The Examiner,

VOL. XXV. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1874. NO. 7

CLOSING AND ARRIVAL OF MAILS,

AT

POST OFFICE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND,

AFTER FRIDAY, 19th DECEMBER.

MAILS.	CLOSE.	DUE.
Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Br'nswick and United States.	Tues, Thurs. and Sat., 8 p.m.	About Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evening, but uncertain.
Great Britain & Newfoundland, via Halifax.	Tues., 23d & Thursday, 25th instant, and every second Tuesday and Thursday afterwards. 8 p.m.	About Tuesday the 30th, 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, &c.,	Wednesday, Saturday, 9 p. m.	Tuesday, Friday, 2 p. m.
Eastern—St. Peter's, Souris, &c.,	Monday, Thursday, 9 p. m.	Wednesday, Saturday, 7 p.m.
Southern—Murray Harbor, Belfast, &c.,	Monday, Thursday, 9 p. m.	Wednesday, Saturday, 2 p.m,
Bedeque—Tryon, Crapaud, &c.,	Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 9 p. m.	Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 2.30, p. m.
Brackley Point—Covehead, &c.,	Monday, Thursday, 8 a. m.	Tuesday, Friday, 9 a. m.
Plsquid—Johnston's River, &c.,	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 6 a. m. to 9 p. m.

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

A. A. MACDONALD, Postmaster.

Post Office, Ch'town, 19th Dec., 1873.

Business Cards.

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. 1y

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 Asortment of
TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS &c., &c., &c.

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

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

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

I am prepared to SELL THEM at RATES AS LOW AS CAN BE HAD IN THE CITY, and will fit them up in a good workmanlike style

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
Now 11, 187

JOSEPH CREAMER
Physician & Surgeon,
25 Great George Street, (City Hotel).
Patients will be attended to at any hour.
Ch'town, Oct. 13, 1873. 6m

JAMES BRENAN,
House, Sign, and Carriage Painter,
Paper Hanger & Glazier
SOURIS WEST.
Orders will receive prompt attention.
July 7, 1873. 1y

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

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

VULCAN FOUNDRY
GEORGETOWN.
STOVES, wholesale and retail. WINDLASS and MACHINERY CASTINGS in general always on hand, or supplied at the shortest notice.
Cash Paid
FOR ALL KINDS of OLD & SCRAP IRON.
J. A. RUTHERFORD & Co.,
June 2, 1873.—1 y Georgetown

BANGOR HOUSE,
PLEASANTLY SITUATED ON
North Side King's Square,
St. John, - - - New Brunswick.
J. H. RUSSEL, PROPRIETOR.

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.

Properties for Sale.

FREEHOLD PROPERTY
FOR SALE.

FARM of 100 acres for Sale, fronting on the HILLSBOROUGH RIVER, about 10 miles up said River, called PORTAGE. In front are good Oyster Beds, and a quantity of Mussel and Oyster Mud that will enrich the soil. Also a large MARSH. It is otherwise well situated.

Also, a Saw, Lath, and Shingle MILL, having a large Circular Saw for Edging, cutting Scantling, and other purposes, besides other Saws, with about 50 acres Land, besides what is under water. 13½ miles from Charlottetown, and 5 chains from the Railroad. It is one of the best Mills on the Island.

Also, a BRICK HOUSE and SHOP, 12½ miles from Charlottetown, and about 6 or 8 chains from a railroad station. There will be sold from 10 to 50 acres of land with it.

For further particulars apply to
JOHN ARCHIBALD McDONALD.

Valuable Business Stand for Sale.

The Subscriber will sell, by private sale, his Store and Dweling House, with other outside buildings, situated at Cardigan Bridge, about 4 chains from Railroad Station. As this is one of the finest and most conveinent business stands on the Island, parties desirous of engaging in Merchantile Business, will find it to their advantage to call and examine, before purchasing elsewhere.

Also, 15 Building Lots, situated within ¼ mile of the Bridge, and suitable stands for all branches of business. There is also 5 water lots, fronting on Cardigan River and only a few yards from the Bridge. These Lots will be sold to suit intending purchasers.

Also, a saw, lath and shingle mill, having a larger circular for cutting all kinds of Lumber, besides other Saws, with about 150 acres of Freehold Land, 2 miles from Cardigan Bridge.

As the Subscriber intends to wind up his buisness, for the present, he requests all parties indebted to him by Note of Hand, Book Account, or otherwise, to settle their respective accounts on or before the 1st August next. All sums remaining unpaid after that date will be handed over for collection.

HUGH L. McDONALD.
Cardigan Bridge, June 10, 1873.

Provincial Insurance Co. of Canada.
For Fire & Marine Insurance.
Head Office, Toronto, Ontario
DIRECTORS:

The Hon. J. H. Cameron, D. C. L., Q. M. P. President.
Louis Moffatt, Esq., of Moffatt, Murray & Beatty Vice-President,
J. Campbell, Esq., of Campbell & Cassels Bankers, Toronto,
W. J. McDonnell, Esq., Pre'dt Toronto Savings Bank,
A. R. McMaster, of A. R. McMaster Bros' Toronto
A. Cameron, Esq., Cashier Merchant's Bank, Toronto,
Geo. Duggan, Esq., Judge County Court, County York, Toronto,
A. T. Fulton, Esq., of Geo. Michie & Co. & Fulton Michie & Co., Toronto,
Angus Morrison, Esq., Barrister, M. P., Toronto.
W. Ray, Esq., Goderich,
W. H. Prowse, M. D., M. P., Prescott,
Manager—Arthur Harvey, Esquire.

