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. XV. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, September 18, 1865. New Series.---No. 42.

NEW STORES!

Dorchester Street.

Liquors, Molasses, Tea, Sugar, Flour, Tobacco, Sundry Groceries, &c.

THE SUBSCRIBER has now in his New Brick Stores, Dorchester Street, Charlotte town, the following

Extensive and Valuable Stock OF MERCHANDIZE,

comprising WINES, BRANDIES, and other LIQUORS of the best quality; fresh GROCERIES of all kinds; FLOUR, TEA, SUGAR, TOBACCO, MOLASSES, equal to any articles of the kind in the market, which he offers to wholesale and retail customers

At the lowest prices for Cash,

—VIZ:—

70 Puncheons choice Demerara RUM,
70 Hogsheads Hollands GIN,
6 Hhds. Irish and Scotch MALT WHISKEY,
6 Hhds. Pale and Dark BRANDY,
6 Hogsheads PORT WINE,
6 hogsheads of SHERRY,
100 dozen Edinburgh ALE,
100 dozen Guinness' PORTER,
300 chests and half chests of TEA,
10 hogsheads of SUGAR,
30 puncheons of MOLASSES,
500 barrels of FLOUR,
Boxes of Honey Dew TOBACCO,
100 boxes Liverpool SOAP,
80 boxes of PIPES,
1800 JARS, (assorted sizes,)

Together with a full assortment of all articles in the GROCERY LINE, to which he invites the attention of his friends in Town and Country, whose past favours are respectfully acknowledged.

OWEN CONNOLLY.

Charlottetown, May 29, 1865. 1sl

RECEIVED by the Spring Ships from England, and for Sale *Cheap*—

20 Tons Iron,

12 Bundles Sheet Iron, 3 " Galvanized Do 230 pieces Plough Metals, 12 Boxes Tin, 42 Bdls. Steel (in spring, cast, shoe & blister)

195 Bags Nails and Spikes,

1 cask Chain Traces, 1 " Sad Irons, 1 " Zinc, 1 cask Files, 1 " Screws, 1 " hook & eye Hinges.

134 Kegs Paints,

1 cask Vices, 3 pairs Bellows, 3 Anvils, 1 cask Bolts and Nuts, 1 case Saws, 1 " Slates,

280 Gls. Paint Oil,

1 cask Shot, 1 case Rifle Cartridge, 1 " Percussion Caps, 50 coils Cordage, 1 Bag Curled Hair, 1 bale Shoemaker's Hemp, 12 dozen Scythes, 3 barrels Putty,

15 Casks and Cases

General Hardware Goods.

ALSO,

Barrels Washing Soda, Kegs Baking Soda, Boxes Soap, Boxes Pipes, Bags Walnuts and Filberts, Cases Confectionery, and

General Groceries.

W. E. DAWSON.

June 5th, 1865.

EXCELSIOR PRINTING OFFICE.

GEO. BREMNER,

Printer, Book-binder,

AND

STEREOTYPER,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.,

Having engaged an experienced

BOOK-BINDER

is prepared to execute all orders with PROMPTITUDE and NEATNESS.

☞ Entrance to Printing Office and Bindery at Mrs. Bremner's Book and Stationery Store, Prince Street, where all orders may be left.

Prince Street, June 5, 1865.

NEW GOODS

BY THE

Recent Arrivals from Britain.

THE Importations for SPRING 1865 being now COMPLETED at the

BRITISH WAREHOUSE,

BRITISH & FOREIGN

we solicit the attention of the public to our Stock of

MERCHANDIZE,

Now Open for Inspection,

comprising all the

Requisite Articles for family use,

in

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods and Groceries, &c. &c. &c.

W. & A. BROWN.

June 5, 1865.

ARRIVAL OF

NEW GOODS

AT

Bell's Clothing Store,

QUEEN STREET.

THE subscriber has the honor to announce to his numerous customers in town and country, that he has just received, per 'UNDINE,' a

NEW and SELECT

Stock of Goods,

suited for the PRESENT and COMING SEASON, and which he is confident will give satisfaction in

Style, Quality and Price.

to all who may favor him with their orders.

JOHN BELL,
Merchant Tailor.

May 22, 1865. tf

Sugar, Molasses, Flour.

NOW LANDING, the Cargo of the schr. "Alice," consisting of

5 hhds very bright MUSCOVADO SUGAR,
22 " Prime Porto Rico MOLASSES,
68 tierces, 40 barrels Muscovado DO
100 Sides SOLE LEATHER,

For Sale low from the wharf, by

J. S. CARVELL

Charlottetown, July 10, 1865.

Lime. Lime.

JUST RECEIVED, on consignment—
200 Barrels No 1 LIME.
For sale by
J. S. CARVELL.

