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. XI. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, June 17, 1861. New Series.---No. 24.

The Greatest and Best Invention of the Age

FOR FARMERS.

Manny's Patent MOWING and REAPING Machine.

ONE acre of Hay or Grain cut on rough or smooth land in an hour, for less than one shilling cost, with the assistance of four or five joined in the purchase of one of those ever renowned *labour-saving Manny's Patent Mowing and Reaping Machine combined.*

Now on Exhibition and Sale, with Witcomb's Patent Horse Hay Rake, and Brown's Patent Horse Pitch Fork, at *Orwell Cheap Store*—cheaper than the cheapest Country Store on the Island, and with the greatest variety, from a Needle to an Anchor.

3 Gold, 6 Silver Prize Medals, and $100 Cash have been awarded

At the Crystal Palace and State Fares of America, where Manny's Machine has been fully tested with several other Machines, and proved to be the best, safest, most durable and cheapest Machine of the kind ever offered to the public, for saving time, labor and expense to the Farmers, by which five weeks labor and cost can be saved over the old fashion mode of harvesting with hook and scythe, which will pay a fifth share of the entire Machine in one season. It can now be got if four or five in a Settlement join together, and for which time will be given for payment by the Subscriber, for all those ordered by the 20th of May, so as to have them ready in time for harvest, to enable the Farmers to ship their produce in good weather, and a month sooner, and not fear having too much grain ripe at once, when one of these money saving machines can be had on such favourable terms and easy payment, at Orwell Cheap Store.

This is an opportunity that cannot be got every day, to clear and make large farms, and have a month's work done by lads 16 or 18 years old, in one week. This is coming up to Telegraph operation, and will make the Farmers independent, and look out for better times and more produce.

These wonderful Machines are invaluable to Ship-builders and Sea-Captains, Mechanics, Teachers, Widows, and all those whose time is more valuable at other callings, and will be set up by the maker. A trial given of them, and warranted fully perfect, or taken back.

Annexed are a few testimonials from some of our most extensive Island Farmers, that can be depended on, and who are willing to give satisfactory reference, if called on.

Further particulars known from

PATRICK STEPHENS, Agent,
Orwell Cheap Store.
W. W. IRVING,
Agricultural Warehouse, Charlottetown, or to
THOMAS ANNEAR, Wood Contractor,
April 29, 1861. Montague River.

N. B.—*All parties wishing to use any of these Machines, would do well to roll the land in time for them—this is important.* P. S.

Certificates.

We certify that each of us have purchased one of *Manny's Patent Two Horse Mowing and Reaping Machines*, the operation of which we are highly pleased with, and it has proved much more satisfactory than we expected, having performed all our work much better, and at less cost than hand labor, and having our hay and grain secured nearly five weeks sooner than our neighbours, with the old fashion scythe and hook.

We consider Manny's Machine the most valuable invention ever discovered, or seen on this Island, for the benefit of the Farmers, and strongly advise every one requiring such to secure them in time, if they can arrange in any way to have one in each settlement, when the benefit will be found to save money and time—so valuable to farm workers.

(Signed) WILLIAM ACORN, Miller & Farmer, Lot 49,
ROBERT MUTCH, Farmer & Stock Master,
April 22, 1861. Gallows Point.

N. B.—Any one wishing to see our Machine, can call at any time, or to the agent, at Orwell Cheap Store, where one is on exhibition and sale

I certify that I had one of *Manny's Patent Two Horse Mower and Reaping Machines* at work on my Farm last season, and found it proved admirably well, and far superior to any one of the kind I ever saw in England, or on this Island; and had I not succeeded in getting the use of it, I should have lost a great quantity of my grain, it having got over ripe, and I could not get men to hire at any wages at the time. I found it much less expense, and the work better done than by hand. My opinion is, that when these Machines are a little better known, no Farmer that wants to save money, or time, will be without one.

April 22, 1861. JOHN DOUSE, Port Selkirk.

"I hereby certify that I have purchased one of Manny's Reaping and Mowing Machines last summer, and I can testify to its superior construction and capabilities to perform the work for which it is designed in a first rate style. I have cut over very rough as well as smooth ground, and on all occasions its work was done well. I have also cut with it for several of my neighbours, and all were highly delighted with its performance. I can truly say it is one of the most useful articles that has been brought to this country, and I have no doubt it will be extensively used, as it saves considerable time, labour, and expense, which all farmers wish for.

Lot 49, *May 28*, 1861. PHILIP LANE, J. P."

Several other Testimonials can be seen with the Agent at Orwell.

