

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, July 20, 1863.

New Series.—No. 34.

The Wonder of all Nations! THE MARCH OF INTELLECT FOR SPRING 1863!! From the World's Fair.

THE best chance ever offered to the Farmers of P. E. Island, by which Time, Labor and Money are saved, the grand secret is to use a new and more efficient method of getting one of those latest wonderfully improved

MANNY'S PATENT
Gold & Silver Prized Medal
Mowing & Reaping Machines,
WITH
Steel-lined Guard Finger Plate,

tempered same as the Knives, and is attached to the finger by a NEW PATENT PROCESS, thus making an entire new cutting face, with Horse Yokes and Swing Trees, not in former machines, makes them now more valuable to farmers than any of the Gold Mines throughout the world, and are now warranted to cut one acre of Hay or Grain each hour, at one shilling cost, by forming a Club of five, which will be a fifth expense than the old fashioned Scotch cutting, proved so injurious to the constitution and so fatal to many farmers.

With those unsurpassed Machines any quantity of Seed can be sown in Spring at one time, and to fear for hands to cut it, when ripe, need be felt, and the Crops secured a month sooner, and the cost of the Club saved. The expense now reduced to the wages of one man for a month.

In proof of same, Mr. W. Hyde, West River, whose letters and letters are so highly prized wherever they can be got, certifies he purchased one of these

Wonderful Money and Labour Saving Machines
In 1861, cut all his Hay and Grain, nearly a hundred acres, and cut his brother's crop also with it, and then hired it out, by which he cleared half the price of the Machine same year, and is now free, and had the crop and the Machine in addition.

This certificate is more satisfactory on the Island, as it can be relied on, than one hundred names from other places.

Have also the following first class Farmers and Stock Masters referred to, some of whom have used MANNY'S PATENT MACHINES in use for three or four years, and have proved much more durable and beneficial than they ever calculated on, and consider they are the greatest that can be depended on for their Brothers Farmers, Professional men, teachers, sea captains, widows, tradesmen, and all those whose names ought to be more widely known than at such unprofitable and severe work as cutting hay and grain for the horses that are at rest.

1863! Spring Stock Complete,
LIVERPOOL HOUSE,
GREAT GEORGE STREET,
Thomas's Old Stand,

WILLIAM FULL,
HAVING COMPLETED, per Shi
GAZELLE and CRANES, his
SPRING STOCK

of
BRITISH and FOREIGN
MERCHANDISE,
now begs to call the attention of Town and Country customers to the same. Having been purchased in the Home Markets on the best terms, he can confidently offer them at

LOWEST CASH PRICES.
His Stock comprises
FANCY DRY GOODS,
Including Ladies Plain and Fancy Dress Materials, Fashionable Millinery, newest style of Ladies' Hats and Bonnets, Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Parasols, Goggles, Veils, Belts, Hair Nets, &c.; Ladies' Cashmere, Tricorne and Kid Boots; White and Fancy Hosiery, &c. &c. &c.

STAPLE DRY GOODS,
Including Groceries, White and Striped Shirtings, Denims, Drills, Tickings, Plain and Fancy Printed Cottons; Ginghams, Flannels, Muslins, Linen Tableing, Damasks, Hand and Window Curtains, &c. &c.; White, Red and Blue Cotton Warp.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
Including Ready-made Coats, Vests and Pants; Suits, Collars, Neckties, Handkerchiefs; Glaz, Felt and Furry Hats; Summer Trowsers; Black broad Cloth, Black and Grey Dooskins, &c. &c.

40 Chests Prime Congou Tea,
White, Muscovado Sugar, Molasses, NEW YORK Sole Leather, including the usual assortment of
Family Groceries, &c. &c.
Great George Street, Charlottetown,
June 8, 1863.

Ex "THERESA,"
NOW LANDING, Ex above SHIP,
and will be sold at a low figure—
30 Boxes Crown SOAP,
50 T. D. PIPES,
30 lbs PALE SALT (in stints and quarts),
10 " DEBRIN SODA, do do

Hourly expected per PROGRESS & URANUS—
30 chests ENGLISH TEA,
10 cases CHAMPAGNE,
10 " GINGERBREAD,
N. RANKIN,
I. & R.W.