Capital $500,000 - - Annual Income $250,000.
Amount paid for Fire Claims in the past 10 Years, - - - - - $769.146
" paid last year for Fire Claims, $ 87,373

Branch office for the Maritime Provinces, 104 Granville St., Halifax, N. S.
ROB. R. ANDREWS, Local Manager.
Agent for Charlottetown, THOS. ALLEY.
Nov. 24, 1873.—3m

St. Lawrence Marine Insurance Co.
OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

PRESIDENT:
ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, ESQUIRE.
DIRECTORS:
John F. Robertson, Esquire,
Thomas Foley, "
Artemas Lord, "
J. S. Carvell, "
John Gillan, "
P. W. Hyndman, "

Risks taken daily, at their office Exchange Building
FRED. W. HYNDMAN. Secretary.
Ch'town, March 17, 1873.

REMOVAL.
SMALLWOOD & BOVYER.
Have removed from their Old Stand on Kent Street, to their
NEW MACHINE SHOP AT HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,
Where with increased facilities, they will be enabled to carry on their business more extensively.
They are prepared to manufacture Rotary Saw Mills, improved self-acting Shingle Machines, Lath Cutters, Cross-Cutting Machines, Circular Saw Spindles, Threshing Mills, Fanners, Jig Saws, Boring Machines, &c.
Iron and Wood Turning, and general machine Work, done to order.
September 12, 1873.

POETRY.

(Written for the Examiner.)

THE TOMB OF SHELLEY.

BY GEO. C. HUTCHISON.

BESIDE the shore there stood a group of men,
Attending on a newly kindled pile,
This scene alone, the eager eye might ken—
Except, perhaps, a solitary isle,
Or great rock far seated in the sea,
O'er which the waters break in their tempestous glee.

And near the trunk of an old withered tree,
Where loud the murmuring of the wind is heard,
Where oft the soul for solitude would flee,
The great and gifted poet was interred.
There also stood near the deserted spot,
Covered with reeds, a solitary cot,—

Where seldom human footsteps doth intrude,
Where heard is ever the unceasing roar
Of breaking billows; as the tempests rude,
Dash the high waves upon some rocky shore,
The frequent haunt of numerous creatures wild,
Scenes which could please but a poetic child.

Distant some miles, of sight within the reach,
A vessel lay, the storm that nobly braves,
Which could be seen by those upon the beach,
Steering her course through the white crested waves,
Italian Alps, and the wide ocean blue,
A scene presenting picturesque to view.

But the chief mourner* from the crowd among
Stood near the blaze in a dejected mood,
One who had long in Grecian favour sung—
A mournful mind that courted solitude—
Preferred the billows and dark forest glen,
To the loud hum and busy haunts of men.

And thus they stood, the fresh sea-breeze inhaling,
Tongues silent as the visions of a dream,
In that dread silence round the coast prevailing,
Was heard the curlew's solitary scream,
Which hovered round the beach, in reach of sight,
And round the pile did wing its eager flight.

One, too, was there, with aspect pale and strange,
With eyes downcast, as in deep sorrow bent,
On one hand was the Alps' extensive range,
On one hand was the ocean's vast extent,
In earshot of the murmuring wind and wave,
A spot best suited for a poet's grave.

——*Lord Byron.

LITERATURE.

THE SWEDES IN PRAGUE.

CHAPTER VIII.

The close of the long summer's day came at last; and, as the sun sank behind the western hills, Albert hurried toward the bridge, to relieve his troubled mind there where the beauty of the evening, the serene aspect of the heavens, together with the golden clouds speeding along in airy flight, the sparkling stream, covered with vessels slowly gliding along, and the activity prevailing on each shore, all combined to present an agreable and diversified scene. Wallenstein stood and enjoyed the exhilarating prospect, delighted with his native land, until her former state rushed upon his mind—what she might have been—and what she now was! Gloomy ideas again floated, like the clouds across the firmament, over his mind, which had scarcely tasted of the reviving calm, when suddenly, as he looked to the right, he perceived, across the Moldavia, that spot where, a week before, he had stood in a far more mournful state of mind than he was in even today, and where first the soft voice and sylph-like figure of Joanna had so pleasingly impressed him. With delight did he retrace that circumstance, together with the evening spent at the Wallenstein Palace, which had quietly terminated so tempestuous a day. It now occurred to him that the scenes of his cheerful boyhood, and the innocent society of Joanna, might again tranquilize him; and, with this idea, he proceeded hastily across the bridge and through the streets towards his solitary palace.

