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. XII. **Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, November 24, 1862.** **New Series.---No. 46.**

WINTER GOODS!

NEW & CHEAP!

JUST RECEIVED.

☞ *At Cheapside Store, Queen Square, next door to Messrs. W. & A. Brown, opposite the Market House.*

THE SUBSCRIBER has completed by recent arrivals from LIVERPOOL, LONDON, and the UNITED STATES, a general assortment of

MERCHANDIZE,

comprising almost every description of GOODS required for the *SEASON*, of the best quality, which he warrants to sell at the lowest price that Goods of the same kind can be bought for at any of the Mercantile Retail Establishments in the Provincial Towns throughout *British America*.

He takes this opportunity to inform the PUBLIC that he continues to sell for *CASH* only, and that any Goods bought must be paid for before delivery.

By adhering to these *TERMS*, he is enabled to furnish SUPPLIES at a small advance over cost and charges, and at the lowest rate to be had for in *CHARLOTTETOWN*.

He thanks his old customers for the liberal support he has received since re-opening in his present TRADE, and they may rest assured every attention will be offered to those who may favor him with their custom.

☞ Orders from the country promptly attended to when accompanied with the needful.

The Stock in **COTTON GOODS** embraces every variety in that line.

He has *Ladies'* and *Gentlemen's CLOTHS* in variety, Blankets, Carpetting in Wool, Hemp and Coir, the latter for *Churches* and *Courts, &c.*, with OIL and FLOOR CLOTHS, *Ironmongery, Groceries, Sole Leather.*

A good stock of Ladies', Gentlemen's, Misses' and Children's

BOOTS and SHOES,

in Leather, Prunella, and INDIA RUBBER, well worth attention. NAPOLEON BOOTS.

Ladies' Mantles and Sacques,

in the latest London Fashion.

A LARGE STOCK of MENS' CLOTHING

Seal Fur Coats, India Rubber ditto.

A splendid assortment of fine Goods in Ladies' stuff material, Winceys (printed and plain), Coburgs, Delaines, Alapacas, &c. &c. &c., Silk Dresses, Shawls, Ribbons and all kinds of *Haberdashery*, an assortment of *HOSIERY*.

In FUR, he furnishes Ladies' Muffs, Cuffs, Boas and trimming in the *English* and *Canadian* style of fashion, with men's FUR and CLOTH CAPS in various shapes.

TOWEND'S LONDON HATS from 9s. to 35s. together with a consignment of *ROOM PAPER*, the latter he offers at a Discount of 25 per cent. off former prices.

A few Bars of Sanders & Sons' best AXE-STEEL, *a Bargain.*

BENJAMIN DAVIES.

Ch. Town, Nov. 10, 1862. wkly 6i

RENFREW HOUSE!

Thomas's old Stand,

GREAT GEORGE STREET,

IS NOW OPEN.

THE subscribers have much pleasure in announcing that they have now ready for inspection AN EXTENSIVE AND CAREFULLY SELECTED STOCK OF

British and Foreign Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS,

received via Halifax, in advance of Fall importations, consisting of—

Grey and White Cottons
Striped Regatta Shirting
Prints, Ginghams
Denims, Drills
Bed Tick Osnaburg
Blankets, Flannels
Mantle Cloths, Shawls
Bal. Skirts and Skirting
Hosiery, Gloves
Straw & Felt Hats, N.S.
Flowers, Feathers, and Ribbons
Mohair, Silk & Chenill Hair Nets
Black and Colored Coburgs, Lustres
Winey Cloths, Gala Plaid
Fancy Dresses and Dress Material, in the most fashionable styles
Polka Jackets,
Fancy and Chenill Scarfs in great variety
Elastic and Leather Belts
White and Colored Stays
A further supply of Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Feathers, Gloves, Mantles, Shawls, Fancy Dresses, and other fresh Goods shortly expected
Boots, Shoes, Rubbers in Ladies' and Gents'
Grain Bags
Men's and Boys' Cloth Caps, Storm ditto

Groceries.

Tea, Tobacco, Sugar, Molasses, Soap, Candles, Indigo, Starch, Pepper, Mustard, Ginger, Blue, Baking Soda, Saleratus, Washing Soda, &c. &c. and other Groceries, which we can recommend for family use.

Hardware.

Nails—4d, 6d, 8d, 12d, 20d
Horse Shoe Nails, &c. &c.
Table Knives and Forks
Dessert do do
Carving and Butcher's Knives
Shoe Knives, Sheath do.
Scale Balances,
Weaver's Reeds
AXES
Rope, Powder, Shot,
Gun Caps, Candlewick
Plough Mounting
Hams, Traces, Backbands
Shovels, Hoes
Blister Steel
Blacking, Shoe & Scrubbing Brushes
Paint, Putty and Glass
Wrapping Paper
Blacklead, Shoeblacking
Patent Stove Polish
&c. &c. &c. &c.

