

# The Examiner

VOL. XXV. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, MARCH 9, 1874. NO. 10.

### CLOSING AND ARRIVAL OF MAILS,

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

MAILS.	CLOSE.	DUCE.
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.	Tues, Thurs, and Sat, 25th instant, and every second Tuesday and Thursday afterwards, 8 p.m.	About Tuesday 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.
Summitville 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 - Finghis, Albert, etc.	Wednesday, Saturday, 9 p.m.	Tuesday, Friday, 2 p.m.
Eastern - St. Peter's, Souris, etc.	Monday, Thursday, 9 p.m.	Wednesday, Saturday, 7 p.m.
Southern - Murray Harbor, Belfast, etc.	Monday, Thursday, 9 p.m.	Wednesday, Saturday, 2 p.m.
Beaconsfield - Tryon, Crapaud, etc.	Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 9 p.m.	Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 2.30 p.m.
Brackley Point - Covehead, etc.	Monday, Thursday, 8 a.m.	Tuesday, Friday, 9 a.m.
Fredericton - 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 fees 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 6 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Money Orders issued and paid from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

A. A. MACDONALD, Postmaster.

### Business Cards.

**JAMES BRENNAN,**  
Sign and Carriage Painter,  
Paper Hanger & Glazier  
**SOURIS WEST.**

Orders will receive prompt attention.  
July 7, 1873.

**JOSEPH CREAMER,**  
Physician & Surgeon,  
25 Great George Street, (City Hotel).

Patients will be attended to at any hour.  
Ch'town, Oct. 13, 1873.

**CARVELL BROTHERS,**  
AUCTIONEERS,  
Commission Merchants,  
AND  
GENERAL AGENTS,  
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,  
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

**WILLIAM DODD,**  
Commission Merchant and  
AUCTIONEER  
QUEEN SQUARE,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

**F. M. CAMPBELL,**  
GENERAL MERCHANT  
COMMISSION AGENT,  
AUCTIONEER & BROKER  
TRINITY CORNER, GEORGETOWN, P. E. I.

AGENT FOR THE  
**Standard Life Insurance Co.**  
Sept. 1, 1873.

**HERMANS & SON,**

**Bell-Hangers, Gun and Tin-Smiths,**  
QUEEN STREET.

OPPOSITE WATSON'S DRUG STORE,  
**BEG** to return their thanks to the general public for the liberal patronage extended to them since their commencement in business, and ask for a continuance of the same. They keep constantly on hand

A neat Assortment of  
**TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS**  
&c., &c., &c.

ALL ORDERS in the above BUSINESS will be promptly attended to.

Having lately made large purchases in the Cheapest Markets, intended for House Builders, such as

**Gas Fitting, Water Closets, Bell Fittings, &c., &c.**

I am prepared to **SELL THEM AT RATES AS LOW AS CAN BE HAD IN THE CITY.**

To a generous public, we would say, that all orders in this BRANCH OF OUR BUSINESS will be attended to with Despatch.

A Lot of First Class WATER COOLERS on hand.

**SAYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE,**  
Sold Cheaper than ever  
N. W. 11-12

### PRINTING.

Having Improved  
**Power & Gordon Presses,**  
And a Good Variety of  
The Newest Styles of Type.

We are prepared to do all kinds of

**BOOK & FANCY JOB PRINTING**  
on the Lowest Terms, at the

**EXAMINER OFFICE,**  
**VULCAN FOUNDRY**  
GEORGETOWN.

STONES, engravings and retail. WINDLASS and MACHINERY CASTINGS in general always on hand, or supplied at the shortest notice.

Cash Paid  
J. A. RUTHERFORD & Co.,  
June 2, 1873-ly

**LABOR HOUSE,**  
PLEASANTLY SITUATED ON  
No. 3 Side King's Square,  
St. John, N. - New Brunswick.  
J. E. RUSSELL, PROPRIETOR.

### POETRY.

#### THE GHOST THAT JIM SAW.

(IN ASSA PACIFIC RAILWAY.)  
1873.

