THE EXAMINER:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides.

Vol. XV. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, August 7, 1865. New Series.---No. 36.

Dawson's Building,

Corner of Great George and Kent Streets.

NEW GOODS.

WM. H. WILSON

HAS completed his SPRING IMPORTATIONS, per *L. C. Owen* and *Edwin and Lizzie* from LIVERPOOL, and *Urania* from LONDON, consiting of:

Grey, White and Striped COTTONS,

Grey and White SHEETING, Fancy Shirting, Prints, Striped Skirtings, Jean, Osnaburg, Tickings, Hollands, Grass Cloth, Linen, Fancy Flannels, &c. &c.

Ladies' Dress Material,

in Plain and Fancy Poplinetts, Baratheas, Mohairs, Checked Lustres, French Merinos, Black Silks, and Printed Muslins.

Shawls, in Paisley, Black Indiana, Silk Baraze, Fancy Cashmere, &c. &c.

Mantles, Flowers.

Feathers, Ribbons, Fancy Willow, Straw and Crinoline Bonnets; White and Coloured Hats, Dress Ornaments, &c. &c. Parasols, Gloves, Hosiery, Edgings, Veils, Muslins, Corsets, Laces, and a large selection of Worked Embroidery.

A choice selection

of Scotch Tweeds, White Shirts, Scarfs, Collars, Braces, *Revolving Ties, &c. &c.*; Ready-made Clothing, Boots and Shoes in great variety.

Groceries;

TEA, warranted good; Sugar, Molasses, Soap, Candles, Starch, Rice, Tobacco, Indigo, Blue, Pepper, Ginger and Allspice, &c. &c.

Hardware,

Nails, Hoes, Shovels, Ploughmounting, Glass, Weavers' Reeds, Tea and Table Spoons, Knives and Forks, &c. &c.

The above Goods have been well selected in some of the best English and Scotch Houses, and will be sold at the lowest possible prices for Cash.

Ch'town, May 29, 1865. h rw isl pro

300 PAIRS

MEN'S Grained Water-proof BOOTS, suitable for Fishermen, FOR SALE CHEAP at the

P. E. Island Boot & Shoe Factory.

200 Pairs

Men's Kip Boots, pegged and sewed, FOR SALE CHEAP at the

P. E. Island Boot & Shoe Factory.

100 Pairs

Men's Kip Boots and Shoes (a first rate article), FOR SALE CHEAP at the

P. E. Island Boot & Shoe Factory.

1000 Pairs

Men's Calf Congress Boots, FOR SALE CHEAP at the

P. E. Island Boot & Shoe Factory.

A Very Large Assortment

of Women's Calf, Congress and Balmoral Boots, all sizes, for sale CHEAP at the

P. F. Island Boot & Shoe Factory.

1000 Pairs

Ladies' and Misses' Congress, Side Lace and Balmoral Boots, in Kid, Prunella, Grained and Plain Calf, for sale CHEAP at the

P. E. Island Boot & Shoe Factory.

Every description of

Boots, Shoes, &c.

made to order, at short notice and at lower prices than at any other establishment in P. E. Island. All that is necessary to prove the above fact is to examine the Stock at the

P. E. Island Boot & Shoe Factory.

GEORGE NICOL. Proprietor.

Ch'town, June 12, 1865. 6i

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

20 Tons Iron,

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

195 Bags Nails and Spikes,

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

134 Kegs Paints,

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

380 Gls. Paint Oil,

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

15 Casks and Cases

General Hardware Goods.

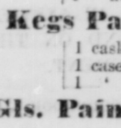
ALSO,

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

General Groceries.

W. E. DAWSON.

June 5th, 1865.

Regular  **Line of**

Packets between Liverpool, Glasgow & Charlottetown.

THE Subscribers in returning thanks to the importers of goods for their patronage per Ships "THERESA" and "L. C. OWEN," beg to give them notice that they purpose having vessels on the berth loading for Charlottetown as below:—

The Clipper Ship "L. C. OWEN," A 1 at Lloyd's, coppered and copper fastened, 481 tons register, R. FRASER, Commander, will sail from LIVERPOOL about 5th SEPTEMBER.

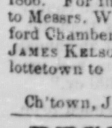
The Clipper Brig "EVADNE," 300 tons, A 1 at Lloyd's, JOSEPH McDONALD, Commander, will sail from GLASGOW on or about 5th SEPTEMBER.

The Subscribers would also inform shippers from Glasgow that they purpose placing their new Barque the "ELECTRO," 400 tons register, on the line between GLASGOW and CHARLOTTETOWN, to follow the "EVADNE" in spring of 1866. For further particulars apply in Liverpool to Messrs. WILLIAM STEWART & Co., 1 & 3 Trafford Chambers, South John Street, in Glasgow to JAMES KELSO, Jr. Esq., Union Street, or in Charlottetown to

L. C. OWEN,
WM. WELSH.

Ch'town, June 5, 1865. isl pro rw 2m

REGULAR TRADER.