The above Goods have been purchased with the greatest care, from some of the first Houses in Great Britain, and with a view to suit the requirements of Town and Country, and are offered to the public at prices that will, we are satisfied, compare favorably with any in the trade.

DELANY & WILSON.

Renfrew House, Oct. 6, 1862. 1sl

AMERICAN GOODS!

Just received from Albany, New York and Boston.

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE JUST received their Fall supply of AMERICAN GOODS, suitable for the season, which they will sell at the lowest possible prices.

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

Nov. 3, 1862.

Farmers take Notice.

FARMERS' BOILERS AND CAULDRONS, holding from 30 to 75 gallons.

Kerosene Oil and Lamps.

Also extra Lamp CHIMNEYS, for sale by
DODD & ROGERS,
Dodd's Brick Store, Pownal Street.

Nov. 3, 1862.

CONFECTIONARY!

Lower than ever.

BOXES CONFECTIONARY,
BOXES LOZENGES,
Barrels PEPPERMINT LOZENGES,
Boxes CONVERSATION LOZENGES,
For sale by
DODD & ROGERS,
Dodd's Brick Store, Pownal Street.

Nov. 3, 1862.

BUFFALO ROBES,
HATS & CAPS, in variety,
BOOTS & SHOES,
AMERICAN RUBBER SHOES,
Do. CLOCKS, warranted.
COACH FURNITURE,
HARNESS VARNISH,
For sale by DODD & ROGERS,
Dodd's Brick Store, Pownal Street.

November 3, 1862.

BEER & SONS

WILL thank those of their Country Customers who have not received their ACCOUNTS, to call for the same.

November 3, 1862. 3i

Valuable Freehold Estate

AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE "VICTORIA" STEAM MILL, owned by the subscriber, and situate at the Eastern end of this City.

If preferred, the machinery and mill gear would be sold separately at a very low price, and on time. The engine is of 30 horse power. The machinery is in good working order, and could easily be removed.

The whole premises, consisting of Mill, Dwelling House, and Outhouse, would be sold at a moderate sum, payable in ten annual instalments, with interest.

For information please apply at the office of
CHARLES YOUNG.

Charlottetown, Oct. 20, 1862. 1sl 3m

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.

THAT DESIRABLE WATER LOT, in GEORGETOWN, containing half an acre of LAND, with usual privileges, known as No. 1, or POINT LOT. Terms Cash or short time on security. Apply to the Hon. JOSEPH HENSLEY, Charlottetown.

December 2, 1861. tf

Summer Valley FARM FOR SALE.

A Rare Chance seldom to be met with.

TO be Sold, the Leasehold Interest of the above beautiful FARM, containing about 120 acres of the best land in Prince Edward Island, fronting on the St. Peter's Road, and also on the Hillsborough River, within ten chains of Appletree Wharf, and eight miles from Charlottetown by the road or by the river, subject to the yearly rent of only £5 3s., or about tenpence currency of this Island by the acre, for a term of 999 years; nearly 80 acres thereof is cleared, dyked, fenced and under cultivation, covered with crop consisting of Wheat, Barley, Oats, Potatoes, Turnips, Buckwheat, &c.; the residue is covered with excellent timber (hardwood and soft) of every useful description; there is a comfortable and commodious Dwelling House, 32 x 25 feet, with a frost-proof Cellar underneath, capable of containing nearly 2000 bushels potatoes, with a convenient Draw Well at the door; a large Barn, with Stables, Cowhouses, Granary, gig, cart and harness House, pig and sheep Houses complete, with a walled Cellar underneath the Barn which will hold over 600 bushels turnips; the whole snugly sheltered from the north and west by a beautiful grove of hardwood reserved for that purpose. This Farm possesses many peculiar advantages equalled by none else on the river—commanding a picturesque view of the city and harbor of Charlottetown; there is neither hill nor swamp nor a foot of useless or inferior land on its whole surface. From its contiguity to vast deposits of muscle mud and other manures in the said river, and a reservoir near the shore, in which, with little labour, can be collected and deposited any required quantity of seaweed which floats in abundance into the cove and along the shore of said farm every autumn. The whole of said farm can be manured therefrom. And from its contiguity to the said wharf, a ready market is always open for the disposal of all the products thereof, the undersigned having often shipped 500 bushels therefrom in one day, and frequently £100 worth during the fall shipping. A more profitable, comfortable or commodious location for a gentleman or a good farmer cannot well be found throughout the Island. The terms of sale will be liberal, and made known on application to the Honorable DANIEL BRENAN, Charlottetown, or the owner on the premises, where plans of the same can be seen.

FRANCIS McQUAID.

8th September, 1862. tf

Valuable Freehold Property FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale A VALUABLE FREEHOLD FARM, fronting on the west side of Morell River, containing eighty acres, of which about sixty-eight acres are under cultivation, and the remainder is covered with Longers. There are on the Premises A GOOD SUBSTANTIAL DWELLING HOUSE, and good Out-Houses for farming and mercantile purposes.

For further information application to be made to the proprietor on the premises.

RICHARD. HAYES.