"Why, as to that," said the engineer, "Ghosts ain't things we are apt to fear. Spirits don't fool with levers much. And throttle-valves don't take to such; and as for Jim—"

What happened to him? Was one-half fast and 't'other half whist! Running one night on the line, he saw A house—as plain as the moon in the sky— Just by the moonlight bank, and thence Came a drunken man with no more sense Than to drop on the rail.

That ghost when I took As Jim drove by with the midnight mail. Down went the patents. Steam reversed! Too late! for there came a third. Jim cursed.

As his fireman, there in the cab with him Kinder stared in the face of Jim. And says, "What now?" Says Jim, "What now?" I've just run over a man—that's how!

The fireman stared at him. They ran Back, but they never found horse nor man— Nary a shadow with a mile Jim and you're ghost. And says, "What now?" Says Jim, "What now?" I've just run over a man—that's how!

The fireman stared at him. They ran Back, but they never found horse nor man— Nary a shadow with a mile Jim and you're ghost. And says, "What now?" Says Jim, "What now?" I've just run over a man—that's how!

Would you believe it! the very next night Up rose that house in the moonlight white, Out comes the chap and drops as before. Down goes the brakes, and I the rest enquire— And so, in fact, Each night that net Occurred, till folks swore Jim was cracked.

Humph! let me see; it's a year now, most, That I met Jim, east, and says, "How is your ghost?" "Gone," says Jim; "and more, it's plain That ghosts don't trouble me again."

I thought I took A place on the Eastern line—but look!

What should I meet the first trip out. But that very house that we talked about, And that self-same man! Well, I, "I guess It's time to stop this yer foolishness."

So I cranked on steam, And when there came a scream From my fireman—and it broke my dream— "You've killed somebody!" says I; "Not much, I've been there often and that ain't no such And—no I'll prove it." Back we ran, And—furn my skin that there was a man On the rail, dead.

Smashed on the head— Now I call that meanness. "That's all Jim said—"

—Buck Davis.

### LITERATURE.

#### THE SWEDEN IN PRAGUE.

CHAPTER XI.

Meanwhile, fresh parties had arrived, who had not joined in the festivities of the dinner, but, after regaling themselves with potations of wine, were anxiously awaiting the commencement of the dance. Among these was our old acquaintance, Baron Pletten, who put on a waggish smile as he perceived Albert leading Helen into the saloon. He greeted Wallenstein, however with great respect, and began to talk with him about the adventure of the preceding night behind the Capuchin Church. Helen's attention was fixed by the mention of this occurrence; but Leopold, who was with them, requested further explanation of Pletten, who then related that Wallenstein had, the evening before, drawn his sword, like a brave knight, in defence of one who had been knighted.

"Indeed!" cried Leopold; then turning to Wallenstein, you told me nothing of this."

"It was not worth speaking about," replied our hero.

"Nay, but it was," continued Pletten; "the combat was pretty warm, and the person very probably had been lost, but for your interposition."

You have saved a human being's life!" exclaimed Helen; "that was noble, generous."

"It was both," said Pletten; "whether it was wise or not, will appear hereafter."

"What meant you by that observation, Baron?" asked Albert; "and how comes it you are so well informed of all that happened last night?"

"I learnt it from the most authentic source," replied the other; "from the soldiers, out of whose hands you extricated the unknown. They recognized you."

"True," said Wallenstein, "one of them called out my name."

"They would not, for the who's who, have turned their words against the nephew of their former general, even had he not proved himself so brave and resolute as according to their united evidence, you did."

"Well, then, who was the Unknown?" asked Leopold.

"Ay, that is the point," said Pletten; "respecting which I should be almost inclined to begin a war with Count Wallenstein. My people (for these men belong to my regiment) had traced the fellows some days before. He is most certainly a Swedish spy, or something like one; for he was always seen sneaking about the fortifications, writing or drawing upon his tablets."

"Then why was he not long since seized?" asked Wulden.

"There was not sufficient proof against him," answered the Baron. "He wears the imperial uniform, and is said to be a discharged officer, calling himself Odowalsky."

At those words, Helen, who had hitherto listened with marked attention, suddenly changed color, and her agitation was so observable, that Pletten inquired, with a tone somewhat sarcastic, if she were unwell? Not adverting to the real cause of her confusion, she assented to a goodness resulting, perhaps, from the heat of the room, a same time struggling hardly and visibly to regain her self-possession.

