The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

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

VOL. XVII. I CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1867. I NO. 45

Flour, Tea, Wines, Spirits,
AND
Groceries, &c, &c, &c.

THE Subscriber has received, and has on hand, the following GOODS, which he offers for Sale at his Store in Water Street:—
Bbls. FLOUR (Extra Superfine and Fine),
Bbls. CORNMEAL,
Puncheons Strong DEMERARA RUM,
Hhds. GIN,
Qtr. Casks SHERRY,
Do. do. PORT WINE,
Do. do. PALE BRANDY,
Do. do. Brown BRANDY,
Do. do. Scotch WHISKEY,
Cases Pale BRANDY,
Do. Brown Do.
Do. Scotch WHISKEY,
Do. Old Tom GIN,
Do. CONFECTIONERY,
Bbls. Washing Soda,
Boxes Soap,
Cases Composition Candles,
Do. Blacklead,
Casks BOILED OIL,
Coils Manilla ROPE (assorted sizes),
Do. Hemp Rope (assorted sizes),
Boxes Pipes,
Kegs Mustard,
Boxes Starch, &c. &c. &c.
DOUGLAS M. HARINGTON.
Water-street, Charlottetown, June 3rd, 1867. isl sj 3m

FALL GOODS.

BY various Ships from ENGLAND, Steamers from BOSTON and HALIFAX, I have received my
FALL & WINTER STOCK,
consisting in part of
26 Casks & Cases General Ironmongery.
1 Cask Cutlery,
1 do Traces,
1 do Shovels,
1 do Hoes,
1 do Skst,
26 Boxes Tin,
256 pieces Plough Metals,
16 Tons Nails & Spikes,
23 bundles spring Steel,
15 do Shoeing do
3 do Cast do
7 do Blister do
18¼ Tons Iron,
1 Cask Cart Boxes,
1 do Bolts & Nuts,
1 do Screws,
1 do Files,
1 Box Axles,
5 Pairs Bellowes,
1 Basket Vices
158 Kegs Paints,
12 Drums Varnish,
6 do Turpenzine,
2 Casks do
4 do Putty,
1 do Venetian Red,
1 do Yellow Ochre,
Vermillion,
Prussian Blue,
Drop Black,
Umber,
De Sienna,
4 Hhds Paint Oil,
1 do Olive do
2 Bbls Seal do
1 do Lubricating Oil,
10 do Kerosene Oil,
111 Boxes Glass,
2 Crates Scuttles,
1 Case Shoemaker's Thread
1 Bale Curled Hair,
1 Cask Glue,
3 do Dyewoods,
250 lbs. extract Logwood,
5 Bales Rope,
These goods have been well bought, and with Stock on Shelves and in Warehouse, form a very large assortment, and are offered at my usual low prices—either wholesale or retail—for Cash.
W. E. DAWSON.
Great George Street, Dec. 3, 1866

For Sale,
HEMLOCK TIMBER.
300 TONS HEMLOCK TIMBER, of good quality, ready for delivery where it now lies in rafts near the Ferry Wharf in Charlottetown. Also, 2000 feet Scantling, 3000 Fence Poles, may be had on application to
H. HASZARD.
Charlottetown, July 29th, 1867 isl

Notice to Mariners.

THE exact position of the Fixed White Light at the North Cape of Prince Edward Island is
Latitude N. 47° 3' 40" | Longitude W. 63° 59' 19"
Elevation Eighty feet.
JNO. WM. MORRISON,
Asst. Col. Secretary.
Colonial Secretary's Office, April 29, 1867.

Colonial Secretary's Office,
June 18, 1867.

Notice to Mariners.

NOTICE is hereby given that on and after WEDNESDAY, *the 10th day of JULY*, 1867, a Fixed White LIGHT will be shewn at the East Point of Prince Edward Island, in
LATITUDE 46° 27' 9" North,
LONGITUDE 61° 58' 15" West,
and is 130 feet above the level of the sea.
GEORGE COLES,
Colonial Secretary.