FOR SALE OR TO BE LET,

And Immediate Possession given.

THE WELL KNOWN PROPERTY formerly in the possession of the late JAMES N HARRIS, Commission Merchant, of this City, consisting of a Two story BUILDING fronting on Richmond Street, fitted up as a Dwelling House, Shop and Sale Room, with a Room in the rear 40 feet long, fitted for cutting and packing Pork, &c.

Also—A BUILDING in the rear of the Lot, two stories high, 44 by 40 feet, used as a Warehouse, &c., and under which is a large Frost Proof Cellar.

This Property being very convenient to the Market, is one of the best business stands in the City. For further particulars apply to W. W. LORD, Executor.

Charlottetown, May 20, 1861.

For Sale or to Let,

And Immediate Possession given,

THAT new two-storey COTTAGE, fronting the St. Peter's Road, near Mr. Crabb's Corner, with a large Garden (under cultivation, and partly seeded) attached, the Property of the late JAMES N. HARRIS. If sold, 25 per cent of the purchase to be paid down, and the balance may remain secured on the property for some YEARS. Apply to

June 3, 1861. W. W. LORD, Executor.

AUCTION!

TO be Sold at PUBLIC AUCTION, on TUESDAY, the 1st day of AUGUST next, a PIECE OF LAND fronting on Sidney-street 63 feet, running back 80 feet—a part of the property formerly owned by the late Mr. HOWELL, Inn-keeper. There is a WAREHOUSE, 30 by 20 feet, on the rear of the Property. 25 per cent to be paid on the first November, and the balance to remain for some YEARS.

For further particulars apply to

WILLIAM W. LORD, Executor.

Charlottetown, 3rd June, 1861.

Notice.

ALL persons having any demands against the Estate of the late JAMES N. HARRIS, Esquire, of the City of Charlottetown, deceased, will please furnish the same, duly attested to, within six months from this date; and all persons indebted to the said Estate are hereby required to make immediate payment to the subscriber.

W. W. LORD, Executor.

Charlottetown, 2nd May, 1861. 3rd June.

NO BLARNEY,

BUT heart-felt thanks to the Farmers for the confidence reposed in the **FIELD** and **GARDEN SEEDS** annually sold by

J. WILLIAMS, QUEEN SQUARE,

who solicits attension to his Stock of seeds, viz;

Canadian White Bald Wheat,
Caree of Gowrie do.
Gravel and Beech Nut Wheat,
Timothy and Hungarian Grass Seeds,
Island Growth and imported Red Clover Seed,
White Dutch Clover Seed,
A variety of Swedish and other Turnip Seeds,
Carrot, Beet and Parsnip Seeds,

and a large variety of

GARDEN SEEDS.

J. W. would also call attention to a superior sample of Flour and Corn Meal, sold either by the Barrel or retail, with his usual Stock of Dry Goods and Groceries.

Several tons of **BARLEY STRAW** for sale.

N. B. The highest cash price given for TIMOTHY SEED.

Ch. Town, April 15, 1861. tf

PAVILION HOTEL,

Great George Street.

(Opposite the Roman Catholic Cathedral.)

MISS STREET, having again taken possession of the above Establishment, has re-opened it as a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, having furnished it in the best style; and she is now prepared to accommodate her friends and the public generally in a superior manner. The Building being a spacious one, well adapted and arranged for an Hotel, and being situated in the centre of the City, near to the principal public buildings, she trusts it will be found to be a desirable and pleasant location for a temporary or permanent residence.

Charlottetown, May 13, 1861. 3m.

Turnip Seed! Turnip Seed!

ALL kinds TURNIP SEEDS, FRESH and good, this Spring from England per Ship *Isabel*, for sale at Cash Drug Store of

June 3, 1861. M. W. SKINNER.

NEW GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED FROM LIVERPOOL,

Per barque "Gazelle" and ship "Isabel,"

—AT—

"CHEAPSIDE" STORE,

Queen Square,

118 PACKAGES MERCHANDISE!

COMPRISING

A General Assortment

British Manufactured Goods

Of almost every description,—now opened and ready for sale.

The Subscriber will continue the TERMS he introduced on first opening in his present trade, which are,

All Goods Sold to be paid for BEFORE delivery.

The advantages to be derived in dealing at this establishment are well known to his customers, and the description of goods now received are equal to the best and superior to most in the market, and will be sold at a small advance.

He invites the inspection of the public.

BENJ. DAVIES.

May 20, 1861. 5in.

A Splendid Assortment of

FRENCH FLOWERS AND FEATHERS,

Ribbons, Parasols and Parachutes,

MANTLES.