THE Celebrated Clipper Bark "UNDINE," LAWRENCE KICKHAM, Commander, will sail from this Port on TUESDAY, the 18th inst., and will leave LIVERPOOL again, returning, on the 1st day of SEPTEMBER next. Merchants desirous of having their Goods out by the first Fall Ship will act wisely by ordering in the "UNDINE." Has superior accommodation for Passengers.

Apply in Liverpool to Messrs. JOSEPH POPE & Co., Trafford Chambers; here to the owner,

JAMES C. POPE.

Ch'town, July 10th, 1865. 1m

Second Annual Gathering OF THE Caledonian Club of P.E.I. AND INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION.

Clann nan gaidheal, ri guailib a cheile!

CHIEF—His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor.
PRESIDENT—Hon. Col. Gray, M. P. P.
VICE-PRESIDENTS—Hon. P. Walker, M. L. C., and James Duncan, Esqr, M. P. P.
DIRECTORS—N. Rankin, Andrew Mitchell, Colin McLennan, M. P. P., John Ross, Adam Murray, Neil McKelvie, John Sutherland, M. P. P., Austin McDonald, Esquires, and Hon. D. Beaton.
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY—W. G. Sutherland, Esquire, M. D.
TREASURER—J. W. Morrison, Esqr.
RECORDING SECRETARY—Mr. George Rankin.
MARSHAL—William McGill, Esq.
STANDARD BEARERS—Messrs. James McDonald, illiam Robertson and George Munro.
PIPER AND MESSENGER—Donald McFayden.

THE second annual Gathering of the above Club will be held at Charlottetown, on

Wednesday, 16th August,

next, when the following Prizes will be offered for competition:—

MUSIC—Proficiency in Highland Pipe Music:—1st Prize, $10; 2d do., $8; 3d do, $5.
STONES—Putting the Stone, 24 lbs—Prize $5; Putting the Stone, 14 lbs—Prize $3.
HAMMERS—Heavy Hammers, 16 lbs—1st Prize $5; 2d do. $3. Light Hammers, 12 lbs—1st Prize $4; 2d do. $2.
DANCING—Gillie Callum or Sword Dance—$4; Highland Fling, $4.
LEAPING—Long Leap—1st Prize, $2.50; 2d do. $2. High Leap—1st Prize $2.50; 2d do. $2.
RACES—Running Foot Races, distance 400 yards—1st Prize $5; 2d do. $2. Hurdle Race—1st Prize $3; 2d do $2. Sack Race—$2.50. Youths under 16 years—1st Prize $2; 2d do $1.
TOSSING THE CABER—Prize $2.50.
For the best Highland Costume, P. E. Island manufacture—Prize $5.

Also, on the same day, the following

INTERNATIONAL PRIZES

will be submitted for competition. Open to four competitors from the United States, Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and P. E. Island, respectively. Competitors for the International Prizes to be Scotchmen or descendents of Scotchmen.

Heavy Hammer, 16 lbs—1st Prize, $20.00; 2d Prize, $10.00.
Heavy Stone, 24 lbs—1st Prize, $20; 2d do $10.
Also a Prize for ARCHERY, distance 40 yards, to be competed for by Ladies from all countries. A piece of Jewellery valued at $12.

Competing Pipers are required to forward to Dr. Sutherland the names of Three Marches, Three Reels and Three Strathspeys, one week previous to the day of the Gathering.

Intending competitors who are not members of the Club, are requested to enter their names, either personally or by letter, with the Corresponding Secretary on or before SATURDAY, the 12th August, when tickets of admission will be given.

Tickets of admission to the grounds, 25 cents each, to be had at the Stores of Dr. Sutherland and W. R. Watson, or any of the Directors.

☞ *No admission without a ticket.*

GEORGE RANKIN, Sec'y.

June 5, 1865.

To Consumers of Gas.

THE Directors of the Charlottetown Gas Light Company will loan, FREE OF CHARGE, a few Patent Gas Cooking Stoves. Consumers desirous of proving these most desirable and economical Gas Ranges are requested to make an early application at the Gas Works, as only a limited number will be disposed of. By order,

WM. MURPHY, Manager.

Ch'town, June 19, 1865.

TESTIMONIALS.—REPORT OF COMMITTEE OF HOTEL PROPRIETORS, PUBLISHED IN GUYER'S PROGRESSIVE AGE, CHICAGO, ILL.—We, the undersigned, present by invitation, yesterday, to witness the operation and working of the new principle of gas used for cooking purposes, were present during a series of experiments, in our view fully calling out the utility of these Stoves. As the result of actual experiment the following was performed:—

Beefstake was cooked in four minutes, its juices and flavor retained; and, further, the claim of the inventor abundantly sustained, by this process tough meat is rendered tender and delicious.

Quail were, in two instances, broiled in five minutes, and that to a turn.

Bread cut *fresh from* the new loaf was delicately browned in two minutes.

In each case these viands would be pronounced deliciously and thoroughly cooked. In the case of the meats, the exterior surfaces were congulated and rendered firm; the substance of the whole, when cooked, retaining their juices and flavor.