FRESH GROUND RICE
FOR Sale by
WM. R. WATSON.
Jan. 7, 1867.

Council Chamber,
7th May, 1867.
ORDERED, That in future the Meetings of the Executive Council be held on the first and third WEDNESDAY in every month, and that a Notice be published in the ROYAL GAZETTE newspaper, stating that all accounts against the Government, as also all Communications addressed to His Excellency in Council, are required to be left with the Clerk of the Council on or before THE DAY PREVIOUS to the meeting of the Board.
CHARLES DESBRISAY, C. E. C.

Just on the Square.
NEW TOBACCO FACTORY
AT
SUMMERSIDE.
THE SUBSCRIBER having JUST OPENED a FACTORY at SUMMERSIDE, is prepared to supply Wholesale Customers with the Island Manufactured TOBACCO, warranted a good article, at the very lowest prices, and on the most reasonable terms—and hopes this Factory, being the first of the kind established in Prince County, will meet with liberal patronage from the Traders and Merchants of Summerside, and Prince County generally.
PATRICK REILLY.
Summerside, July 31, 1865.

Administration Notice.
ALL PERSONS having claims against the Estate of PETER MACLELLAN, late of Burnt Point, near Georgetown, farmer, deceased, (Margaret MacKenzie, Administratrix,) are requested to furnish the same, duly attested, for settlement to the undersigned, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to
R. REDDIN,
Attorney for the above named Administratrix.
August 12, 1867. 4m roy g z isl her

Administration Notice.
ALL persons having claims against the Estate of CAPTAIN JOHN McISAAC, late of Souris, deceased, are requested to furnish their accounts, duly attested, to the undersigned Administratrix of the said Estate; and all persons indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to
MARY ANN McISAAC,
Administratrix.
Souris, August 19, 1867. 1m

FOR SALE.
20 Hhds. bright SUGAR,
25 Puns MOLASSES,
100 Sides No. 1 SOLE LEATHER,
80 Bags CORNMEAL,
25 Cases fine old Pale BRANDY,
10 Qr. casks Hennesy's BRANDY,
3 Puns. fine old Demerara RUM.
A. H. YATES.
Telegraph Buildings, Water Street, June 10, 1867.

Packet between Charlottetown
AND
CASCUMPEC.
THE Schooner "JOSEPHINE" having secured the Government Contract to run as a PACKET between CHARLOTTETOWN and CASCUMPEC, will, for the remainder of the Season, run once a fortnight between the above mentioned Ports, for the conveyance of FREIGHT and PASSENGERS, remaining at each place for *forty-eight hours on every trip*. The "*Josephine*" is a staunch vessel, well fitted, has good accommodations for Passengers, and is in all respects well adapted for the route.
I. C. HALL, ESQR, Agent for Charlottetown:
HERBERT BELL, ESQR, Agent for Cascumpec.
Ch'town, June 24, 1867. 3m

Grain! Grain! Grain!
THE highest price given for BARLEY and OATS, at
Coles's Brewery and Distillery,
☞ Constantly on hand, at prices cheaper than can be purchased in the market, the best of Rum, Brandy, Gin, Whiskey, and a superior article of Malt Whiskey. Also—X, XX, and XXX Ale.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1866

WATCHES and JEWELLERY.
JUST RECEIVED, from ENGLAND, of best quality, and for sale at a low price—
Horizontal Watches in Silver Cases.
4 holes jewelled..........£3 10 0
Do. in Hunting Cases..........4 0 0
English Levers..........9 0 0
Watch Chains and Keys, Finger Rings, Steel Ear Rings and Brooches, Gents' Pins in great variety, by A. PURCHASE, Watchmaker, Smardon's Corner.
Charlottetown, Oct. 31, 1866

EXCELSIOR PRINTING OFFICE.
GEO. BREMNER,
Printer, Book-binder,
AND
STEREOTYPER,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.,
Having engaged an experienced
BOOK-BINDER
is prepared to execute all orders with PROMPTITUDE and NEATNESS.
☞ Entrance to Printing Office and Bindery at Mrs. Bremner's Book and Stationery Store, Prince Street, where all orders may be left.
Prince Street, June 5, 1865.