He found the gate locked, and the court and garden deserted, as they had usually been since his uncle's death; but, having obtained entrance, he perceived Joanna seated in the hall at a small table, on which lay some needlework. She was not, however, working at that moment, but supporting her head upon her hand, with her back toward the entrance, and, consequently, toward Albert. She was apparently gazing, lost in thought, on something which she held before her. Wallenstein drew nearer, but Joanna heard him not; her eyes were directed, with a mournful expression, toward the object alluded to, which was apparently a relic-case, or a portrait; and Albert even thought he could dissinguish that she had been weeping.

At this moment she raised her head, and became aware of the presence of Wallenstein; on seeing whom she sprang up, blushing deeply, and hastily concealing that which she held. Albert greeted her kindly, but could not help remarking that he had surprised her in deep thought. She endeavored to excuse herself by pleading the heat of the day, which, she said, rendered it quite impossible to keep constantly at work, and but too effectually invited either to repose or reverie. At this moment Bertram advanced; and Joanna, retiring a few paces, employed herself in giving the birds in the aviary their evening meal.

After a while, the trio pursued their walks over the grounds, and, at every turn, some fresh object presented itself which had formerly communicated enjoyment—sympathetic enjoyment—to Albert and Joanna. Thus, when they arrived at the lake, the boat, as it had been so many years before, was found tied to a post upon the bank; and the darkening sky was studded with stars, whose reflecting images smiled peacefully on them once again, from out the blue waters. Wallenstein requested Joanna to step into the little bark, and said he would row her, as in former times, along the lake. Bertram offered his assistance, but it was declined. 'We will be children once more, Joanna,' exclaimed Wallenstein, 'and fancy ourselves still at that period when every sport could please.'

Joanna stood a moment hesitating on the shore, whilst undefined feelings arose within her breast. On her father's loosening the boat, however, she took the extended hand of Wallenstein, who helped her in, and regarded her with some surprise as he felt the trembling of hers. 'What!' he asked, 'are you afraid to trust yourself upon the water?'

'Oh, no,' interposed Bertram; adding with a laugh, 'she often rows herself.'

'Well, then, perhaps she feels no confidence in my ability,' observed Albert smiling in his turn.

'Indeed I do!' cried Joanna, hastily seating herself straightway in the boat; 'I am not afraid; on the contrary, I enjoy the pleasure of the excursion, and feel very grateful to you for it.'

They now glided along the calm surface of the water, while Bertram remained standing upon the shore, gazing upon them with a peculiar expression of countenance. A pleasant conversation ensued between the young people; the beauty of the evening, the reflection of the heavens in the clear waters—the agreeable contiguity of the well kept gardens, which, viewed from the end of the lake, seemed to blend, in pleasing deception, with the distant trees of the Lawrence Hill—these, together with the memory of former hours, and the enjoyment of the present, all combined to silence and subdue the disquiet which had seized on Albert during the preceding part of the day. After so many years had passed, it gave him singular pleasure to row the playmate of his youth over the same lake, and to behold her graceful form in blooming womanhood floating along in the dancing vessel to the efforts of the vigorous arm.

Their little excursion finished, Bertram proceeded to secure the boat, and in doing so scratched his hand. Joanna perceiving blood to flow, was alarmed, and suddenly drawing forth her handkerchief, the gold case she had so hastily concealed rolled out upon the ground. Wallenstein, with a mingled feeling of gallantry and curiosity, immediately stooped to pick it up, before Joanna was aware of the circumstance. In its fall the case had sprung open—revealing the portrait of a man with auburn hair and noble features.

On turning and seeing the case open in the Count's hand, Joanna uttered a faint cry. Albert presented her with the portrait, saying in a stiff and somewhat gloomy tone, 'May I ask who this is intended to represent?' The girl blushed and hesitated at the same time hastily taking the case from Albert's hand. 'It is a gift of my mother's,' she at last replied, in a voice scarcely audible. 'Oh, enough, enough,' interrupted Albert; 'I have no right to dive into your secrets.' Much agitated, Joanna replied, 'Most certainly, my Lord, it ought to be no secret to you, if'—and here she stopped.

'Farewell, Joanna! Good-night, Bertram!' and so saying, Wallenstein took his hat and departed. Joanna stood a moment, as if debating within herself; she then determined that the Count should not remain impressed with any suspicion, and therefore followed him through the courtyard.

'My Lord,' she said, 'hear me but one word.' Wallenstein turned round, and looked on her with surprise. 'Would it be agreeable to you, my Lord,' she pursued, 'to take the trouble to come here again to-morrow afternoon, and favor me with an hour's audience? You shall then learn—'

'What are you about, Joanna?' whispered her father, coming up:—'Consider your promise to me!'

'I know, father; but I could not *then* foresee such an occurrence as the present, I place the utmost confidence in Count Wallenstein's honor.'

'No,' answered Albert, 'I wish not to have your secret. I, also, have confidence in *you*; you, Joanna, can have nothing to keep secret for which you need blush.'

'And, therefore, my Lord, it is that I repeat my request for your audience tomorrow.'

Wallenstein was silent. Joanna's words had excited within him a host of surmises. It would seem, beyond a doubt, that she entertained an unfortunate passion for the original of the picture, and this conviction pained our hero, without his exactly knowing why. He promised to come, however; but added, with a smile, 'I am not solicitous of hearing your confession, Joanna. Think, therefore, for your own peace, that you have promised nothing—farewell.'

