well. All I've made in six double trips—a tidy lump of dollars—is aboard the craft now, in the shape of quinine, and negro-cloth, and shoes, and fire-arms, ready to yield four hundred per cent. profit if I can swap it for cotton, and much more if I can land the cotton at Liverpool. And if all goes well, I can cut the concern, and sail to China in a three-master of my own, and Mary Anne and I——'

But here Captain Harrison came to a stop, probably remembering that he had told enough of his private affairs and prospects to a stranger. I took a fancy to this high spirited young skipper, who was a year or two my junior, but a first-rate seaman, bold as a lion, and by no means as incautiously communicative in his dealings with all the world as he had shown himself with me.

'You see,' he frankly remarked, 'when a chap's knocked about the world, from port to port, as I have done since I was bound 'prentice aboard the Hood barque, in the Rio trade, he gets to know something of physiognomy. And I saw at once that you were what you represented yourself to be, even before you showed me the letters of credit drawn and signed by your people, that my owners bank with, too, as luck would have it. But, mind you, the island's chokeful of spies. They're about us all day long on one pretence or another, like wasps round a comb of honey. And there isn't so much as a word buzzed ashore that doesn't find its way, by fair means or foul, to that beauty there.'

Captain Harrison pointed to a dim spec hovering far out to sea, beyond the mouth of the bay, above which curled a thin wreath of dusky vapour. This was the United States steam sloop *Pocahontas*, whose peculiar duty it was to watch Nassau and the ships anchored there. This vessel was perpetually a source of annoyance, not only to the merchants of the place, but also to the authorities. She was fond of lying, with steam up, ports open, and a spring on her cable, near some ship that was notoriously on the eve of departure for the Southern ports. And even now, when in compliance with the governor's peremptory commands, enforced by the presence of her Majesty's ship *Fury*, she had reluctantly retired to the prescribed limits of a marine league, she remained there as long as her coal would serve her, in hopes of cutting off some would-be blockade runner in the outset of her career.

On shore were other dangers. Lean, wiry men, with keen features and restless eyes, were constantly to be met with at the bars of the hotels and taverns, from the handsomest hostelries down to the low-browed cabins where coarse Mexican corn brandy was sold, and these, though loud and blatant as to their Southern sympathies, were nevertheless in constant communication with the American consul. More specious spies, either real Europeans or affecting the garb and speech of natives of the old continent, lurked in the boarding houses, on the wharves, about the merchants' offices, and beguiled the unwary into conversation on the engrossing topic of the contraband trade. The sailors belonging to the different ships about to sail were so often tampered with, that many captains found it necessary to refuse all shore leave, lest the hour of departure should be signalled to the Federal cruiser lying in the offing, like a vulture on the wing. That she was signalled every night, by some concerted system of lights displayed from house-tops on shore, was no secret to any one in Nassau.

I was by no means the only person, eager to avail myself of the opportunity of crossing the *Saucy Jane* to the main land. Several parties even of the more cautious among the Southerners, had arranged to embark when the time for sailing should arrive, and the number of passengers was only restricted by two circumstances, one of which was, that the rate of fare demanded was considerable, and the other, that Captain Harrison was strict in his scrutiny of his would be guests, and declined to encumber his cabin with either "loafers" or suspected spies.

I remember well, on the very day on which we were to go on board and await the land breeze to waft us smoothly out of harbour, under cover of the darkness, that a tap, a hesitating, timid tap, resounded against the spanel of my door, the door of my room in Willing's Hotel. I was sitting alone in the wooden balcony, under the striped awning that kept off the rays of the almost tropical sun, meditating, as I discussed my cigar, on the strange nature of the affair in which I found myself engaged. There was a singular dash of lawlessness about the business that contrasted oddly with the usual tenor of our quiet Lombard-street life, and the very idea of having to steal away, secretly and under cloud of night, from Nassau, was anything but agreeable to a man of orderly and peaceful habits. However, I recollected the helpless children and their almost equally dependent mother, for whose safety I was responsible, and I consoled myself with the hope that in a very few days at most my duty would be discharged, and danger past. I had got so far in my musings when the tap I have mentioned caused me to turn my face towards the door, and in answer to my summons to "Come in," a strange figure presented itself in my apartment.