Poplin, Rep and Jupe Dresses.

All the New Styles in

HATS and BONNETS,

Cashmere and Tissue Shawls.

300 doz. Bonnet Wreaths & Borders,

500 Muslin Dresses, from 3s 9d upwards.

HABERDASHERY, and Small Wares in

Great Variety, at

VAUX'S,

Glasgow House, Queen Street.

Charlottetown, June 3, 1861.

Flour, Molasses, Leather, &c.

Hourly expected, per Carrie M. Rich from Boston.

300 BARRELS Extra and Superfine FLOUR,
10 Puncheons bright heavy MOLASSES,
25 Barrels CORNMEAL,
50 Sides Sole LEATHER,
10 Boxes Cavendish TOBACCO,
10 Chests TEA, 15 Boxes Candles,
6 Barrels Crushed SUGAR, 25 doz. Buckets,
25 doz. Brooms, 6 Boxes Clothes Pins,
6 Boxes Confectionary, 50 boxes Lozenges,
4 Casks Burning FLUID,
2 do. Kerosene OIL, 6 boxes Oranges,
2 do. Lemons, 4 kegs Baking Soda,
2 Casks Washing Soda, 3 Barrels Treacle.
6 Boxes Tobacco Pipes, 25 Bags Table Salt,
Boxes Coffee, Pepper, Starch, Cream of Tarter, &c.

For Sale by P. W. HYNDMAN.

Charlottetown, May 20, 1861.

Don't Forget,

IF YOU WANT

DRY GOODS or GROCERIES,

YOU can be supplied with the BEST, at most reasonable prices, at

TURNER'S,

Great George Street,

for he has now Open, and Selling Fast,

A FIRST RATE STOCK,

received from England by Isabel and Gazelle.

BRITISH DRY GOODS STORE,

May 20, 1861.

1861. SPRING. 1861.

GLASGOW HOUSE,

Queen Street.

C. C. VAUX,

BEGS to call the attention of Purchasers to his Stock of STAPLE and FANCY

GOODS,

Received ex Steamship 'Kedar,' 'Gazelle' and 'Isabel,'

FROM ENGLAND,

which is now complete in every department

☞ Customers, both Wholesale and Retail, will be supplied at the lowest rates, for Cash or approved credit.

May 20, 1861. 6i

Seeds! Seeds! Seeds!

Just opening at the Establishment of

J. W. BRADLEY & CO.

Dawson's Block, Corner of Kent and Great George Streets.

VARIOUS FIELD, GARDEN and FLOWER **SEEDS**, warranted of superior quality.

—ALSO—

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

of all descriptions.

In addition to the above, the Proprietors beg to acquaint the Public that they will receive, on the opening of the Navigation, large Consignments, consisting of Hardware, Hollowwares, Groceries, Ale, Porter, Wines and Liquors, and respectfully solicit the patronage of purchasers.

April 8, 1861. 1sl & R W

EVERY BODY KNOWS, OR OUGHT TO KNOW, THAT

DOUGLAS

Has the best assortment of

FURNITURE,

AND latest styles in the City, and sells so cheap that any one can afford to purchase:—

Drawing Room sets in shally and reps,
Sofas and Lounges in hair cloth,
Chamber sets, very handsome; Bedsteads in iron & wood,
Hat and Umbrella Stands—iron,
Side Boards with marble tops
Bureaus and Washstands with marble tops,
Centre, Card and Work Tables; Extension & leaf Tables,
Whatnots and Bookcases; Wardrobes and Sheffioneers,
Looking Glasses and Plates,
Picture Frames and Gilt Moulding,
Window Cornices and Bands; Tassels, Cords and Loops,
Crayon Side Lights; Curtain Rollers,
Cane and Wood Chairs in variety,
Office Chairs and Cushings; Desk Stools, cane and wood,
Child and Misses Chairs, cane and wood,
Mattrasses—excelsoir and hair,

with an assortment too large to enumerate, all of which will be sold to suit the times.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Charlottetown, Kent-street,
(Next door to Hon. G. Coles). May 13, 1861. 6i.

NO MISTAKE

BUT the Cheapest and best TINWARE, STOVE-PIPING and GAS-FITTING can be had at LOCKERBY'S & HERMANS' Establishment.

—ALSO—

Gun smithing, Lock-fitting and Bell-hanging done in the neatest possible style and with despatch.

"PUNCTUALITY"—Our motto.

February 18, 1861. tf

TIMOTHY SEED.

