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, August 25, 1862. New Series.---No. 33.

Valuable Business Stand For Sale.

WILL be Sold by AUCTION, on MONDAY, the 1st SEPTEMBER next, on the premises, that valuable Business Stand, part of the property of the late JAMES COLES, in accordance with his last Will and Testament. It is situated on the Corner of Prince and Kent Streets, including a DWELLING HOUSE, now occupied by Mrs. Conley as a Tavern.

Also, that commodious TWO STOREY BUILDING, fronting on Kent street, lately occupied by Mr. Thomas Green as a Furniture Store, comprising front Shop, plastered and finished; and a spacious back Store Room, and Cellar under the whole, stone walled: and a large Room floored over the whole in the second storey.

The Land is bounded as follows, viz: thirty-one (31) fronting on Prince-street, and eighty-four (84) feet on Kent-street, thence south from Kent-street forty-eight and one-half feet, thence East to Prince-street until it meets the line fronting on Prince-street, thirty-one feet from the corner on to the line of the house occupied by Mrs. Conly, being part of Town Lot No. Eighty-nine in the 3d hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown.

Part of the purchase money may remain secured on the premises for a term of three years.

For further particulars apply to
GEORGE COLES, Executor.
Charlottetown, 30th June, 1862. tf

For Sale,

A VESSEL of about 130 Tons, N. M., and 200 O. M., of good model and superior workmanship; building under inspection; to class 5 years; will be ready for delivery early in October; and will be sold cheap.

Apply in Charlottetown to WILLIAM MCGILL, Esqr., or to the subscribers.
A. & W. MCLEAN.
Belfast, 31st July, 1862. 1m

"Warblington" for Sale.

THAT desirable property, belonging to JAMES WILSON, Esq., consisting of 36 acres of LAND, in a high state of cultivation, a very convenient DWELLING HOUSE and offices, a good GARDEN, and an extensive and valuable ORCHARD.

This Property has a water front, and is distant from the City only a few minutes walk. As a gentleman's residence, Warblington is unrivalled by any property in the Island. Apply to WM. DODD, Auctioneer, or to the subscriber.
THOMAS PETHICK.
Charlottetown, April 28, 1862.

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

Valuable Property for Sale.

THE Subscriber, intending to make alterations in his business, offers FOR SALE his well known and valuable BUSINESS STAND and Property at SUMMERSIDE, Prince Edward Island.

This property is situate one hundred feet from the Queen's Wharf, (where the Mail Steamer comes four times in each week during the time the navigation is open), fronting on the West side of the street leading thereto, and also fronting on Water Street, forming an angle of the two streets, upon which is built a new, handsome and substantial TWO STOREY HOUSE and STORE, 40 feet by 30 feet. The Store is neatly and most conveniently fitted up for a general DRY GOODS and GROCERY BUSINESS. The House is well finished, and suitable for a respectable family, containing several Rooms and Bedrooms. There is also a first rate Cellar under the whole building seven feet deep, in one angle of which is a splendid spring of Water. In the rear of the building is a convenient WAREHOUSE, new, and in good repair.

Any person wishing to carry on a general business, there is no place in P. E. Island more desirable than the rapidly growing town of Summerside, and the position of the above property being the best and most central in the place, it offers rare inducements to any person wishing to invest capital.

For particulars please apply on the premises to the owner.
MARTIN O'HALLORAN.
Summerside, P. E. I., July 14, 1862. 6i

FOR SALE.

THE leasehold interest in fifty-two acres of land, situate on St. Peter's Road, ten miles from Charlottetown, subject to the yearly rent of one shilling per acre for 999 years, one-ninth added. The best recommendation is a view of the premises and the growing crop thereon. The above will be sold either with or without the crop. There is on the premises a good dwelling frame house, 32 × 22 feet, together with barn and stable buildings lately erected.

The purchaser may expect liberal terms. All information can be had on application to the owner on the premises.
JOHN MOONEY.
Ten Mile House, St. Peter's Road, Lot 35,
July 28, 1862. tf.

FOR SALE,

VALUABLE FREEHOLD FARM, in Brackley Point, containing about 90 acres of Land, 70 clear and in a high state of cultivation, the remainder covered with a fine growth of longers. There is an abundance of Salt Mud and Sea Manure on the property, with a good Cottage, 30 x 26 feet, and a Kitchen attached, 12 x 10 feet, well finished, and a good chain Pump at the door, and a good Barn 46 feet long, with or without the Crop. For a summer's residence it is second to none in the country.

TERMS—One-half the purchase money down; the remainder in twelve months. Application to be made to the subscriber, on the premises.
JOSEPH MACKINNON.
June 16th, 1862. 5m

LUMBER.