The intruder was a tall, corpulent old man, in the costume of a Roman Catholic priest, but of so antiquated and grotesque a fashion that I found it extremely hard to suppress a smile as its wearer approached me, bowing and smiling with oily deference. His twinkling black eyes were meekly lowered as they met mine, and from the huge shovel-hat that he carried in one sun-burnt hand, the knotted fingers of which were adorned with silver rings, down to the black cotton stockings and square-toed shoes that protected his feet, the visitor might have sat for the portrait of a French village cure of the time of Louis the Fifteenth. And a cure he was, as well as I could gather from the perplexing jargon of mingled French and Spanish, eked out by a few oddly pronounced English phrases, in which he addressed me. His name, he told me, was the Padre or Pere (for he used both terms indifferently) Duchochois, Antoine Duchochois, parish priest of St. Gaspard, a village in Louisiana, in that wild region of unhealthy morasses that is called the Bayou Teche country. This district, as I was aware, neither Butler nor Banks had proved able to subdue to the Federal sway, and there my new acquaintance had the spiritual charge of a poor and primitive population, who lived chiefly by fishing and the culture of rice among the swampy fields. Very few of the padre's parishioners, white, red, or black, could speak anything but French or Spanish, for even the seigneur to whom the estate belonged by charter was a genuine Creole colonist of the old stamp, and on this ground M. Duchochois begged me to excuse his ignorance of English, which it was rarely necessary for him to use.

But the poor padre's tale was a pitiful one. He had been on a tour which he called 'quete,' and which was, in fact, a prolonged begging excursion on behalf of his needy flock, since the scanty subsistence of these simple people had been wantonly destroyed by a party of Federal foragers, who had burned all that they could not carry off, and the coasting vessel in which the priest had embarked had been run down by an English brig on its return voyage from Matamoras to New Province. The captain of the merchantman had done all that could be expected of him in setting the padre on shore at Nassau, and in giving him a few dollars by way of compensation for his slender stock of wearing apparel, which had gone to the bottom of the sea. But poor M. Duchochois was in much perplexity, anxious to get back to his parish and his people, sore afraid of the Yankees, whom he seemed to regard as devouring dragons, and quite unable to raise the funds needful to pay for a passage for himself and his Indian servant boy, Blaise, to South Carolina. Once there, the cure had no doubt that from priest to priest, and from convent to convent, he could get passed on to his own rustic dwelling place; but in Nassau, where all were absorbed in the gainful traffic of the hour, and where few could even understand his speech, the unfortunate ecclesiastic was quite at a loss.

In this strait, hearing that I was an Englishman, and reading, as he was polite enough to say, some hope in my face, poor M. Duchochois had come to throw himself on my compassion. Would I kindly use my influence with some ship-captain to convey him and his boy Blaise over to the continent? They would *ranger* themselves, they would creep into some hole or corner on board the ship, and remain as quiet and unobtrusive as mice. They would not ask for anything more than permission to occupy a little space on board the vessel. A little biscuit and a melon or two they could take on board with them—bah! a bagatelle! they should cost the honorable captain nothing for their subsistence. And for their passage the padre would pay in prayers and an old man's blessing, for which, at any rate, M. le Capitaine Anglais would be none the worse. Would I intercede for him?

Now, the cure was a grotesque personage in appearance, and he looked inconceivably ridiculous as he squeezed his portly person into a corner of the room by way of exemplifying his intention to 'effacer' himself when on board. And when I thought of so fleshy a churchman subsisting on water melon and dry biscuit, I felt a thrill of the same incredulity as that which was experienced by the Black Knight in Ivanhoe when Friar Tuck began to munch the dried peas. But I took a liking to the priest for all that, and could not help respecting him for the feeling manner in which he spoke of his tawny parishioners, his 'poor shorn sheep,' for whose sake he had gone abroad as a clerical mendicant. And I readily promised to use my utmost endeavours to obtain for him the small boon he craved. The priest's eyes filled with tears when I spoke kindly to him. He thrust his hand into the pocket of his threadbare black soutane, drew out a tin snuff-box, and held it to me, open, with a little humble bow and a French grin of thankfulness. I do not like snuff, and it makes me sneeze, but I remembered Sterne and the Franciscan monk at Calais, with his little horn box, and I took a pinch as cordially as I could. And just then a louder tap came to the door, and in bounced Captain Harrison.

The *Saucy Jane's* captain had come to give me some final instructions on the subject of embarking. We were on no account to come off before dusk from the shore, for though the Federal cruiser had met with some damage to her machinery, and was in harbour and under repairs, a suspicious steamer had been espied to seaward, and it was rumoured that the *San Jacinto* was off the coast. Seeing that I was not alone, the skipper would have retired, but I begged him to stay, and introduced the padre with a brief statement of the latter's misfortunes, and a hint that it would be a charitable act to carry him safely back to the mainland.