After he left, a conversation ensued between the father and daughter, as to the propriety of the intended disclosure, which ended in Bertram telling Joanna that she was a wilful child, and hoping that no harm would come of it. His ill humor, however, if he displayed any, was soon dispelled by the smiles and endearments of the affectionate girl.

Wallenstein continued to muse upon the circumstances that had just occurred. Had this maid likewise, already confided her sympathies to another? Was she, like Helen, involved in some mysterious intrigue? But what consequence was it to him if she were? Alas, so little was Wallenstein's self-knowledge, that he forebore to trace this anxiety to its legitimate source. In such a mood he strolled on, until, at solitary spot near the Convent of the Capuchins, his abstraction was dissipated by a confused sound of voices and clashing arms. Astonished, he paused, listened attentively, and then hurried toward the spot from whence the noise proceeded. He found a man wrapped in a mantle, his back against the wall, defending himself with a drawn sword against three antagonists; and it seemed that he gave them all enough to do, although using only his left arm.

'What is the matter here?' cried Wallenstein, as with unsheathed sword he suddenly advanced upon the assailants, who appeared to belong to the garrison, 'Are you not ashamed to avail yourself of such odds?'

'He is a villian,' shouted one; 'a spy,' exclaimed another; 'a German dog,' bellowed the third, at the same time redoubling his blows.

'Whoever you are, noble stranger,' cried the attacked man, with the purest Bohemian accent, 'stand by me—I am assaulted by assassins.'

Wallenstein did not consider long; but impetuously charging the soldiers, their intended victim was soon freed from such an unequal contest. 'I thank you, sir,' he now said, 'I am an officer and a nobleman. These rascals attacked me on my way home, doubtless meaning to rob me.'

'Villian! it is not your money, but your life we want,' exclaimed one of the three, attempting, but vainly to rally his comrades. 'We had vowed your destruction long ago, ever since we first saw you sneaking about the fortress.'

'He is the servant of the Swedes,' said another of these heroes.

'He is a Swede himself,' rejoined the first speaker, again endeavoring to get at the object of his hate.

At this moment the moon arose above the wall beside them, and illumined the whole scene.

'Ha! Count Wallenstein!' exclaimed one of the assailants.

'Even so,' replied Albert; 'and I am sorry to find soldiers of the Imperial army engaged in so shameful a proceeding.'

The men reluctantly sheathed their weapons and retired.

Albert had now an opportunity to examine the person of the stranger. He was a man of tall, robust figure, and apparently of middle age. His hat had fallen off in the conflict, and the moon shone brightly on his strongly-marked countenance. His thick moustaches and animated eyes, with the profusion of raven hair that fell down either side of the laced collar of his doublet, presented a striking though not very pleasant *tout ensemble*. A disagreeable but vague feeling agitated Albert, as the stranger stooped to pick up his hat and returned his sword into its scabbard.

The silence was broken by the rescued man. 'I am most happy, my Lord, that this fortunate accident has not only made me eternally your debtor, but has also acquainted me with the name of my noble-minded deliverer. Believe me, you have not obliged an ungrateful man.'

'May I ask,' said Wallenstein in reply, 'with whom I have the honor to converse?'

'My name is Berka von Duba.'

'Berka von Duba?' repeated Albert, slowly and with emotion.

'Is it known to you?' inquired the other, a peculiar smile playing about his lips.

'It is the name of one of our oldest families,' replied Albert. 'You are an officer, it appears.'

'I *once* was so; but you see,' and he drew back his mantle, as he spoke, 'what has happened to my right arm. Such is the result of my service, and my reward has been—a discharge.'

'Ay! that is a melancholy fate which you share in common with many others.'

'True; such are the thanks awarded by mighty everywhere. Were it permitted me to illustrate small things by a reference to a great, I should quote the instance of your glorious uncle. Like him, I have served my country to the best of my power, and like him, too, have I been rewarded. The great Friedland was treated with shameful ingratitude—the guilt imputed to him never proved.'

'Sir,' interrupted Albert, 'be pleased to spare any further comment on my uncle. The subject you allude to I have resolutely forbidden myself to touch upon.'

'It is well if you can forbear; but fortune has smiled upon you, while on me her frown has been unceasing. My small possessions, the scanty remains of my paternal estate—the greatest part of which I staked during the war in Austria—have been plundered and fired by the Swedes; and here I stand, at once abandoned by my native country, and a sufferer from the oppression of the enemy.'

'Have you not tried to awaken the notice of the Emperor? Ferdinand is kind and just, and I doubt not—'

'I have introduced myself to Field Marshal Colleredo. He encourages me with the hope that, upon the settlement of peace—which he trusts is near at hand—all demands would be fully satisfied. A notable conclusion, truly! soon pronounced, and costing nothing to the giver. But, farewell, my Lord. I see we have reached the Palace Square. Your path, probably, is toward Konigsburg or your palace in the city; mine lies in another direction. Accept, again, the thanks of an old soldier—not so much for his life, which you have saved, but for the joy I feel in finding the nephew of a great hero, the inheritor of his generous and noble mind.' They exchanged curtesies and parted.