Morell, Nov. 17th, 1862.

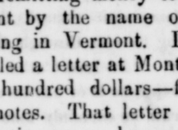
PRESTO!

FOR SALE.

AN assortment of TEN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, suitable for a Band party, comprising—1 Bass Drum, with shoulder strap; 2 Tramboons, 1 Serpent, 1 Bassoon, 1 French Horn, and Crook; 1 Trumpet and Crook; 2 Clarionetts, 1 Conopian, with Case and Crook; Music Book, &c. The whole will be sold in one lot on very reasonable terms. Application (if by letter, post paid) to the Secretary of the Charlottetown Amateur Band.

J. R. WALSH, Sec'y.

Oct. 6, 1862.



INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO'S STEAMERS.

"New Brunswick" and "Forest City."

THESE favorite STEAMERS leave St. JOHN for EASTPORT, PORTLAND, and BOSTON, alternately, every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning, at 8 o'clock.

J. S. CARVELL, Agent.

June 16, 1862. 6m

Eastern and N. A. Railway.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN, 8 a.m., arrive at Point Du Chene at 1.57 p. m.

Trains leave St. John at 2 p. m., arrive at Point Du Chene at 9.14 p. m.

Trains leave Point Du Chene at 7.30 a. m., arrive at St. John at 3.30 p. m.

Trains leave Point Du Chene at 2.15 p. m., arrive at St. John at 8.3 p. m.

On TUESDAYS a train will leave St John at 5.30 p. m., to connect with steamers "Westmorland," "Lady Head," and "Arabian," on Wednesday mornings.

J. S. CARVELL, Agent.

June 16, 1862. 6m

NOTICE!

C. F. HUBERT, Dentist, respectfully announces his intention of leaving Charlottetown about the 14th or 15th of next month, and as he will in all probability be absent from the Island till next Spring, would request those who require his professional services to call at an early date. Residence at Mrs. Douglas's, Water-street; Office hours, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Charlottetown, Oct. 20, 1862.

TAKE NOTICE!

ALL parties indebted to the Subscriber, are requested to make payment before the FIFTEENTH DAY of DECEMBER NEXT, as any amounts remaining unpaid after that date will be sued for without distinction of persons.

G. F. C. LOWDEN.

Charlottetown, Oct. 27, 1872. 2m

TAKE NOTICE!

ALL PARTIES indebted to the Subscriber, are requested to make Payment before the FIRST DAY of DECEMBER next, as any amounts remaining UNPAID after that date will be SUED FOR without distinction of persons.

MORIN LOWDEN.

Ch. Town, Oct. 30, 1862. 1m

FINAL NOTICE!

THE subscribers, intending to make an alteration in their Mercantile Business, request all persons indebted to them, by Book Account, Note of Hand, or otherwise, to settle their respective amounts on or before the 1st day of December, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken for the collection of the same, without any distinction of persons.

Oats, Potatoes, Barley and Turnips will be taken in payment up to the above date.

McAULAY & JOHNSON.

Grand River Wharf, October 20, 1862. 1m

THE COMMITTEE OF THE BRITISH COTTON SPINNERS RELIEF FUND, having to forward a quantity of Meal to England, will thankfully receive whatever empty BARRELS the humane may be disposed to part with.

Barrels to be left with the subscriber.

By order,
JOHN WILLIAMS, C. S.

Charlottetown, Nov. 17, 1862.

LITERATURE.

I WAS NOT ALWAYS THUS ALONE.

I know a seat some elms below,
Supplying shelter, rest, and shade;
And near it waters gently flow,
And summer murmurs sweet are made:
When seated there I oft recall
The times, the hopes, forever flown,
And sigh, as on my heart they fall,
"I was not always thus alone!"

Sometimes I mark at quiet eve
Some youthful, bright, and loving pair,
The busier haunts of mankind leave,
And seat them half unheeded there;
And as they whisper soft and low,
Affection breathing in each tone,
The words seem from my heart to flow,
"I was not always thus alone!"

The sun shines brightly as of yore,
With living souls the city teems,
And Beauty hath the look she wore,
From dark and fair alternate beams;
Love casts around its silken chain,—
New links can not the lost atone;
Nor Reason check the solemn strain,
"I was not always thus alone!"

THE ACCUSED CLERK.

I spent an evening with Mr. Lamsen; and after that the conversation turned upon the subject of Honesty, as applied to business. I advanced the idea that some merchants made their stores schools of Dishonesty. They taught their clerks all the tricks of trade for their own benefit; and the clerks, thus educated, would, in after times, practise those same tricks for themselves. Mr. Lamsen admitted the truth of the assertion; and then, with a smile, assured me that he could not plead guilty to the charge.

'But,' said he, 'I have committed errors in business; and I have committed errors in my judgment upon my fellows. When I was young I was taught to look upon all species of dishonesty with a feeling of horror, and I grew up to manhood with that same feeling in possession of me. I do not believe that a real virtue can be carried too far; but I believe that any line of conduct may be carried so far as to cease to be a virtue. I can look back now and see that, in my extreme ideas of rigid honesty, I became self righteous and unforgiving. In short, I forgot that greatest of the heavenly graces—Charity.