SPRUCE DEALS and DEAL ENDS,
PINE BOARDS,
Pine Palings
Cedar Shingles,
Sawn do.
Laths and Deal Edging for Sale.
JAMES PURDIE.
Charlottetown, Aug. 12, 1862.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber intends to make some alteration in his mercantile business this fall, requests all persons indebted to him by Book Account or Notes of Hand, to settle their respective accounts on or before the 10th NOVEMBER, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken for collection, without any distinction.
J. WIGHTMAN.
St. Andrew's Point, August 7, 1862.

NOTICE!

THE subscriber hereby gives notice to and cautions all persons against buying or dealing in a three months promissory note of the value of £173 stg., due on or about the 25th July last past, drawn by Thomas H. Pitt, at Hamilton, Bermuda, in favour of Edward Saville, and endorsed by said Edward Saville and W. B. Dean, subscriber being the only person lawfully entitled to the said note. Any person finding said note will be rewarded by leaving it at the office of Messrs. W. W. Lord & Co.
ARTEMAS LORD.
Charlottetown, P. E. Island, 4th August, 1862. RW&Isl 1m

Flour! Flour!

TO arrive, per Schooner HELENA, from NEW YORK, 150 bbls. Superfine and Extra FLOUR.
P. W. HYNDMAN.
August 3, 1862. 6i

PORT and SHERRY.

THE undersigned having received from England a consignment of a small parcel of really superior PORT and SHERRY, which he is desirous to clear off at once, hereby offers the same on very low terms for prompt payment.
ALFRED PHILLIPS.
Charlottetown, August 18, 1862. 2w

New York! New York!

Now Landing, ex "HELENA," from New York---

100 BBLS. EXTRA OHIO FLOUR, Buckeye Mills, 156 bbls. Choic Extra and Superfine Flour, which we will sell very low.
J. & T. MORRIS.
August 11, 1862. 2i

LITERATURE.

THE CITY OF THE LIVING.

In a long-vanished age, whose varied story
No record has to-day,
So long ago expired its grief and glory—
There flourished, far away,

In a broad realm, whose beauty passed all measure,
A city fair and wide,
Within the dwellers lived in peace and pleasure,
And never any died.

Disease, and pain, and death, those stern marauders,
Which mar our world's fair face,
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders
Of that bright dwelling place.

No fear of parting, no dread of dying
Could ever enter there—
No mourning for the lost, no anguished crying
Made any face less fair.

Without the city's walls death reigned as ever,
And graves rose side by side—
Within the dwellers laughed at his endeavor,
And never any died.

O, happiest of all earth's favored places!
O, bliss, to dwell therein—
To live in the sweet light of loving faces,
And fear no graves between!

To feel no death damp, gathering cold and colder,
Disputing life's warm truth,
To live on, never lonelier or older,
Radiant in deathless youth!

And hurrying from the world's remotest quarters,
A tide of pilgrims flowed
Across broad plains and over mighty waters,
To find that blessed abode.

Where never death should come between, and sever
Them from their loved apart—
Where they might work, and will, and live forever,
Still holding heart to heart.

And so they lived, in happiness and pleasure,
And grew in power and pride,
And did great deeds, and laid up stores of treasure,
And never any died,

And many years rolled on and saw them striving
With unabated breath,
And other years still found them living,
And gave no hope of death.

Yet listen, hapless soul whom angels pity,
Craving a boon like this—
Mark how the dwellers in the wondrous city
Grew weary of this bliss.

One and another, who had been concealing
The pain of life's long thrall,
Forsook their pleasant places, and came stealing
Outside the city wall.

Craving, with wish that knew no more denying,
So long had it been crossed,
The blessed possibility of dying—
The treasure they had lost.

Daily the current of rest-seeking mortals
Swelled to a broader tide,
Till none were left within the city's portals,
And graves grew green outside.

Would it be worth the having or the giving,
The boon of endless breath?
Ah, for the weariness that comes of living!
There is no cure but death!

Ours were indeed a fate deserving pity,
Were that sweet rest denied;
A few, methinks, would care to find the city
Where never any died!

(From MacMillon's Magazine.)

A MIDDLE-WATCH CONFESSION.

"Eight bells, sir,"

"Strike it, Quartermaster, and call Mr. Treweeke."

On being struck, the bell told that it was midnight, and a lovely night it was; clear, starry sky o'er head, and a calm, gray, sleeping sea around. We were half way over the Atlantic, and our ship's ponderous engine revolving carelessly, with a monotonous sound and untiring power, the paddles sending a long line of gleaming water astern, while a streamer of black smoke, unrolling itself from the funel, broadened gradually, till it formed a thick murky cloud-island on the eastern horizon behind us.