July 24, 1865.

Fishing Tackle.

BY Barque *Undine* I have RECEIVED FISHING RODS, CASTING LINES, FLIES, REELS, Landing Nets, Limerick Hooks, &c., &c., offered very low.

T. DESBRISAY.

May 8, 1865.

MILL PROPERTY at MONTAGUE.

"Happy may the maid be that's married to a Miller,
For fair day or foul day he's a' bringing till her."

THAT EXCELLENT SET of MILLS owned by *MRS. JANE CAMERON*, of MONTAGUE, close to the valuable and extensive Property of the Hon. J. ALDOUS, consisting of a

First Class Grist Mill,

with Three Pairs of *Superior Stones*, capable of grinding all kinds of Grain, and producing Flour or Meal of any grade—together with a commodious and well finished KILN. A superior **SAW MILL** and **SHINGLE MILL**, both new and in excellent working order. Also a COMFORTABLE **Dwelling House**, properly finished. The LAND on which these Properties are situated comprises TWENTY-SEVEN (27) ACRES, of good quality, mostly cleared, and in a good state of cultivation. This Farm can easily be made larger by any person desirous to do so, as there are 100 acres of valuable land adjoining, owned by Mr. Lemuel Phillips, who feels disposed to sell should a favourable opportunity offer. On the whole, this Property is considered by competent judges to be most advantageously situated, fronting as it does on the Montague River, whose waters convey both Grain and Lumber to within a stone's throw of the Mills; and the convenient and good roads leading from these Mills to all parts of the County, and through old and highly cultivated settlements, need but be mentioned to be fully appreciated by any person acquainted with the value of such facilities. It may not be out of place here to mention that the Hon. the "Commissioner of Lands"—than whom no person should be a better judge—saw in close proximity to this Property a site on which to invest a large amount of capital, feeling sure that it furnished those numerous advantages required to make a desirable and permanent residence.

☞ The terms on which the above valuable Property will be disposed of will be as follow:—Half the purchase money to be paid down the day of sale, and the balance can remain secured on the Property for one, two or three years, at the option of the purchaser.

Parties desirous of treating for the above, can do so, by private contract, up to the

18th day of October next ensuing,

on which day, at 12 o'clock, noon, (if not previously sold), it will be offered at Auction.

F. P. NORTON, Auctioneer.

Georgetown, 28th August, 1865. 1sl

SMALL PROFITS.

THE subscribers have just received, per Schrs. *Nassau* and *Mary & Charles*, from the Best Foundries in the UNITED STATES,

1000 *STOVES*,

with the Stock formerly on hand, will make the largest and best Stock of Stoves ever imported into P. E. Island, comprising in part of the celebrated

Waterloo, Broadside and Magician

COOK STOVES,

FOR WOOD, and

Black Diamond, Magician and Victoria

COOK STOVES,

FOR COAL.

Franklin, for Wood and Coal,
Bedroom Cannon STOVES,
Ship's Cook and Cabin STOVES.

—ALSO—

BOX STOVES,

suitable for Churches, Schoolhouses, Workshops, etc.

All of which will be sold

At the Lowest Possible Prics,

for cash or approved credit, by

DODD & ROGERS,
Dodd's Brick Store, Pownal Street.

Ch'town, Aug. 7, 1865.

Just on the Square.

NEW TOBACCO FACTORY AT

SUMMERSIDE.

THE SUBSCRIBER having JUST OPENED a FACTORY at SUMMERSIDE, is prepared to supply Wholesale Customers with the Island Manufactured TOBACCO, warranted a good article, at the very lowest prices, and on the most reasonable terms—and hopes his Factory, being the first of the kind established in Prince County, will meet with liberal patronage from the Traders and Merchants of Summerside, and Prince County generally.

PATRICK REILLY.

Summerside, July 31, 1865.

FLOUR.

LANDING ex Schr. *Seven Brothers*—
200 Barrels Superfine FLOUR,
200 do Extra DO.

J. S. CARVELL.

12th June, 1865. isl pro

TEA. TEA.

50 CHESTS Choice Congou TEA, just received, and for sale low.

J. S. CARVELL.

12th June, '65. isl pro

PORTO RICO SUGAR.

IN STORE, and for sale low,
5 Hhds Porto Rico SUGAR.

J. S. CARVELL.

12th June, '65. isl pro

Gin, Dried Apples, &c.

IN STORE,
15 Hhds De Kuyper's GIN,
6 Barrels Dried APPLES,
20 Boxes RAISINS

J. S. CARVELL.

12th June, '65. isl pro

Safe! Safe!

ONE large SALAMANDER SAFE, with powder proof Lock, made by Williams of Boston. For sale by

J. S. CARVELL.

12th June, '65. isl pro

Cooking Range & Register Grates.

