

# The Examiner

VOL. XXV.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1874.

NO. 9.

## CLOSING AND ARRIVAL OF MAILS,

AT  
POST OFFICE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND,  
AFTER FRIDAY, 19th DECEMBER.

MAILS.	CLOSE.	DUE.
Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and United States.	Tues. Thurs. and Sat. 8 p.m.	About Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evening, but uncertain.
Great Britain & Newfoundland, via Halifax.	Instant, and every second Tuesday and Thursday afterwards, 9 p.m.	Every Tuesday and Thursday after the 20th, and every alternate Tuesday afterwards.
Great Britain, via United States.	Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8 p.m.	Uncertain.
West Indies.	Forwarded to Halifax three times each week.	Uncertain.
Summerside and intermediate offices.	Daily, Sunday excepted, 9 p.m.	Daily, Sunday excepted, 2 p.m.
Georgetown and intermediate offices.	Daily, Sunday excepted, 9 p.m.	Daily, Sunday excepted, 2 p.m.
Western - Tignish, Alberton, etc.	Wednesday, Saturday, 9 p.m.	Wednesday, Saturday, 7 p.m.
Southern - Murray Harbour, Belfast, etc.	Monday, Thursday, 9 p.m.	Wednesday, Saturday, 2 p.m.
Beaconsfield - Tryon, Carport, etc.	Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 9 p.m.	Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 2 p.m.
Brackley Point - Covehead, etc.	Monday, Thursday, 8 a.m.	Tuesday, Friday, 9 a.m.
St. John's - Johnston's River, etc.	Friday, 12-30 p.m.	Friday, 10 a.m.

Letters intended for registration must be posted half an hour previous to the closing of the Mail by which they are to be forwarded, and the postage and registration fee must be prepaid.  
The postage on transient Newspapers and on Letters for City delivery, must, in all cases, be prepaid.  
Mails arriving before 10 p.m., will be delivered same night.  
Office hours from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.  
Money Orders issued and paid from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.  
A. A. MACDONALD, Postmaster.

## POETRY.

### DESPAIR.

Written for the Examiner.

Hope killing, dark and hollow, deep despair,  
That never dying worm upon the damned!  
Extinguisher of hope's faint flickering glare,  
Anv source of woes unthought of, and unnamed.

At thy approach, love spreads his golden wings,  
And parleys not, but wends a swift retreat.  
Peace, too, departs at thy imaginings,  
And to thy sway resigns the sceptered seat.

Then cloud, that intercepts heaven's light,  
Opposed to hope, as hell to heaven's bliss,  
Thou blackest, darkest, and most gloomy night,  
Absence of hope, and bottomless abyss.

Unseen of hope, as night is of the day,  
The countenance, too, like the withered rose,  
A soul denoting thy usurping sway,  
Thou gloomy guest and murderer of repose.

The withered cheek and hollow, sunken eye,  
The wand'ring frame, and disease that naught can bind,  
The secret tear, and the heart-beating sigh,  
Denote the gnawing cancer to the mind.

And must this midnight's cheerless, deepest gloom,  
Hold fast possession of the human soul?  
Beyond this earthly course, beyond the tomb,  
Long even as eternal ages roll.

— G. H. HARRISON.

## SUNDAY.

Sundays the pillars are  
On which heaven's vaults are based,  
The other days fill up the space,  
And hollow room with vanities.  
They are fruitful fields and borders  
In God's rich garden; that is base  
Which parts their ranks and borders.

Sundays of man's life,  
Through which the spirit's strings,  
Make braided to adorn the wife  
Of the eternal glory King.  
On Sunday heaven's gate stands open,  
Blissed are plentiful and free,  
More plentiful than hope.

— George Herbert.

## LITERATURE.

### THE SWEDISH IN PRAGUE.

CHAPTER I.

On the morning of the fated day, wild  
The swords of the Swedes were sharpening,  
And their firearms loading, the gardens  
And apartments of the royal palace in Prague  
were filled with preparations for the approaching  
festival, and almost all the citizens  
displaying holiday faces and holiday  
garments. At Troy, also, the family were  
about to take part in this general gala.  
Arms and accoutrements for man and horse  
were fastidiously in the courtyard. A committee  
of taste was in deep deliberation in the  
ladies' apartment, deciding on the various  
articles of silk and velvet—pearl and diamond,  
and, in fact, bestowed gaily.