CASH given for 100 bushels good, clean TIMOTHY SEED, by

JOHN WILLIAMS.

Queen Square, Charlottetown, Oct. 2, 1860.

Literature.

THE OYSTER;

WHERE, HOW AND WHEN TO FIND, BREED, COOK AND EAT IT.

THE following piquant article is taken from a review in a late English paper on a new work recently issued from the British press, bearing the above comprehensive title:—

The object of this little book, evidently the work of a generous enthusiast, is to cultivate a healthy feeling about oysters in the mind of man That we have *not absolutely neglected the oyster* the author admits, but he inclines to the belief that it does not occupy that place in our estimation to which its merits entitle it. Like little Jacob in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, we require to be taught "what oysters means." We have gone on through every changeful year opening and eating the oyster without asking whether any and what meaning lies between its shells—ichthyophagous Peter Bells, into whose hearts the succulent mollusc has never found its way, wherever else the process of assimilation may have gone on. The fact is, that from some cause which we cannot at present explain, the oyster is remarkably deficient in poetical affinities. It is among comestibles very much what the nose is among features. Every portion of the human face except the central prominence has, on occasion, civil things said about it. The poets, while they lavish compliments upon eyes, checks, lips, and chin, invariably shirk the nose, as if it was a thing *quod versu dicere non est*—the introduction of which is enough to ruin a sonnet. Who ever heard of a lover making a wotul ballad to his mistress' nose, or entreating her to drink to him only with her nose, or to take, oh, take that nose away? In fact, it is invariably ignored in a most marked manner, until it has become utterly demoralized; and then, with a refined cruelty, it is apostrophized by the lyrist as "Jolly Nose," and ironically congratulated upon its rubies. And yet, even laying aside all considerations of mere utility, there is not a more important member in the whole facial commonwealth, nor one which is regarded by its possessor with a more sincere though secret affection. It is the same with the oyster. We praise the roast beef of Old England, but not her "natives." Swift could sing of *mutton*, but not of molluscs. We have plenty of allusions to a barrel of ale, but not one to a barrel of oysters. There seems to be something of the ludicrous about the little fish which makes it unfit for poetical purposes. Probably, to nine out of every ten readers of the *Antiquary*, there is, if they would confess it, something mean in

The oyster loves the dredging sang,
For they come of a gentle kind.

Why may not "an oyster be crossed in love," or what absurdity is there in assuming that it is liable to that misfortune? It has a heart, if not actually in its mouth, situated so very near it as to suggest an extreme susceptibility of strong emotion; and if it is remarkable for one quality more than another, that quality is sensitiveness. Our author tells us, if the shadow of a boat crosses it, "it closes the valves of its shell." But what is the shadow of a boat to unrequited affection? If the oyster has a tendency to shut up under the influence of a mere passing gloom, its sufferings in the case of a disappointment must be acuter than it gets credit for. Another thing which tells against the oyster is, that its moral character is not altogether satisfactory. It must be confessed that on the whole it is a rather loose fish, keeping late hours, and often to be found in reckless company, among kidneys, broiled bones, devils, and other dissipated and dyspeptic dishes that have a way of getting together and making a night of it after the theatres close. From this imputation the advocate before us does not attempt to defend his client, although no doubt privately he is of opinion that the oyster's delinquencies are owing rather to its mild and yielding nature than to any innate depravity. But to the concomitant charge of unwholesomeness he has a full and complete answer. Unlike the fiery kidney and vicious Welsh rabbit, the oyster is eminently digestible, and not only this, but absolutely an approved remedy for dyspepsia. Its own digestion, we are told, is conducted in an admirably simple manner, so that perhaps it may be considered a sort of sanitary Falstaff, not only blessed with a good digestion itself, but also the cause of a good digestion in others. Parr, Cockle, Morison, or Holloway never promised more complete relief to the afflicted. "Depression of spirits and other disagreeable feelings consequent on impaired digestion soon cease to affect them; they become cheerful and happy, and are enabled again to see clearly through the misty atmosphere which has hitherto enclosed them in a kind of living shroud; physical powers return, headaches disappear, and the heretofore dyspeptic, sour, unhappy-tempered man becomes a pleasant and joyous companion, full of life himself, and inspiring to those around him" The above described physical happiness may be procured by taking a few oysters daily—say two dozen every morning before breakfast—after the manner of Dr. Leroy, who, with an amount of poetical feeling seldom imported into therapeutics, "used always to say to friends, presenting them with the shells—'There, behold the fountain of my youthful strength.'"