Pacing up and down the white decks, from the helmsman to the look outs, I mused on a sailor's life, and on the singular chance which had brought my old chum and shipmate, Fred Treweeke, and myself together again, after so many years' knocking about in different directions.

We had parted with no hope or expectation of further companionship in a shipboard life, and yet here we were, relieving each other this night, as officers of the same steamer!

Then, what a happy-go-lucky mortal he was, with a wild and unchecked love of pleasure; no relation in the world to care for, full of fun and practical jokes.—*Now*, I had found him in every respect changed. He was thoughtful, hard-working, and steady; it seemed as if he had gained some settled convictions that gave him self-reliance and self-respect, and one thing was particularly noticeable in him—a continual discouragement of the silly banter and light talk among the rest of our mess. Many new incidents in his career I had already learnt from him, but I felt certain there was something he had not told me of; something which in a peculiar mood of mind he would reveal, as we had always, throughout our apprenticeship, been great chums; and I had longed for an opportunity to have a quiet chat, and hear what had happened to cause such an alteration and improvement.

Quick reliefs, as a rule, he always gave, and soon appeared on deck; and, after some talk about the watches, I transferred the night order book to him, remarking that I had taken an observation of 'Procyon,' and that he would find the latitude on the log-slate.

'Indeed!' he muttered, 'by Procyon,' adding aloud, after a while, "a lovely night! This is a middle watch for reflection! What Quartermaster cons?'

'Danaford,' I answered; 'a trustworthy old fellow. He's been a long time in the service. I'm afraid, though, some quiet evening he'll 'spoil the beauty,' as he calls it, of our new tell-tale compass, for he hates it from the bottom of his heart; its machinery is a perfect puzzle to him, and he terms it 'a blessed spy.''

'Yes,' said Fred, 'those old fellows like to have full faith reposed in them, or they are apt to become rusty and crack on their hinges. I don't blame them. I always make a point now of studying each man's character, and trusting him as much as I possibly can. I find it raises them in their own estimation to be thought well of by us, and I am seldom deceived. But what's *our* latest rule now?'

'The officer of the watch shall keep his watch on the forecastle, going aft occasionally to look at the compass.' (I quoted this glibly from our regulation book.)

'Ah! so it is!' he replied, laughing.—'How quickly we are getting hedged in by rules and injunctions! Soon, we shall not require to work at all: but this last is not a bad one, especially now-a-days, when one may have a few months' meditation rusticating in a jail, or an order from government to quit the sea, and turn our hand to some other business, should a sleepy ship run into us.'

'Why, Fred! you're quite a philosopher,' I said. 'What has happened since those rollicking days and nights in the old town? You don't like to have them brought up again.'

'You are right; I don't like the memory of our old days brought up, and if you are not longing for your bunk, and will keep me company for a little, I'll let you know why. It won't be a very bad mode to keep a watch, I think, provided we keep our senses alive. It's a fine night, and but little fear of ships hereabouts.'

Pleased with this proposal, and at having got him in so chatty a mood, I willingly followed him forward.

'Keep a bright look out there, my lads,' he cried.

'Ay, ay, sir!' the men sent us back, and, taking a good glance around the horizon ourselves, Fred and I settled near the capstan.

'You think I'm an altered man since the old times?' he began. I am, thank God! and I'll tell you how. It's a very short and simple yarn. Don't think I have forgotten those days. By no means. I think of them sometimes, but not with pleasure; other lines have crossed my path, which are more grateful sources of reflection.

You remember when we parted. I went second mate in the old ship, but only for one voyage. On our return, I transferred my services to Old Martin, as he was called by every one who knew him at home or abroad, as his mate in the Buda. What a good man I found him! Never a better. He had been very unfortunate; the loss of two ships, and with them nearly all his own hard-won savings of a lifetime, had changed him greatly, and he was chastened and softened down by his adversities, from the blustering martinet, that few could sail two voyages with him, into a quiet, kindly old man, carrying far to many years for a sea-life, but with a smile, and even a joke ready, when his former ways and successes were mentioned.

You know what a terrible mess a sailing ship is generally in at leaving dock, and what a time the poor mate has. Why! our life here, in these sailing kettles, is princely to it. What with the crimp-enslaved crew coming on board drunken and unfit for work; provisions and scraps of the cargo arriving at the very last moment, the mind filled with fears of gear not having been bent properly, of chains not being rightly shackled; with some things perhaps that are required just starting into one's mind when too late; but little time has a mate to take note of anything save his own duties; and so we were round Holyhead, and fairly standing down the Channel, before I had time to look about me.