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
GENERAL AGENTS,
AND
Commission Merchants,
Charlottetown, - - Prince Edward Island,
AGENTS FOR:
New York Board of Underwriters,
Boston Board of Underwriters,
Eastern Express Company,
Fairbank's Patent Standard Scales,
Gowrie Coal Mines, Cow Bay, C. B.
Fishwick's Express
☞ CASH ADVANCES made upon CONSIGNMENTS received, or when sent to their Agents abroad.
April 30, 1866.

A. McNEILL,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
MASON'S THREE-STOREY BUILDING,
Dorchester Street.
Charlottetown,..........P. E. Island.
July 23. tf

CHARLES QUIRK,
MANUFACTURER
OF
Square Rod, Gents' Bright
AND
Natural Leaf Good Smoking
TOBACCO.
Queen Street,
Charlottetown, - - - - P. E. I.
January 21, 1867. 1y

B. WILSON HIGGS,
General Commission Merchant
AND
AUCTIONEER,
Charlottetown, ... P. E Island.
May 27, 1867. 1y

THOMAS W. MAY,
Surveyor and Conveyancer,
Glenstewart - - - Southport.
REFERENCE:
The Surveyor-General, Charlottetown.
June 10, 1867. 1y

S. W. DODD, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
RESIDENCE:
JAMES M. PIDGEON'S, Esq.,
MARGATE, P. E. I.
June 10, 1867. 3m

R. REDDIN,
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office: -- Great George Street, Charlottetown.
(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)
September 3, 1866. tf

CARD.
THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister-at-Law, Notary Public,
AND
CONVEYANCER,
Summerside, - - - - - P. E. I.
Dec. 10, 1866. 1y pd

FRANCIS S. LONGWORTH,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
OFFICE—PAVILLION HOTEL,
(next door to Hon. Joseph Hensley's)
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. Island.
Jan. 14, 1867.

F. P. NORTON,
Commission Merchant,
AND
Auctioneer,
GEORGETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND.
October 24, 1864 1y

The Centre of Attraction
is at
ROBERT YOUNG'S,
Queen's Square.

The Best and Cheapest
Hoop Skirts
in the Trade, are at
R. YOUNG'S.

The Best Assortment and Newest Styles of
Summer Dresses
are at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

The Cheapest place to buy
Shawls & Mantles,
is
YOUNG'S.

The cheapest COTTONS are at
R. YOUNG'S.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Paper Collars & Cuffs for the Million at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Beautiful BONNETS and HATS, cheap at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

The Original Weed SEWING MACHINES, the best in the Market, at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Real Paisley Shawls for less than they can be imported, at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Ladies' SERGE BOOTS, from 7s 6d per pair, a first rate article, at
R. YOUNG'S.

FIRST RATE TEA, at
ROBERT YOUNG'S.
Charlottetown, 15th July, 1867. tf

West India House,
Upper Great George Street.
CHRISTMAS, 1866.
THE Subscriber offers for Sale, at his Store, the following, viz:
11 Hhds. Strong Demrara SPIRITS,
Hhds. Holland GIN,
Casks Port and Sherry WINE,
Casks Hennessey's Dark & Pale Brandy,
Casks Scotch Whiskey (Prime),
Casks Irish WHISKEY.
50 Doz. Edinburgh ALE. 6 Cases CHAMPAGNE,
40 " Blood's x x x PORTER.
Cases CLARET,
40 Boxes RAISINS, 3 Bbls. CURRANTS,
20 do RAISINS, Bags RICE,
60 Boxes FIGS, Bags PEPPER,
Chests Superior TEA,
Bbls Crushed SUGAR, Casks Washing Soda,
Hhds and Bbls. P. R. MOLASSES, Hhds and Bbls. P. R. SUGAR,
6 Bbls. Kerosene OIL, 6 Bbls. Red ONIONS,
20 Doz. Am. BROOMS, 20 Doz. Am. BUCKETS,
—Also—
A large stock of Spices, Pickles, Fruit, &c., &c., suitable for the season.
The above articles are of the very best description, and will be sold cheap for Cash.
LEMUEL McKAY.
Charlottetown, Dec. 17, 1866.