POLITENESS AT HOME.

'Thank you Charlie,' said Mrs. Brown, as her little son handed her a paper he was requested to bring. 'Thank you Bridget,' said the little fellow a few hours after, as he received a glass of water from his nurse. 'Well, Mrs. Brown, you have the best managed children I ever saw,' said a neighbor. 'I should be thankful if mine were as polite to me as yours are to the servants. You never spend half so much time on your children's clothes as I do, and yet every one notices them, they are so well behaved.' We always try to treat our children politely,' was the quiet reply. This was the whole secret. When I hear their parents grumbling about the ill manners of their children, I always wish to ask, 'Have you always treated them with politeness?' I once knew a man, considered quite a gentleman in society, who would speak to his children in a manner that a well instructed dog would resent. He would order them with a growl to bring him his slippers, or perform some other little service; and yet he complained of the rudeness and disobedience of his children.

Many parents who are polite and polished in their manners toward the world at large, are perfect boors inside the home circle. What wonder if the children are the same? If they should accidentally brush against another in the streets an apology would be sure to follow; but who ever thinks of offering an excuse to the little people, whose rights are constantly being violated by their careless elders? If a stranger offers the slightest service he is gratefully thanked; but who ever remembers to reward the little tireless feet that are travelling all day long upstairs and down, on countless errands for somebody? It would be policy for parents to treat their children politely for the sake of obtaining more cheerful obedience, if for no other reason. The costless use of an 'If you please,' and 'I thank you,' now and then will go far to lighten an otherwise burdensome task. Say to your son, 'John, will you shut the door, please?' and he will hasten with a pleasant smile to do your bidding. Many children as they grow older are obliged to learn the rules of politeness as they would a lesson. The consequence is, when they appear in society they are awkward and blundering. On the other hand, children who have been accustomed to politeness at home are at their ease in the most polished circles, and are saved that confusion and bitter self-condemnation which are sure to follow any breach of the rules of etiquette. Some children, learning from their parents, seem to consider politeness at home affection! Brothers who would jump up with alacrity to give an easy chair to some dashing miss of their acquaintance, will appropriate it to themselves when at home, without the slightest apparent consciousness of the presence of a sister, or perhaps a mother. Want of politeness is the cause of more quarrelling among brothers and sisters than anything else. In their plays children are constantly meeting with little accidents, for which they should apologise. I have seen the cheeks of a child flush with anger, his eyes flash, and a little hand raised to strike the unfortunate breaker of a toy, when, as if by magic, the blow was arrested by these words, 'Excuse me, I did not mean to.' Polish is not everything. It is, however, something. It is better to have a black kettle that is sound, than a bright one with a hole in the bottom; but there is no reason why the bright one should not be sound too. Shine them up, and both happiness and influence will be increased.—*Advance.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

The cholera had appeared in Buenos Ayres.

A colored man has been elected speaker of the Mississippi State Assembly.

The Governor of Arkansas offers a reward for the apprehension of fifteen murderers.

Mr. "Ginx" Jenkins is writing a book about West Indian affairs.

A legal stone weighs 14 pounds, or the eighth of a hundred, in England, and 16 pounds in Holland.

Two millions and a quarter of people have emigrated from Ireland to America during the last twenty-two years.

C. J. Brydges, Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, has been appointed chairman of the Board of Commissioners of Intercolonial Railway.

A HIGH PRICED ROOSTER.—Two thousand dollars seems to be a pretty steep price to pay for a rooster, but such we are informed was the amount paid to Ira Batchelder of the Mount Crawford House, for his black Spanish rooster, called Gen. Castelar. The purchaser, Mr. Wm. G. Davis, civil engineer on the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, considers him the best game bird in this country—he being the only one hatched from a dozen eggs brought from Matanzas, Cuba. Various birds were made by different parties in this city to secure him, one gentleman in particular now prominent in the lumber business offering his entire interest in the largest mill on the line of the road. —*Portland Argus.*

IN HASTE TO GET MARRIED.—A young man started from Terra Haute on the last day of the year for Matoon, Ind., where he was engaged to be married at 2, p. m. At Paris he stepped off the train to get a cigar, and it started off without him. In pure desparation he started to walk, and proceeded some distance when a hand-car came along. He was allowed to get aboard and help propel the concern until within three miles of his destination, when the men of the car stopped and positively refused to go further. He then hired a mule of a farmer. There was no saddle in the stable which he would allow to go with the beast, and therefore the the young man was compelled to go it bareback. When he arrived at the house the clock had struck three, and the entire party was in consternation as he rode up to the door, both legs wrapped around that mule's body, slashing him with a club a every jump, and followed in his career by half the boys in town.

IRISH LANGUAGE AND MUSIC.