In neither nor any case was there the faintest perceptible flavor or odor of gas in or about the Stoves, or in the food when cooked. We regard the process as entirely superior and successful.

SAMUEL HAWK, Richmond House.
GEO. H. FRENCH, } Briggs House.
W. F. TUCKER, }
J. W. HUMPHERY, Massosoit House.
A. M. STODDARD, Revere House.
JOHN WRIGHT, "Anderson's."

The cost of cooking by this method we append as made up from careful tests yesterday, accepted but not tried: 12½ lbs bread cooked in 42 minutes, consuming 4 cubic feet of gas, cost 1 cent. 2 lbs steak broiled in 5 minutes, consuming ½ of a cubic foot of gas, cost ½ of a cent. 1 quart water boiled in 9½ minutes, consuming 1 cubic foot of gas, cost ¼ of 1 cent. 24 breakfast biscuit baked in 12 minutes, consuming 1 foot of gas, cost 2¼ mills.

Having frequently examined the mode of action of SHAW'S STEAK-BROILER, I have been led to the conclusion that the tissues and integuments of tough meat are ruptured and broken through the effect of highly heated, even red hot steam, of which this gas-flame is highly composed. At the first instant this steam penetrates and scalds the meat, and the subsequent browning retains a portion of the water formed, with the juices produced.

The gas-flame, as obtained in the devices of Mr. Shaw, is the purest flame which art affords; and there is nothing present, as vapor of gas, which can give odor to, or any way interfere with the production of the delicious flavour of broiled meat.

This apparatus secures the greatest economy of time in cooking steaks; it renders the toughest meat more tender than in any other mode of broiling it, and, with the simple noting of time, enables the cook to produce with certainty any gradation of effect.

Respectfully,
A. A. HAYES, M. D., State Assayer.
16 Boylston Street, Boston.

FROM WILLIAM M. LORING.

W. F. SHAW.—The Gas Cooking-Range and the Gas Heating-Stoves of your invention, which I have used the past four years, I can unhesitatingly say have given me perfect satisfaction; and I can confidentially recommend them, as I have found them, to be the most economical and convenient cooking and heating apparatus I have ever met with.

In the Gas Cooking Range, the quality of the food is most surprisingly improved. The juices of the roasted meat are all retained, so that they do not appear to lose any of the weight. In the course of a season, this saving amounts to quite an item in the economy of this mode of cooking, as it is a well known fact that meats lose much of their weight when cooked in the ordinary coal range oven.

Respectfully yours,
Boston. WM. M. LORING.

From D. B. COOK, 111 Lake st., Chicago.

I regard W. F. Shaw's Patent Gas Smoothing Iron" as one of the greatest inventions of the age.

It is all you claim for it,—novel, economical, and exceedingly convenient.

The much-dreaded "ironing day" is welcomed with pleasure wherever the Gas Iron is used; and no housekeeper will consent to be without it after giving it a trial.

Yours, &c. D. B. COOK.

From Mrs. W. W. Everts, Chicago.

It is with pleasure that I give my testimony to the great value of the Gas Stove you are now offering to the public. The Stove for ironing I regard as a desideratum long needed in housekeeping.

The fatigue and exhaustion occasioned by many hours spent at the ironing-table, in a room heated to the ordinary temperature, is all spared by using your stove, which heats the irons quickly, and leaves a comfortable room.

This stove is equally successful as a broiler.—Much more might be said in simple justice to this great invention were it necessary.

Yours respectfully, MRS. W. W. EVERTS.

FLOUR, FLOUR.

THE subscriber will continue to receive per Steamships 'Greyhound' and 'Commerce' from Boston, a fresh supply of Superfine and Extra FLOUR, which he will offer at AUCTION, in lots to suit purchasers, every SATURDAY, unless circumstances prevent.

I. C. HALL.

Charlottetown, June 26, 1865.

Boat for Sale.

A SMALL SAILING BOAT, in perfect order, for Sale. Enquire at the EXAMINER Office. 3ins [July 24, 1865.

LITERATURE.

STANZAS.

BY JOHN C. WHITTIER.

Our fellow-countrymen in chains!
Slaves—in a land of light and law!
Slaves—crouching on the very plains
Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war!
A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood—
A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—
By every shrine of patriot blood,
From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallowed grot,
By mossy wood and marshy glen,
Whence rang of old the rifle shot,
And hurrying shout of Marion's men!
The groan of breaking hearts is there—
The falling lash—the fetter's clank!
Slaves—SLAVES are breathing in that air,
Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!

What, ho!—our countrymen in chains!
The whip on woman's shrinking flesh!
Our soil yet reddened with the stains,
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!
What! mothers from their children riven!
What God's own image bought and sold!
Americans to market driven,
And bartered as the brute for gold!

Speak! shall their agony of prayer
Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?
To us whose fathers scorn to bear
The paltry menace of a chain;
To us, whose boast is loud and long
Of holy Liberty and Light—
Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong,
Plead vainly for their plundered Right?