Nor is indigestion the only thing for which oysters are to be recommended. Prawns, according to Mrs Quickly, are "ill for a green wound." Not so oysters—"they increase the blood without heating the system, and hence, when a wound has caused much loss of blood, the eating of oysters not only prevents fever, but replaces the loss which no other remedy can effect." Further, they have been exhibited in obstinate cases of influenza and decline with triumphant success, and have even been found efficacious when used externally as a poultice. There is yet another employment for the oyster, to which the author alludes in a most delicately-worded "Note on Nursing." "During the time when a young child most requires maternal care and attention, the mother's diet of oysters will impart strength to the infant, and tend much to alleviate the pains of its first teething." In short, to sum up its merits, it is "at one and the same time a delicious food and a universal remedy for the ills which man is heir to." What a noble scheme it would be to found an establishment for the treatment of disease by means of oysters! We have water-cures, and we have—at least they have in the Tyrol—a grape-cure. Why should there not be an oyster-cure? It ought to be situated somewhere in the neighbourhood of Colchester or Whitstable, and, if possible, should have its own beds, in which case dredging for oysters might be found an interesting and faithful pastime for the convalescent. At any rate, there should be spacious pleasure grounds, with plenty of ponds, in which, instead of stupid gold fish or dribbling fountains, tranquil oysters might be disposed in tasteful patterns, and taught to open their shells for breadcrumbs thrown to them by the patients. It would be desirable to have a few well-executed statues of eminent oyster-eaters, including the great unknown who "first risked the living morsel down his throat," and as Gay most unphilosophically suggests "had a palate covered o'er with brass or steel." Dr. Leroy, too, might be represented in the act of presenting two dozen oyster shells to his friends, his noble words being inscribed on the pedestal. The great hall should be provided with an ample supply of marble tables and ebony tubs hooped with silver, at each of which a skilful opener, selected by competitive examination, should preside. It would be a pleasant sight, the administration of the *morning course*. There would be the invalided warrior replacing with the aid of the kindly mollusc the blood which he lost in his country's defence — the statesman restoring tone to a stomach enfeebled by the late hours and excesses in oranges upon the Treasury Bench—the venerable prelate fortifying a system shaken by Convocation and London dinners — the tender young mother meekly receiving her two dozen under the fatherly eye of Dr. Poldoody, the resident physician. Such an establishment would ere long supersede Malvern and Meran.

Some of the popular fallacies with regard to oysters are very ably handled by our author. In the first place, it must have been observed with deep sorrow by every thinking fish-eater that what is known in gastronomy as "the R. canon" has been gradually falling into contempt, especially with the lower orders. In this age of penny newspapers and popular information, and in this great city which never tires of trumpeting its civilization, the degrading spectacle of an oyster-stall in the full swing of business beneath a July sun has of late become so common as scarcely to excite remark. Years ago that great social artist, Mr. Leech, called attention in his peculiar manner to the frightful increase in this crime, as we may call it, when we look at the nature and possible result of the offence; but his warning failed to check the revolting practice. On the Continent things are even worse. In July last thirty persons were taken ill at Ostend in consequence of this ghoul-like propensity; and as to the French, their behaviour with respect to the oyster is of a piece with that habitual disregard of the laws of nature which makes them import spent salmon, as recent authorities have pointed out, and devour all sorts of creatures at all sorts of seasons, under the name of *gibier*. Indeed it is extremely probable that the heresy had its origin in France. Perhaps it might be traced to those days of the revolution when the nation would have reconstructed the solar system if possible. At any rate, it is certain that in later years the famous Rocher de Cancale boasted of being able to supply his guests with oysters all the year round.

Nothing shows more clearly the laxity of public morality on this point than the question which every one has frequently heard put, "Why should not oysters be as good at Midsummer as at any other time?" The best answer is the feminine one—Because they are not. If any further explanation be required, it is this—that the oyster's breeding season is in summer. It varies slightly with the different species. Some may be eaten as late as the middle of May—others cease to be unfit for opening in April. But from the beginning of June to the end of August there is no oyster—be he Milton, Colchester or Ostender—that is not in the same condition as the wretched salmon that our neighbours exercise their meretricious cookery upon; and to eat him in that condition is, as our author with honest indignation says, "a revolting, unhealthy, unclean error, which ought to be denied both at home and abroad by the strong hand of the law." Besides the physiological reasons for abstaining, there is another—namely, the strong probability that owing to the heat of the weather and the delicacy of the oyster's constitution, your intended victim has already departed this life.