'Let me tell you a little story. It has not so much to do with the moral of the subject we have been discussing; but it has to do with the frailty of man's judgment, and is, at the same time, interesting.

'Thirty years ago—mercy! how time flies!—I took George Sayers to be one of my clerks. He was then sixteen years old, and one of the most active, intelligent and efficient clerks I ever employed. His mother was a widow, and he was an only son. He had one sister, two years older than himself, who had been brought up with him. Mrs. Sayers was an excellent woman, and I know that she had endeavored to rear him in the way of virtue and strictest honor. Ellen Sayers—the sister—was one of the fairest maidens in our town, and one of the best. She was kind and gentle, and everybody loved her. The widow was grateful when I took her son into my employ, giving him at once a lucrative situation without submitting him to the apprenticeship of lower service.

'Time passed on, and at the end of the year I gave George Sayers charge of my books. During that year there had been several small sums of money missing, of which no account could be given. George was in a situation where he could have taken them had he been so disposed, but I did not suspect him. I had then no particular reason to suspect him.

'I had at that time a number of agents in different parts of the country, who were in the habit of remitting money to me by mail. One agent by the name of Gibson, was travelling in Vermont. In January Gibson mailed a letter at Montpellier, containing five hundred dollars—five one hundred dollar notes. That letter arrived safely in my counting-room; because I saw it, and saw the money that was in it My oversight of that letter happened peculiarly. I was engaged during the day in another part of the town, in superintending the alteration of some machinery in my woollen mill. In the afternoon, I had occasion to go to my store, and I entered my counting-room just after the boy had brought in a batch of letters from the post office. Among those letters were two or three of a private nature, and I put them away when I had read them. The letter from Gibson, containing the five hundred dollars, I folded neatly up again, and was sure that I put it, with the other business letters, beneath a heavy ruler upon the desk. George was not in the store at the time, but I supposed he would return very shortly. I turned the key in the counting-room door as I came out, and went back to the mill.

'About a month after this Gibson returned, and we sat down to look over our accounts.—There was a mistake somewhere of five hundred dollars. He claimed to have remitted five hundred dollars of which I had no account. Where was his remittance mailed? He looked over the items, and found that a remittance of five hundred dollars from Montpelier had never been credited to him. I could find no account of it anywhere; nor was any letter accompanying it on file. I called George Sayers in, and asked him if he could explain it. He said he could not. He had never seen any such letters—no such remittance had ever come to his hand. While the answer was yet upon his lips the memory of that letter flashed upon me—the letter which I had seen a month before—and I cast a look upon my clerk which made him tremble. Aye--as my gaze grew more intense, he turned pale, and I fancied that he leaned upon the desk for support. I dismissed him and then finished my business with Gibson. The five hundred dollars was missing; but as I well knew that the letter containing that money had been duly received at my store, I gave him credit for it.

'Before I again saw my clerk I made a thorough investigation of such matters as bore upon the case within my own knowledge. I found by my diary that I was at work in the woollen mill on the eighth day of January.—Gibson mailed his letter at Montpelier on the fifth. Of course the letter I saw in my counting-room, 'when I accidentally dropped in there on the afternoon of that eighth day, was the very letter. I left that letter, with the money in it—and now, what had become of it? I learned, to my perfect satisfaction, that after I went out on that afternoon no one else entered the counting-room until Sayers came in. There was but one conclusion before me. George Sayers must have taken the money! And thus I reasoned:

'When my clerk came in, and found those letters upon the desk, he supposed that the boy had left them there, and he did not dream that I had been in before him. When I refolded the letter I must have brought part of the wafer so nicely together, that my clerk did not notice that the seal had been broken. When his eye rested upon that money, how easy for him to take it, and destroy the letter, and, in ease it was missed, to lay the blame on the mail; for the mail had sometimes made mistakes. It appeared to me an an absolute certainty that the money must so have gone. And this was not all. I learned that George had recently been spending considerable money in repairing his mother's house.

'In the evening, after all others had gone, and the outer doors had been closed, I called George into the counting-room, once more asked him concerning that letter and that money. He paled and trembled, and declared that he knew nothing of it. I told him how I had seen that very letter, and how I had left it upon the desk with other letters. The other letters were all accounted for, but not that one. Still he declared that he knew nothing of it. I told him that he had been spending considerable money of late. He started as though I had struck him.

''Mr. Lamsen,' he said, his whole frame quivering with excitement, 'what money I have used was honestly mine.'

'I asked him where he obtained it.

''Never mind,' he quickly answered. And then he informed me that he would answer no questions outside of the store while such a charge was resting against him. He declared that he had served me truly and faithfully; and that he had taken a pleasure in doing so; and he wondered how I could accuse him of such a thing.