To my surprise, I then heard of our having a lady on board, naturally wondered at not having been told by the captain of her coming, nor of my noticing any preparation made for her.

It turned out to be a young relation of the old man's, and she was accompanied by a nurse. We were some days out before I had an opportunity of seeing her. Our after cabin went right across the stern, and was large, commodious, and nicely fitted up, and entering it immediately on coming on board, she had not yet quitted it, but I learned from the nurse—'Ursy,' as the tars soon got into the way of calling her, from her name of Ursula—that Miss Hay was a niece of Capt. Martin, that she had been long in delicate health, and that only a day or two before sailing he had consented to take her with him, although she had been for some time looking forward to, and prepared for, a voyage.

We were getting the ship into nice order, and settling down into the daily routine of a sea-life, and I was rather proud of the whiteness and tidiness of our poop-deck (flattering myself she would admire it, as, somehow or other, I began to find her in most of my thoughts, having, as you know, had rather a leaning towards the fair sex) when one beautiful, warm-breezy day in the trades, and while busy setting up the jib guys forward, one of the tars said—'The young lady's up, sir!'

I looked aft, and at the break of the poop let me picture her with my mind's eye, as then I saw her, in a common black merino gown, simple and free of all outward ornament, high up on her throat, small enough, I thought, for my big hand to clasp round, which a little slip of white wound in the shape of a collar, with a black snake-brooch coiled in the centre—stood a young girl, of what age I could scarcely guess, her figure in spite of the black by which it was clothed was so light and graceful, so youthful and airy-like, and yet her pale delicate face so full of thought and expression. From wide drooping sleeves, fastened at the wrist by a bracelet of pure white coral, two small hands, not less white than the wristbands, came shyly out, and held back bunches of dark hair, while with large, lustrous, speaking-like eyes she looked wonderingly out over the blue dancing sea, its bubbles of foam as they leapt to the sky, and sparkled and vanished, seeming to be reflected in them. Such eyes!—I fancy now that I can reach beyond their outer porch, and see the heaven that lay deep hidden in them.

I find I can hardly describe her properly to you; I am a bad hand at tallying women's gear, but thank heaven! it is not her outward form and semblance I love to recall, but the few words of truth and beauty I heard from her lips, that have been to me, throughout my life since, an unceasing, ay, an ever increasing source of pleasure.

Of course I went aft immediately, when she smiled and spoke my name: but what came over me I do not know. Stammering, blushing, and awkward in every limb, I could not find a word to utter, could not even muster courage, although I wished to ask her if I could lead her to a seat. You smile—well I myself hardly thought then that I could be so taken a-back. I went away forward to my work again, with a strange feeling of shame and defeat. "Tut," I said, "what's wrong with me, that a pretty girl should unnerve me so, and and cause me to suffer this uneasiness? They're all alike, these women, all alike. I must conquer this, and have a chat with her." But no, I could not rid myself of her image; her eyes ever haunted me. There was something about her which I could not understand, and yet I felt certain that with one glance she had read me through, and knew me, careless, unthinking, and unsteady as I was. It did not strike me then, but I know now what gave me such sensations. My pride was roused, and I tried to get back some of my early thoughts and feelings before they had become blurred by half-a-dozen years of a sailor's life.

I had no opportunity of seeing her again for some time, as she remained nearly always in the after cabin, where I never penetrated. Old Martin sometimes messed with me, and sometimes with her, and all I could learn from him was that Miss Hay was an orphan niece, and had taken a strong and unconquerable liking to get this voyage with him. I found myself putting numerous questions to old Nurse (how we use that word 'old' on board ship, for any one we think of kindly disposition?) but Ursula shook her head much in answering them, and seemed doubtful as to the voyage renewing her young mistress' health. She was ever ready and willing to dilate on Miss Hay's goodness and gentleness, and to tell how her 'sweet angel,' as she called her, was more fitted for heaven than earth; to all of which I was a curious listener, finding it interesting and making me think, which I was never given to much, and seldom indulged in, on any other subject but ship's duties.

You remember how our last skipper used to urge on us, that before coming on deck to relieve it, we should get ready a subject to employ our thoughts on, if not engaged in actual duties. How, to pass time, we were to imagine a ship in all manner of perilous and untoward circumstances, and find out what we would be likely to do if ever so placed? How, if nothing else offered to keep the old gentleman from our minds (an idle head being the devil's workshop,) we were to repeat and transpose the multiplication table, or get by heart the most useful rules from Norie?

I had now found a more fascinating subject, and began to pass my watches building air-castles, and holding imaginary conversations with Miss Hay, which I intended she should get the full benefit of, when, getting in fine weather, it would permit her to appear more on deck.