HAYING TOOLS,
At the 'City Hardware Store.'
40 DOZ. HAY RAKES
15 doz Hay Forks
25 doz Scaevs
20 doz Scoops
120 doz Sickle Stones
Grass Hooks, Sicks, &c. &c.
At the lowest rates for ready cash customers.
H. E. STARBUCK & CO.
June 22, 1863. 6w

A Schooner of 50 Tons.
I HAVE the Spare, Standing and Running Rigging, Blocks, Patent Windlass, Compass and Anemometer, and other small gear, second hand, which I will sell low, and take Freight in exchange. They can be seen here.
A. & G.
100 Pine Ash-boned FISH BARRELS,
Geo. W. HOWLAN,
Charlottetown, Feb. 9, 1863.

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, 8 and 7 feet; CROSS CUT SAWS, 4 to 6 feet; "Underhill's" Ship ADZES; "Thompson's" genuine Scotch Bore AUGERS; Carpenters' Planes, Adze and Broad Axe Handles, Chalk Lines, Mallets and Irons, Ship Bevels, Chalk Lines, Pencils, Composition Roller Bushings and Companion Rings, Brass Ruffs, Bolts and Screws, Cabin Door Hooks, Wrought Spikes, Fire Trenches, Iron Galvanized, and Copper Bolt Nails and Terns, Log Lines, Sinks and Goggles, Gunny Lard, Lead, all sizes; Paints, Oils, Putty, and a complete assortment of small articles used on board ship.
H. E. STARBUCK & CO.
"City Hardware Store."
Ch. Town, May 25. 1st

LITERATURE.

THE LONE SEA-SHORE.

Come with me to the lone sea-shore,
Room with me 'mid the wild waves roar;
Meet me to talk of bygone years,
Still faintly traced through smile and tear;
Meet me to picture coming days,
All bright with hope's enchanting rays;
The heart's deep thoughts we there may tell,
The sea will keep our counsel well.

Come with me to the lone sea-shore,
Room with me 'mid the wild waves roar;
Here, by tyrant custom bound,
Hearts and tongues hold no dull round,
Court, from those who'd do us ill,
Smiles, from those whose wish would kill;
Nature smothered, refined away,
Art and rule the world doth sway.

Come with me to the lone sea-shore,
Room with me 'mid the wild waves roar;
No flatterers around to destroy,
And none with sneers to mock our joy;
In nature's solitude we'll range,
And fearlessly the truth exchange;
The crowd pure confidence doth bind,
'Tis free when poured to the wandering wind.

THE MAN ON THE MAST.

A THRILLING TALE OF THE SEA.

The little fishing village of — is placed on a flat neck of land, which unites a small rocky promontory with the sandy district of Pinal, and forms the point of junction of two sweeping bays that take a long curve inwards at both sides, leaving it standing far into the sea, so as to present from the distant heights the appearance of being built upon, or rather in, the water. On this rocky promontory a small ruined chapel stands, bleak and unsheltered, to buffet as it may the force of the waves, which are occasionally swept, in long white lines of spray, completely over the roofless walls into the streets of the hamlet behind it. On the northern shore of the promontory a small and rude pier has been constructed, and forms a narrow and imperfect shelter for the few wharves, by the assistance of which the village contrives to exist, and pay the landlord for the use of the patch of barrow land on which it stands.

One autumn afternoon, in the year —, three figures were observed standing in front of one of these habitations, against which two of them leaned, while the third stood a little in advance, and with his hand over his eyes, seemed to be intently gazing in the direction of the seaward horizon. To a person less skilled in the prognostics of change of wind or weather than the hardy rascals of deep-sea fishermen on the coast of Ireland, it would have been difficult to account for the evident marks of anxiety which could be discerned on the countenances of all three, imparting a thoughtful cast to those of the two elder and more retired of the party, and exhibiting itself in the most lively manner in the attitude and expression of the third, as he alternately swept the distant sea line with his eye, and threw it up for an instant, nearly closed to the sky.

"They'll be late, some of them, I'm afraid, after all," said the youngest party, turning to his companions, after a long and intense gaze to the eastward. "As for that cockle-shell, the Kitty-wake, with the young gentlemen in her, it's well she's so near in shore, or she'd have but a bad look-out of it. Three of us have here in sight, and are making for home; but the rest had better keep their olfing, and seek to weather it out as they are for to-night."