'I remember that I gave him a stern answer, and he, in turn, vindicated himself in a manner that offended me. I became impatient, and demanded that he should make restitution. I know that my manner was haughty and overbearing, and the youth resented it. In the end I informed him that I needed his services no more; and I told him that out of consideration for the feelings of his mother and sister, I should not bring him to justice. In short, I turned him from my employ, and the cause of my so doing could not be hidden from the people of the town. I cannot tell you all that he said to me. With one breath he would plead his innocence in tears; and with another breath he would denounce me in the bitterest terms for my treatment of him.

'Mrs. Sayers came to me to plead for her boy; but she had no power to make me waver in my determination. I explained to her the evidence I had of his dishonesty; and though she could not believe her son guilty, still she could not lighten the weight of testimony against him.

'I engaged a new clerk, and put the missing five hundred dollars down to 'profit and loss.' Sometimes I wondered if by any possible means George Sayers could be innocent. But I could not see it. My new clerk was not worth half as much for business as George had been; and I doubted if I could find another to fill the place as it had been filled.

'Of course I could not be ignorant of the movements of young Sayers after he left my store. At the end of a month he found employment in a distant town; but he did not remain there long. The story of his disgrace finally followed him, and he was discharged. He came home and tried to work on a farm; but his health failed him, and he was sick nearly all the following winter. In the spring his mother came to me and asked me if I could not help her boy. She said he was entirely broken down in spirit, and she feared that some worse fate might befall him. But I would not put forth my hand until George would acknowledge his error. If he would come forward and confess his crime, and promise some sort of restitution I might do something for him. The widow turned from me sad and mournful. I knew that she suffered; I knew that the gentle sister suffered; and I knew that George Sayers was in danger of the wine-cup. But what could I do? I had taken my stand, and I would not depart from it.

'In the month of May, I made up my mind that I would take a partner. I did not find a clerk to suit me, and I fancied that I could do better to take in a man who would feel an equal interest with me. My brother-in-law was anxious to come in, and partial arrangements were made to that effect. I took an account of all my stock, and then I went into my counting-room to overhaul my private papers. In the pigeon-holes of my cabinet were letters which had been accumulating for two or three years, and I thought it about time to destroy those which were of no use; and one evening I sat down to the work. By and by I came across some old letters from a friend in South Carolina. One of these I recognized by the superscription, and as I took it apart from its fellows, I found that another letter adhered to it. In fact, so tightly did the two letters stick together, that I was forced to tear the paper in separating them. As this second letter was turned to the light, I recognised the hand of my agent, Gibson. I opened it, and found something more. I found five hundred dollars--five one-hundred dollar bank notes! The letter bore the post mark of Montpelier, and by the post-mark of the letter which had been sticking to it, I knew that both had been received at our office the same day.

'At first I was thunder-struck; and then followed a season of bewilderment; but gradually the light broke in upon me. In a little while I was able to read the whole story. I remembered that afternoon when I came up from my mill, and found the batch of letters upon the desk. I remembered how I had found two private letters, and that this letter from my friend in South Carolina was one of them. I also remembered that this letter from my agent I had opened. Furthermore, I remembered that on that occasion I had a pot of varnish with me. It was with a dab of varnish that the two letters had been stuck together. When I picked up those two private letters, and put them away in the pigeon-hole, I had unwittingly laid the remittance from Gibson away with them; and in my hurry, as I placed the remaining letters beneath the ruler upon the desk, I did not notice what I had done.

'What should be my next step? I knew now that George Sayers was innocent, and that I had wronged him. I must see him and acknowledge the error; and the sooner it was done the better. I arose and put away the useless letters, and having locked up the store, I went directly to the widow's dwelling. The family had retired, but I called them up; and when they admitted me, I told George what I had discovered. There was a flash in his eye; but I did not yet allow him to speak. I caught his hand, and acknowledged that I had done him wrong; and then I asked him to forgive me. I told him I would make the same acknowledgment to all his friends; and that if he would come once more into my employ, I would make ample amends for the mistake of the past.

'The youth did not resist my appeal. He gladly accepted my terms; he forgave me what I had done; and the mother and sister sank down upon their knees in happy thanksgiving.

'On the following day, George appeared at my store, and helped me to arrange my affairs; and before night it was known all through the town that the dark cloud had been lifted. My brother-in-law entered into partnership with me; and at the end of two years I retired to my mill and gave up my interest in the store to George Sayers. He married the daughter of his partner, and is, to-day, one of the most honoured men in our State. I tremble even now, when I think how very nearly a mistake of mine came to consigning that fair youth to destruction, and bringing his mother and sister down to mortal sorrow. There is a lesson in the story which every employer should heed and understand.'

MISSISSIPPI RIVER PIRATES.