There is no better criterion of the nature and distinguishing characteristics of a people, than he study of its language and music. In comparing the ancient Greek and Hebrew languages, Chaterubrand remarks: "The Hebrew, concise, energetic, with scarcely any inflection in its verbs, expressing twenty shades of thought by the mere apposition of a letter, proclaims the idiom of a people, who, by a remarkable combination, unite primitive simplicity with a profound knowledge of mankind. The Greek displays, in its intricate conjugations, in its endless inflections, in its diffuse eloquence, a nation of an imitative and social genius, a nation elegant and vain, fond of melody and prodigal of words." Again he says: "The Greek implies merely a political and local idea, where the Hebrew conveys a a moral and universal sentiment."

Here we have the characteristics of these two nations beautifully portrayed in their language, and this, on principle, can be affirmed of all others; for as the stream carries along with it the properties of the fountain, so does language bear the impress of the soul from which it flows. The language of the Frenchman is the mirror which reflects his politeness, vivacity and fickleness, while the phlegmatic and vigorous nature of the Teuton, shines forth from the broad, slow-paced, and stentorian harshness of his vernacular German. The stately Spanish proclaims itself to be the language of a high-toned people; the Italian shows a people of sentiment, and the homely Anglo-Saxon bespeaks the blunt, strong-minded, and matter-of-fact Englishman.

It is in this way the philologist naturally wanders back from the study of a language to the habits and peculiarities of the people who spoke it, deciphering the religion, pursuits and characteristics of nations which history has long since lost sight of, and corroborating its narrations, regarding those that have not yet passed away. It is, in this way, we are enabled to read a reliable, social and moral history of Ireland, from the construction and peculiar traits of her language. In its polished finish and regularity, we see a people of refinement and education, long before most other nations of Europe had arisen from their semi-barbarism. In its expressiveness and vollubility, we see the ready-witted and communicative Irishman, and on every page of the literature we find those aspirations and sentiments which can only belong to a people naturally endowed with a religious propensity. The Irishman's salutation is, 'God bless you.' If he enters the house of his neighbor it is either, 'The blessing of God be here,' or 'God save all here,' and he is greeted in return by the repetition of his own salutation, or the well-known *Cead mille failte*—you are a hundred thousand times welcome' The idiom of the Irishman shows that he is neither selfish nor egotistical, and hence there is not, in the whole language, a single word that implies absolute possession. In the words of Rev. Ulick Bourke, 'It would seem as if the native Irishman were either too poor, or too high-minded, to proclaim boldly that he has property. He cannot say it, his language does not supply the apposite verb; he gently states that it is 'with him,' *la agam*. It is the *est pro habeo*. Now, this peculiarity must have some cause, and that cause, we believe, is to be found in the unselfish disposition of the Irish. We can never understand Irish chasacter and history without some knowledge of the Irish language. The Irishman is the incarnation of the Irish tongue, and the Irish tongue is the vocalization of the Irishman.

What we have said of languages can also be affirmed of music. In the national music of Ireland we see the soul, the life and the dispositions of her people. It is now joyous and soul stirring, then sad and plaintive, or oftner with both qualities beautifully blended, the same strain will exhilarate and sadden, leaving you enraptured between an inexpressible two-fold feeling, like a child smiling through its tears.

It is this which Moore has beautifully given expression to in his far-famed melody:—

"Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in the skies;
Shining thro' sorrow's stream,
Sadd'ning thro' pleasure's beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise."

MISCELLANEOUS.

London has 117 square miles, 600,000 houses, and 3,260,000 inhabitants.

It is estimated that, twenty per cent of the working men of New York are idle.

Mr. Rayne, of Sydney, C.B., has fallen heir to a fortune of $10,000, left him by a relative who recently died in England.

Jay Cooke and Company's estate is to be wound up and a settlement made in accordance with the fifty-third section of the Bankruptcy Act. It was so decided at a meeting of the creditors on the 29th ult The total amount of the claims proved was $5,562,913.60.

The wheat crops are reported to have failed in the Argentine Republic. Unfavorable news of a similar kind also comes from Australia. All of which, with the impending famine of Bengal promises to increase the demand for American produce.

Tea is now extensively raised in Hindostan, the exports to England in 1872 exceeding 17,000,000. The India teas are of rare flavor, and are used by English shopkeepers to mix with the Chinese. The culture in the Indias are now carried on by stock companies, which are now paying from ten to twenty per cent dividends,

The Great Point.—The urgent demand of the hour is conscientious personal abstinence. The man who uses intoxicants is the practical patron and ally of the liquor traffic. Just in proportion as we can persuade people to stop drinking shall we become able to compel men to stop selling. Only where a majority of the people are total abstainers, will dram shops ever be outlawed. But while so many reputable persons continue their partnership with the liquor traffic by buying and using intoxicants, the accursed havoc of the traffic will go on unchecked. First must come the appeal to reason and to conscience, and then conscience will crystalize into just law. It is a significant fact that at the opening of the Dominion Parliament a petition for prohibition was presented.

Tobacco vs. Mind and Money.—Tobacco like alcohol, is a poison inimical to health, if not so directly a brain irritant. Like alcohol, too, it is an immense tax upon the pockets of thousands who are addicted to its use. By it many are too much impoverished in money and too much muddled in mind to enjoy the higher order of pleasures, such as are derived from the exercise of benevolence, from books, journals, lectures, etc. A Western Methodist, who has been investigating and collecting tobacco statistics among the brethren, reports that he found eight leading members in a certain place paid in one year one hundred and ninety-five dollars for tobacco. He gives additional information concerning these eight brethren, to the effect that, for the support of their pastor during the same time, they paid thirty-three dollars in the aggregate, and that they were too poor to take a religious newspaper.