Wallenstein's eye rested gloomily upon his fair companion, and the conviction of the very lively interest she took in this Odowalsky, fell with icy coldness on the warm spring of his reviving hopes.

"He gave me another name," remarked he, "evidently another."

"Oh! I can readily believe that," cried Pletten; "the rascal gives himself sundry appellations, representing himself at one time as a Swede, and at another as a Saxon; he pretends, with our Generals, to be a zealous Catholic, while, with the Swedes, he talks of confession and the mass! In a word, he acts any character that may suit his immediate purpose."

"And what do you imagine to be his real object?" inquired Leopold.

"How should I know?" exclaimed the Baron; "some villainy, no doubt."

"Is not that going rather too far, sir?" cried Helen, almost trembling with suppressed emotion; "is it quite fair, when an absent man's proceedings and motives are confessedly unknown, at once to pronounce them villainous?"

### POETRY.

#### THE GHOST THAT JIM SAW.

(IN ASSA PACIFIC RAILWAY.)  
1873.

"Why, as to that," said the engineer, "Ghosts ain't things we are apt to fear. Spirits don't fool with levers much. And throttle-valves don't take to such; and as for Jim—"

What happened to him? Was one-half fast and 't'other half whist! Running one night on the line, he saw A house—as plain as the moon in the sky— Just by the moonlight bank, and thence Came a drunken man with no more sense Than to drop on the rail.

That ghost when I took As Jim drove by with the midnight mail. Down went the patents. Steam reversed! Too late! for there came a third. Jim cursed.

As his fireman, there in the cab with him Kinder stared in the face of Jim. And says, "What now?" Says Jim, "What now?" I've just run over a man—that's how!

The fireman stared at him. They ran Back, but they never found horse nor man— Nary a shadow with a mile Jim and you're ghost. And says, "What now?" Says Jim, "What now?" I've just run over a man—that's how!

The fireman stared at him. They ran Back, but they never found horse nor man— Nary a shadow with a mile Jim and you're ghost. And says, "What now?" Says Jim, "What now?" I've just run over a man—that's how!

Would you believe it! the very next night Up rose that house in the moonlight white, Out comes the chap and drops as before. Down goes the brakes, and I the rest enquire— And so, in fact, Each night that net Occurred, till folks swore Jim was cracked.

Humph! let me see; it's a year now, most, That I met Jim, east, and says, "How is your ghost?" "Gone," says Jim; "and more, it's plain That ghosts don't trouble me again."

I thought I took A place on the Eastern line—but look!

What should I meet the first trip out. But that very house that we talked about, And that self-same man! Well, I, "I guess It's time to stop this yer foolishness."

So I cranked on steam, And when there came a scream From my fireman—and it broke my dream— "You've killed somebody!" says I; "Not much, I've been there often and that ain't no such And—no I'll prove it." Back we ran, And—furn my skin that there was a man On the rail, dead.

Smashed on the head— Now I call that meanness. "That's all Jim said—"

—Buck Davis.

### LITERATURE.

#### THE SWEDEN IN PRAGUE.

CHAPTER XI.

Meanwhile, fresh parties had arrived, who had not joined in the festivities of the dinner, but, after regaling themselves with potations of wine, were anxiously awaiting the commencement of the dance. Among these was our old acquaintance, Baron Pletten, who put on a waggish smile as he perceived Albert leading Helen into the saloon. He greeted Wallenstein, however with great respect, and began to talk with him about the adventure of the preceding night behind the Capuchin Church. Helen's attention was fixed by the mention of this occurrence; but Leopold, who was with them, requested further explanation of Pletten, who then related that Wallenstein had, the evening before, drawn his sword, like a brave knight, in defence of one who had been knighted.

"Indeed!" cried Leopold; then turning to Wallenstein, you told me nothing of this."

"It was not worth speaking about," replied our hero.

"Nay, but it was," continued Pletten; "the combat was pretty warm, and the person very probably had been lost, but for your interposition."

You have saved a human being's life!" exclaimed Helen; "that was noble, generous."

"It was both," said Pletten; "whether it was wise or not, will appear hereafter."