During the early navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi, after the lumber and produce of the upper country had found a regular market in the lower, and the long line of the rivers had become dotted here and there with ratts, flat-boats, and keel-boats, a regular, organized band of desperadoes and robbers was formed, reaching from Virginia to New Orleans, whose purpose it was to steal and run off horses and negroes, and also capture, when it could be done, by strategem, or without too much personal risk, every well laden boat that floated along in the vicinity of their secret haunts, which places were on different islands on the Mississippi, and isolated caves and almost inaccessable retreats on the main land. It was therefore no safe undertaking to go down to the lower country with a richly freighted boat, steering as it were between lines of Indians and river pirates, and many a well-armed, hardy, courageous crew, though prepared beforehand for all the risks and dangers, never returned to tell the adventures of the voyage.

Richard Morgan, one among the earliest of the Western pioneers, and who, in the year 1846, at the time we first met him, was living in a small village in the State of Indiana, once gave us a startling glimpse of these river perils, by means of a plain, honest, straightforward narrative of a most thrilling adventure that once occurred to himself while on his way down the Mississippi as one of the crew of a well-freighted keel boat. Passing over some rather tedious preliminaries, which had nothing to do with the most interesting part of his story, we will relate the main facts as nearly in his own language as our memory serves us, simply premising that, being an uneducated man, he used the idioms current with the rough settlers of the day.

"Wall, one day, arter we'd got on to the old Massassip, a good bit down below the mouth of the Ohio," pursued the narrator, with the same adherence to detail that he had used concerning the entire voyage down from his starting point, Cincinnati, "it come on to rain right smart, and continered so till near night, when it kind of held up and turned into a Scotch mist, with the promise of a powerful chance of night-fog, that we never liked none too well, 'case it always obliged us to lay by. It being my turn now at steering, I had hold of the tiller, keeping our party craft in the current, when the patroon, as we used to then call the master or captain of the boat, came walking up rather slow, looking off to the dark forests on either hand, and, says he:

"'Dick, we're agwine to have a dark night!"

"'We is," said I.

"'It's agwine to be foggy enough to lay us up,' says he.

"'I spect,' says I.

"'And this yere arn't the safest part of the world,' says he.

"'Reckon not,' says I.

"'Thar's a island ahead,' says he pointing down river to what was in plain sight, 'and it's said to be one of the nests of the cussed river pirates.'

"'We don't stop there then, in course?' said I.

"'No,' says he, 'in course not; but the wust on't is, Dick, we shan't be able to pass it afore dark, and wharsomever we ties up now, I'm afeard some of the scoundrels will see us; or besides sharp eyes, it's said they've got good ship-glasses, and some on 'em is al'ays looking out.'

"'Wall, Cap, I'll tell yer how to fool 'em,' says I; 'tie up right soon, whilst they kin see us do it ef they're thar, and then, jist as soon as it gits too dark for 'em to see us longer, slip off and go down half-a-mile furder, which we kin ventur' to do, I reckon, in any fog.'

"'Wall, Dick, that seems the best plan, and I'll see what the rest of the boys says to it,' says the patroon, walking away to speak to 'em.

"In two or three minutes all hands came up and took the sweeps, and run the boat over to the left bank, almost right opposite the island, whar we pretended to make her for the night, all the time watching if we could see anybody looking at us, and not seeing nary human. We didn't hev to wait long for dark—for the sun hadn't got fairly down, when a thick fog rolled over us that you mought hev cut with a knife. So we cast off agin, and, using our sweeps keerful and silent, we kept along down the shore, the best we could, without seeing nothing, for I reckon nigh onto a mile or so, when punk we come up agin a muddy bank in a bend of the river, whar we had to stop whether or no.

"'Wall, boys,' says the patroon, in a kind of loud whisper, 'I guess this yere place will do as well as any; and so make her fast, and don't make no noise, nor show no lights, but git your shooting-irons in order, and hev your axes and knives handy, so that ef any devils does come to try thar cussed hands on us, we kin send 'em to thar Master Down Below right sudden!'

"We didn't none of us rayly think we'd hev any trouble whar we was; but we all knowed thar couldn't be no harm in being ready for the wust; and so we seen to our rifles being loaded with two ball apiece, the priming put in fresh, and all our axes and knives whar we could put our hands on 'em in a second. Then, to do it up military—though everybody 'spected to sleep like a cat over a mousehole, with both ears open—two men was picked out to stand sentry on deck for three hours, and then another two to take thar places, and so on till we started again. It fell to my lot to come on about midnight; and so, as soon as I could, I went to sleep, and slept purty sound till called to take my turn at watching.

"When me and my watch-partner went up on deck that night, the fog war so thick that we couldn't hev seed two foot in daylight, and we had to feel every step jist as ef we was two blind men.

"'Joel,' says I, in a whisper, 'I guss we both '*goes it blind*' now, don't we?' said I, making pun on poker, that we sometimes used to play together.

"'Reckon we does, old hoss, and thar's nobody kin '*see*' us eyther;' says Joel, in the same manner, with a kind of smothered up laugh.

"Arter this we took our places to stand sentry, mine being nighest the bow; and then, to keep ourselves awake and comfortable, we walked for'ard towards the centre, and back agin, sometimes whispering a word or two when we met, and sometimes not.