What! shall we send, with lavish breath,
Our sympathies across the wave,
Where Manhood, on the field of death,
Strikes for his freedom, or a grave?
Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung
For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,
And millions hail with pen and tongue
Our light on all her altars burning?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,
By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrun's wall,
And Poland, gasping on her lance,
The impulse of our cheering call?
And shall the slave, beneath our eye,
Clank o'r our fields his hateful chain?
And toss his fettered arms on high,
And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain?

Oh, say, shall Prussia's banner be
A refuge for the stricken slave?
And shall the Russian serf go free
By Baikal's lake, and Neva's wave?
And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane
Relax his iron hand of pride,
And bid his bondmen cast the chain
From fettered soul and limb, aside?

Shall every flap of England's flag
Proclaim that all around are free,
From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag
That beetles o'er the Western Sea?
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go—let us ask of Constantine
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat:
And beg the Lord off Mahmoud's line
To spare the struggling Suliote—
Will not the scorching answer come
From Turbaned Turk, and scornful Russ:
"Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,
Then turn, and ask the like of us!"

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn—the heathen's mirth—
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking Earth?
Shall our own glorious land retain
That curse which Europe scorns to bear?
Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
From gray-beard eld to fiery youth,
And on the nation's naked heart
Scatter the living coals of Truth!
Up—while ye slumber, deeper yet
The shadow of our fame is growing!
Up—while ye pause, our sun may set
In blood, around our altars flowing!

Oh! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth—
The gathered wrath of God and man—
Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,
When hail and fire above it ran,
Hear ye no warnings in the air?
Feel ye no earthquake underneath?
Up—up—why will ye slumber where
The sleeper only wakes in death?

Up now for Freedom!—not in strife
Like that our sterner fathers saw—
The awful waste of human life—
The glory and the guilt of war:
But break the chain—the yoke remove,
And smite to earth Oppression's rod,
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
Made mighty through the living God!

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood;
Nor longer let its idol drink
His daily cup of human blood.
But rear another altar there,
To Truth and Love and Mercy given,
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,
Shall call an answer down from Heaven!

RED JIM.

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

Five-and-twenty years ago it was such a summer, here in Victoria, as it now is in the end of February, 1865; that is to say, the bush grass lay long and dead among the moveless trees, or up on level tiresome plains; the heated air quivered against the low horison, and danced above the withered verdure like the surroundings of a furnace. There had been a long season of drought. Nothing but dry water-beds, distressed flocks, and wandering cattle were to be seen anywhere; sometimes the black heavy masses of smoke would roll along the distant sky, and cloud the glaring sun to crimson. Sometimes in the close night a flush, far and faint, told that the conflagrations which had not yet reached us were sweeping many an acre of brush or pasture land. That was a summer I shall never forget! Day after day the same bright dazzling sky, the scorched hills and plains, the weary irritating sense of prostration. I watched the poor half-maddened sheep weeks upon weeks, with a painful sense of duty which is present to me even now. There was little feed they could eat and still less of filthy stagnant water in the sole muddy pool on which they depended as their last resource Listlessly they coiled in the shade and listlessly I watched them, until I began to experience a fierce irritable longing for rain that haunted me day and night like a coming mania. Some nights I threw myself down outside the hut and tried to sleep, but could find no rest; the still hot atmosphere kept up the fever that was coming upon me, and my slumber was ever broken. I used to envy the old station horse they had left for my use, when I heard him nibbling among the grass in the darkness of the night, and snorting satisfaction that the sun had passed the hazy hills. After a time I began to loath the weary walk home, and, taking with me an extra supply of tea and damper, made a practice of camping where the sheep camped; visiting my hut only as the vagaries of the flock led me to its vicinity; then I replenished my stock and left with the sheep again. I am sure I had fever, and would soon have become delirious, for I had nothing to relieve the frightful monotony—always the same brazen sky, the dead sweltering heat, the motionless forest, the strange murmurings of the wilderness, like the faint whisperings of a sea shell. One night I was lying tossing about in the long grass of a box swamp, not a mile from my hut. I choose the place because the ground was cooler than on the unsheltered plain; and as I looked up the dull starlight, I thought of my boyish remembrances, and soon felt that I was weeping what time they surged up dimly and tenderly. How I longed for the bleak sky, the cold bracing wind, and the sleety rain of home! How I longed for the pattering fall of rain on the windows, and the winter-comfort of the bright hearthstone. Somehow these longings wove in my thoughts, and in a partial dream I heard winter songs again, and loud words and laughter.

I awoke with a sudden start to see, not 20 yards from me, three men hobbling their horses and speaking to each other about some bush fire. I could hardly persuade myself that I was not still dreaming.