Fishermen's Outfits.
THE SUBSCRIBER is prepared to furnish promptly to FISHERMEN, at reasonable prices, all the OUTFITS necessary to prosecute all the different branches of FISHING carried on about Prince Edward Island, and in the adjacent waters, such as

Salt,	Flour,
Barrels,	Bread,
Pogies,	Beans,
Clams,	Peas,
Mackerel Hooks,	Butter,
Cod do	Pork,
Mackerel Lines,	Beef,
Cod do	Lard,
Mackerel Jigs,	Tea,
Cod Leads,	Coffee,
Cotton Duck,	Sugar,
Do Sail Twine,	Molasses,
Bait Knives,	Spices,
Splitting Knives,	Pickles,
Jig Rasps,	Lanterns,
Bait Heavers,	Boiled Oil,
Clam Choppers,	Kerosene Oil,
Oil Clothes,	Vinegar,
Sou' Westers,	&c., &c., &c.

He also possesses excellent facilities for INSPECTING and PACKING MACKEREL and other FISH.
I. C. HALL.
Charlottetown, May 20, 1867.

Cotton Duck.
HAVING been appointed Agent for the sale of the celebrated
Russels Mills Cotton Duck,
the subscriber is prepared to receive orders for all the different Numbers, in quantities to suit purchasers.
I. C. HALL.
Ch'town, May 20, 1867.

18, Trafford Chambers,
South John Street, Liverpool,
January 1st, 1867.
J. T. THOMAS begs to inform his friends that he has this day taken into Partnership his son, JOHN T. THOMAS, JUNR.
The business will in future be carried on under the style or Firm of
THOMAS & SON,
MERCHANTS,
Liverpool & Prince Edward Island.
Jan. 28, 1867 tf

COPPER PAINT.
THE SUBSCRIBER keeps constantly on hand a supply of
Tar & Wonson's Copper Paint,
an article which has given the greatest satisfaction to all who have used it. It possesses superior qualities for effectually preventing the accumulation of all foul matter, such as Worms, Barnacles, Grass, &c., on the bottoms of Vessels or Boats, when properly applied.
I. C. HALL.
Charlottetown, May 20, 1867.

Peaches! Peaches!
JUST RECEIVED, per *Alhambra*, Nine Cases PEACHES, in hermetically sealed cans—put up in such a manner as to retain all the delicious flavor of the Fruit. Sold by the single can or by the dozen.
I. C. HALL.
Charlottetown, July 1, 1867. p h i

To Anglers.
FISHING TACKLE in all varieties for sale at the CITY DRUG STORE, VICTORIA BUILDING, Queen Street.
W. R. WATSON.
May 20, 1867.

A GOOD LIVING.
ANY person wishing to purchase one of the most valuable and beautiful FARMS within twenty miles of Charlottetown, can do so by early application to
NEIL RANKIN, Auctioneer,
or HENRY WADMAN, Crapaud.
Charlottetown, April 1, 1867.

LITERATURE.

THE NIGHTS.

O, the summer night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne,
Whilst the sweet winds load her
With garlands of odor,
From the buds of the roses o'erblown.

But the autumn night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free;
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea.

And the wintry night
Is cold and white,
And he singeth a song of pain,
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And the warm spring cometh,
When he dies in a dream of rain.

O, the night, the night!
'Tis a lovely sight,
Whatever the clime or time;
For sorrow then soareth,
And the lover outpoureth
His soul in a star-bright rhyme.

It bringeth sleep
To the forest deep,
The forest bird to its nest:
To care bright hours
And dreams of flowers,
And the balm to the weary—rest.

A LOVE SONG BY MACAULAY.

O stay, Madonna, stay!
'Tis not the dawn of day
That marks the skies with yonder opal streak;
The stars in silence shine—
Then press thy lips to mine,
And rest upon my neck thy fervid cheek.