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.—The finishing touches to the alterations and redecorations of the British Houses of Parliament, preparatory to the opening of the next session, have been given. No alterations have been made in the internal economy of the Peers' chamber, but the lobby of the House of Commons has undergone considerable alteration. The stonework, heretofore of a gloomy dark color is now of a whiteness which almost dazzles the eyes to look upon. The most noticeable alteration made in the recess is the construction of a new staircase for the use of members who may be serving on committees when the division bell rings. Up to last session members on committees had a long way to go down the main stone staircase to reach the House in time to vote. Policemen were on the staircase to keep it clear, but still members were frequently late. Now, however, a new staircase, running from the committee corridor down by the spot where, until recently, the dining-room stood, will bring members close to the door of the House in a little over a minute's time.

Purchased Elections.—The information which we have received from several constituencies leaves no room for doubt that the Government carried several seats in Ontario yesterday by money. So shameless was the use of it in Centre Ontario that, in case of a protest, there will be no difficulty in unseating Mr. Wilkes. And the same is true of several other constituencies. We have no doubt that our friends have been wide awake, and that they have made a note of the numerous instances of bribery and corruption which have come to their notice. To them all our advice is to proceed to the utmost limit of the law. The trial of controverted election cases is now in the hands of the judges, and can be conducted without great delay or expense. We hope that not in a single case in which the evidence is clear that a seat has been carried by bribery and corruption, will the slightest quarter be given. The men who have so loudly preached purity must be made to understand that they will not be permitted to carry elections by corrupt means without paying the penalty of their hypocrisy and misconduct.—*Toronto Mail.*

MR. BEECHER IN DREAMLAND.—"Some people," said Mr. Beecher in his last night's sermon, "if they sometimes happen to get out of bed on the wrong side, or see the new moon over their wrong shoulder, or put on a stocking wrong side out, interpret it as a sign of something or other. When I was a lad and went chestnutting, you couldn't have induced me to crawl through the bars, because that was a sign that I wouldn't get any chestnuts. Does God sleep on Friday? Why, if I should call up all these superstitions that cling to you, it would make you blush. Now, I don't deny that even these superstitions are better than old skepticism. I had rather rub off the uneatable parts of corn with my hands, as the disciples did, than to have no corn to rub. But my conception is that luck means the right operation of causes to produce good effects. That little devil called Luck dosen't go flying about blindly, dropping gold on some people and pewter on others."

Speaking of dreams and their significance, he said: "I imagine that many of the dreams to which men attach the most importance are a reflection of his real nature. I have broken open more houses and stolen more money in my dreams than I ever expect to see awake; yet I believe I had rather die than steal. I have been a murderer in my dreams, and started up trembling out of a vain effort to hide the body. My idea is that when the upper, higher part of your brain is asleep, the lower, basilar part is half awake—unrestrained—and your dreams are a report from your animal faculties. When the lower part of your brain is asleep, and the upper part active, you dream such dreams that when you awake you try to go to sleep again to finish them. All this stuff about dreams, luck, signs, and omens, I class as outgrowths of conscience not guided by clear perceptions."

This brought him to a discussion of phases of conscience. "I know men," he said, who wouldn't shave on Sunday, but would black their boots. Then I know some who would shave on Sunday, but wouldn't black their boots. And I know others who wouldn't do either on Sunday, but would shave their neighbors awfully on Monday. When I went to school I boarded with Dr. Langbein, and he was a good man, for an icicle can be good. I could hook it down his back stairs, go off hunting, return, and recite my lesson from a slip in my hat."

MISCELLANEOUS.

John Wesley was a Freemason.

The value of the fish taken in Nova Scotia during the past year is estimated at $6,200,000.

The new Duchess of Edinburgh is to receive from Parliament a dower of £75,000 and £9,000 a year.

The King of Portugal has presented his wife with a gold medal, for the heroic conduct lately displayed by her in saving their two children from drowning.

Plenty of Clerks.—A Boston merchant recently advertized for a good penman, with a salary of $700. Within thirty-six hours 100 applications were received for the situation.

A New York court has decided that a man's arm is worth just $100. A man whose arm was crushed between the boat and the bridge, on the Greenpoint Ferry, asked for $25,000, but he only got the sum above mentioned.

The Commission appointed by the Peruvian Government to examine into the guano supply report that immense strata of that valuable substance exist on the mainland. Exploring parties are to be sent to examine the north and south coasts to see how far these strata extend. In 1873 there were thirty-five departures of ships, with 11,634 tons of guano.

There was a mass on January 9th at the church of St. Augustine, in Paris, in honor os Napoleon III. The church was crowded to suffocation, and there were over 2,000 persons outside. There were some cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" after the ceremony, but M. Rouher and his friends implored the people to remain quiet.