ONE Chilson COOKING RANGE, 4 Register Grates. For sale by

J. S. CARVELL.

12th June, '65. isl pro

Buckets and Brooms.

JUST RECEIVED, ex Str. *Commerce*, 20 dozen Brooms, 25 dozen Buckets.

J. S. CARVELL.

12th June, 65. isl pro

Boots and Shoes.

THE subscriber has received from London a very large Stock of the above GOODS, in Men's Elastic Side Memel, Calf and Kid Patent: Women's, in Kid, Cashmere, Memel and Lasting, from 6s. 6d. per pair and upwards.

W. E. DAWSON.

May 29, 1865.

Best Island Tobacco!!

THE subscribers, in returning thanks to their friends and customers for the patronage extended to them since their commencement in business, would intimate that they have

GREATLY REDUCED

The Price of their Tobacco,

which is pronounced by judges to be the

Best Manufactured on the Island.

Samples can be had by calling at their Store in Queen-street, next door to the Bank of P. E Island.

LOWDEN & RICHARDSON.

Charlottetown, April 3, 1865. isl tf

LITERATURE.

THE IRISH POTATO.

How sweet to the taste is the Irish potato,
As memory awakens the thoughts of the plant!
Its dark verdant vine-top and beautiful blossom,
In pleasing transition my memory haunt.
Aye! thought of the root in profusion once growing
On the broad sunny hilly slope adjoining the mill
And the homestead: how many we've raised there's no knowing,
For some were but small ones, and few on the hill.
The mealy potato, the Irish potato,
The thin-skinned potato that grew on the hill.

That delicate plant I will praise while I'm able,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it superior to all on the table,
The best flavored edible nature could yield.
With what eager appetite, sharpened by labour,
I plied knife and fork with a hearty good will!
Alas! there is none of the old-fashioned flavour,
None like the "real Simmons" that grew on the hill.
The mealy potato, the Irish potato,
The thin-skinned potato that grew on the hill.

How prime from the full heaped dish to receive it,
As, poised on my fork, it rose to my mouth!
No appeal to the palate could tempt me to leave it,
Though affected by rot or a long summer's drought,
And now, far removed from that loved situation,
Where I used to partake of the root to my fill,
Fancy fain would revert to my father's plantation,
And sigh for the kidneys that grew on the hill,
The mealy potato, the Irish potato,
The thin skinned potato that grew on the hill.

THE COOK'S BOY.

AN OLD SAILOR'S YARN.

Our ship was lying in Gibraltar harbor. The day had been a remarkably pleasant one, and hundreds of people from the shore had been on board to examine our specimen of Uncle Sam's naval architecture. After the hammocks had been "piped down," a knot of old ocean's hardy sons collected beneath the topgallant forecastle, which place was their regular "forum." Old Ben Miller, our second boatswin's mate, had been quite sober and thoughtful during the latter part of the afternoon; and upon being asked the occasion of it, he said that he had seen something that had brought to his mind a thrilling circumstance of bygone days. We knew there was a yarn on the tapis, and collecting about the old mate, awaited its delivery. He knocked the ashes from his pipe, put it in his pocket, and then charging his mouth with a generous piece of tobacco, he commenced; and this is the yarn he spun:—

It is now fifteen years ago that I was a foremast hand on board the old ship *Hunter* She was from New York, and bound to India. A man by the name of Adam Warren, who was one of the owners, had taken passage, and with him were his wife and daughter. The latter was one of the sweetest, prettiest little creatures I ever saw only about twelve years old, and as blith as a lark. They called her Judith. O, it would have done your souls good to have seen her skipping about the deck!—now hiding in a coil of rigging; now pulling at some rope, and then clapping her little dimpled hands as she repeated the orders of the captain. Her merry laugh rang through the ship like the notes of our own native robin, and the sun seemed to be envying her brightness. Her father was one of your business men—a right down dollar hunter, who didn't seem to care for much else than the purchase and sale of his cargo; and as long as his child was well and happy, he seemed to take but little notice of her; though, I must say, he was a kind-hearted man when you could bring it out. Judith's mother was one of your city aristocracy—a proud, over-bearing woman, who seemed to think there was nobody of any consequence but herself—and the smell of tar made her sick. When she was on deck she always kept a smelling bottle at her nose, and I tell you the truth when I tell you that her nose was fairly cockbilled by her eternal snuffing at that same bottle.

We had a boy on board named Luke Winship, only fourteen years old, who had been put into the galley to help the cook He was a noble little fellow, though we hadn't then exactly found it out.

One evening after we had entered the southern tropics, Luke was sitting upon a spar that was lashed against the galley, and Judith Warren came along and sat down by his side.