"What meant you by that observation, Baron?" asked Albert; "and how comes it you are so well informed of all that happened last night?"

"I learnt it from the most authentic source," replied the other; "from the soldiers, out of whose hands you extricated the unknown. They recognized you."

"True," said Wallenstein, "one of them called out my name."

"They would not, for the who's who, have turned their words against the nephew of their former general, even had he not proved himself so brave and resolute as according to their united evidence, you did."

"Well, then, who was the Unknown?" asked Leopold.

"Ay, that is the point," said Pletten; "respecting which I should be almost inclined to begin a war with Count Wallenstein. My people (for these men belong to my regiment) had traced the fellows some days before. He is most certainly a Swedish spy, or something like one; for he was always seen sneaking about the fortifications, writing or drawing upon his tablets."

"Then why was he not long since seized?" asked Wulden.

"There was not sufficient proof against him," answered the Baron. "He wears the imperial uniform, and is said to be a discharged officer, calling himself Odowalsky."

At those words, Helen, who had hitherto listened with marked attention, suddenly changed color, and her agitation was so observable, that Pletten inquired, with a tone somewhat sarcastic, if she were unwell? Not adverting to the real cause of her confusion, she assented to a goodness resulting, perhaps, from the heat of the room, a same time struggling hardly and visibly to regain her self-possession.

Wallenstein's eye rested gloomily upon his fair companion, and the conviction of the very lively interest she took in this Odowalsky, fell with icy coldness on the warm spring of his reviving hopes.

"He gave me another name," remarked he, "evidently another."

"Oh! I can readily believe that," cried Pletten; "the rascal gives himself sundry appellations, representing himself at one time as a Swede, and at another as a Saxon; he pretends, with our Generals, to be a zealous Catholic, while, with the Swedes, he talks of confession and the mass! In a word, he acts any character that may suit his immediate purpose."

"And what do you imagine to be his real object?" inquired Leopold.

"How should I know?" exclaimed the Baron; "some villainy, no doubt."

"Is not that going rather too far, sir?" cried Helen, almost trembling with suppressed emotion; "is it quite fair, when an absent man's proceedings and motives are confessedly unknown, at once to pronounce them villainous?"

### POETRY.

#### THE GHOST THAT JIM SAW.

(IN ASSA PACIFIC RAILWAY.)  
1873.

"Why, as to that," said the engineer, "Ghosts ain't things we are apt to fear. Spirits don't fool with levers much. And throttle-valves don't take to such; and as for Jim—"

What happened to him? Was one-half fast and 't'other half whist! Running one night on the line, he saw A house—as plain as the moon in the sky— Just by the moonlight bank, and thence Came a drunken man with no more sense Than to drop on the rail.

That ghost when I took As Jim drove by with the midnight mail. Down went the patents. Steam reversed! Too late! for there came a third. Jim cursed.

As his fireman, there in the cab with him Kinder stared in the face of Jim. And says, "What now?" Says Jim, "What now?" I've just run over a man—that's how!

The fireman stared at him. They ran Back, but they never found horse nor man— Nary a shadow with a mile Jim and you're ghost. And says, "What now?" Says Jim, "What now?" I've just run over a man—that's how!

The fireman stared at him. They ran Back, but they never found horse nor man— Nary a shadow with a mile Jim and you're ghost. And says, "What now?" Says Jim, "What now?" I've just run over a man—that's how!

Would you believe it! the very next night Up rose that house in the moonlight white, Out comes the chap and drops as before. Down goes the brakes, and I the rest enquire— And so, in fact, Each night that net Occurred, till folks swore Jim was cracked.

Humph! let me see; it's a year now, most, That I met Jim, east, and says, "How is your ghost?" "Gone," says Jim; "and more, it's plain That ghosts don't trouble me again."

I thought I took A place on the Eastern line—but look!

What should I meet the first trip out. But that very house that we talked about, And that self-same man! Well, I, "I guess It's time to stop this yer foolishness."

So I cranked on steam, And when there came a scream From my fireman—and it broke my dream— "You've killed somebody!" says I; "Not much, I've been there often and that ain't no such And—no I'll prove it." Back we ran, And—furn my skin that there was a man On the rail, dead.