"Ay, Jack, if they let the daylight go, they have no business in shore. It will be a dark night as well as a breezy one; and should they miss the harbour, and the ebb set in, it's all over with them, I'm afraid."

"Two more of them yonder to the north-east I see crowding up," said the third of the party, "and one of them's Buckler Bryan's boat, I'll warrant. I think I can see the schooner rig even with my old eyes. He's sure to run for it if he doubts the weather."

"But I say, Ronney, what's she just loomed out from behind the island yonder, norward of the Coffin Rocks? Picking for the water dogs, I suspect, from the cut of her jib. She's right to keep to windward now, anyhow, and let them have a sleep; she might land more than her cargo before morning if she were half a league closer in. I've some doubts of her, too, even where she is; she's deep in the water, and, now I look again, she's running a point or two too look to the westward, to have any one on board who knows much about the Chapel Head."

"The signs of the coming tempest were now too apparent to be mistaken. The wind, which had been blowing at first lightly from the westward, and then had lulled altogether, had within the last hour chopped about to the north-east, and continued every moment to gain in force, as was evidenced by the small, white foam with which every wave was tipped as it rolled shoreward, and the deeper swing and strain of the boats riding in the lily harbor. The day had been cloudless; but as the sun approached the west, the eastern quarter of the heavens had become heavy with a lurid haze, which rose like an exhalation out of the waters, and stretched itself gradually onwards towards the land, tinging the sea with a dull brown, and leaving only one narrow rim of light running along the line of its distance, in which, as it touched by a pale gleam of sunshine, were discernible the far off sails of some of the fishing boats, whose return was so anxiously looked for by the three mariners on shore.

At last, something seemed to fit past so lightly and rapidly, that it might have been taken for a sea bird's wing in the gathering gloom. In another instant, a gig of the lightest and most fragile build had shot to the westward of all the other boats under a small lug-sail, which was lowered in an instant, and was already aground on the foamy swell of the back-water at the bottom of the harbor. The next moment four persons—her whole crew—had jumped out of her into the water, and taking her under the thwart, had run the frail bark high and dry upon the sand. A merry cheer announced the landing accomplished, and the figures began slowly to ascend the beach towards the sailors.

The youngest of the three fishermen descended to the beach at a signal from one of the party, and took charge of the boat. The

amateurs were dressed in loose white shirts and trousers, with a small black handkerchief hanging round their necks. Their whole air was that of joyous excitement and as the gale swept the long hair from their brows, and heightened the color on their sunburnt cheeks, it was hard to say whether the recollection or the expectation of pleasure was predominant in the expression of their countenances. They had invigorated their bodies with manly exercise—got through difficulty and danger with success, and were now within reach of a hospitable house, where good cheer and smiling faces awaited them, and where the exertions of the day would serve only to give a topic for conversation, and a zest to the banquet. Court, from those who'd do us ill, Smiles, from those whose wish would kill; Nature smothered, refined away, Art and rule the world doth sway.

We will follow the party which had just landed to the neighbouring hall, where they had been anxiously looked for by sundry portly-looking persons, with rubicund faces, and snow-white waistcoats spread over the torrid zone of their stomachs. Dinner had been detained till the youths should arrive, and dinner was the object which always engrossed these worthy gentlemen's thoughts about this hour, to the exclusion of everything else.

While engaged in the festivities of the dining-hall, one of the party, a young physician, was called suddenly away, and, following him, we arrived at a very different scene.

The night was fearfully tempestuous, and pitchy dark; the rain swept down a torrent between his teeth, and shuddered to his toes, and wrapped in a muffler and dead-ought coat, he found himself in the open air, hurrying forward, led by a strange man, and totally unable to see anything but the false glare of light which remained at the back of his eyes after their long gaze at the dining-hall fire. It was not until he had ascertained that all his mufflings were adjusted, and his coat-collar brought as near his hat as was consistent with leaving any of his face out, that he thought of asking the particulars relative to the nature of the call upon him beyond the 'Where is it?' of the first moment. The answer to this query was gruff enough.

"Only some bodies east ashore; we don't know from what ship, and one of them, the officer says, has a bit of life in it yet. A decent-looking woman, too, and young enough to be worth saving."