"Wall, reckon we'd been walking up and down that ar' way about an hour, and I war jist thinking what a tiresome, sleepy kind of work it war to be toting a heavy rifle up and down over the same tracks through the laziest part of the night, when all at onct, in going back from the centre towards the bow, I thought as how I brushed agin somebody.

"'Hello!' says I, facing round; 'this here arn't you, Joel, hey?'

"At that second I seen a kind of flash right clost afore my eyes, and the next second, and for quite a several arter that, I didn't nyther see nothing more, nor know nothing whatsomever.

"When I come to agin, I war floundering in the water, and thar was the durndest set of noises over my head that ever any poor mortal ever heerd—shouting, pounding, stamping, jumping, yelling, cussing and groaning—all mixed up together, as if all the fiends of the infernal regions was let loose on arth. I guess instinct must hev teached me what to do the fust minute or so—for I swum up and catched hold of a bush that hung down into the water, and held on to it like grim death, all the time hearing the noises of a desperate fight going on clost by me, but all my senses so confused and bewildered like, that I couldn't tell whar I was nor what war happening.

"'Kill every —— scoundrel of 'em!' shouts one.

"'Over with 'em into the dring, every infernal one of 'em!' yelled another.

"'Dead men tell no tales!' screamed a third.

"'We've got 'em clost, and must kill every nigger of 'em!' shrieks a fourth.

"And the shooting, cutting, slashing, stamping and groaning went on like mad, with every second or so somebody or other splashing into the water right nigh whar I was—so that, with my senses fast coming back to me, I soon understood the hull thing, and remembered how it had begun. Then I wanted to get up on the boat and jine in; but my head somehow felt awful dizzy; and putting up my hand, I found a big furrow of flesh all tore up round the forehead to the back of my head, and knowed as how I'd been shot thar, and the ball had glanced around the skull bone instead of going through it. We'd been attacked by pirates, who was using us up quite fast in the dark; but I knowed I couldn't help none now, and thought it mought be as well to take keer of myself, and git off alive if I could, and so I kept right still, praying into myself for our side, though I spect my prayers didn't do no more good nor my hands.

"Wall, the fight didn't last a great while, afore all was stilled down; and then, by hearing one villain call out to another, and words of cheer pass amongst 'em, I knowed all war over at last, though some on 'em had gone to the place whar they belonged. But thar was a power on 'em that had pitched into us, and they'd won the fight and got the boat, which war all the living thieves keered for, and the way they felt tickled over it war a caution to strangers—leastways I thought I'd better not shout with 'em, but keep my tongue to tell the story somewhar else. One thing war in my favor. I war on the Kaintuck side of the river, up agin the bank, had my knife with me in my belt, and the cussed villains couldn't see a bit more'n I could; and so I spected I mought git away, if my aching head would hold together long enough—leastways, git to whar I could die alone in peace. So I went to crawling up the bank, all silent as a mouse; and when I'd got clean off into the bushes I sot down, feeling powerful fainty; and tearing out a piece of lining from my coat, I bound up my head as well as I could.

"How the villains had found us out in the dark, and got aboard of us without making no noise, ar' a mystery to me this day—unless the p'int we'd run into war right nigh a nest of 'em, which I rayther spect,—but even then I'd a thought we'd a heerd 'em amongst the bushes. But the fact war, they'd done it somehow, and that war all I ever knowed about it.

"I staid thar, on the bank, near the pirates about an hour, and heerd 'em making jolly over their captur'. They found the whiskey, and had begun to hev a roarin' time on 't, when, my head feeling a leetle better, and knowing as how I couldn't help matters none by waiting longer, and that I'd best put as much country as I could 'tween me and them afore daylight, I got up and started off through the thick wood, not knowing nothing about whar I'd come out.

"I travelled on and on, till arter the sun had got up and cl'ared away the fog, and still I found myself in a thick, dark wood, with nary opening to be seed. Then I found a creek, got a good drink, washed the blood off my face, and rested thar a while; and then I travelled on and on agin, till I war a'most tired out, and the sun war going well down west'ard, when I seed a smart chance of a smoke coming out of a settler's cabin, at which I war a heap glad, I tell you.

"Wall, I got to the place, told my story, and war treated right kind. I spent three days thar; and then, getting the hull route purty well into my mind, I sot off for home, which I reached alive, the only one of that thar keel-boat crew that ever done so. My story raised a big time generally, and war the means of gitting the settlers started into a body of Regulators, to hunt down the pirates, hoss-thieves and nigger-stealers; and in time they done it, and cl'ared the hull country of the villains, all the way down to Orleans. I was present onct when three of 'em war hung up like dipped candles, and that thar, with my mad feelings agin 'em, I counted one of the purtiest sights I ever seed."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sir Robert Peel on Tolerance.—The Chief Secretary for Ireland was present a few days ago at the laying of the foundation-stone of a new church near Dublin. He made a speech, in the course of which he said:—