Smashed on the head— Now I call that meanness. "That's all Jim said—"

—Buck Davis.

### LITERATURE.

#### THE SWEDEN IN PRAGUE.

CHAPTER XI.

Meanwhile, fresh parties had arrived, who had not joined in the festivities of the dinner, but, after regaling themselves with potations of wine, were anxiously awaiting the commencement of the dance. Among these was our old acquaintance, Baron Pletten, who put on a waggish smile as he perceived Albert leading Helen into the saloon. He greeted Wallenstein, however with great respect, and began to talk with him about the adventure of the preceding night behind the Capuchin Church. Helen's attention was fixed by the mention of this occurrence; but Leopold, who was with them, requested further explanation of Pletten, who then related that Wallenstein had, the evening before, drawn his sword, like a brave knight, in defence of one who had been knighted.

"Indeed!" cried Leopold; then turning to Wallenstein, you told me nothing of this."

"It was not worth speaking about," replied our hero.

"Nay, but it was," continued Pletten; "the combat was pretty warm, and the person very probably had been lost, but for your interposition."

You have saved a human being's life!" exclaimed Helen; "that was noble, generous."

"It was both," said Pletten; "whether it was wise or not, will appear hereafter."

"What meant you by that observation, Baron?" asked Albert; "and how comes it you are so well informed of all that happened last night?"

"I learnt it from the most authentic source," replied the other; "from the soldiers, out of whose hands you extricated the unknown. They recognized you."

"True," said Wallenstein, "one of them called out my name."

"They would not, for the who's who, have turned their words against the nephew of their former general, even had he not proved himself so brave and resolute as according to their united evidence, you did."

"Well, then, who was the Unknown?" asked Leopold.

"Ay, that is the point," said Pletten; "respecting which I should be almost inclined to begin a war with Count Wallenstein. My people (for these men belong to my regiment) had traced the fellows some days before. He is most certainly a Swedish spy, or something like one; for he was always seen sneaking about the fortifications, writing or drawing upon his tablets."

"Then why was he not long since seized?" asked Wulden.

"There was not sufficient proof against him," answered the Baron. "He wears the imperial uniform, and is said to be a discharged officer, calling himself Odowalsky."

At those words, Helen, who had hitherto listened with marked attention, suddenly changed color, and her agitation was so observable, that Pletten inquired, with a tone somewhat sarcastic, if she were unwell? Not adverting to the real cause of her confusion, she assented to a goodness resulting, perhaps, from the heat of the room, a same time struggling hardly and visibly to regain her self-possession.

Wallenstein's eye rested gloomily upon his fair companion, and the conviction of the very lively interest she took in this Odowalsky, fell with icy coldness on the warm spring of his reviving hopes.

"He gave me another name," remarked he, "evidently another."

"Oh! I can readily believe that," cried Pletten; "the rascal gives himself sundry appellations, representing himself at one time as a Swede, and at another as a Saxon; he pretends, with our Generals, to be a zealous Catholic, while, with the Swedes, he talks of confession and the mass! In a word, he acts any character that may suit his immediate purpose."

"And what do you imagine to be his real object?" inquired Leopold.

"How should I know?" exclaimed the Baron; "some villainy, no doubt."

"Is not that going rather too far, sir?" cried Helen, almost trembling with suppressed emotion; "is it quite fair, when an absent man's proceedings and motives are confessedly unknown, at once to pronounce them villainous?"

### POETRY.

#### THE GHOST THAT JIM SAW.

(IN ASSA PACIFIC RAILWAY.)  
1873.

"Why, as to that," said the engineer, "Ghosts ain't things we are apt to fear. Spirits don't fool with levers much. And throttle-valves don't take to such; and as for Jim—"

What happened to him? Was one-half fast and 't'other half whist! Running one night on the line, he saw A house—as plain as the moon in the sky— Just by the moonlight bank, and thence Came a drunken man with no more sense Than to drop on the rail.

That ghost when I took As Jim drove by with the midnight mail. Down went the patents. Steam reversed! Too late! for there came a third. Jim cursed.

As his fireman, there in the cab with him Kinder stared in the face of Jim. And says, "What now?" Says Jim, "What now?" I've just run over a man—that's how!