And that glorious time came at last! when the night was only a softened continuance of the day, and for the whole days we had but to tauten a tack or sheet, while the Buda, no clipper, seemed to put her best foot forward, and enjoy the steadiness of the weather as much as ourselves did.

When she ventured on deck, I would summon up all my boldness to ask her 'if she were better?' Hesitatingly, and looking straight into mine with her large black eyes, she would reply, 'I shall be better, Mr. Treweeke.'

When? I always felt inclined to ask—her tone seeming to lead me to do so; but I could only hang back and mutter some commonplaces about the voyage and the weather.

What was about her that I should have been so awed and awkward in her presence? She was younger than I, and yet I felt a superiority of soul in her when she spoke, and was aware of a diffidence and respect in myself as if I were listening to one whose years claimed attention and silence. So different was she from all the women I had met in former years, that when she came near, a shyness and half dread seized me, and I could have run away from her presence, as in the days of childhood I remembered having done, on the approach of a strange lady, hiding my head in my mother's lap.

She got better, perceptibly better, even to a rose-flush on her cheeks, in the tropical weather, and came oftener on deck.

If not employed by ship's duties, old Martin would say, 'I'm on deck, Mr. Treweeke,' which was a hint he generally gave that we might relax the strictness of our watch, and even go below if we liked, until he said, 'The course is so-and-so, Mr. ——,' and we again resumed charge.

I began to take advantage of those pauses to have a chat with Miss Hay—slowly overcoming my diffidence, and beginning to take pleasure even in hearing her speak. Sometimes I can call up particular evenings, and even her words. Once, when taking an altitude of Procyon (your naming it to-night struck the chord that revived all these memories), and she was leaning over the taff-rail, well wrapt up, while the old man and Ursula chatted on the lee-wheel gratings.

'Taking a star, Mr. Treweeke?' she asked.

'Yes, ma'am,' I said, 'to find the latitude.'

'Ah!' she continued, 'is it not strange, the practical use we make of stars, those other worlds, perhaps, with more glorious intelligences than ours! We *take* a star, as you call it, and it tells us where *we* are on this little globe; while no friend at home has the remotest knowledge of our position, although, perhaps, thinking of us with tearful eyes and beating hearts, and this you get so simply.'

Then she went on, in a low sweet tone, telling half to herself, half to me, how they were as stepping stones, by whose aid, thro' faith and love, we could go on and on until in imagination we reached the footstool of the Eternal, and, laying bare our hearts, ask humbly for peace and pardon, and for that assistance and comfort without which our human impulses would drag us to a gloomy despair.

On me, who had looked on stars as mere guide-posts in the heavens to assist us on our voyages, and who had found it a difficulty and trouble to learn the names of the few I knew, the effect was singular, and was like a vision of another world passing before me. When I look back, I wonder most at the imperceptiele manner in which a change was wrought in my mind. I remember no startling dawn, no sudden emerging from light to darkness, but a growing conviction must have been gradually laying hold of me, that life and this world were altogether different, and more beautiful than I had imagined, and that my past had been a sad mistake, which it would take all the future granted me to redeem, if I had only strength to manage it. I even thought at one time it would be better to leave off a sea-life to escape from the temptations surrounding it; but that was a foolish thought I soon decided, and saw clearly that the sea offered as many opportunities of doing work nobly as the land.

What a fairy land I created of the remainder of our voyage! With her health increasing day by day, I pictured her delight and surprise on passing into the Eastern world. How new life would come to her in those warm, sunny, glowing days, when we should be going through the Straits, the clear blue sky above so mingling with the clear blue sea below, dotted with the lovely white beached, green-topt islands, that at a first glance it seems all a dream! How I would startle and please her when the curious Strait boats, with heaps of pine-apples, oranges, mangos, and bunches of golden plantation, with their netted baskets of fowls and fresh eggs, and chattering monkeys and parrots, would come alongside some quiet morning, and she would wake up and gaze with wondering eyes on a new world! How she would smile at the jargon of the natives, with their black skins and guady head-gear! And the homeward passage—what a pleasant trip I made of it, when, a stay in port having recruited her health, she would be more able to enjoy her ship-board life!

Many more pleasant evenings we had together, which are among the treasures stowed away in my inner being. She would be lying on the skylight perhaps, propped up with pillows, or, if the ship rolled, on a sofa-cushion on the deck—old Ursula watching her like a little child, and I treasuring up each word and laying it by in my heart, although at this moment they seem to flit and float shadowly and dimly over the sea of memory—a sad undertone in all I could not fathom then, but which gave them a double beauty and interest when I found out its cause.