Helen's breast was torn with  
anxious foreboding; her active imagination  
figured a thousand scenes of bloodshed, terror,  
and distress, in which her friends and her  
lover were equally involved. The greater her  
outward endeavors to assist (according to  
Odolovskaya's wish) in diffusing  
among these around a spirit of unconcern and  
of perfect devotion to the pleasures of the  
moment, so much the greater, also, her inward  
concerns and struggle to maintain her  
presence of mind.

Her mother, it is true, was safe. But  
her mother's life, it is true, was another  
person whose impending fate she could not  
calmly contemplate. Albert von Wallenstein,  
the idea of his being wrecked from  
unsuspecting slumber, unarmed, and surrounded  
by a furious enemy, wounded—and  
perhaps, mortally wounded—this  
idea of her father's latest command—to  
hunt her fancy all that restless night and  
morning.

Not she could not think of seeing her  
groomed friend perish. She was  
best in her reason; she knew her unbounded  
affection for him, and resolved to take  
advantage of it, to save him, without, at the  
same time, violating those obligations of  
secrecy under which she labored. She doubted  
not but she would present at the banquet,  
both of mind and person in order to draw  
from him the reason of his unaccountable  
long absence, and to prevail on him, under  
some plausible pretext, to escort her out of  
Prague in the evening, and pass the night  
in the castle of his relations where he would  
be secure from the attack of the Swedes.

She trusted that the execution of this little  
plot would not prove difficult. She knew  
that the festival was prolonged until mid-  
night, and that her uncle, who was so  
friendly to her, would return home  
early. This resolution and the preparation  
for her proceeding to the festival, tended to  
restore her mind to some degree of tranquillity.  
It was determined that the evaluate  
should set out somewhat earlier than would  
be otherwise necessary, in order first to  
attend to the necessary, she proceeded to  
do so as quickly as possible, and to array  
herself to the best advantage.

Wallenstein had awakened early that  
morning from unpleasant slumbers, in which  
the events of the preceding day were strangely  
mingled. At times with Joanna—which  
he had thought at some times tinged with  
a tender feeling toward himself—the contradiction  
to this suggested by the affair of the  
pardon, and her tears while gazing upon it—  
then the meeting with the stranger, and  
the notion that he had perhaps saved the  
life of his rival—lastly, the intelligence  
conveyed by Walden, of Helen's desire  
to see him—all crowded confusedly into his  
mind; still, the resolution to avoid her  
presence till one objectionable point was set  
at rest, continued predominant, and fixed  
him in the determination to be absent from  
the palace of the Governor. His dress;  
himself, therefore, in his usual manner;  
and after despatching some affairs at home,  
proceeded on a visit of business across the  
bridge. A few hours after, when returning  
by the same road, he saw at a little distance  
a train of several persons on horseback, and  
the people on the bridge gazing intently  
thereon. As the cavalcade advanced, he  
perceived, by the liveliness of the attendants,  
before he could discern the features of the  
parties, that it was the family of Baron von  
Seltow. He stood aside to desire the eque-  
strians to pass, and although desirous of  
escaping notice, found himself irresistibly  
obliged to seek the glance of Helen. She  
saw him at once, and checking her beautiful  
palfrey, saluted him by name, thus compelling  
him to advance beside her.

He had now a full view of the elegance of  
her attire. The high-laced collar, turned  
back from the edge of the bodice, gave to  
her lovely neck and shoulders, and  
closed in front upon the robe of dark satin,

which sparkled above her white underdress;  
while her dark hair, disposed in ringlets  
played freely about her face and neck.  
"Count Wallenstein!" said the lovely  
young woman, "do you at length see you once  
more? And even now, it is accident that  
thrusts you in our way!"  
Albert's face, at these words, was covered  
with crimson, and he stammered out some  
thing about business and pressing engage-  
ments.