Harrison knit his brows at first, and keenly inspected the appearance of this petitioner for a free passage, but before long the young sailor's brow relaxed, and it was with a good-humoured smile that he said he would talk the matter over with his steward, and, if a berth could be found for the priest, he would send me word before sunset. In truth, a much more suspicious person than the skipper must have been disarmed by a survey of worthy Duchochois, as he stood, the picture of piteous eagerness, with his horn-rimmed spectacles pushed up to his forehead, and with the marks of snuffy tears very visible on his sallow cheeks, his iron grey hair hanging down over the collar of his shabby soutane. Indeed, so child-like and simple was the poor old cure's anxiety to have his boon granted him, that neither Harrison nor I could resist his wistful look, and my exclamation of 'Upon my word, captain, the poor old gentleman must be one of us, if I pay the fare myself,' was simultaneously uttered with Harrison's more genial, 'Cheer up, Monsieur le cure, or whatever you call yourself. You shall be very welcome to a passage aboard us, you and your black boy, and we'll answer for it you shan't have lost flesh by the time we drop anchor in Charleston——Hilloa! what on earth is the man about?'

For the padre, vehement in his gratitude, had caught hold of Harrison's hand and insisted on kissing it in sign of thankfulness, while his polygot blessings fell thickly on us both. With some difficulty the ecclesiastic was induced to calm his transports of joy, and he left the hotel to return, as he said, to the poor lodging in which he had left his servant, and what few necessaries he still possessed, with the understanding that he was to return at sundown, when he could embark with the rest of the party.

'One word,' cried Harrison, as if a sudden thought had occurred to him, while the padre's hand was still upon the handle of the door, 'monsieur, pas un mot, keep it dark, will you, about your appointment this evening, do you understand?' But the padre looked as blinkingly unapprehensive of our commander's meaning as an owl in the daylight.

'Plait-il, M. le Capitaine?' he asked timidly, and off came the shovel-hat again. I was obliged to explain in French that the skipper had reasons for wishing the cure to keep his approaching departure a secret from any acquaintances the latter might have formed in the little town, and this M. Duchochois readily and humbly agreed to do, though with no gleam of intelligence in his round black eyes.

'May I go now, messieurs?'' said the priest, with another bow, and we exchanged salutations, and parted.

'That parson will never set the Thames on fire, poor old boy!'' laughed Harrison, as the cure's footfall died away in the distance. The skipper only stayed to give me some parting instructions as to the particular part of the wharf where we were to embark, rather a more secluded spot than the quay in front of the hotel. Thither our baggage was to be conveyed through the network of narrow lanes behind the wharves, so as to avoid unfriendly observation. And, once past the point where the *San Jacinto* lay watching for prey, the captain of the *Saucy Jane* had few fears of a successful termination to the voyage.

How I watched the sun go down on that evening, suffusing the sea with rainbow tints that presently merged into rose colour, deep crimson, and blood-red of the darkest hue, and so abruptly faded out, and left the surface of the water as dusky as indigo. There was very little moon, and though the stars shone out white and brilliant, fog-wreaths came curling over the waters as the land breeze began to sigh through the rigging of the ships in the bay. As we were cautiously rowed out to where the *Saucy Jane* lay, with her brailed-up canvas shaking loosely on boom and yard, every flash of the oars elicited a phosphorescent gleam from the gently heaving water. The passengers and their baggage filled two large boats and a dory, and we were among the occupants of the first boat. By we, I mean Mrs. Bolton and her little girls, myself, and the padre and his Indian boy. The last mentioned, a spare copper-skinned lad, dressed in blue cotton, and with a yellow silk handkerchief tied tightly round his lank black hair, like the fillet worn by horse-riders in a circus, sat impassive behind his master, and looked more like a bronze statue than a living creature. The padre, on the other hand, was full of simple elation and good spirits. He chuckled and talked in his queer jargon, making every one smile, and was evidently overjoyed at his good fortune. Mrs. Bolton—poor little woman—was in a more cheerful frame of mind than I had yet seen her in. Hitherto we had been met by baffling delays on all hands, but now we were fairly off—really "going to Henry at last," as she said; and I heard her murmuring to her little ones that they should "soon see papa, now."