Advices from Cuba state that the reported defeat of the Spaniards before Port au Prince has been confirmed. The Spanish commander was executed for brutal conduct. The Cuban Insurgents have burned two sugar plantations near Trididad, worth $600,000.

—Queen Victoria has done well with, or by, her family. Of her nine children, six are happily married—two boys and four girls, and in all Her Majesty is grandmother to about twenty-five children. There now remain only three of the Royal family single; viz., Prince Arthur, who is 23; Leopold, 20, and the Princess Beatrie, 17. We may expect soon to hear rumors of an alliance for the latter.

The French Government, acting on the recommendation of the Committee on Fortifications, has determined to keep for the next five years 5,000 pairs of carrier pigeons for breeding purposes for service in war time. Each fortress will have a military pigeon house, and each pigeon house will contain 1,000 birds. Two general station houses will be established, at each of which 60,000 pigeons will be kept. The German fortresses at Metz and Strasburg, have been for a year past connected with other German forts by a system of carrier pigeons.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Only those afflicted with this grievous annoyance can appreciate the sufferings of many a hard worker during the winter months. We give a recipe that may be relied on as a cure for the malady: One ounce of sparmaceti, white beeswax, gum camphor, and two ounces of almond oil. Put in a tin cup, place in a vessel of boiling water and melt together. Every time the hands are wet rub a little of this into them. Linseed oil and common beeswax will answer the purpose, but the ointment is not so nice as the above.

STREAKINESS OF BUTTER.—A woman who has the care of the milk of fifteen cows, says that the streaked appearance of butter is caused by skimming the milk when in different conditions; that is, if some of the milk is skimmed when thick, and at other times when scarcely sour, or at any stage between these two points, the resulting butter will be streaked. This may be one of the causes, but it is not the only one. Careful examination shows these streaks to be composed of caseine, but not in the form in which it exists in buttermilk; hence I am inclined to think that the cause is to be found in some peculiarity of the churning, which separates the caseine from the butter, so that afterwards they become mechanically mixed and cannot be separated.

DEATHS FROM SNAKE BITES IN INDIA.—It has been stated in English papers that the annual mortality in British India from the bites of snakes is about 14,000, which, assuming the population to be 200,000,000, is seventy for each million. In a little colony known as St. Lucia the death rate from this cause was much greater than this, a correspondent of the London *Times* putting it in the neighborhood of tenfold. The rate in 1869 was twenty-two in a population of 31,000. A bounty of six pence was offered that year for the heads of the reptiles, with the result of 12,000 heads being produced in the space of five months, and the decrease of deaths in 1870 to sixteen, while at the same time the population had increased about two per cent. In 1871 the deaths were decreased to nine, and 1872 to six.

EMPRESS AND BISHOP.—The following is a translation of the letter addressed by the Empress Eugenie to the Bishop of Troyes, who had forbidden his clergy to celebrate masses for the soul of the Emperor Napoleon:—

Camden Place, Chiselhurst,
Jan. 10, 1874.

MONSIGNOR—I am told, but I can scarcely believe it to be true, that you have forbidden the celebration of masses which it was wished to have said in your diocese, for the repose of the soul of the Emperor Napoleon III. I can hardly believe it, because the Church has never refused a prayer for the dead. The spirit of charity and brotherly love forms one long chain which binds us the one to the other—the rich or the poor, those in prosperity or those in adversity, the living and the dead! No, it is impossible that you can have refused a prayer for him who founded the institution of almoners for saying the prayers after death. No it is impossible, when you protest against those civil burials which deprive a Christian of the prayers of the Church, that you can have refused these same prayers when asked for. Moreover, it is impossible that you can have forgotten the oath which you took in the presence of him who is no more. If, however, such be really the case, I can finish my letter by calling to your memory the closing sentence in the form of oath taken by the Bishops of our Church. 'May I be able to answer my account for it to God.'

EUGENIE.

INFORMATION ABOUT ACHEEN.—The German periodical *Im Neuen Reich* gives some interesting information about Acheen. This country forms the northwestern portion of Sumatra; it covers an area of about eight hundred geographical square miles, and has 2,000,000 inhabitants belonging to the Malayan race. The Acheenese are tall, strongly built and of a violent and haughty temperament, though they are much more intelligent and skilful than most of the other inhabitants of Sumatra. They are mostly Mahommedans. The capital has about 8,600 houses, and 36,000 inhabitants. The country generally is mountainous, but exceedingly fertile; pepper, coffee, cotton, tobacco and vegetables grow freely and produce abundant crops. Gold and precious stones are also found in great quantities. Although part of Sumatra is under the equator, the climate is very moderate, and the heat seldom rises above 24° Reaumur, though there is no frost or snow even on the summits of the mountains 12,000 feet high. The air is healthy in the mountain districts, but not in the plains or on the coast. Acheen abounds with wild animals; there are elephants tigers, buffalos, rhinoceroses, and ourang-outangs. The latter are never killed by the natives, as they believe that the souls of their ancestors have passed into these animals. Among the allies of the Acheneese are the Battas, who are cannibals, and said always to take salt and lemon-juice with them when they go to war, so as to be able to regale themselves on the flesh of their dead enemies.