The fireman stared at him. They ran Back, but they never found horse nor man— Nary a shadow with a mile Jim and you're ghost. And says, "What now?" Says Jim, "What now?" I've just run over a man—that's how!

The fireman stared at him. They ran Back, but they never found horse nor man— Nary a shadow with a mile Jim and you're ghost. And says, "What now?" Says Jim, "What now?" I've just run over a man—that's how!

Would you believe it! the very next night Up rose that house in the moonlight white, Out comes the chap and drops as before. Down goes the brakes, and I the rest enquire— And so, in fact, Each night that net Occurred, till folks swore Jim was cracked.

Humph! let me see; it's a year now, most, That I met Jim, east, and says, "How is your ghost?" "Gone," says Jim; "and more, it's plain That ghosts don't trouble me again."

I thought I took A place on the Eastern line—but look!

What should I meet the first trip out. But that very house that we talked about, And that self-same man! Well, I, "I guess It's time to stop this yer foolishness."

So I cranked on steam, And when there came a scream From my fireman—and it broke my dream— "You've killed somebody!" says I; "Not much, I've been there often and that ain't no such And—no I'll prove it." Back we ran, And—furn my skin that there was a man On the rail, dead.

Smashed on the head— Now I call that meanness. "That's all Jim said—"

—Buck Davis.

### LITERATURE.

#### THE SWEDEN IN PRAGUE.

CHAPTER XI.

Meanwhile, fresh parties had arrived, who had not joined in the festivities of the dinner, but, after regaling themselves with potations of wine, were anxiously awaiting the commencement of the dance. Among these was our old acquaintance, Baron Pletten, who put on a waggish smile as he perceived Albert leading Helen into the saloon. He greeted Wallenstein, however with great respect, and began to talk with him about the adventure of the preceding night behind the Capuchin Church. Helen's attention was fixed by the mention of this occurrence; but Leopold, who was with them, requested further explanation of Pletten, who then related that Wallenstein had, the evening before, drawn his sword, like a brave knight, in defence of one who had been knighted.

"Indeed!" cried Leopold; then turning to Wallenstein, you told me nothing of this."

"It was not worth speaking about," replied our hero.

"Nay, but it was," continued Pletten; "the combat was pretty warm, and the person very probably had been lost, but for your interposition."

You have saved a human being's life!" exclaimed Helen; "that was noble, generous."

"It was both," said Pletten; "whether it was wise or not, will appear hereafter."

"What meant you by that observation, Baron?" asked Albert; "and how comes it you are so well informed of all that happened last night?"

"I learnt it from the most authentic source," replied the other; "from the soldiers, out of whose hands you extricated the unknown. They recognized you."

"True," said Wallenstein, "one of them called out my name."

"They would not, for the who's who, have turned their words against the nephew of their former general, even had he not proved himself so brave and resolute as according to their united evidence, you did."

"Well, then, who was the Unknown?" asked Leopold.

"Ay, that is the point," said Pletten; "respecting which I should be almost inclined to begin a war with Count Wallenstein. My people (for these men belong to my regiment) had traced the fellows some days before. He is most certainly a Swedish spy, or something like one; for he was always seen sneaking about the fortifications, writing or drawing upon his tablets."

"Then why was he not long since seized?" asked Wulden.

"There was not sufficient proof against him," answered the Baron. "He wears the imperial uniform, and is said to be a discharged officer, calling himself Odowalsky."

At those words, Helen, who had hitherto listened with marked attention, suddenly changed color, and her agitation was so observable, that Pletten inquired, with a tone somewhat sarcastic, if she were unwell? Not adverting to the real cause of her confusion, she assented to a goodness resulting, perhaps, from the heat of the room, a same time struggling hardly and visibly to regain her self-possession.

Wallenstein's eye rested gloomily upon his fair companion, and the conviction of the very lively interest she took in this Odowalsky, fell with icy coldness on the warm spring of his reviving hopes.

"He gave me another name," remarked he, "evidently another."

"Oh! I can readily believe that," cried Pletten; "the rascal gives himself sundry appellations, representing himself at one time as a Swede, and at another as a Saxon; he pretends, with our Generals, to be a zealous Catholic, while, with the Swedes, he talks of confession and the mass! In a word, he acts any character that may suit his immediate purpose."