O sleep, Madonna, sleep!
Leave me to watch and weep
O'er the sad memory of departed joys—
O'er hope's extinguished beam,
O'er fancies vanished dream,
O'er all that nature gives and man destroys.

O wake, Madonna, wake!
Even now the purple lake
Is dappled o'er with amber flakes of light;
A glow is on the hill,
And every trickling rill
In golden threads leaps down from yonder height.

O fly, Madonna, fly!
Lest day and envy spy
What only love and night may safely know;
Fly, and tread softly, dear,
Lest those who hate us hear
The sound of thy light footsteps as they go.

A WOLF ADVENTURE.

BY L. N. BURDICK.

It was towards the close of one of those hot, sultry days so peculiar to the southern climate, that a *company of five or six trappers and hunters* were congregated together, some smoking, and others lounging, half asleep upon the benches on the broad stoop, or piazza of a little tavern near the village of Henderson, in the north eastern part of the now State of Texas. The sun already tipped the edge of the western prairie, yet the air was almost stifling; not a breath of wind could *be felt, and the heat was of the most oppressive* kind.

Just at this moment a man was seen approaching *upon a large, powerful steed*, covered with sweat and foam, and the traveller was sadly begrimmed with dust collected from his long ride. He proceeded immediately to the aforesaid inn, and drawing up at the door, dismounted and ordered his beast to be well cared for, after which he hastily brushed the dust from his limbs, and seated himself among the loungers on the piazza.

A *warm day this, said one of the men, removing* the pipe from his mouth as he spoke.

Yes, grunted, rather than spoke, the stranger.

Come a long way, to-day, I should think? continued the hunter, who seemed determined to enter into a private conversation.

Yes, he answered.

From beyond the Brazos? interrogated the inquisitive hunter.

Yes, answered the stranger, nervously moving his seat, as if he wished to settle himself into a *quiet sleep*.

Wall, you've had a hot ride over the prairie.

Yes, and he closed his eyes.

The rest had now grouped around to hear the conversation, and one of them, an old trapper, commenced:

I've known hotter days nor these, though.

Guess not, interruped the stranger, suddenly opening his eyes, as if giving up his intention of sleep, now that there was so much talking.

But I have, the trapper continued, but two *years ago this month. I was trapping down on a* fork of the Colorado, for beaver. One afternoon, about two o'clock, I skinned twelve of the critters, *and left their carcasses layin' over a log.* When I returned, in two hours, may I be chawed to death by a mink if they hadn't melted, bones and all, and the grease soaked into the ground.

Don't doubt it at all, said the traveller, suddenly recovering from his fit and torpor into which he had seemingly fallen. It ain't nothing to what has happened to me to-day!

Eh! what was it? *they* exclaimed quickly.

Well, it's a short story, and if you wish it, I can soon let you know my day's adventure.

Yes, let us hear it, *certainly*, they all answered.

Well, he commenced, I started about five o'clock this morning from Ripley, and after pursuing the main track up the Brazos for four miles, I crossed the river, and struck straight across the open prairie. The sun had by this time arisen, and begun to cast his burning rays upon the plain. The heat soon became oppressive, and as I rode along, I thought I had never felt it more. It happened that I had filled the canteen, which I always carry when travelling, with cold water from a spring close beside the river, before I attempted to cross the plain, or I should never have held out till I reached a small stream some fifteen miles from Brazos, for before going a mile on my way, my thirst had become intolerable. My canteen was made of tin, and held about three quarts; but before I reached that stream, the water was all gone. Yet the heat of the day had hardly begun: so, after resting for a short time, I took a long draught from the limpid stream, then filling my canteen again with the pure beverage, I fastened it to the back of my saddle, exposed to the full glare of the sun, and mounting my horse, who was by this time so refreshed that it seemed as if a new spirit had been infused within him, I set off again on my lone road in the direction of my destination.