When we commenced running down our casting to the southward we had got as far as 40° latitude, but finding the weather rough and boisterous, made our way up again to 37°, expecting to find it better; but even there we had a bad time of it, and Miss Hay was altogether confined to her cabin. The old man had requested me to go down and sit with them. For awhile I delayed, but at last mustered courage to do so. On these visits I would find her on the sofa-bed, the curtain just withdrawn enough to show the pillow and her small white face relieved by clusters of dark hair, talking to old Martin about life and death, the sea and the stars, and the great God who made all. I would have given my rude and tempestuous health to have taken away the other world tone from her voice and look.

'What's that?—two bells? Nothing in sight forward there?'

'Nothing, sir,' replied the men, stopping in their to-and-fro walk, and gazing steadily ahead.

Two bells!—continued Fred, absently.—Yes! it was two bells in my first watch one night, when Ursula, tapping me on the shoulder, said—"If you can come into the cabin, do, Mr. Treweeke.' On going into the after one, old Martin was saying—'You know, Mary, you would come to sea, and it's very dull and dreary, and not as you expected.'

'Oh, no!' she said—'far grander!. Oh! far grander! All my life I have been dreaming of the sea, even when far inland, where in every direction hill-tops caught the clouds on their wanderings; where little met the eye save clumps and rows of dark fir-trees, making the land more solid, and the prison-like, shut-in feeling more intense; where the only water was a little burn, listening to whose murmurs I seemed to hear it say, 'I hasten sea-wards; come with me; my music is sweet and soothing, but it is nothing to the great ocean's.' Yes! I fancied it sang always—'I go to the sea! come with me!' and whom had I, dear old uncle, to care for where I slept but you?'

'Come, Polly, don't go on so,' said old Martin, trying to smile—'don't.'

But she continued—

'Yes, uncle, I longed to get near it, to be on it, to be far away from all land, and fancied I should die so much happier if clear of all those trifles, which were miseries to one in my health, but which I could not help nor avoid meeting. *You* know, Ursula, I came to die on the sea, if it was His will! having been often told, and knowing well I should not live long. I feel it is not far off—it is a wide grave, Mr. Treweeke!'

I started at my name, and without opening my lips stole away on deck, and made some work to distract my thoughts—'Is it possible,' I kept muttering, 'that this is not all a dream? Can this young girl be resigned to early death and an ocean grave? No! it could hardly be. *She* dying, and *I* strong-hearted, and full of health, living on! No! it could hardly be.'

I saw very little of her after this, only calling at intervals to ask in a low voice how she was getting on. If she heard me, I would hear her asking nurse if that was Mr. Treweeke, and I would hasten away trying to stop the beating of my heart. The old man and Ursula were constantly with her, and either would come and tell me whenever she had mentioned my name. I had never seen consumption, and would not allow myself to think but of her getting better, and reappearing on deck in the fine weather coming.

We had run down our casting, and was well up for the Strait. Still the weather was variable and squally with calms, when old Martin said one night:

'This is not good for poor Molly; she won't last long. I wish I hadn't brought her, Treweeke; but I did it all for the best—all for the best! I thought we might have done her good, and got her safely out.'

My attention was taken up with a dark wall of black cloudy stuff rising in the south-westward, and I commenced taking in sail. Do you remember one beginning in the Bay of Bengal in this manner; that night we lost our foremast, where, when the clouds broke, we saw the moon eclipsed, and said we should never forget it?

'I do,' said I, 'remember it well; every man and boy knew fear *that* night, if never before; but go on describing your squall.'

I will, as near as I can, he went on. It came slowly towards us with a sough and moaning, such as you hear when, sitting indoors at home, all ears listen as if to a supernatural voice outside. The squall struck us at eleven, and from thence till four hours afterwards we had a perfect battle with wind and rain. The wind veered and shifted, and no sooner had we the yards braced up on one tack, than everything would be aback, and she would be grinding on her keel. Before I could get the topsails reefed she would sometimes be dashing through the water, and like a mad dog scattering foam from her on every side. But you know the kind of night, and the work it brings.'

'Go on,' I said, interrupting him, 'go on; I realize it better when you describe minutely.'

Well, then! in a moment, he continued, it would lull, and she would stagger uprightly, and shiver like a horse in battle, the sails flapping and slatting, the topsail sheets surging in the yard-arms with a loud snap, the lightning playing between the masts, and cracking like a coach-whip about our ears, while from the black masses rolling over our mastheads, peal after peal of thunder grumbled and burst, as if to annihilate a doomed ship.