"Living as we are in a country divided by the strongest difference of opinion, I can conceive nothing better calculated, nothing more likely to promote that feeling of Christian charity and forbearance one towards another, as well as toward those who differ from us on point of conscience, than the inculcation of the doctrine of Divine truth, and opening or enlarging the facilities to all for the worship of God in the churches and chapels of our land. Nothing has pained me more—not me only, but also many good friends in the Church, many friends of mine—nothing has pained me more—and I am glad of this public opportunity of saying it—than the recent abortive attempts which have been made to stir up a spirit of intolerance amongst us, by endeavouring to excite the public mind by appeals to extreme opinions, and in one instance, I regret to say, upon a plea which every moderate man in this country knows as well as I do is utterly and entirely unfounded. Just contrast a gathering like this with a demonstration like that to which I have alluded. We have our constitutional rights of meeting, and we always avail ourselves of them, but this is the moment of all others at which we should be tolerant. The very moment when we know that there are persons of our own religion who are sffering in other lands the bitterest persecution is the moment when we should show that Christian charity and forbearance by our kindly bearing to others who may differ from us. I ask you for one moment to contrast the noisy demonstration to which I have alluded with this peaceful family-like gathering. I allude particularly to that which took place recently at Belfast. No possible benefit can result from such demonstrations. They do not do good to the cause of religion. They cannot afford us one moment's peace, or comfort, or consolation; and depend upon it they do not contribute one iota to consolidate that faith and those principles which need no such extraneous aid to flourish in this land."

A Monster Publishing House.—The largest publishing house in the world is that of Messrs. Mames & Son, of Tours, France, which was founded towards the end of the last century. One account of it which we have seen says there are in it a printing, binding, and publishing establishingment, self-contained and complete in every respect, where the children are brought up with the factory before them, where their fathers have worked, and where their highest point of ambition is to be employed when of sufficient age. Without any help whatever from without, a book can be manufactured; and, in point of fact the books now exhibited there were so manufactured on the premises, printed on paper made at their own mill, printed with type of their own casting, and illustrated with plates of their own engraving. The cheapest books published in the world are sent out from this establishment. There are employed under the one roof 1,000 hands and as many more out of doors. Eight hundred volumes are constantly undergoing the process of publication, and *twenty thousand copies are issued every day.* Of these many are small books, being principally educational, amusing and religious—the latter consisting of missals, breviaries, prayers, &c. In the "department of issue," or store, there are 3,000,000 books bound or in boards, besides an immense stock in sheets. The binders constantly employed number seven hundred! There is nothing to equal the magnitude of the Messrs. Maims' establishment in any other part of the world.

The Empress Eugenie's Boudoir.—Luxuries, and yet elegant splendour, most refined judgment, and a poetic temperament are revealed in the arrangments of the bodoir of the Empress Eugenie. The doors are made of ivory, inlaid with gold, the furniture of rosewood, of graceful shape, and inlaid with gold, mirrors, or ivory; the sofas and chairs are covered with pale red silk; the walls hung with a dark paper, and the ceiling is an exquisite fresco.

A magnificent Syrian carpet voluptuously deadens the sound of footsteps. Around hang the most valuable paintings of the old masters, borrowed from the Louvre Gallery and Versailes, as well as two family portraits in oil, overshadowed by palms, ododendra, and camelias. The window-ledges are constantly adorned with fresh flowers; and on the writing-desk lie splendid portfolios, and books bound in tortoise shell inlaid with gold. Nothing is wanting which a sense of complete luxury can devise; not even the toning of the light. The red silk curtains, heavily edged with black velvet, throw a subdued hue over every object, and any one who enters the room may imagine that he is inhaling poetry.—*St. James' Magazine.*

Both Alike.—Doctor Fornice sometimes drank a good deal at dinner. He was summoned one evening to see a lady patient, when he was more than half-seas over, and conscious that he was so. Feeling her pulse and finding himself unable to count the beats, he muttered: "Drunk, by——!" Next morning, recollecting the circumstance he was greatly vexed; and, just as he was thinking what explanation of his behaviour he should offer to the lady, a letter from her was put in his hands. "She too well knew," said the letter, "that he had discovered the unfortunate condition in which she was when he last visited her; and she entreated him to keep the matter a secret in consideration of the enclosed (a hundred pound bank note.)"

Mr. Smith O'Brien.—Mr. W. Smith O'Brien refused to join his brothers and sisters in a petition to the Queen to allow them to use the title "Honourable" when Sir Lucius O'Brien became Lord Inchiquin—a title which their father would have borne had he lived. He assigns several reasons for declining the honour, in the strongest terms he could use. The first is his political antecedents; the second, his conviction that an Irish peerage is a degradation rather than a dignity; and the third, because his ancestors, in the time of Henry VIII., in accepting the English titles instead of the royal honours which belonged to the family submitted to a degradation. The lapse of 300 years does not reconcile Mr. S. O'Brien to that humiliation; hence he could not now participate in any proceeding which would be tantamount to an approval of the act.—*Scotsman.*