'What makes you look so sober, Luke?' she asked, in a silvery tone of real kindness.

'I was thinking, Miss Judith,' returned the cook's boy; and as he spoke he gazed into the face of the girl as though she was one whom he could almost worship.

'Don't call me *Miss*. I don't like it, Luke. But tell me what you are thinking about. If I ever have troubles it always does me good to tell them to somebody. Now tell me yours.

'It couldn't interest you, Judith, to hear the story of a poor boy like me.

'O, yes it could!' the little girl cried, clapping her hands together with much earnestness. 'You were thinking of your father and mother.'

'Alas! I have none.'

'No parents?'

'No.'

'Then you were thinking of your brothers and sisters.'

'I have no relations on earth, Judith!' As Luke said this he drew his greasy sleeve across his eyes to wipe away the drops that were springing forth.

The little girl gazed into Luke's face with a look of pity and sorrow, that seemed to make her tender heart bleed.

'Tell me your story. Come do,' she said, and she laid her hand so affectionately upon the boy's arm, and looked so kindly at him, that he began to weep again.

'It is but a short story—a few words will tell it all,' Luke returned, as he struggled like a giant to keep back his emotions. 'My mother died when I was only four years old, and before my father had taken the mourning weed from his hat, he too, was laid in the cold grave. They were both of them kind parents, and after my father was buried, I sat upon his grave all night long, and cried. O, Judith, you don't know what it is to lose a father or a mother; but to lose them both! Yes, you know something how you would feel. In the morning they came and took me away from the little church-yard, and a man who lived near the cottage my father had hired, gave me some breakfast. My parents were very poor, and after the funeral expenses were paid, there was not a cent left. I knew of no relations. I knew not that I had one on earth, and I was sent to the alms-house! There I staid till I was nine years old, and during that time I suffered more than words can ever tell. It wasn't bodily suffering, for I had enough to eat and drink, and clothes enough to wear; but it was the suffering of the heart. I went to school part of the year, but I wasn't like the other school-boys. I was a 'poor-house' child, and they saunned me. If they had done no more than this I should have been contented; they taunted me with my misfortune, and made light of my orphanage. If they had known what pain their words gave me, I don't believe they would have spoken them; but they knew not my feelings, and why should they? They had never suffered like me, and they realized nothing of the crushed spirit that was battling against the cold cruelty of their sneers.

'Poor Luke!' murmured Judith; and when the boy looked into her face, he found that she was weeping.

At length, he continued, after he had wiped his eyes, an old farmer took me from the alms-house, and set me to work upon his farm. At first I felt thankful, but I soon found that I was worse than before, for I was ill-treated, and I had to work like a dog. The farmer's wife was a hard-hearted woman, and she often beat me. That was worse than all the rest, for I never deserved it, nor did I openly complain. I staid with the man over four years; but matters grew worse and worse, and often, when I went up to my little bed in the garret of the barn, did I pray that I might die before I awoke again. But I lived on, and I lived only to suffer. At length I resolved that I would bear it no longer. One dark, stormy night, I secured a few crusts of bread, and after the folks had retired, I stole out from the barn and ran away. For nearly a fortnight I travelled on, and at length I reached the city of New York; but even there I dared not remain, so I went down to the wharves to see if I could not get a chance on board some ship. I found this ship was on the point of sailing. I told my story to Capt. Flaiten, and he took me on board. I am well treated here, but yet I cannot help at times thinking of the scenes through which I have passed. I can see the sweet face of my mother as she breathed her dying blessing; and I can see the pallid cheek and sunken eyes of my father as he took me by the hand, and made me promise that I ever would be honest and virtuous. God knows I have most faithfully kept that promise, and I always will.

Little Judith wept as though she had herself suffered all she had heard; but she was not the only one who had heard Luke's story, for, as he closed it, Mr. Adam Warren moved carefully away from the other side of the galley, where he had been standing all the while.

At this moment Mrs. Warren came up from the cabin, in a terrible flurry, in search of her child.

'Where is Judith?'

'Here I am, mamma.'

Mrs. Warren started forward, and saw her daughter just rising from the side of Luke.

'What on earth are you doing here?'

'Luke has been telling me a story,' returned the little girl, as her mother led her aft.

'Don't let me see you talking with that dirty boy again. It's horrible, Judith, for you to be contaminated with such low, filthy company!'

Luke heard those words, and I could see the heaving of his bosom and the quivering of his lip, as they fell upon his ear. He arose and went into the galley, and pulled the door to after him.

We doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and were standing up into the Indian Ocean. It was the afternoon. The old ship was under double-reefed topsails and reefed courses, with the wind blowing hard on the larbord quarter. Little Judith was on the poop, holding on upon the weather mizzen topmast backstay. Her father was there too, and he was gazing upon his child with a sort of calculating pride. The mate was throwing the log, and Luke Winship had been called up to hold the reel. Just as the glass was turned and the log-line checked, one of the men, who was looking off to the windward, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and in turning in the same direction, we saw one of those solitary mountains of water, that seem as though they had been months in collecting, rolling down upon us. Instinctively those upon the poop grasped the rigging for support, dropping the reel and log-line to take care of itself. Judith, I said, was at the weather backstay, but as she saw the giant sea towering above her, she involuntarily let go her hold and started towards her father; but she was too late. The ship was struck upon the quarter; she reeled and staggered beneath the blow. Judith wes dashed to the leeward, and the next moment she was overboard! Her father uttered a frantic cry, and sprang to the lee shrouds. The men gazed into the boiling surge where the broken sea was whirling in one wild vortex, but they dared not brave the mad terrors of the scene.

'O, God! My child, my child!' cried the frantic father; and while yet he strained his eyes upon the place where the girl was being tossed by the foam-covered sea, a light form brushed past him and plunged into the flood. It was Luke Winship.

'Cut away the life buoy!' shouted Captain Flaiton. 'Cut it away quick! Both of them. Down with the helm. Give them a surge to leeward. Cut away the boat lashings. All hands on deck here. Who'll go in the boat? Spring to the head braces!

All hands were quickly on deck. The mate was the first in the stern-boat; I was the second, and five more quickly followed. We got out the oars, and when the falls were eased carefully off till the boat touched the water, we unhooked and started off, and as soon as we were clear, the ship's headyards were braced sharp up, the mainsail clewed up, and she was laying to with her main topsail aback.

Luke struck out boldly for the little girl, and though the sea heaved him about most fearfully, yet he reached her just as she was sinking. He caught her by the waist, and with a strength which was superhuman to him, he held her head above water. The angry surge had swept off to leeward, and the boy and girl now rose and fell upon the bosoms of the long waves. Both the life-buoys were driven past them. Luke's strength began to fail him, but still he held the form of the insensible Judith. He began to waver; twice his head sank beneath the surface of running sea; but as he arose the second time, the boat had reached him, and I caught him by the collar of his jacket. He was fairly insensible when I touched him; but his grasp upon Judith was like a death-grip, and soon they were both safe in the boat.

We reached the ship in safety. Mrs. Warren had fainted; but her husband caught the form of his daughter and rushed to the cabin, whither Luke was also conveyed, and ere long they were both brought back to consciousness. Mr. Warren pressed the boy to his bosom, and promised to be a father to him, and even the rejoiced mother did not hesitate to look kindly upon the preserver of her daughter.

It was sometime before Luke recovered; but when he did get about, he went not back to the cook's galley, but waited upon the cabin. He was allowed to associate freely with Judith; and many an hour did I see them sit together upon the poop, listening to each other's simple stories. Sometimes Mrs. Warren looked nervous when she saw them thus, but she dared not forbid it; public opinion was too strong against the prejudices which she still cherished, though in a modified form.

We anchored in the Hoogly, and Mr. Warren went to Calcutta. He took Luke Winship with him; and from that morning till to-day I saw him not again. Shipmate, you noticed that man who was talking on the quarter deck, this afternoon, didn't you?

'Yes,' we all returned.

'And you noticed that splendid-looking woman by his side?'

'Yes, yes.'

Well, resumed old Ben, as he brushed away a tear from his bronzed cheek, that was Luke Winship. That woman was Judith, and she is now his wife. Fifteen years have passed away since we parted at the gangway of the old ship *Hunter*, but he knew me the moment he saw me, and so did Judith. He is now a rich merchant, doing a heavy shipping business. He made the captain promise that I should go on shore and visit him to-morrow. Ben, said he, as he shook me by the hand, I am rich, but I have never forgotten nor broken that sacred promise I made to my father on his death-bed. And, shipmates, I don't believe he ever has.

As the old boatswain's mate closed his yarn, he turned slowly, thoughtfully away, and went below, and soon afterwards we all followed his example. No remarks were made by those who had heard the story, but I could see that the sentiment it inculcated had reached their hearts, and excited their noble sympathies.

THERE SHE BLOWS.

As the bugle's blast to the ears of the long trained war-horse, or the alarm of fire to the veteran fireman, just so, only a great deal more than that, is the ringing, long-drawn outcry on board a 'blubber hunter' at sea of—'*There s-h-e b-l-o-w-s!*' to the long practised whale killer. That magic call starts the idle lounger from his 'caulking' snooze under the lea of the weather bulwarks, rouses Jack in end from his meal of hard tack and 'salt hoss,' or brings him out of his berth, rattling on deck, crazy with excitement, and wild for the chase and capture of John Whale. Let us illustrate the influence—mesmeric, magnetic, magical, or what you will, by the relation of an actual occurrence.