"And what do you imagine to be his real object?" inquired Leopold.

"How should I know?" exclaimed the Baron; "some villainy, no doubt."

"Is not that going rather too far, sir?" cried Helen, almost trembling with suppressed emotion; "is it quite fair, when an absent man's proceedings and motives are confessedly unknown, at once to pronounce them villainous?"

### MR. CARLYLE ON CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The following letter from Mr. Carlyle to Sir J. Whitworth, touching some philanthropic intentions of the latter towards his work-people, was read on Jan. 26 by Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton at a meeting of the Stourbridge Association of Artisans, and read of your offer on behalf of the thrifty work-people of Darley, and of the thoughtful acceptance of the same by the district authorities of the place. I cannot resist the highly unwelcome desire that has arisen in me to say that I highly approve and applaud the ideas you have on the subject, and to declare in words that in my opinion nothing wiser, more beneficent or worthy of your distinguished place as a master of workers, has come before me for many a year. Would to heaven all or many of the captains of industry in England had a soul in them such as yours, and could do as you have done, or could still further cooperate with you in work and plans to the like effect. The look of England is to me at this moment abundantly ominous, the question of capital and labor growing ever more and more insoluble by the notions hitherto applied to it, pretty certain to issue in a general strike, unless some other gospel than that of the dismal science be introduced to illumine it. Two things are pretty sure to me. The first is that capital and labor never can or will agree together till both first of all decide on doing their work faithfully throughout, and like men of conscience and honor, whose highest aim is to behave like faithful citizens of this universe, and obey the eternal commandment of Almighty God who made them. The second thing is that a sudden object even than that of the coal strike, or any conceivable strike, is the fact, loosely speaking, we may say all England has decided that the profitable way to do its work is, simply, swiftly, and mendaciously. What a contrast between us and only 100 years ago! At the latter date, or still more conspicuously for ages before it, all England awoke to its work with an invocation to the Eternal Maker to bless them in their day's labor, and help them to do it well. Now all England, shopkeepers, workmen, all manner of competing laborers, awoken as if it were an unspoken but heartfelt prayer to Beelzebub, "Oh, help us, thou great lord of shoddy, adulteration, and malfeasance, to do our work with the maximum of sinfulness, swiftness, profit, and mendacity, for the devil's sake. Amen."

### MR. DISRAELI.

It is, says the Standard, just a quarter of a century since, on the death of Lord George Bentinck, Mr. Disraeli succeeded to the leadership of the Conservative party in the House of Commons, and at that time his followers did not number 150. He will meet the new parliament with a compact majority. The contrast is startling, and there is something that—to Liberals at least—must seem magical in it. During all that period they have had command of a majority of the course of legislation, of what is called the spirit of the time, and the current of events. Slowly, steadily, patiently, surely, Mr. Disraeli has continued to pull up stream, and to the infinite surprise of his adversaries, they now perceive that the stream is running with him. There can be no doubt that he has had innumerable and most discouraging difficulties to contend with, difficulties such as would have crushed a less indomitable nature. Even his two brief experiences of power were calculated to depress rather than to encourage. In spite of his unparalleled personal successes, this is the first time in his long and arduous career that he finds himself the leader of a parliamentary majority. As his more just and discriminating opponents confess, it is the first time that Mr. Disraeli has had a fair chance as a practical statesman, and one of his most consistent and bitterest critics observes of him, "Mr. Disraeli is a great man of the world; he has watched the vanities, and can appreciate the motives, of human nature; he has a cool, impartial mind, and these are valuable ingredients in a Premier's character." We are not going to copy the faults of those who, by their various successes, have made Mr. Gladstone's downfall in public estimation ludicrous as well as startling. Mr. Disraeli is, undoubtedly, sometimes a little deficient in the valuable qualities of painstaking. He has the defects as well as the merits of a man of genius as opposed to a man like Mr. Gladstone, who, though a man of the greatest talents, is still only a man of talent. But three qualities he has pre-eminently—courage, patience and tact; and these are the qualities which make him a leader of men. He has waited and fought for his reward long and gallantly—so gallantly that even his nobler opponents do not begrudge it him.