About three in the morning we were in a dead lull; the squall had passed over, and was moving away from us; but it had left an unearthly stillness and silence behind it, around us, and in the air, a close pent-up feeling as of suffocation, that even now I seem to feel. Rolling uneasily from side to side, now and then a mass of water would strike us on the bow or quarter, or anywhere, with the dull, hollow sound of a wooden hammer, subsiding again with a splash, as if breaking into a thousand fragments; fagged and worn out, the crew huddled under the forecastle, and a chillness came over me, not from any wet clothes—they were warm to the touch—but as if a foreboding or foreshadowing of some disaster. It was very dark. I held on to the mizen topmast backstay, and tried to see the helmsman, but couldn't. Thinking 'can I go down and see how they are?' and wringing the wet out of my coatsleeves, I only shrank and felt cold, suddenly cold, when a voice—I turned not to see whose—said:

'You may take in everything, sir; the wind went away with her; we shall have a quiet day, Mr. Treweeke, to bury Mary.'

Was it all a dream, old fellow, all a dream? and, leaning his head on the capstan, I heard him struggling to repress his sobbing.

Are you tired, or shall I go on? he said, looking up after a long pause.

'Not tired,' I said, 'pray go on.' He did so, continuing in a kind of reverie.

How some days above others, with all their minutest events, and even our personal feelings at the moment of their occurrence, fix themselves on the mind, unconsciously exercising an influence on our inner life, and through it partly our outer one! Called up suddenly, in some out-of-the-way place, by a slight coincidence of nature perhaps, if nothing else, the whole of their incidents and their results coming vividly back, the good returning with its good, the evil with its evil, *that* retaining its sway mostly which has been mostly cherished in the interval. This beautiful night, and your mention of Procyon, recalled all that memorable voyage, and I feel relief at having told you, what, till now, has been all my own. Why did I merit such a lasting gift! that the mere companionship of a young girl for a few short months, should sink so deeply in my heart, and color all my future with a hopeful radiance, making me strong for work, and braced for trouble, firm for success, and ready for adversity—that even now, telling you all this, I see angelic wings and hear an angel's voice, when trying to pierce the thick oceanic cloud that wraps her in the far-off Eastern sea!

On board ship, as you know, one cannot retire to a secluded spot and indulge either his grief or joy in quietude. There is always work to be done, and, light heart or heavy heart, there is no shrinking it; it must be faced. The day of her death and of the squall was one of those which, from a mixture of actual work with deep and sad thought, remains graven on the memory, although conscious at the time of having done and seen everything as if in a dream. The squall seemed to have dragged all turbulence off the sea, and the vapors of the atmosphere away with it, and left a life-giving warmth and vitality in the air as of a May-day in childhood. A mere thin veil of fleecy clouds rested round the horizon, into which the deep blue of the zenith faded in till it became gray, and this in turn melted into the silvery surface of the sea. The wind had died completely away, and the throbbing of the ocean's heart after its night's wrestle with the dark spirit that had passed over it, was seen only in long thin black lines that, starting out from the haze, grew firmer and more distinct on their approach, ever rising and falling, gleaming and vanishing, until dying away near us they showed on the other side firmer and more distinct, retreating and sweeping, and bound on their long journey northwards. Every sound jarring on my ear, and acting under some curious idea, that it would be more honorable with death on board, I gave orders to haul all the sails up snugly; so stirless was the air, their flapping and fluttering made it more mournful; and, noting with what a subdued and quiet manner the crew went about the work, I felt pleased and personally grateful to them when I saw each man and boy had shifted his wet clothes for his best. When we had got everything aloft made as snug as possible, no sound broke the silence save the plashing and surging of the water about the rudder, the creaking of the lower yards on their trusses, and the sullen tap of the carpenter's hammer as he completed the rude coffin that was to hold the fair form. Old Martin and Ursula had never emerged from the cabin, and from my soul I pitied the old man and her at their sad task. This was to be my first burial at sea, and what wonder if strange and undefinable emotions stirred me when, the carpenter directing, we raised a platform at the starboard gangway, turning two water-butts on their ends, and placing planks on them with their outer edges on the gunwale? We spread an ensign over all, and our preparations were supposed to be complete. I then went in and asked if I could be of any use. 'No, my lad, no,' the old man replied; 'Ursy and I'll manage all—'tis'nt for a young lad like you to handle death. You'll read the service over her—about one, I think; and see the men are tidy. You need not work them much to-day.'