The doctor hurried on, stumbling and splashing at every step. Their way lay at first through the avenue of the demesne; and, on passing the gate, the guide, who was a fisherman of the neighborhood, and in his capacity a smuggler—a profession very commonly united to the former—knew the by-ways as well as the highways, struck into the fields; and, as the disciple of Galen began to regain his sight, he could just distinguish that his course was directed towards that side of the promontory of the Chapel head which lay farthest from the village of —.

At length, arrived upon the shore, the doctor was ushered into the midst of a party of the coast-guard, and commanded by an officer.

"Ah, doctor! a little too late, I fear. I know those young fellows would have you up at — house, so I got a hand to go for you—with some difficulty, I assure you. My own men I could not send off dry, and the rest, you see, expect to come in for a share of what's going; and, I believe, they'd suffer their grandmothers to drown by inches, ere they'd allow a bale of goods thrown up by one wave to be swallowed by the next, without a scramble for it. They've landed their cargo from some vessel sooner than they expected, poor devils, and here we are collected to take charge of it, without their leave. All drowned, I fear, doctor. A body or two already ashore. One woman is up there at the linckin, and you shall have a look at her, for I think there's a spark left."

"So saying, he gave his lead into the hands of his men, and strode on before the physician, towards the building which the latter had seen, and which proved to be another of the deserted linckins so frequent in the neighbourhood, and which was not more than a score of yards off the spot he had reached.

"Come, my lads," exclaimed the officer, as he entered among them, "make room for the doctor. He's in for the inquest at all events. Make way, and fetch over a light."

In an instant the physician was on his knees, and a sort of litter made of coats, while a man held over his head a brand taken from the fire, and which, as it flickered and flashed, showed the apparently lifeless form of a woman. Some of her dripping clothes had been removed; coats, &c., had been wrapped round her; she had been chafed, and a drop or two of spirits applied to her lips, but hitherto with no effect. "She must be removed at once to a house," said the physician, after examining her attentively for a few moments. "Nothing can be done till that is accomplished; and he rose from his knees.

"We cannot leave our duty, sir," they replied; "and there is no one else here but this fisherman. The folks below have something else to think of, and the nearest cabin is half a mile off, at the least."

"Well, this man I can take her there between us. It is the only chance for her life." He set at once about devising as convenient a way of removing her as possible. The promise of a reward out of his own pocket bought the services of the greedy peasant; and they were, in a short time, once again travelling in company, though with a cumbersome addition to their party. The burden through the swampy fields and over the slippery fences in the storm; and late it was when their loud knocking at the door aroused the peasant and his family from their labor-tired slumbers.

It is needless to detail the alarm at first; the surprise, and then the ardent compassion of these poor cottagers. By those who know the superstitious timidity, and the boundless hospitality of the lower classes of the Irish, the succession of these feelings is understood at once; to those who do not, a description sufficiently concise for the present purpose would scarcely be satisfactory.

The body, as it may be called, was deposited on the only bed, warm from the occupation of the family; the two turf-fishes were blown up, and replenished with fresh fuel, and all the additional holding of the house (scanty enough, to be sure) collected and heated to envelop the limbs of the stranger. The poor woman herself, with that peculiar alertness and shrewdness of management commonly met with amongst the peasantry of that secluded and primitive habitations from the cold and senseless form on the bed, and chafe and dry it ere she involved it in the coarse but well-ried garment she had collected for the purpose. Life not being extinct, these efforts, under the judicious superintendance of the physician, produced at last their effect, and it was with real pleasure he saw the lids unclose from the eyes of an interesting looking female, apparently under the middle age, and in appearance somewhat above the common class. By the use of proper remedies, this unfortunate being continued gradually to recover strength and consciousness.

In the morning, meantime, a considerable assemblage of persons had been collected on the shore, consisting (besides the coast-guard) principally of the country people, although two or three of the nearer gentry, to whose ears tidings of the wreck had already reached, were of the number. The morning was clear and bright; the sun was fast ascending towards the horizon; but the weight of the north-easter was still rushing in, night and main, marking the surface of the water with white foam, and throwing the breakers upon the shore with tremendous fury.