One of the men was soon engaged in lighting a fire on a bare patch of ground, and I was about rising to join them and taste of companionship once more, when a column of flame started up suddenly and displayed a face that caused me to shrink back again with a muttering thanksgiving that I was not discovered. The face that the fire revealed was known to me at once, though I had never seen it before. The one eye and hair lip of "Red Jim" had been freely spoken about in every shepherd's hut on the surrounding stations. There was no mistaking him. The bull-dog forehead, the heavy jaw, and the thick neck, were features that in themselves would have sufficiently pointed out the identy of this escaped convict. Recalling the man now, as I saw him then I think I never beheld so perfect an impersonation of a bad criminal. It was well known that "Red Jim" had escaped from penal servitude, accompanied by three others, but had arrived in this Colony *alone*. It was equally well known that he could only have survived the incredible journey by cannibalism. Red Jim had ruthlessly murdered one or two settlers against whom he entertained a grudge, and every effort was being at that time made to capture him. There was nothing remarkable in the faces of his companions. They simply showed by words and features all the evidences of ruffianism usual in men of their class. They had coarse, long limbs and heavy reckless faces, seared into revolting harshness by a long series of crimes. Two of them were armed with guns.

These thoughts and observations passed through my mind in much less time than it takes to write them. I was speedily recalled from speculation by hearing the word "Hallelujah" used. 'Hallelujah was the sobriquet given to my master because of his strictly adhering to the habit of reading prayers in the family, morning and evening. Mr. Christmas was a kind, benevolent man, respected by every hand on the station, and by none more than myself. He had been very considerate to me in a late illness, and often sought by many subsequent attentions to cheer the loneliness of my employment. One of Red Jim's companions, in answer to something Red Jim said, replied with an oath: 'Yes, we'll see if his psalm-singing will save him now.'

Then the other said:—'There are a couple of women there, and we shall have time to give them a taste of bush life before morning.'

'Look ye 'ere,' growled the ruffian, 'we'll roast Hallelujah first. That's our look out. We'll see if the old prayer patterer has nothing else to do but help to run us down. Give him a taste of fire before the devil gets him.'

I had no fever, no lassitude, now; the prostration of the last few weeks left me as by magic, and in its stead I felt a fierce delightful energy tinkling along every nerve. Down close amongst the dry, tindering grass, away with suppressed breath, and a wild feeling closing round my heart, I crept from the vicinity of the fire. I pursued my way, on my hands and knees, with a slow determined care that has since surprised me, avoiding every branch or twig that might crackle in my path. I hurried on past the flock without so much as disturbing a sheep.

Not till a long safe distance intervened did I stand erect, and fresh for the events of the night. Whatever they might be, God in his mercy alone knew.

I turned and saw the black forms of the bush-rangers moving about the blaze, and with a run I started for the hut. Before a quarter of an hour passed, I saw it dimly against the sky, and almost at the same instant a frightened snort told me that the horse was within a few yards of my course. Uttering a hurried thanksgiving that I had found him so providentially near. I unfastened the hobbles with quick steady hands and lead him to the threshold.

I put on the patched saddle and bridle, and in another five minutes the fine old cob was stretching himself to a swift free gallop. My mind was too full for thought; but I can remember uttering repeatedly the words, 'thank God!'

What a contrast to the still hot monotonous days, and the enervated frame! What a testimony to the power of mental excitement over bodily lassitude? The horse felt my determination too, and sped along without pause or stumble. It was seven miles to the station, and the black belts of timber rose, and passed, and came again, as I hurried on for dear life, over crabbed ground and abrupt hillocks. The brave old cob had as little thought of rest as I had. Once, indeed, he paused at a rocky crossing place, but immediately resumed the swift pace at which we had started. Have horses intuition or presentiment? I don't know; but I have oftened wondered at the long unurged gallop of that brave old gelding.

There away beyond the black darkness, I see something that is not a star. It is moving, or is it the pace of the horse? It seems extinguished now. No, there it is again. Hurrah, it is a candle. It is the homestead, calm and peaceful. Again, thank God.

Strange to say, I never felt such a sense of pleasure as I did when I learned that I had found the house so quickly—the most familiar point is not easily gained in the trackless bush at night. A minute more, and I had dismounted to take down the slip panels of the station fence; another minute, and I had galloped up to the front entrance at a pace that dashed the gravel from the trim kept paths.

The door opened, and a gush of light streamed upon the darkness, glinting on the sides of the reeking horse. Mr. Christmas himself—old, but hale and vigorous as many a younger man—peered out into the night with an expression of surprise. In beyond, were the evidences of calm and refinement. A quiet comfort dwelt in the little glimpse I had of the room, that settled upon me even then, rough bushman as I was, with a pleasing sense. I can recall myself, bending below the withers of the panting horse, to peer under the rather low verandah, my dress wet with perspiration from his heavy sides, and my hand pressing the moisture from his shoulder till I heard it fall pattering on the gravel.

Mr. Christmas thought it was the working overseer, for he said 'Is that you Curran?' and without waiting for a reply, he turned to place the light upon the table, and then stepped out to where I was.

'Well, Curran, what is it? I thought you were at the fire.'

'It is not Curran, sir, I replied, 'but Ned the shepherd. I have come to tell you——'

'Better have your supper first, Ned. You've had a hard ride, I see. Are the sheep all right?'