Another even more common mistake about the oyster is that it should be eaten off the flat or upper shell, and swallowed whole. This is a sheer waste of the natural sauce which accompanies the fish, as well as of the finer flavours which are only to be extracted by mastication; and yet so widely spread is this error, that probably ninety-nine oyster-eaters in every hundred will ask how else can it be eaten? Hear our author on this point. "The oyster should be eaten the moment it is opened with its own liquor in the under shell." This liquor, be it observed, is not, as is vulgarily supposed, mere salt water. It is, in fact, the blood of the oyster, and should be allowed to attend the animal in his last moments while he is being gently "tickled to death" by the teeth of the judicious gourmand. There is a savage succulence about this precept that is horribly fascinating. Indeed it is one of the principal attractions of oyster-eating that it is the sole relic of savage life left to us. In no other instance do we get so refreshing a glimpse of the simple ways of our remote ancestors. About the very knife with which we open the shells—the only trace of civilization in the entire business—there is a studied barbarism. Separated from its handle, and exhibited in a museum, the oyster-knife of the nineteenth century might easily pass for a scalping knife, or a spear-head, or an assegai, or some other early implement of warfare. As may be inferred from the above, our author's preference is given to the live oyster. He does not, however, totally repudiate cookery, or refuse oyster patties to his weaker brethren, on the ground of their resemblance to "children's ears in sawdust." For those who like such things he gives a selection of receipts which will be found pleasant and appetising reading before dinner. Nor does he forget to provide for the tastes of those who, rising above mere sensual considerations, prefer to look on the oyster as an article of commerce and of food for the masses. For their benefit he devotes considerable space to the breeds and modes of cultivation peculiar to different localities. But the chief merit of the book is that it forms a very complete oyster-eater's manual. It cannot, perhaps, be called a book for the drawing-room, or one which ought to have a place in every gentleman's library; but we may safely say it is a book which ought to lie upon every supper table, and which no fishmonger's shop should be without.

THE FEMALE PILOT.

"I wish you would tell me a story, Monsieur Scortea," said I to an old, white-headed pilot of the St. Lawrence, as we sat in the housekeeper's room at my uncle's one cold bitter night in December, while the storm was such as only Montreal can boast of. The housekeeper was his niece, and the old man would often come hither and enjoy a social chat, rather than remain alone in his cabin, which was midway between Montreal and Lachine; while a room over the kitchen was reserved for his use. He was an especial friend of my uncle, and none was more welcome than he. Age had crowned his head with hoary hairs, and many a noble barque had he guided over the deep water of the belle river of the Canadas.

"And what shall I tell you, love?" queried the old man, as I seated myself by his side, and placed a brimming goblet of ale near by him to help his memory in reviewing the past.

"Tell me a story of the St. Lawrence," I answered; "something real and true."

For a moment he was silent; then sipping his ale, he commenced:

"Many years ago, when I was so small a boy as to hardly recollect it now, my brother and myself were placed on board one of the river steamers as cabin boys and waiters, with a view to become pilots when we were older. That was nearly fifty years ago, and boats were not fitted up in the style they are now, nor were good pilots a thing to be found every day. We had run up and down several times; when one morning about ten o'clock, we stopped at Brockville to take on board, as usual, a government pilot to guide us down the river.

It was late in the season, and we had a strong wind the night before, leaving the river rough, and our usual pilot had hard work to keep the boat in its proper track, while it brought us into Brockville two hours later than the usual time. The clouds overhead still looked cold, and the wind blew fresh and strong, when, making all possible haste, we again put out of the harbor and were soon bounding on our way. Throughout the morning, I noticed an anxious look on the captain's face, which bespoke his uneasiness about the final termination of our journey.

We had a good many passengers on board, and although we usually reached Montreal by four o'clock in the afternoon, we should be delayed until six, if not later. About ten miles this side of Lachine, a storm of rain commenced, which rendered it almost impossible to guide the boat at all; while the rapids of that name, the most terrific in the whole river, were yet to be passed. The pilot was one of the best on the route, but a man of passionate temper, with a peculiar dogged look. Between him and the ordinary boat pilot there existed an old grudge, which had once or twice led to blows, when they came in contact with each other. That morning, while passing one of the higher falls, they stood together at the wheel, when, owing to the strong current of the water and the almost exhausted strength of him who had guided us all the night, one spoke of the wheel slipped from his hands, and nearly caused an accident of a pretty serious nature. This annoyed his companion, and hard words passed between them, since which time a sullen silence had been preserved.