Farther still, and just beyond the curl of the shoaling water, it was evident a vessel had sunk in the night, for there were two masts, by this time perfectly discernible, standing up almost perpendicularly immersed about as far as the tops, as they are technically termed; that is the broad framework which supports the top-mast. Of these, the foretop, being lower than the other, were rather below the level of the sea, but the maintop were above it, and on these the outlines of four human figures could be seen with tolerable distinctness by a spectator on the beach, standing out against the moving stay, although so little raised above the water as to be partly immersed by every wave as it swept past.

As soon as ever this had been ascertained by those on land, there had been a cry for a boat. The three sailors already mentioned were the first to volunteer their services; and it was with a view to completing their party that two of them had gone to Lynch's cabin, while the third went northward across a neck of land to a little pier of —, close to which their yawl lay high and dry. The greater part of the gazers from the top of the cliff had followed in the direction of the projected launch; but the officer of the coast-guard, an experienced seaman, remained with his men at their original station, occasionally raising his glass to his eye, and taking a narrow survey of the masts and those clinging to them; but when spoken to about the boat, and the chance of getting them off, he only shook his head, looking up sagaciously to windward, without saying a word.

He had just shut up his glass, and slung it once more in its leather case behind him, when the unhappy creature he had assisted to save the night before came running wildly up, her hair floating behind her, her face ashy pale, and all the intonations of fearful agony in its expression. Breathless and agitated, she could not at first say a word, but looked frenziedly back and forward along the horizon, the rapidity of her gaze preventing her from catching the object she was in search of. At last she gained utterance and cried, "Oh, sir! where are they?—where are they? Show me them, for God's sake! Oh, show me them!" and she clasped her hands before him.

"Look over that black rock there, about a quarter of a mile off shore, and you'll see the masts. I doubt whether you can make out what's on them, though."

She shaded her eyes with her hand, and ran her glance more slowly in the direction pointed out, and at length screamed, "Yes yes! that's our ship—there she is, and people on the mast! Oh! who are they? For God's sake tell me, sir, is he there?"

"Don't know, ma'am, indeed. Can't well see yet who's there. Besides, I don't know the person you speak of, that I'm aware of. Not likely he and I should be acquainted."

"Oh! look, look, sir! take the glass, or give it to me. He's tall, sunburnt, with a blue jacket. You can't mistake him!"

"Here, my lads," said the officer to his men, "unstrap this spyglass and hand it to me."

"They unbuckled it from the back of their superior, where it had been slung; and when he received it at their hands, he commenced leisurely to place it at its focus, while the poor woman continued to watch with agonized impatience.

"Oh, look, for the love of heaven, sir, look, and tell me what you see?"

"That's he, that's he, I know it!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears; "my generous, noble Henry; who is there to save him? who will go out to him? Oh, sir, is there no boat here? I'll go out myself with any one!" and the distracted woman caught the arms of the officer.

"Why, ma'am, they're gone off already to launch one for trying the thing; but I've my doubts if they'll get through the surf—how- ever, they'll try."

One of the fishermen's boats was launched and manned by four intrepid men, but on approaching the bar of the promontory, it was seized by a dreadful wave and dashed in pieces, the men barely escaping with their lives.

This event, discouraging in itself, was fraught with fatal consequences to others. Five human beings there were—alone in the midst of the winds and waves, and unconsciously of what had been attempted—only earthly chance for deliverance seemed cut off for ever by that accident.

At the time the chief officer of the coast-guard was joined in the meantime by several individuals, whose curiosity had got the better of their chivalries.

As the tide rose, each hour saw the mast lightened of its human burden. One soul more was swept into eternity—body after body washed ashore, and the wretched creature, who had returned to the cliff and now watched them drifting successively in, was still satisfied that each, though well known, was not that of her beloved. The day, as it advanced, enabled her distinctly to mark his efforts to preserve himself and his companions—his lashing the boy to the mast by a piece of loose rope, suspended to which, however, he expired early—his apparent sufferings from cold—his anxious and imploring look towards the shore, and more than once the tokens of his supplications in the lifting of his hands to heaven. Much of this she could see herself from the station she had resumed at the lime-kill, and much of it she gleaned by report from the officer, whose glass seemed the interpreter of her desires.