We were homeward bound from a successful Pacific cruise, every nook and corner in the jolly old Junior, Nantucket whaler, stowed and chocked off with oil and bone. Not an inch of stowage room in the ship, try works down, boats laid away, and lashed down on the 'gallows,' harpoons, lances, and blubber spades polished, oiled and put by for the next cruise, and all hands at paint brushes and tar buckets, dandifying and putting the home touches on the ship.

With royals set, a fine leading breeze, and smooth water, we were driving along merrily over the Abrolhos Banks, off the coast of Brazil, bowling it off towards the Equator.

'Twelve o'clock!' echoed Mr. Marline, and captain and chief mate fell to figuring up the ship's latitude on the bit of elephant's tooth in the leg of their instruments.

Ding—ding—ding—ding, went the ship's bell, telling off eight—'Ho—s-t-a-r-b-o-l-i-n-e-s—there below! *Eight bells.* 'Turn out,' piped a quilted shirt of the larboard watch down the fore scuttle. 'Dinna redin' sa!' twanged Kin Yang, our John Chinaman steward, and down we dived, the captain leading, to dinner.

Just at the moment that Captain Wilmer was four steps down the companion ladder, and Mr. Merline, too, in his rear, some infernal fool 'in the head,' sung out—'*There s-h-e b-l-o-w-s!*'

With an upward leap as if a sixty-seven hours powers galvanized battery had been unhitched into him, 'the old man' came up with a *vim* that sent Mr. Merline sprawling on his back on deck, and his sextant skittering down to leeward, knocked seven hundred and sixty degrees more or less out of adjustment.

Dropping his own instrument as if it had been a worthless beef bone, Captain Wilmer hailed with a yell that might have been heard pretty well over towards Ferdinand-Di-Narhona, 'W-h-e-r-e-s-w-a-y?'

'All along the weather-beam, sir! A whole ocean full of spouters!' shouted an excited red-shirt, running aft, and pointing out over the weather bulwarks.

Sure enough, there they were; if there was one there were three hundred whales in one vast armada, rolling, plunging, spouting, and every now and then some jubilant old bull leaping high out of the water, coming down with a w-h-o-o-s-h like the rush of a water-spout.

'Hurrah there, you red-shirts for'ard! Hi, Mr. Hickman! I say, Mr. Marline, you boat-steerers; there's *whales*, my lads! Lets's down boats and after 'em!'

'But, captain,' I remonstrated, 'we're full. Not an inch of room in the ship. No try works, gear all stowed away, boats housed. Besides, don't you see, it's a school of worthless 'finbacks,' not a cask of oil, in an acre of 'em.'

'I don't care a cuss, Mr. Marline!' was the crazy response. 'We'll have the fun of one more tussel with the spouters before we go; come, any way. I'll bet a suit of clothes I'll oil the first iron!'

'I'll take the bet captain,' came the ready response from the second mate, boat-steerers and a dozen red shirts belonging to the different boats.

'Very well, my lads; I'll go in against the ship's company. So let us rattle out the boats, and after 'em!'

So it was take the ship in hand Mr. 'Chips,'—the carpenter always takes charge in the absence of the captain and mates. 'Bungs' and 'Tongs,' the cooper and blacksmith, and the half dozen boys to clew up and clew down light sails, and heave the ship to, while captain, mates, boat-steeres, and the angular whale killers went at the boats, and to rousing out stowed-away gear, forgetting all about dinner in our eagerness for a fight with John Finback, and our ambition to cut the old man out of the suit of clothes.

In proper whaling time, we could have had every boat down and off inside of six minutes. As it was it cost us nearly a half hour, but the whales held on there to windward, as if quite willing to accommodate us with all the sport we cared for. As a rule, whalers always give the finback a wide berth, seldom meddling with him under any circumstances. He is a worthless fellow, and the old ones fight like mad tigers.

We got our boats out and off at last, the captain leading bravely, and a quarter of a mile or so to windward of the ship he came up with a cow finback having a sucking calf by her side. The old cow was shy, but the foolish youngster finned it right up alongside of the boat, perhaps mistaking it for his mother. Now a dart into that calf wouldn't count anything on the suit of clothes wager, and the captain knew that. But he knew also that if he bled the calf he would have the old cow nosing around directly, and should get a chance to drive an iron into her and win his wager.

Just as my boat flashed past the captain's he darted at the calf, putting his harpoon well in aft, and drawing the blood freely. The old cow was lying on the surface a couple of hundred yards or so off to windward; and Jim Denny, my grizzly old stroke oarsman, remarked, as we drove in end by the captain's boat:

'If the old man don't get John Sarouka for striking that are calf, I'm a blubber.'