When about two miles above the Lachine rapids some of the rigging aloft gave way, and the night pilot mounted the upper deck with a ladder, and attempted to make it fast. The wind blew fiercely, and while exerting all his strength to stay the mischief, he lost his hold and fell, the ladder coming down directly upon our government aid, wounding him pretty severely. Not pausing to look at the mischief, he seized the unfortunate man, and, with almost superhuman strength, lifted him above the boat railing. The other quickly guessed his meaning, and winding his arms around the neck of his companion, they fell together in the boiling flood below. We lowered the life-boat as quickly as possible, ropes were thrown out and every effort put forth to save them—but in vain. They rose to the surface of the water, still locked in each other's arms, and then sank from our view forever.

The boat now rapidly rushed on, coming nearer the frightful rapids, while terror struck faces were around, at the thought that no master hand was near to guide us through the dark passage below. The scene which we had just been called to witness only made our situation more terrific, while wild and fearful eyes around us bespoke the agonizing apprehension of the passengers and crew as we went plunging to destruction, scarcely half a mile from the gulf, whose dashing waves we could so distinctly hear. The captain had frankly told us of his inability to guide us through the perilous passage, while deck, gangway, and cabin were filled with men, women and children, some of whom were praying, some weeping, others intensely crazed with agony too intense for utterance.

Women eagerly clutched and embraced their children, and husbands pressed their wives to their bosoms with only the hope of dying together. The captain stood at the wheel, assisted by one of the passengers, vainly endeavoring to hold out to the last and guide her until every effort should prove fruitless, while with straining eyes and looks of despair they gazed through the almost blinding storm upon the craggy rocks, lifting high their grey bare heads out of the water, and upon which they expected every moment to be dashed to pieces.

Just as frenzy had began to calm down into sober, earnest preparations for the doom which awaited them, there came out of the state-room a fair young creature, over whose head scarce sixteen summers had passed. She was of medium height, and fair as the lily of her northern clime. She donned a dress of plain black stuff, while the coat of one of the pilots was buttoned tightly around her slender form. Her face was ashy pale as she mounted the stairway, and with her hair dishevelled by the wind, she exclaimed in a voice which rang clear as the notes of a bugle above the storm:

"I know something of this Lachine rapid, and will use my best endeavors to guide you, although we have everything of wind and weather against us. Let two of you who are the strongest and self-possessed stand by me at the wheel, while the rest invoke His aid who ever stilleth the tempest to guide our life-laden bark safely through the troubled waters."

As if in derision of her matchless courage, the mad waves dashed higher, while the thunder pealed a loud defiance to her words. With pallid face and lips compressed, she took her station at the wheel, while two powerful men stood by to aid her as far as possible. With a firm hand she raised the glass and swept the scene before her, then bidding them to have courage, the boat entered on a fearful course, bounding onward as if conscious of the hand that guided its destiny. Her orders were given in clear, loud tones, while she stood proudly erect, her eye brightened into a darker blue until one would have fancied her the ruling spirit of the storm. The water dashed against the side of the boat, crowning her fair head with glittering drops; yet still she stood unheeding, while not an eye in all that group but gazed in mingled awe and confidence upon that delicate form. Once again the spoke of the wheel slipped from the grasp of him that held it, but a fair jewelled hand arrested its progress, and stayed the destruction which otherwise would have followed its swerve from duty. Onward sped the noble barque, and when darkness shut the last rock from our sight, one deafening shout rose high above the storm for her who so bravely guided us through the shadows of death.

She would accept no thanks for herself, but bidding us give thanks to Him whose voice ever ruleth the storm,' she retired to her state-room, and was lost to view.

Around the cabin-table that night, about an hour before we entered the harbour of Montreal, we learned her history. She was the daughter of the merchant who owned the line of boats, one of which she had just saved from ruin. Her mother died when she was a child, and her father had yielded to her wishes, and allowed her to accompany him in the boat of which he was the captain. By degrees she became accustomed to every bend in that beautiful river, which in calm and storm alike brought scenes of beauty to her eye. She was now on her way to visit some friends in Quebec, where her father proposed joining her to spend the winter.

A gentleman artist sketched her likeness on a leaf of his portfolio as she stood at the wheel, wrapped in the pilot's coat, with the glass in her hand; and her full length portrait still graces the gallery of fine arts in Montreal. Many a rough hand grasped the snowy fingers at parting, and many a blessing crowned that noble head.

A magnificent diamond bracelet, bearing upon an inside plate the name of the vessel and date of the occurrence, was presented to her about a week after her arrival in Quebec by the passengers who were on board at the time, while loud and triumphant were the praises borne to the ears of a fond parent of the frail but fearless one who had braved the danger before which stout hearts and strong forms had quailed.