She had not long been placed thus, when a dog, of the French poodle breed, was seen struggling up the steep cliff, occasionally stopping to shake the water from its long curly hair; and as soon as it reached the top, it ran directly to where the woman was sitting, and began to jump upon her with the most extravagant marks of delight. She sprung up, seized the little animal in her arms, and covered it with caresses and a length burst into an agony of tears. It had evidently called her mistress, and had probably floated ashore on some piece of the wreck without being observed by the persons on shore, and now rejoiced one of its owners with its safety. But the force of instinct told the animal that in its rejoicing it had a duty to perform; and no sooner did its mistress put it down from her arms, than it began to jump round her, to pull at her dress, to run to the brink of the cliff and look out to sea, and then run back with a greater show of eagerness, and go through the same energetic dumb-show again.

She had watched the struggles and agony of the shipwrecked man himself, and retained some possession of herself in the midst of her despair; but this was too much for her. She rushed frantically towards the precipitous pathway which led to the beach, and would in all probability have hurried down and plunged into the breakers in her frenzy, had she not been laid hold of by the bystanders, and forced back to her old place, and the dog secured in the hands of one of the coast-guard.

Before mid-day but one human being remained on the mast; and that was he to whom her existence clung. He appeared nearly worn out, the rising tide immersed him still more frequently and fearfully beneath the waves, and it was plain to see that he could not hold out much longer.

The young gentlemen from — house, unknown to their friends, now pushed off in their small boat from the pier, in the direction of the mast.

A shout, languid and renewed, showed that the common people were ready to do justice to the generous heroism of their superiors. Who, indeed, could withhold a moment his tribute of heartfelt admiration at the conduct of those noble young spirits, who, when the stoutest heart quailed, and the strongest boat was deemed insufficient, had manned their slight and fragile craft, and braved in her the fate which the more experienced fishermen had so nearly met in the morning! They had succeeded, moreover, for the great danger was passed, the bar having been surmounted before they came into view, and they had now only the long swell of the deep sea to encounter.

There they were, the four slender forms straining steadily and gracefully over their oars, their white shirts bright in the sun, while the youngest of the three sailors of the preceding evening, although one of those who had so narrowly escaped in the morning, sat in her stern. They had drawn off from the crowd, it was supposed, according to a preconcerted arrangement, as soon as ever the officer's opinion had been pronounced, and had hastened unperceived away to launch their boat out of reach of the officious interference of the multitude.

The only question now was, whether the solitary being on the mast had strength to hold out till they should arrive there; and it was a fearful interest that was now experienced by the whole assembly of spectators, as they saw the straining of the crew in the distance, and observed at the same time that the poor man was growing weaker and weaker, and besides, did not see the succour that he had been swept off the mainmast; but he had hardly had so good a berth there, I expect, as the tops are below water. He's at it, by Jove—no, gone again; and the boy's off, too. My God, they'll not hold out much longer, any of them!"

"Oh, don't say so!" cried the woman. "What are the men on the mast like? Look, sir, look, and tell me, I beseech you! What color is their dress?"

"They're not down yet, though," continued the officer, without heeding her, and still looking. "There they were both together on a wave that time—a strong fellow that, to stand against such a sea—by Jove, he has hold of the boy; and as I am a living man, it was to save him he quitted the mainmast; and there he is now swimming back to it! Now that there's more light, I can see that he's a stout young fellow, and the biggest of them all."

depended for his whole support upon the rope which still adhered to the top-mast, and even so, every wave which happened to rise above the rest swept over his head. As each subsided, the eyes of the people on shore confidently looked to see the mast relieved from the grasp that clung to it, and yet there still hung the powerful seaman, almost lifeless, and yet clinging instinctively, as it were, to his only hope.

To paint the emotions of one being on shore would be a weak and presumptuous attempt. The powers of language are far too limited to venture on a description of feelings, the intensity of which can only be measured by the depth of woman's heart. No—the one heart which could have told its own tale is now still—and let it not be supposed that passion can be represented in the colors of the imagination.

Meantime, the little skiff, which had pushed boldly out to seaward, had now stretched sufficiently far to effect her object, and accordingly she began to let herself drop down in the direction of the mast, and at the same time the crew gave a hearty cheer, which had the intended effect, by making the sufferer aware that help was at hand. He was distinctly seen to raise up his head, and look around in the direction of the sound. He saw his preservers within a couple of hundred yards of him!