### THE CONFESSIONAL.

Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, brother of Henry Ward Beecher, has written a long letter to the New York Independent, in favor of confession and absolution. The following is an extract.

"I shall wait a little, said the count, at last, 'unless the garden gates for me. Perhaps you may still come, and the night is most beautiful.'"

Bertram obeyed, conjecturing within himself all manner of things about his lord; while Wallenstein stepped into the garden, which was dark and balmy, and sending back the old man gave himself up, surrounded by silence, solitude and night, to thoughts and recollections.

In the moon and its royal gardens all the lights were gradually vanishing; the guests had retired, and quiet darkness sank refreshingly, after the noise of the day, on the heads of the wearied partakers in the festival.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Poland has had 37,387 cases of cholera this year. (Standard, 64,624.)

The Emperor Francis Joseph has returned from his visit to the Czars.

Ice-landers celebrate the millennium of their country this year.

Nine hundred Communists are still awaiting trial in France.

Henry Ward Beecher prescribes Christianity as a cure for communism.

Wasson's churches raise money by means of nine-cent festivals.

A Shropshire ram was rented for the season in England for \$1,000 gold.

Official advices confirm the reports of the ravages of cholera at Buenos Ayres.

Right Hon. John Lubbock is to be raised to the peerage.

Prof. Huxley has been installed as rector of the University of Aberdeen.

The Senate has confirmed the appointment of Simmons as Collector at Boston.

Tennyson is said to have written his own obituary, but is not ready to give it out.

The third and concluding volume of "Forster's Life of Dickens" was issued on the 20th ult.

A fire at Panama, on the 19th destroyed most of the city, loss one million of dollars.

The Spanish Government is desirous of obtaining some vessels in England to augment the fleet.

Mr. Dudley Baxter calculates that the national debt of the United States is \$90,000,000.

Ninety thousand workmen have contributed one penny each toward a statue of the late Earl Derby.

The Turkish Government has it is stated, ordered the construction of an English iron clad corvette at a cost of \$2,000,000.

The chemist still lives in London who first produced phosphorus for use by the friction match manufacturers at \$2500 per pound.

At the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, the Queen has granted a pension of \$1,000 per annum to Dr. Livingstone's children.

Great Britain pays out \$1,515,695 annually to the descendants of persons who have rendered great service to the State.

The Prince Imperial will attain his majority on the 18th of March. There is to be a grand gathering at Chislehurst on the occasion.

The amount estimated to have been paid as passage money between the United States and Great Britain last year is \$20,000,000.

Troops have been telegraphed for to the Cloud Agency, in expectation of an immediate outbreak of hostilities by the Sioux Indians.

The English Post Office carries annually about 1,500,000 letters, 75,000,000 postal cards, 103,000,000 book packets, and 99,000,000 newspapers.

The London Academy February 14th publishes a letter from Lieutenant Cameron of the Livingston search expedition reasserting the death and giving particulars.

Rev. Dr. Lyman's salary seventy dollars a year, and his salary as a free-worshiper, his son, Henry Ward Beecher, receives \$20,000 a year, but buys his free-worship.

The most novel and ingenious plan of giving children control of it that has been devised, is the plan of the hospital in Paris, which sends 300 tiny leaves or daily sent, each containing a modicum of oil which in this form is perfectly palatable and thoroughly disguised.

Mr. Hogen, of Bristol, England, having received \$288 votes, has been elected a laborer's union interpreter as an emblem of the time when laborers will have

Eight hours' work, eight hours' play, eight hours' sleep, and eight hours' day.

It is reported that the Chinese Government has notified foreign ministers at Peking that it cannot guarantee the safety of foreigners residing at Peking, and the naval authorities of Hong-Kong have been requested to send war vessels to Tientsin to insure their protection.

### CHANG AND ENG.

THE TWINS' TWO HEARTS—THE GREAT MYSTERY SOLVED.

The last point of interest to the public in relation to the famous twins, Chang and Eng, is now apparently settled. It is the question which relates to their hearts, toward the solution of which the medical gentlemen are now slowly and sedulously approaching, and