"These excuses cannot be admitted," in-  
terposed Helen, with a smile; "surely one  
hour might have been found to prove to  
your friends that you had not quite forgotten  
them."  
"Who could ever forget you?" said Wal-  
lenstein, almost involuntarily.

"I presume you intend to be present at  
the festival of the Count?" inquired the  
Baroness—"for Albert was now walking be-  
side the horse."  
"I fear it will be his misfortune," an-  
swered Albert.

"I am sorry to hear that," observed the  
old Baron, gravely; "Count Martinitz will  
probably take offence at your absence."  
"Oh!" exclaimed Helen, half smiling  
half authoritatively, "he will come—he  
must," and she put her hand playfully on  
his shoulder.

The touch thrilled like electricity through  
the whole frame of her, who could have  
sung on his knees before the fascinating  
young beauty, despite his deeply-etched wrinkles.  
Scarcely conscious of what he did, he  
bowed assent to the smiling looks of his  
friends, who now again urged on their  
 steeds, and waved their hands in token of  
 adieu farewell. His eye turned slowly  
 away, in utter abstraction.

What should he think—that he? Could  
he now preserve his intention of stopping  
away from the festival, after his long  
promise to attend it? And, then, the likelihood,  
as well as the sad fate of the likelihood,  
He still seemed to hear the music of her  
voice, as it uttered those that ring expres-  
sions of impossibility to which would have  
required a more than stoical frigidity. What,  
if, after all, he held the chief place in her  
affections? What if she might have in her  
power to explain away all congenial ap-  
pearances?

Just at this moment he was met by Wal-  
den, attended by a servant in rich livery,  
and dressed in a splendid suit of yellow trunk-  
hose, with corresponding doublet; his blue  
coat, which hung over his right arm, was  
decorated with pale gold embroidery, whilst  
his light and highly-polished sword was held  
under his left. He had been seeking Albert,  
in order to have his company, and now joy-  
fully hailed him.

"What!" exclaimed Wallenstein, "are you  
not, come to invade me to a place  
which I would not slight to invite to visit?  
Well, I suppose it will be little to  
hold out; so pay me into my house,  
and while I make my toilette, and I will  
try to be as gay as the rest of you."

Albert crossed himself, with great care,  
in white doublet and hose, the ample  
fringes of the former were slashed in front  
and richly embroidered with green and silver, as  
was likewise his mantle, and Damascus  
sword, with a silver basket hilt, hung from a  
green sash by his side. His boots were short,  
with silver tips; and his light ashburn  
shoes, which fell profusely over his ankles,  
lacked well the contour of his noble counte-  
nance.

"What a fool I must be," exclaimed Wal-  
den, laughing, as he eyed his friend's  
figure, "to take you by my side! You em-  
phatically eclipse me in every respect. Why,  
you are a very Adonis! Is this elaborate  
display meant for the eyes of the fair Helen  
of Troy?"

As they were crossing the Italian square,  
in order to ascend the Russian, there  
stepped forth a very pretty, neatly dressed  
girl of the middle class from one of the  
gardens in front of the houses. She remain-  
ed standing at a respectful distance, and  
blush as she cast her eyes to both the gen-  
tlemen. Wallenstein recognized in her Joanna,  
and it did not escape Leopold that his cheek  
was suffused with a deeper crimson. Both  
saluted her in a most friendly manner.  
Wallenstein would fain have stopped a mo-  
ment to render her his promise for the  
evening; but he did not wish to cause her  
the slightest embarrassment, particularly  
before the observing eye of his friend; he  
therefore contented himself with casting a  
significant look at her as they passed on,  
unconscious whether or not the comprehended.

"Who was that pretty maiden?" inquired  
Leopold of his friend.  
"The daughter of the steward and inspector  
of my house and gardens," replied Albert  
briefly.

"You seem to understand each other ex-  
tremely well!"  
"It is natural we should do so, since we  
were brought up together as playmates."  
"But why should you blush about it?"  
"Blush? You are dreaming," cried Wal-  
enstein, and he checked himself again.  
"Well, well," said Leopold, laughing, as  
he looked into his friend's face, "never mind,  
I can hold my tongue the good reason  
I shall not learn anything from me."  
In this interchange of banter and depre-  
sion the friends proceeded to the palace  
where, received by a train of richly-dressed  
servants, they were led through various  
chambers, and at length the heavy folding  
doors of the saloon were thrown open, and  
displayed the whole assembly already col-  
lected.