'And what became of her afterwards?' I inquired.

'She married an officer in Quebec, and her children still live there. One is a noble boy or rather man now, and ploughs the ocean in one of the noble battle-ships of England.'

STORY OF THE PIG IN A POKE.

The following anecdote was related the other day by a well-known character in Tweeddale, who was thoroughly acquainted with the details, for the truth of which he confidently vouches:—

"The Rev. Mr. Watson o' Biggar, had got a present frae some friend o' a Chinese sow, o' what he was very vogie. This sow had a litter o' pigs in course o' time, and ane o' them the minister had promised to gie to his co-presbyter, Dr. Gordon o' Dolphinton. A weel, ae day he ordered his man—ane John Baeman— to tak' the bit pig in a poke on his shoulders to his friend's quarters; and as he was toilin' alang the road he met a wag o' a farmer ca'ed Richard Robb, who spiert at him what that was he was carryin' in the poke. 'Ou,' says John, 'tis a pig o' the Chinese breed that my master's sendin' till the minister o' Dolphinton.' 'Come your ways into my house, John,' says Mr. Robb, 'and get a dram—you'll be unco dry e'er now, and it'll refresh you for the rest o' your journey; John, honest man, suspecting nae evil, and being nowise indifferent to a glass, accepted o' the offer, but when he was sittin' wi' the whiskey bottle afore him, what did his rogue o' a neighbour do but slip the piggy out o' the poke, and put a young greyhound in its place. John swung his burden owre his shoulders again, never dreamin' o' ony trick ava, and went on his way. On arrivin' at the Manse o' Dolphinton he had them to till the minister that he wanted to speak a word wi' him. Dr. Gordon cam' ont to the kitchen, and seein' John wi' the poke lying at his fit he cried, 'Well, John, what's this you've got to-day?' 'Ou,' says John, 'it's a bit praisent Mr. Watson has sent ye o' ane o' the Chinese pigs he spak' to ye o' the ither day.' 'Indeed, says the doctor, 'out with it, then, and let us see what it's like.' Undoing the mouth of the poke accordingly, but with the deliberation o' a man that has an important work on han's John tummles the grue out o' the sack on the kitchen floor. The minister, wha kent a grebun frae a pig as weel as ony man in the parishin, was utterly dumfoundered when he set eyes on the puir wee pup, and cried out, 'What in all the world does this mean, John? Does your master intend to insult me?' 'Sir, sir, sir,' says John, 'I'm certain sure I put a pig into the poke, and a pig it maun be; but yet, but yet, I maun confess it looks unco like a grue.' 'Well, John, replied the minister, scarcely able to keep frae lauchin' richt out, 'seeing is believing, I suppose, and I think I know a dog when I see it.' Impressed with the idea, and the wonder that his co-presbyter had been playing a practical joke upon him, Dr. Gordon, after ordering his servant lass to give John and the little beastie something to eat, went instantly to his study and wrote a letter to Mr. Watson, upbraiding him for his supposed intention to befool him, and ripping up certain auld sairs that had long afore been healed up. Then comin' downstairs, he had John bag his grue ance mair, and tak' it back to his master, with the letter he had just written. On passing Richard Robb's quarters, however, again, wha did he see but the farmer himsel,' standin' at the side o' the road. 'Weel, John, my man, how cam' ye on wi' the minister? What thocht he o' your pig?' 'Deed,' quoth John (scratchin' his head), 'I just didna' get on weel ava, for, what think ye, when I coupit my poke, instead o' a pig out cam' a grue.' 'A grue,' says Richy, 'how in a' the warld cam' that? I can tak' my davy that it was a real pig, a hale pig, an' naething but a pig whan you were here, John. But come your ways in again, and get anither dram; and we'll see if you're no mista'en.' Nothing loth John turned in ance mair; and when busy wi' his dram, the pawky Rob out wi' the greyhun' and in wi' the pig again, takin guid care not to mak' it squeak. Away went John to the Manse o' Biggar, and sent up the Doctor's letter to Mr. Watson, waitin' in the kitchen till he got his orders. Down cam' the minister in a gliff stormin' like mad, an' scarce able to articulate. 'What's this, John, you've been doing? What am I to understand by Dr. Gordon's letter? He seems to be in a terrible way. What, what, what? I sent him one of the very finest of the whole litter of my rare Chinese sow, and he tells me in this most extraordinary letter that I have insulted him—nay, so irritated does he seem to be that he has actually had recourse to what he knew could not fail to prove the most galling thing