The sun had by this time reached the centre of the horizon, and the fierce rays that were poured down upon me, I shall never forget. The prairie had, not long since, been swept over by fire, and the tall grass had given way before the devouring element. I had continued thus riding along leisurely, *buried in my own thoughts*, without paying attention exactly to what direction I was proceeding, until being startled by the sudden action of my horse, who pricked up his ears and commenced trotting a livelier pace in another direction. I looked up, and there, about one hundred rods to the right, were three large wolves, who were busily engaged in tearing the little meat that remained from the bones of a buffalo. They were large, gaunt, and hungry looking animals, and as I looked up, and turned my horse in a more southerly direction, one of the wolves espied me, and with a fiendish howl, started in pursuit, as likewise did the rest upon seeing the cause of their companion's sudden departure.

I had neglected bringing with me any kind of weapon, thinking it needless, as it is very unusual for one of these cowardly creatures to openly attack a man in daylight, but being pressed with hunger, and there being more than one of them they made no hesitation in immediately pursuing me. I longed for my faithful rifle, that I might rid myself of my detestable enemy, but in carelessness, I had set off on my lonely journey entirely defenceless.

I at once gave spurs to my horse, but he needed nothing but common instinct to acquaint him with the imminent danger he was in. The dust flew in clouds from his iron hoofs, as he thundered over the ground, and the foam flew in flakes from his distended nostrils. Few horses can equal him in a fair race, and well has he acted his part this day. But his speed could not last him long, at the terrible pace he was now going. I plainly saw the voracious wolves, now nearly fifty yards distant, *come on* with a long, steady gallop, their hot tongues lolling from their mouths, exhibiting to my terrified gaze, long rows of white, sharp teeth. I knew that if they came up with me all would soon be over, and I again urged my horse to his utmost speed. How far it was to any place of security I knew not, but I felt certain there could be none in the immediate vicinity.

Again I cast a glance behind me, and, as if to dispel every earthly hope, I discovered that one, the fiercest looking of the animals, was some rods in advance of the rest, and now twenty rods from me; his pace was unslackened, and occasionally a short howl would issue from his throat. I in vain endeavoured to urge my horse to a faster run, and despair began to seize hold of me. I looked again; with a triumphant yelp the foremost wolf was rapidly coming up, followed by his more tardy companions a short distance in the rear, their savage eyes fixed with a gloating look upon me.

I had for the past few moments been ascending a gentle acclivity, and as I arrived at the summit I saw, scarce half a mile from me, a large stream. I suddenly became possessed with the idea that if I could only gain the opposite shore in advance of them, and I dug the spurs into the flanks of my weary steed up to the rowels, and dashed onward, but one hasty look behind me completely dispelled the hope, for there, not ten paces from me, came my fierce enemy, followed by the others. The perspiration poured from me in a torrent, and the sun cast its burning glare full upon me. It was now within a quarter of a mile of the water, when the wolf who had now gained my side, with jaws extended, and the hot breath issuing from his mouth and nostrils, gave a spring upon me.

The stranger paused, and covered his face with his hands, as if to shut out from his imagination the horrid sight. His listeners drew a long breath, and with open ears they anxiously awaited the continuation of the narration.

What next? For gracious sake, stranger, how did you escape?

The traveller looked up; a mournful shade was upon his countenance; with a firm, low voice, he proceeded:

Gentlemen, my horse dashed aside, and that was the saving of my life, for the wolf missed his aim, and my left hand was dashed around, hitting the canteen, which was suspended from the saddle, as I did so, and—

What! gasped out his hearers.

As I did so, he continued, unmindful of the interruption, a new thought struck me. In an instant I tore that canteen from its place, where it had been exposed to the rays of that torrid sun, and when in another moment, the wolf made a second spring at me, I threw the whole of the contents upon him.

Well!

Why, gentlemen, the fact is, the water was boiling hot, and with a howl of agony, the blinded and scalded wolf made off in the direction from which he had come, followed by his frightened companions.