Count Martinitz, a venerable and majestic  
looking man, who bore his seventy years  
(which had been to him a period full of  
trouble) with unabated vigor, advanced a  
few steps to meet them, and gave them a  
kind and hearty welcome, whilst many of  
the youthful party of the company gathered  
about the newcomers.

Wallenstein's eyes soon sought the object of  
his thoughts, whom he discerned in the  
centre of a crowd of ladies, among whom her  
beautiful form and elegant dress were readily  
distinguished. Helen also quickly perceived  
him, and a friendly salutation was returned  
by his respectful bow, showing that his  
presence was a source of gratification. As he  
was considering how he should approach her,  
and measuring with his eye the wide space  
between them, the folding doors again opened,  
and the House Marshal, with his silver  
staff, accompanied by numerous attendants,  
appeared in the ante-room, to announce  
that the banquet was ready.

Presently his arm in motion. The governor  
preceded his son to the lady of highest  
rank, and they were followed by the rest  
of the company, in due gradation. As they

passed through the long line of apartments  
and galleries, Wallenstein succeeded in ap-  
proaching Helen, and in whispering a few  
words to her. She said, in reply, "You  
have done well thus to meet our wishes, by  
appearing here. Believe me, you will not  
repent it."  
She said this in a tone somewhat more  
pointed than usual. Wallenstein looked at  
her, and perceived in her countenance an  
expression of uncommon kindness, together  
with marks of secret anxiety, which, now  
that the glow arising from the journey was  
diminished, rendered her features rather  
paler than ordinary. This observation fell  
upon Albert's heart, and excited his sym-  
pathy. What was it that weighed on Helen's  
mind? What had occurred to her during  
the week that he had been absent from  
Troy? Ought that he might remove this  
load from her breast, that he might give  
up his life, to bank in the sunshine of her  
eyes! He determined that, as far as cir-  
cumstances might allow, he would remain in  
company during the rest of the day; and he  
began to turn towards him, as if he would  
have said, so tender, that he appeared so kind,  
he could not pass the time disagreeably in  
his.

The thirteenth had, on account of its  
large dimensions, been selected for the ban-  
quet on the present occasion. The impos-  
ing size of this apartment, and its elegant  
bold-voiced roof (the pointed arches of  
which rose to a considerable height), could  
not fail to strike the spectator. From those  
parts where the cluster of Gothic pillars  
met above, hung heavy chandeliers with  
rich gilt branches. Upon both sides of the  
long saloon huge sideboards were placed,  
whereon stood immense bottles containing  
wines of the most costly and varied  
sorts, which sparkled invitingly when poured  
into the goblets of beautiful Bohemian  
glass. At the upper end of the saloon, the  
cloth was laid upon a table of horse-shoe  
shape, over which, at that part where the  
entrance of the governor was, the Bohemian  
flag was blown in a red field. In the centre  
of the table was a fountain, which, spouting  
forth a clear stream of rosewater, most  
agreeably perfumed the saloon. Over the  
entrance doors, opposite this table, a gallery  
was contrived, in which a band of musicians  
was stationed, in order to entertain the  
guests, during their meal with music (with-  
out, as natives of Bohemia, a band so rich in  
melody, they well understood) and also to  
celebrate the health about to be given during  
the banquet.

The band finished standing for the first  
time, the music with the governor at their  
head, and the rest of the saloon, led by the  
marshal, with his staff, who had no easy task  
in arranging them according to rank and  
dignity. At length, however, he succeeded in  
his endeavor; the crowd, which had  
swarmed around the table, crossed into the  
entrance of the saloon, and the ladies im-  
mediately in suspicion of an understanding  
with the very few believers, and are  
grudged even the very are breathe."

"And if he is so," replied Albert, "can  
you well blame a man who has, from his  
youth upward, struggled and fought against  
this party, and suffered so much from it?"  
The pursuance of their conversation was  
stopped by the banquet being at an end.  
The noisy music ceased, and the wine had  
spread cheerfulness among the guests,  
and in the lighted humor, the younger  
portion of them left the banquet for the  
hall room.