"Yes!" cried the agonised woman, "he sees them! Look, there he attempts to wave his hand over his head! God of mercy! will he hold out? He has fallen away again, and—there—another wave has washed over him! Strain, strain for your lives, generous young men!—his life, our lives depend on you!"

The interest of the assemblage was at the highest pitch. Loud exclamations, oaths, cheers, were to be heard on all sides—the excitement was intense. Even the chief officer was restless, and the good owner of the house paced up and down in a frenzy between nervousness for his sons' peril and pride at their heroism.

They are within a boat's length. The crowd, from the extreme of clamor and confusion, became gradually stiller and more still. As they come up, every breath is held, for a few seconds will decide his fate. The woman stands like a statue—not a word escapes her—she looks straight upon him, her eyes fixed, her hands clasped before her. They drop a little on one side of the sunken vessel, making motions to the man to hold his place, and have just brought the boat up again so as to approach by her leeward side, for the purpose of grasping the mast, when a wave, more tremendous than the rest, rolled clean over it, sweeping back the boat some yards; and when it receded, and allowed those on shore to see the mast once more, he was gone!

A cry of horror burst from the crowd. The woman alone continued silent and immovable. Another moment, and the cry was changed into a shout of exultation! The bow oarsman had seized the perishing wretch by the hair, as he was swept by, and dragged him safely into the boat.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted a thousand voices. Mr. —, of — house, actually jumped into the air, and the officer waved his telescope over his head.

"Safe—safe!" weakly sighed the poor woman, as she sank down upon the bank and closed her eyes.

In a short time the throng was collected upon the harbor beach again, ready to receive the triumphant adventurers, at the same place they had landed the evening before; and among them was the happy woman, now trembling with weakness and agitation. She sobbed and cried hysterically, and turned a deaf ear to the soothing expostulations of the physician, who was not a little alarmed at the sudden and violent reaction which had taken place. She screamed with impatience, and cried wildly to the crew to hasten to shore with the hope of her heart. They neared the land, and were hailed by shouts and cheers from all sides, to which, however, they made no reply. The rescued man was in the bow of the boat, doubtless dreadfully exhausted—one of the oars was shipped, and the oarsman stooped over him as he lay.

A few strokes more, and her keel was on the ground. The transported woman rushed into the water, and bent over the gunwale. Her lover lay at the bottom of the boat—dead!

RELEASE OF CAPTAIN MASSEY—HE HAS DEPARTED WITH MISS McTAVISH.—On Friday evening arrangements were made to obtain bail for the appearance of Captain Massey, and on Saturday morning early he left the goal at Genesee, went to the hotel, met Miss McTAVISH, and they immediately left the place. They took the cars of the Erie Railroad, and were seen at Genesee, and went south. They are doubtless in New York or Philadelphia ere this. On Saturday the Adjutant of the 30th Regiment of British Infantry was here from Toronto, and went to Genesee—too late to see Massey. He went to procure a return of his furrough, which had been granted for two months, and not to assist him in any way. He stated that the officers of the 30th felt that they were disgraced by Massey's conduct, and were highly indignant. So Captain Massey and the gay Miss McTAVISH have departed from this region. When and where they will next figure, remains to be seen.—Kochester paper.

The salary of Prince William of Denmark, as King of Greece, will be 1,200,000 francs (\$240,000) per annum. To this will be added by the Ionian Islands two palaces, with incomes of over 125,000 francs attached.

No man should allow his newspaper Bill to run more than a year. One year is better to pay than two or more. Newspaper publishers are obliged to pay as they go, and it is unfair to deprive them of their past dues for months and years, as many thoughtless subscribers do, much to the trouble and inconvenience of publishers.

"NEVER MORE."—There is a very good thing in the last Harper's Weekly. A raven with the face of a field negro, and the word "Never more" floating from his thick lips, is perched on a post of Horace Greeley, right above the chamber door of a fierce looking man with a bowie knife, who has apparently been piously engaged in reading the Bible. This individual fixes his eyes on the swarthy negro-bird with a look of uneasy attention, and thus describes his sensations:—"And the nigger never flitting, still is sitting, still On that horrid burst of Horace, right above my chamber door. And his lips they have the snigger, of a worthless face of a field negro, and the word 'Never more' floating from his thick lips, is perched on a post with a raven." Says the chatel, "Never more!"