And he did, for just as we got our iron into a rampant old bull, who turned and came at the boat with jaws wide enough open for a locomotive to drive in, the old cow seeing her calf cutting queer antics about the captain's boat, and perhaps scenting its blood, went rolling down to investigate.

In our rough and tumble fight with the old bull we had little leisure to look after the captain and his affairs; but we did get a glimpse of the old cow's flukes in the air as she went plump down head foremost before the old man had an opportunity of touching her with an iron; and then, just as we sent old bull into his death flurry, we saw the crew of the captain's boat popping overboard on each side carrying with them oars and tubs, and in five seconds more, up in the air shot the boat, dashed into splinters by the old cow's nose, and shooting right up perpendicular the entire length out of the water, falling back on her side with a mighty splash as of a frigate's mainmast going bodily over the side.

Captain Wilmer spilt out of the stern sheets of the shattered boat at an elevation of twenty feet, coming down head foremost with a chack that must have sent him two fathoms under water. But in five seconds he popped up like a pearly diver, and struck out lustily for the fragments of the boat.

In a second I was off before the wind with my boat, my five stout fellows buckling to their oars as if we were in chase of a ninety barrel "sperm."

My intention was to pick up the captain and his scattered crew, and pull for the ship. I had an idea that there had been whale hunting of that sort quite enough for one day, and I guessed the old man would be glad enough to be helped out of the great South Atlantic salt water bath. I made a slight mistake that time, for as soon as the captain discovered my intentions he began ranting and plunging, shaking his fist at me, and roaring away with all his might:

'Clear out, sir, I say, Mr. Marline, don't come here! Clear out. Be off with yourself after the whales! By the everlasting, I'll shoot ye if you come down here!'

'Oh! Captain, for God's sake!' sung out one poor devil who couldn't swim an inch, and was buoying his nose out of water on a boat oar, 'O, Captain, please let Mr. Marline save me! I'll drown; O, I'll drown!'

No you won't drown, you rascal! If you do I'll thrash you like blazes, you lubber!'

I paid little heed to the Captain's threats and curses, but picked him up in spite of himself, fished up his floundering crew and pulled for the ship. Then after putting away our water-soaked shipmates, we pulled half a mile away to windward and picked up Mr Hickman, the second mate, and his crew, who had got their boat smashed up in a tussel with a big bull, and were all at sea.

The result of our fin back fishing was two boats stove into kindling wood, all the gear lost from them, a sousing salt water ducking for a dozen of the Juniors, a cold dinner at six bells, and Captain Wilmer dipped in safe for a half dozen suits of clothes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A BORGIA IN PITTSBURG, PA

SEVERAL PERSONS POISONED BY A WOMAN.

The Pittsburg Gazette has an account of the arrest of a woman in that city charged with poisoning several of her friends and neighbours, from which we condense the following particulars:

For some time past there has been residing in a small, two-story brick house, a man named George Grinder, with his wife and children. His wife is a woman between 35 and 40 years of age, and has hitherto borne a good character among her neighbours, being noted for her sociability and kindness of heart. Her husband is a laboring man, about 45 years of age, but rather deficient in force of character and intelligence. During the past few months, an unusual number of deaths have occurred in the house, but until recently it was not suspected that any foul means had been employed. The sudden sickness of a number of persons who had eaten at Mrs. Grinder's table at length awakened suspicion, and an investigation of the facts lead to the conclusion that she had been for some months past in the habit of administering poison to her neighbors and the inmates of her house, from the effects of which, it is alleged, that several have died. Among those who have died in her house within the last few months was a woman named Gallagher, a brother of her husband, Mr. Grinder, and an infant child.

Another victim was a young married lady named Caruthers, who ate supper at the house of Mrs. Grinder on the 27th of June last, soon after which she took suddenly ill. She had no suspicion at the time that she had been poisoned, as she was on the most friendly terms with Mrs. Grinder. She gradually recovered, after which her husband took her to the country to visit some friends. On his return he called to see Mrs. Grinder, and on her invitation ate supper with her as he had no housekeeper at home. He was taken suddenly ill, and telegraphed to his wife to return, which she did. He soon became convalescent, and resumed work as usual. On the 15th of July, Mrs. Caruthers again took tea with Mrs. Grinder, and was again taken ill. Mrs. Grinder paid frequent visits to her in her own house, carrying her little delicacies of various kinds, which she ate. She continued to grow worse and worse, and on the first of the present month she died. As Mrs. Caruthers was a young and perfectly healthy woman, her death caused some surprise, and was regarded as exceedingly strange, but still there were no suspicions of foul play.