GOOD MANNERS A DUTY.  
BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Men often speak of good manners as an  
accomplishment. I speak of it as a duty.  
What then are good manners? Such man-  
ners as the usage of society have recog-  
nized as being agreeable men. Such man-  
ners as take away rudeness and submit  
to the brute creation all coarseness. There  
are a great many who feel that good man-  
ners are effeminate. They have a feeling  
that rude bluntness is a great deal more  
manly than good manners. It is a great  
deal more manly. But when men are  
crowded in communities, the art of living  
together is no small art. How to diminish  
friction, how to promote ease of inter-  
course; how to make every part of a man's  
life contribute to the welfare and satisfac-  
tion of those around him, how to keep  
down offensive pride, how to banish the  
raspings of selfishness from the intercourse  
of men; how to move among men im-  
pelled by various and conflicting motives,  
and yet not have collisions—this is the  
function of good manners.

It is not effeminate to be refined. In  
this land no man should plead inability.  
There may be a paucity in other coun-  
tries, there may be a class in foreign lands,  
who have no opportunities; but the oppor-  
tunities for knowing what constitutes  
good manners are so few, and whose igno-  
rance so gross, that they are excusable;  
but this is not the case with any within  
the sound of my voice.

That a man is a mechanic, is no reason  
why he should not be a perfect gentleman.  
I affirm for every American citizen the right  
to be, not simply a man, but a good-man-  
nered man. I have seen men at the anvil  
who were as perfect gentlemen as men of  
books or men who dig in the soil, a man  
who works in metals and woods, a man  
who builds, should not be a perfect gentle-  
man. There is nothing in mechanical occu-  
pations which is incompatible with the  
highest courtesy.

Not only is the violation of good man-  
ners inexcusable on ordinary grounds, but it  
is sinful. When, therefore, parents and  
guardians and teachers would inspire the  
young with a desire for the manners of  
good society, it is not to be thought that  
they are accomplishments which may be  
accepted or rejected. Every man is bound  
to observe the laws of politeness. It is  
the expression of good will and kindness.  
It promotes both beauty in the man who  
possesses it, and happiness in those who  
are about him. It is a religious duty, and  
should be a part of religious training.

There is a great deal of contempt ex-  
pressed for what is called etiquette in so-  
ciety. Now and then there are elements  
of etiquette which perhaps might well be  
ridiculed; but in the main there is just  
reason for all those customs which are  
under the head of etiquette. There is a  
reason which has regard to facility of inter-  
course. There is a reason in the avoidance  
of offence. There is a reason in comfort  
and happiness. And no man can afford to  
violate these unwritten customs of etiq-  
uette who wishes to act as a Christian gen-  
tleman.

I may speak, also, of a tendency which  
is bred by our institutions—the want of  
veneration. There are various ways in  
which this want of veneration is shown.  
We often hear that there is not the respect  
shown for magistrates and men of authority  
which is partly due, I think, to the  
institutions under which we live. One of  
the unfortunate effects derived from the  
early stages of democratic training is the  
sense of personal sovereignty; the feeling  
that we stand on as high ground as anybody  
else. Under monarchal institutions men  
are taught to revere the great and glorious  
does not prevent to any extent among us.  
I discern a great lack in this respect.  
Children, nowadays, are brought up to be  
pert, to be saucy, to be almost without  
restraint. They are brought up to have  
very little regard either for their parents  
or for their superiors. And although there  
are a great many Christian households  
where children are rightly bred in this re-  
gard, it seems to us there has been a decay  
of that instruction which used to prevail,  
the tendency of which was to make children  
modest and respectful. We bring up  
our children to be old and saucy, and im-  
pertinent.

This courtesy which carries with it re-  
spect, this testimony of veneration to the  
aged; this yielding one's self to a thousand  
little civilities for the sake of making  
others happy—oh what brightness it gives  
to life! What beauty, what adornment it  
gives to Christian character!