The instant we were all aboard, and had answered to our names as the steward read them off from his list by the shaded light of a ship lantern, anchor was weighed, quickly but cautiously. There was no shrilly piercing fife to encourage the men—no hearty chant of "Yo, heave, yo!" as the crew went stamping round after the spinning capstan bars. But if the work was done silently, it was expeditiously performed, and as if by magic the broad sails dropped from their festoons, and the gallant schooner, spreading her white wings like an albatross, glided off to seaward. A sigh of satisfaction burst from many hearts as the vessel began to move from her anchorage. Mr. Trent's niece was not the only one on board whose hopes and affections centered in the land towards which our prow now pointed. The breeze was steady, and the *Saucy Jane*, slightly heeling over in response to its welcome breath, flew through the water at a rate that proved how well she deserved her reputation as a fast sailing craft. Still the utmost caution was preserved. No lights were shown. Captain Harrison conned the schooner himself, nor did his vigilance appear to relax, until, more than an hour after we had left our moorings, he laid his hand familiarly on my shoulder, saying, 'All right now, Mr. Phillips. Do you see that faint blotch of crimson red and yellow, the smoky light three miles off; no, more to leeward? That is the *San Jacinto*. The Yankees won't make much of us this time, or my name's not Jack Harrison.'

And, indeed, a more fortunate voyage, to all appearance, no vessel had ever made. Day after day the weather was beautiful, the sea smooth, and the winds, though light, still favourable. We saw no Federal cruisers. Twice, indeed, we fell in with armed vessels, but these our skipper's experienced eye recognised as British ships of war, even before they drew near enough for the red, white and blue of the Union Jack to be visible by means of our best glasses. And on one sultry afternoon the cry of "Land, ho!" was raised, and the Southern exiles on board set up a cry of joy, and clapped their hands exultingly, for they knew that the low blue line, like a cloud bank, could be no other than the coast of South Carolina.

Somewhat to the disappointment of his lady passengers, however, the captain declined to sail into Charleston harbour, as he might easily have done before sunset that evening. He knew too well that to make such an attempt would be to run into the lion's mouth. We could see no Federal cruiser at that moment, but they could be no doubt that many war vessels of every calibre and class, from the ferry-boat hastily armed with a brace of nine-inch Parrot guns, to the swift steam frigate, lay lurking among the numerous Islands that skirt the coast so thickly. It would have been folly to have run the gauntlet through the Yankee squadron in broad daylight, whereas by night the chance of eluding hostile eyes was an excellent one. Harrison knew the entranee to the harbour well; his memory for shoals and sand-banks, of channels and shallows, was remarkable, and one of his crew was a Charleston man born, and well qualified to act as a pilot in his native waters.

The schooner was, therefore, moored, stem and stern, close under the shelter of a convenient islet, a long, low strip of sand, crested palmettoes and overgrown with brushwood, and which intervened between us and the blockading squadron. The sails were furled, the colours hauled down, and the *Saucy Jane* lay concealed, only her bare masts rising gaunt and indistinct over the tufted trees of the islet. It was confidently believed that the best telescopes on board the Federal men of war would fail to distinguish any trace of our whereabouts, while, towards midnight, we could resume our voyage with a fair prospect of success. The vessel lay in deep water, so close that a couple of planks were thrust out as a bridge to connect the gangway with the sand-bank, and most of us gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity for a ramble on dry land. Mrs. Bolton, whose spirit had improved as we approached the country she so longed to reach, was one of the group of ladies who visited the islet, where the children were delighted to run and play on the firm white beach, covered with bright shells, and whence tarapins and other small turtles floundered hastily at the approach of a human foot, and splashed into the limpid blue water beneath. With this party was the padre, M. Duchochois. This worthy ecclesiastic had become a general favourite on board, thanks to his quaint good nature and amusing eccentricities. People could not help laughing at him, but they liked him, and the children, who teased him a good deal at first, had ended by voting him grand master of their revels.

A curious sight it was, that of a cluster of little boys and girls, unconscious of the trouble that might accrue from the neighbourhood of the Federal foes, gathered round the tall old cure, and with eager gestures appealing to him to devise some new game for them to play at. And it was none the less curious to watch the cure himself, as intent on the amusement of the moment, apparently, as his little friends, taking snuff noisily, and volubly chatting in his strange dialect of three languages woven into one. The ladies on board the *Saucy Jane*, who had at first been somewhat shocked at the uncouthness of this poor priest, now voted him a dear good creature, and a subscription had been already proposed for the purpose of sending him and his Indian servant lad home to St. Gaspard. This lad, Blaise, whom the children had dubbed Man Friday, was a taciturn boy, like all his race, but evidently attached to the priest with almost canine fidelity. He was seldom far from his master, but on this occasion he was not, as usual, ready to hold the large red-cotton umbrella over the head of M. Duchochois, a ceremony which he often gravely performed on deck.

Meanwhile, several of the male passengers with Captain Harrison, sat smoking their cigars in a shady nook of the islet, screened from the sun's rays by the long drooping leaves of the feathery palmettoes overhead, and almost walled in by thickets of the oleander, the nopal, and the prickly pear, gorgeous with large red blossoms. Everybody