'There is no time for supper. Red Jim!'

I hurriedly told him all I knew. He heard me to the end without once interrupting, and then, said quickly, 'Come in. There is indeed no time to lose.'

I stepped after him across the pleasant room, where there were seated two ladies reading.

'Ladies,' said Mr. Christmas, as gracefully as though I had held the position of a gentleman rather than that of a servant: 'This is Ned Graham, the shepherd, to whom you remember sending medicine and comforts during his illness.' The ladies bowed pleasantly as Mr. Christmas continued, 'He is now come to return your kindness with interest.'

They looked at me with some surprise; principally, I think, because of the emphatic, distinct way in which the last few words were spoken. After a pause, the master said. 'Amelia, Emily—I wish to speak to you both for a moment.'

They all three left the room, while I, curious in such matters, looked at the open books that were lying on the table. One was Ivanhoe; a second some French work; and that opposite the old gentleman's chair, a large family Bible.

In a few moments I heard Mr. Christmas's step as he returned with two double-barreled guns. There was a rigid expression on his face, very different to what I had ever seen there before; not the slightest evidence of faltering or fear.

'Are you cool, and a good shot?' were the first words he uttered.

'I am, sir,' I replied, confidently. 'Are the guns loaded, and the ladies safe?'

'They are in as safe a position as I can find for them, Ned, and the guns are loaded with course shot and ball. You had better see if the powder is well up in the nipples. I am sorry to say that my caps are none of the best. A shot missed, may be death to us, and to those I value more than myself. However, we are in the hands of God.'

'What plan do you propose, Mr. Christmas?' I asked, earnestly.

'Take half a glass of brandy and I will tell you.'

He signed to the sideboard, where a decanter stood. I was about to follow his suggestion, when he said, 'Stay! Don't pass between the light and the window. Go round the table. Everything must wear the appearance of peace. We cannot tell where they are now, and it would not do to arouse their suspicions.'

In a few minutes the light was extinguished, the door was bolted, and we stepped quietly out on the little parterre in front.

'Now,' said my master, slowly, 'there are only our two selves to defend my home and my children. My servants are all absent at a bush fire that was reported this afternoon, and everything will depend upon our coolness and determination. We cannot do otherwise than shoot and kill. The gang will, of course, enter by the slip panels, they will not run the risk of leaving their horses behind. Then, as the faintest noise can be heard on such a night as this, they will not haszard the pulling down of the fence. We will each take up a position behind the large posts, take sure aim, and fire low. I'll fire first.'

As silently as spectres, we walked across to the paddock entrance, and stood opposite each other at the place indicated. With straining eyes and beating heart, I peered into the obscurity. Afar. I thought I could see a faint tint on the sky, like the reflection of the ruffian's camp fire. The night was teribbly silent and oppressive. There was nothing apparently on which to exercise the senses but a kind of overpowering hush. There was a dim, hazy curtain across the sky, and the night was of a black darkness. I should have thought oftentimes that I was dreaming, were it not for the patient motionless figure opposite, and faint stairs. Inaction upon such circumstances is hardly to be borne, and my thoughts often wandered from their very intensity. I began to speculate how long it would take a star to pass some black ragged patch of cloud, and I would look before me and see it dancing on the darkness. Then the face of Red Jim would grow upon me, till I saw the hideous features close to where I stood. Still no sound broke on the dark shrouding night. Some times I thought with a chilly start that the bush-rangers might have approached the house by some other way, but up behind all was quiet.

At last there came a thin, faint murmur that barely caught the ear, and as I listened to know if it was real, I caught another but better defined noise that overpowered the first. At last I detected something that might be footfalls of a horse; sometimes it would die away and come again, and each time more clearly than before. And yet I could not feel certain that I was not deceiving myself. Eventually I heard a muffled sound, distinct and defined enough to proclaim the approach of a horse, or horses.

Mr. Christmas heard it also, for I dimly saw him move.

My hands felt along the cool barrels, and toyed with the hammers and triggers anxiously enough, and I put the gun to my shoulder against the sky, but failed to see the 'view.' Just as I had taken the weapon down again, Mr. Christmas said, in a clear, low whisper, 'Be sure you aim low, and don't be in a hurry.'

As the sound of the horses' hoofs and of voices mingled, I detected the double click from the opposite gun. I followed the example, and with both guns cocked, we waited the enemy's nearer approach. Gradually, I recognized the outlines of the men against the sky, cloudy as it was; they were approaching in single file, and as they became blacker and better defined, I heard a stifled laugh and an oath. In a short time they were within twenty yards of where we stood, and they pulled up to consult. Although they spoke in whispers, I heard much that passed, for my sense of hearing had become extremely acute, as that of all shepherds does. It was impossible to distinguish by the tones who the speakers were, but I heard one of them inquire:

'Are you sure the hands ain't above?'

'Sartain—when Leary spun his yarn about the fire, the cove sent 'em all away to it.'