The stranger paused, and with a sorrowful countenance sank back into his seat. Each old hunter and trapper gave an exclamation of astonishment, and rose from his seat and entered the bar-room. The stranger meanwhile proceeded to take an easy nap undisturbed by the voice of any inquisitive person, and although he tarried for three days at that hospitable inn, yet when he departed, he found his account all settled, and was urged to call, if he ever had occasion to pass that way again.

A GANTLET OF FIRE.

It is now several years since that I was in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and located at their trading-station of Hemlock Bend, on the banks of the Great Snake River. A wild desolate spot it was, surrounded by dreary pine-forests, and yet more dreary swamps; and with its double cordon of tall stockade, and a long swivel-gun crowning its central warehouse, more resembling a military post than a commercial depot.

Most lonely was our life in that distant factory, with the fierce blasts from the great bay sweeping down upon us in almost polar cold and furious snow-storms during more than half the year: while our bright summer was cheered by no more pleasant visitants than the rugged voyageurs of the bateaux which brought our merchandise, and the grave Indian hunters who came to barter their winter's take of furs for our powder, cloth, and brazen ornaments.

My range of society, however, was somewhat greater, for as assistant-factor, it was my duty, during the summer months, to visit our different out-stations; and not only singular were the characters with which I thus made acquaintance, but wild and sometimes perilous the adventures I encountered.

On one occasion, I remember being bound to Sandy's Bluff, beyond Loon Lake, one of my most distant charges. In those thickly-wooded regions, the rivers and creeks form the only highway: and with the usual farewell cheer given and returned, my Indian crew and I, in our large nor'-west canoe, started on our expedition. A pleasant midsummer voyage it promised, leading along gentle rivers, bordered by young green foliage; across bright breezy lakes; and through the windings of narrow creeks, fringed with countless blossoms. When night came, we drew our light boat to land, and wrapped in our blankets, slept soundly beneath its shelter until daylight called us to resume our journey.

Two and a half days had been thus occupied and the afternoon of the third saw us entering the right fork, Kaskongshadi, or broken water, a stream noted even in that wild country for its rugged groges or arrowy rapid, and its alternate broader stretches of rippling, sunny, pale-green water, which tinted the hue of every fish within its depths, and of every rock and lichen along its borders.

But the ready philosophy of the Indians was equal to every exigence as it appeared; the light, graceful action with which their ten easily-wielded paddles sent our canoe skimming along the stream, gradually changing, as the adverse current quickened, into a fierce, rapid movement, capable of making head against the wild, leaping, foaming torrent which surged down on us; or if the rush of the steep incline defied the power of paddles, the dauntless rowers leaped out into the foaming flood, and girding themselves with ropes, took their canoe in tow, pressing on from rock to rock along the shallower margin of the river, but still waist-deep in the roaring, raging, tumultuous race of waters, which almost swept them from their feet. But with yells and whoops, as against a human enemy, the brave fellows battled on, until at last, breathless and well-nigh exhausted, they emerged from the watery ordeal, and with a final yell of triumph, which quivered through the surrounding woods, leaped again into their places, until new rapids should call them to fresh exertions; except on one occasion, when a cataract compelled them to make a portage, when canoe and cargo were mounted on their ready shoulders, and carried overland to the next smooth water.

At length, but one more rapid rolled between us and Loon Lake, and a murmur of pleasure broke from the Indians' lips as they saw the broad sunlit space beyond. But the race was the worst upon our route, a veritable hill of surging waves, crowned by a powerful sweep, as the water of the lake rushed over into the twin-forks of the Kaskongshadi; while to add to the difficulties of the ascent, the water was too deep to admit of wading, the banks on either side too abrupt for even Indian feet to scale.

The men, however, had many times before achieved this rapid, and they doubted not of doing it again; and dashing their paddles into the foaming flood, with every nerve strung to the uttermost, strongly, eagerly, impetuously, they plied their blades, almost burying their slight vessel in the white sea of breakers, which seethed in a wild shrieking tumult around us, and almost blinded us by the clouds of spray which dashed full into our faces.