There are many other points that I  
might speak of. The effect of punctuality  
and order; the relations which men sus-  
tain to each other's convenience and nec-  
essity—these, and a hundred other branches  
of this subject I might discourse upon;  
but it is not necessary that I should go into  
them. I have given such examples as I  
have, merely as specimens, for the purpose  
of calling your attention to the minuteness  
and carefulness with which the Scripture  
indicates these things. It enjoins not  
merely the right spirit, but the right spirit  
manifested in the most beautiful way.

WINE AND WOMEN.  
The following extract from a Cincinnati  
dispatch to the Chicago Tribune, will give  
our readers a good idea of the anti-drinking  
crusade in Ohio.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 2.—The crusade of the  
women in Southern Ohio against the liquor  
saloon continues to increase in extent and  
importance. At Franklin, Warren County,  
the ladies are zealously keeping all the  
saloon-keepers from the saloons. One of  
the German saloon-keepers has signed  
their pledge and joined in with the services  
held in his front parlor. The same man  
had been a long time in the saloon, and  
gave a ball while the ladies were in the  
front singing hymns and praying  
towards evening the manager  
and told him to go down stairs. He  
abandoned the holding of the ball at his  
house, and went to the extreme end of the  
town, to a hall that was away from the  
prosperous.

At Warrenville, Warren County, several  
saloon-keepers held out, but it is said that  
the rougher men find it sometimes impos-  
sible to restrain tears as the ladies kneel on  
the floor in solemn prayer.

There are various ways in which this want  
of veneration is shown. We often hear that  
there is not the respect shown for magis-  
trates and men of authority which is partly  
due, I think, to the institutions under which  
we live. One of the unfortunate effects derived  
from the early stages of democratic training  
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up to be pert, to be saucy, to be almost  
without restraint. They are brought up to  
have very little regard either for their  
parents or for their superiors. And although  
there are a great many Christian households  
where children are rightly bred in this re-  
gard, it seems to us there has been a decay  
of that instruction which used to prevail,  
the tendency of which was to make children  
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gard, it seems to us there has been a decay  
of that instruction which used to prevail,  
the tendency of which was to make children  
modest and respectful. We bring up our  
children to be old and saucy, and imper-  
tinent.

This courtesy which carries with it re-  
spect, this testimony of veneration to the  
aged; this yielding one's self to a thousand  
little civilities for the sake of making  
others happy—oh what brightness it gives  
to life! What beauty, what adornment it  
gives to Christian character!

There are many other points that I  
might speak of. The effect of punctuality  
and order; the relations which men sus-  
tain to each other's convenience and nec-  
essity—these, and a hundred other branches  
of this subject I might discourse upon;  
but it is not necessary that I should go into  
them. I have given such examples as I  
have, merely as specimens, for the purpose  
of calling your attention to the minuteness  
and carefulness with which the Scripture  
indicates these things. It enjoins not  
merely the right spirit, but the right spirit  
manifested in the most beautiful way.

WINE AND WOMEN.  
The following extract from a Cincinnati  
dispatch to the Chicago Tribune, will give  
our readers a good idea of the anti-drinking  
crusade in Ohio.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 2.—The crusade of the  
women in Southern Ohio against the liquor  
saloon continues to increase in extent and  
importance. At Franklin, Warren County,  
the ladies are zealously keeping all the  
saloon-keepers from the saloons. One of  
the German saloon-keepers has signed  
their pledge and joined in with the services  
held in his front parlor. The same man  
had been a long time in the saloon, and  
gave a ball while the ladies were in the  
front singing hymns and praying  
towards evening the manager  
and told him to go down stairs. He  
abandoned the holding of the ball at his  
house, and went to the extreme end of the  
town, to a hall that was away from the  
prosperous.

At Warrenville, Warren County, several  
saloon-keepers held out, but it is said that  
the rougher men find it sometimes impos-  
sible to restrain tears as the ladies kneel on  
the floor in solemn prayer.

There are various ways in which this want  
of veneration is shown. We often hear that  
there is not the respect shown for magis-  
trates and men of authority which is partly  
due, I think, to the institutions under which  
we live. One of the unfortunate effects derived  
from the early stages of democratic training  
is the sense of personal sovereignty; the  
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anybody else. Under monarchal institutions  
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