'Hallelujah fust. If you fire the box, it'll bring 'em back.'

'And no gabbling the molls.' whispered one of them, authoritatively, and whom I fancied was Red Jim, 'till I make the cursed old psalm-singer a back log for the bonfire. Then we'll make love if you choose.'

'Come on!' said an impatient voice; 'don't hold a prayer meeting over it.'

They then tied their horses to a fence that ran at right angles to the post against which I stood, and approached the entrance still in single file. I determined to adhere strictly to the orders I had received, and waited for the opposite fire. I knew that my companion would allow the men to advance a little, so that he might not endanger me; and it was with a throbbing heart that I saw the black form of the first bushranger pass between us.

I heard him stumble with an oath over a cartrut. Then a line of flame cut its abrupt short track on the darkness, and the sound had not passed to echoes before a shrill cry followed it, as the villian staggered on a few paces and fell, plowing up the dust. The light of the discharge had just died out, when I heard another snap, as a sportsman shoot when firing right and left. I knew that the master's gun was now useless.

'Come on, Nix! It's the cove himself. I saw him by the light of the shot; his string is gone now.' And one of the men rushed to where my master stood, followed by his comrade.

I had one of them covered, but if I fired (I heard the noise of struggling) I might kill my master. Thus I stood with the gun at aim, undecided and half mad. The voice of one of the men saying, 'Damn you, knife him!' resolved me, and I fired amongst them. I saw some one sink down, but I could not tell who it was, and, as he appeared to let go his hold and rush to the horses, I took a second hurried aim and fired; then I bounded across the entrance just in time to see the wounded wretch bending over Mr. Christmas and trying to strangle him. In a moment the gun was poised and smashed to fragments on his skull. But we had exposed our strength, and the remaining bushranger, who believed he had stabbed my companion, seized one of the guns left standing at the fence, and fired. The ball was unpleasantly close, and I had scarce time to know that I was uninjured, when Red Jim himself was upon me with the weapon clubbed. I made a rapid spring at him before the blow could fall and grappled with him. We rolled on the ground together. With all the force of my strength I resisted his efforts to grasp me by the throat, but at last his hideous face sunk close to mine, and his teeth met beneath my chin. I experienced a suffocating giddy feeling, and then I heard hurried voices and running feet just as I felt my grip relax powerless. But the frightful grip relaxed too, and Red Jim rose to his feet, and jumped on my chest with all his force.

When I came to consciousness, I found myself in the cheerful parlor, and the ladies hands were tenderly washing away the traces of the fight. Mr. Christmas had fainted from loss of blood, but was not dangerously wounded.

Red Jim escaped, but his two companions, neither of whom were killed, were given into the safe keeping of the authorities, and afterwards hanged. Three years after the affray, Mr. Christmas made me his overseer, and finally his manager. A long time has passed since then, but yet a closer relationship exist between us. I am writing the tale of my early experiences at the same table whereon I saw the Bible on that memorable night. There is a lady who sits opposite to me. She was reader of Ivanhoe, the daughter of Mr. Christmas, and she is my wife.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DRUNKENNESS IN RUSSIA.

Of domestic subjects no two engross public attention so fully, and I may add so painfully, now in Russia as the fearful spread of inebriety among the lower classes, and what necessarily accompanies it in a land of wooden cottages, a corresponding increase in the number of conflagrations. By a legislative coincidence, which, perhaps, might have been better avoided, the serf was emancipated shortly after the abolition of the liquor monopoly and the consequent reduction in the price of the favourite *wodka*. Thus, while spirits became cheaper and were rendered more easily procurable in every village, the poor uneducated serf was placed in an independent position and allowed to indemnify himself for the slavery of centuries, for a time at least, by a demoralizing idleness. Exposed to the dangers of idleness and drunkenness combined, he naturally succumbed, and the consequence is that against 87,000 distilleries existing in 1862, no less than 288,000 were recorded in the official statistics for 1864. At the same time fires are distressingly frequent in every part of the realm, and the conflagration column, always well stocked, has become a standing, and, alas! but two interesting an ingredient in the composition of the Russian journals. In some cases, it is true, a not very "vocal" peasantry (using the word in the Carlylean sense) are suspected of having manifested their dissatisfaction with the quantity or the quality of the land allotted them by committing arson in the genuine *Moujik* style; but the majority of the cases are chargeable on the gin and its stupifying effects on the dwellers in the wooden huts. To judge from the cases reported day after day, the exact statistics, when published a year hence, will exhibit a most melancholy picture indeed, and, it may be foreseen even now, exceed anything of the kind ever witnessed in Russia—and that is saying a great deal. As appears from last year's returns, there occurred in European Russia (a term in which the capitals of Moscow and St. Petersburg, as well as the two separate dependencies of Poland and Finland are not included) no less than 546 fires in towns, and 4,005 fires in villages within the four months from May to August. The damage in the towns was estimated at 3,812,507 roubles, in the villages at 9,262,216 roubles. Large as these figures are, they must be small in comparison with the damage of the current year. Once upon the subject of statistics, I will communicate a few more particulars of a special kind, illustrative of the state of the country and the degree of civilization it has attained. Within the same period, and in the provinces specified, 382 persons were burnt to death, 260 murders and 542 suicides were reported to the authorities, 137 people were killed in affrays, 408 were killed by horses or by carts and trees falling upon them and crushing them to death, 421 by lightning, 107 died in consequences of injuries received from fire or were suffocated by gas inhaled from stoves, 478 succumbed to *delirium tremens*, 2,316 were cases of sudden death not coming under any of the above categories, 1,322 human corpses were found in fields and thoroughfares, of which 144 bore the marks of a violent death. In strange contrast to these terrible figures, no more than 131 robberies are recorded.—*Correspondent of the Times.*