One or two other persons who visited the house of Mrs. Grinder, and took meals there, were also taken violently ill, and finally suspicions were aroused that they had been poisoned. This led to the arrest of Mrs. Grinder, and since then many of her neighbors have come forward to testify to her attempts upon their lives.

A PROVIDENTIAL MAN.

There is no aspiration so glorious as the desire to do good. Howard, bending over the couch of sickness and smoothing the pillow of death, was greater than Napoleon at Austerlitz. And Thomas Holloway, whose inestimable medicines are subduing diseases of every type, in every part of the habitable globe, is more worthy of respect and honor than any warrior that ever drew the sword. When Kossuth visited the United States he was designated by one of the clergy as the "providential man." Surely Professor Holloway, who has travelled over most parts of the world, better deserves that title. His general establishment in London has been the fountal source of health to millions of the afflicted. His agencies, established in every city and town of the universe, are the PEOPLE'S DISPENSARIES. What is true of the popularity of his medicines in London, is true *throughout the world;* for wherever civilization has penetrated, by land or sea, they are known and appreciated. From Greenland to Terra del Fuega—from the Mississippi to the Ganges—they are advertised in every printed language, and resorted to by races of every name and color, as the only reliable and proven remedies in all the phases of diseases. The leading medical periodicals of London and Edinburgh not only except HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT from their general denunciation of patent medicines, but unreservedly *commend them.* In short, if we are to believe the concurrent testimony of all nations, Professor Holloway has done more to ameliorate human suffering and rob the grave of victims than any other medical discoverer of this or any former age. We have unquestionable authority for saying that his central office in London sends out annually more than three hundred thousand pounds' worth of his medicines! The statistics of the cures effected by their means cannot, of course, be ascertained; but, judging from the facts within our own limited sphere of observation, we should say that no ordinary quarto volume could contain the record. Surely the discoverer and philanthropist who has accomplished such results may, without arrogance, be styled a PROVIDENTIAL MAN. —*Chicago Times.*

WHAT AMERICA OWES TO ENGLAND.—The fact which we especially desire to call to mind, and which justifies us in having stated at the outset that the Americans may be said to owe to English policy, English principle, and English disinterestedness the restoration, of their worshipped Union, is that there was one period during the struggle when it rested only with this country, by a single word, to array against the United States such a combination of forces as would have ended the war at once, by rendering it hopeless for them to contend against such overwhelming odds. It is no secret that once at least—we have reason to believe more than once—the Emperor of the French, anxious to procure cotton for his restless and turbulent operatives, anxious to secure Mexico, anxious also, sincerely we incline to think, to stop further bloodshed, proposed to our government to mediate between the combatants, and to offer mediation in a shape which would have involved, first, the recognition of the South, and then, as an unavoidable consequence, if the offer had been (as it would have been, resented and refused, a rupture and a war with the North. France was eagerly desirous of this intervention and recognition; and in the then state of feeling in the North, such a proceeding would have been considered equivalent to an open declaration of hostilities. A conflict in which France, England and the Confederate States were ranged on one side could have had but one result; and that result would have given England the cotton she needed, and would have weakened and humbled a rival never very courteous and forbearing. As a matter of mere selfish policy, the temptation, no doubt, might have been great. But our Government did not hesitate for a moment; there was nothing in the relative position of the belligerents at that time which would have warranted a departure from our fixed rule of neutrality; it was felt that in our case we should have fiercely resented a similar interference; and the proposal of France was promptly and decidedly declined. And what was more significant and equally worthy of remembrance, there was not a single writer or orator in Great Britain, so far as we can recollect, who did not say that the Government was right.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE MISERIES OF A RICH MAN.—The New York correspondent of the Rochester *Democrat* is responsible for the following:—

"Alexander T. Stewart clears one thousand dollars per day, Sabbaths excepted, all the year round. Corneilius Vanderbit pleads guilty to double that sum, while William B. Astor rates his income at four thousand three hundred and thirty dollars per diem. Sleeping or waking, the latter gentleman finds a three dollar bill dropping into his hat every minute of the twenty-four hours. He cannot sit down to talk with his physician without having a little more wealth, if not health; he cannot unburden his mind for ten minutes without feeling the burden increasing in his pocket, and he cannot walk Broadway, however the weather may be, without meeting a shower of money. At every turn cash stares him in the face in the most insolent manner. Banks fling their dividends at his head; ruthless financiers beat him with coupons; unpitying and soulless corporations dump their filthy lucre at his door step, and contemptuous bill stickers plaster his house with greenbacks. One might inquire what the fellow has done to merit this treatment, and the only charge that can be brought is that he was a rich man's son, and therefore must suffer."