Left to my own reflections, and with the terrible silence all about me, I scarcely think I should have been startled had the sound of that trumpet which

"To angelic lips applied,
Shall raise the heavens, quench the stars,"

Suddenly burst on us *from* the blue overhead, and stopped our voyage over the ocean through life. As it was, my mind seemed to become enlarged, and an awful sense of our own littleness stole over me. I thought of the strange fancy which had led her to chose the ocean for a resting place—if that could be so called, where there was no rest; wondered if the coffin would reach the bottom; fancied the strange sea things staring at it in its descent — of its being borne hither and thither, to and fro, in its never-resting progress to decay, until the form once so shapely and full of beauty becoming part of the great sea itself, its dissevered particles would be borne round and round the world by its ever-throbbing pulsations; and starting from my reverie, I felt as if my brain wandered.

Getting the prayer-book, I looked over the portion I should have to read, and tried vainly to think of the mystery attending the 'changing of our vile body.' But I was conscious of some new and strange knowledge stirring in my mind.

After taking the sun at noon, I ordered one of the boys whenever he saw me coming from the cabin to commence tolling the bell. It was a sad task for the poor little fellow, and he would willingly have handed it over to some other body; for many a time, I dare say, had a word or smile from her who was gone made his little heart lighter, and his dull sea-life cheerier. On going into the cabin, I found the captain and Old Martin placing her coffin on the table, and scarcely conscious of the feelings which prompted me, motioned to the carpenter to hold on a little. Working up the latitude and longitude, I wrote them on a piece of paper, and put underneath in a firm hand—

MARY HAY,
DIED AT SEA,
July 15, 1844.
F. TREWEEKE.

And tacked it on the inside of the coffin-lid. Old Martin then whispered, 'Let the crew have a look, Treweeke; it'll do them good,' and took his own last kiss with a 'good-bye, Polly.'

The men and boys, who were all clustered silent and sorrowful at the front of the poop, came in one by one, stole a glance with tearful eyes on the sweet face — as sometimes happens, far more beautiful in death—and then the carpenter shut all up from our sight. Few there were who looked on then, even so briefly, but took away a thought to last a life-time. At a wave of the hand from Old Martin, we bore her to the platform, spread the flag over the coffin, and placed two seats near it for him and the nurse.

You know our beautiful service for the dead—how it awes and solemnizes even when read in private; but how much more so was it to me to read it aloud, and on such an occasion! When I began it even the old tars looked grim and moved uneasily, and the youngsters cried heartily. Come to that portion, 'we therefore commit her body to the deep,' a dozen hands stole quietly from the group of the standers-by, and the inner end of the plank being lifted, the coffin slid down into the blue deep, made a slight musical splash that sounded like a farewell, foamed darkly for a moment, gleamed, then vanished—and she, whom I then knew I had loved, still love, and shall always, had found the grave she had dreamt of, and was gone forever! No! not forever, I thought, when, reading on, I came to the words, 'when the sea shall give up her dead.'

Here he paused solemnly, and looked up into the starry sky, with a strange smile; then suddenly starting, he warmly clasped my hand, and cried:—

'I have kept you up late, old fellow; forgive me! Off to your crib now, and pray before you turn in. Good night!'

A BITER BIT.—The contrivances which are resorted to to get hold of one another's pric esbeforehand, by competing contractors' are manifold; and when they attend in person they commonly put off the filling up of their tender till the last moment. Once a shrewd contractor found himself at the same inn with a rival who always trod close on his heels. He was followed about and cross-questioned incessantly, and gave vague answers. Within half an hour of the last moment he went into the coffee-room and sat himself down in a corner where his rival could not overlook him. There and then he filled up his tender, and as he rose from the table left behind him the paper on which he had blotted it. As he left the room his rival caught up the blotting paper, and with the exulting glee of a consciously successful rival, read off the amount backwards. "Done this time!" was his mental thought, as he filled up his own tender a dollar lower, and hastened to deposit it. To his utter surprise the next day he found that he had lost the contract, and complainingly asked his rival how it was, for he had "tendered below him."—"How did you know you were below me?"—"Because I found your blotting paper!"—"I thought so. I left it on purpose for you, and wrote another tender in my bedroom. You had better make your own calculations next time."—*Roads and Rails.*

COMMENDABLE.—We learn by a notice in the 'Globe' that the Directors of the St. John Protestant Orphan Asylum have refused the proceeds of a Theatrical performance by the Garrison Amateurs. This is highly commendable. Benevolent and religious Institutions should not countenance and encourage Theatres, Balls, and other demoralizing amusements, by receiving their proceeds as contributions to their funds.—*Rel. Intelligencer.*

Why not go a step further and condemn Sunday School Pic-Nics, because of some of the occurrences that take place at them, and Bazaars for Church purposes, where goods are often sold at 400 per cent above their real value, and young girls with pockets full of money, "can't make change, Sir."—*Daily Evening Globe.*