THE CHOLERA AT ALEXANDRIA.

The *Triester Zeitung* publishes a report from Alexandria as to the cholera in Mecca, an imperfect account of which has previously appeared. It says:—

"The Mussulman festivals of the Kurban-Bairam took place during first twenty days of May, when 600,000 to 700,000 pilgrims annually assemble in Mecca and upon Ararat to celebrate their pilgrimmage with usual religious ceremonies. The mode of life, utterly opposed to all rules of dietetic prudence, pursued by these crowded masses for ten to fifteen days, at the holy places yearly entails a number of diseases to which many are sacrificed. This year the cholera, or, as the government prefers to call, cholerina, was added to the customary pests, and it is said to have carried off 20,000 people at Mecca and upon Gebel Ararat within the short space of two months. Private accounts place the loss of pilgrim life at 100,000—an estimate obviously exaggerated, as these do not even include the deaths by *cholera*. We in Alexandria have no more exact details as to this terrible drama, which made no extraordinary impression upon the pilgrims themselves, who, in the religious fanaticism, believe every one certain of Paradise who dies during pilgrimmage. The country being at all times inaccessible to European medical men, the meagre reports we have are derived from a few Egyptian military surgeons, ordered by the government to accompany the pilgrims from Egypt.'

TO EUROPE IN A WEEK.—We find it stated that a company of the leading ship owners of New York have under consideration plans for building four magnificent vessels of eight thousand tons each, to be propelled by engines of two thousand five hundred horse power, working two paddle wheels of the usual kind, and two screw propellers—so that in case of derangement of either set of machinery the other set should continue working without material impediment to the speed of the vessel. These vessels are to be capable of carrying 2,500 passengers at the variable fares of $25, $50, $75, according to the amount of accommodation required, between that city and Bristol, England. Meals are to be furnished on board the same as at any restaurant, and passengers can either eat or let it alone, as it may please them. The passage to Europe, it is believed, at 18 miles an hour, will be made in seven days, while the great length of the vessels, (nearly six hundred feet each) will over-reach or materially control the waves and prevent that terrible pitching motion that is more or less the dread of all sea-going travellers.

LAMENTABLE AND EXTRAORDINARY FATALITY.—We have to-day to record one of those sudden and fatal incidents which, when they occur, excite one feeling of sympathy throughout the whole country. Intelligence has been received in London of the death of Mrs. Arbuthnot by a most appalling accident. The young lady, who was only recently married, and was on her wedding tour, was struck by lightning yesterday near Interlachen during a thunderstorm, and instantly killed. The circumstances, as far as they are known, are these. Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot had arrived on their excursion, at Interlachen. Yesterday morning they set out on horseback, and, accompanied by a guide, began to ascend the Schelthorne, one of the Bernese Alps. When they left the village the weather was as fine as could be desired for such a trip. They had reached about half-way up the mountain when they alighted and walked some distance further. The sky then became overclouded, but there was nothing in the appearance of the atmosphere which gave any alarm to the guide, well accustomed to such sudden changes. Mrs. Arbuthnot, feeling a little tired, sat down to rest, and Mr. Arbuthnot and the guide proceeded some distance further up the assent, but never went out of sight or hearing of their companion. In a few minutes a furious thunderstorm burst over them, and they returned as rapidly as they could to the spot where they had left Mrs. Arbuthnot. They found her dead. She had been killed by lightning, and killed instantaneously. Mrs. Arbuthnot was the fourth daughter of Lord Rivers and niece of Earl of Granville. Her untimely death will be mourned by a wide circle of relatives, but the awful manner in which a beautiful young bride was cut off, in the midst of bright hopes and happiness, cannot but make a deep impression in every rank of society.—*London Times, June 23.*

A sad story of true love comes from Saint Louis. A young man in jest threatened not to marry his sweetheart. She drowned herself, and the disconsolate, raised a monument over her tomb, and then, her minature in one hand and a pistol in the other, shot himself dead by her grave. Her name was Elizabeth and his Funkhouser.

It is stated that Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, the illustrious Novelist, Poet and Statesman, who has charmed the wolrd by his beautiful creations, has become utterly deaf, and been forced to abandon the society even of his most intimate friends. He has gone to Paris to live unseen, under the professional care of the world's most eminent aurist residing there.