Ten anxious arduous minutes, and the top most wave alone remained before us, and every hand took a firmer hold, every paddle a longer sweep, for that last mighty effort. At last, the steep ascent was gained; and as the shallop swayed upon its crest, the well-known whoop of victory resounded through the wilds. But a cry of blank dismay quickly followed, as the steerman's paddle, strained by the pressure, snapped off above the blade; while the unguided canoe, yielding to the rushing current, broached to on the watery brink, and ere any could control her, swayed completely round, and passing the intervening point of land, shot like an arrow into the left fork of the Kaskongshadi, and began to leap down the surging breakers and steep cascades of the companion-rapid to that which we had so laboriously ascended.

Suddenly a new and fearful horror came over us as we swept into the wildest descent; scarce a rood below us there flashed upon our eyes a great glare of fire, while a sharp crackling noise broke upon the silence, and at once we comprehended the fearful truth, that one of those terrific conflagrations, which, lit by a spark from a hunter's rifle, an unextinguished Indian fire, or some other trivial cause, occasionally devastate the sun-dried American wilds, was raging in our front. It was an appalling discovery, and instantly every paddle was at work to try and win our way back from those deadly precincts. But our boat had received an impetus with whose first force no powers of ours could cope, and despite our utmost efforts, she still plunged madly on.

Fearful was the scene to which she brought us. Fire on either side, as the fierce element wrapped the lofty forest trees in sheets of flame; fire above, as the overchanging branches joined together in a burning arch; nay, it seemed even fire below, as the boiling waves which raged around us caught the red reflection, and flashed it back into a thousand broken rays.

Though momentarily overpowered, we were not discouraged, and again we strove to stem both flood and impetus; but all in vain; faster and faster surged the waves over the bristeling rocks, until it became evident that all the last and steepest rapids of the neighboring fork were on the unknown stream united into one long and insurmountable river-race

Meanwhile, on we sped, amid air which grew each moment hotter as we passed deeper into the burning region, while the flames around us raged with a wilder fury, and the voice of the destroyer took a more threatening tone. Yet it was a magnificent sight, that dark primeval forest ablaze with one great rolling mass of fire, its mighty trees glowing redly amid the fiery radiance, as the flaming streamers wrapped them round, its jets of fire leaping high into the air, now darkened by night; while the rush and roar of those tumultous flames grew well nigh deafening; and louder still the thunderous reverberations with which, at intervals, some forest giant crushed down to the ground, sending up into the sky great clouds of sparks.

Strange and gorgeous were the various hues in which the different trees yielded up their summer foilage; and yet stranger, when this brief glory had passed, was the aspect of their tall, gaunt forms changed to flaming pinnacles or masses of glowing embers. Every now, and then, piercing shrieks, which made us shiver, rose above the tumult of the flames, telling of wild animals overtaken in their flight, while scorched and terrified birds fell thickly around us, to die by an easier death. Each moment, too, our own fate appeared more imminent as the hot furnace-like air made us faint and pant for breath, and our strength wither like grass beneath its blighting influence; while, as we passed, the overhanging trees swept their long-flaming boughs across our faces, or strewed the stream and us with burning brands; and worse than all, as far as the keen-eyed red men could penetrate the ruddy haze, stretched the fiery gantlet we were compelled to run.

Never shall I forget what we endured as, with wetted blankets casing both the lofty ends of our canoe, with similiar coverings wrapped around ourselves—our slight but only shield—we swept along that fearful avenue, our breath more and more laboured, our dazzled and fire-scorched eyes more dim. Hopeless, helpless, and suffering, we sped on to certain death, which each prepared to meet as best he might; some with the proud stoicism of their race, others with the Cross-sign taught them by the earliest Missionaries; while a pang of inexpressible anguish for the dear ones left desolate in that wild land divided my own last thoughts.

It was an interval of unutterable misery, passed amid a wild, roaring, leaping rush of flames, and a scarce less wildly-leaping rush of waters.

At length the measure of their endurance was complete, and one by one the stricken Indians sank beneath their fiery trial; some, it seemed, happily unconscious of their doom, others moaning by their suffocating agony. As my own stronger organization slowly yielded to the deadly breath of the overheated air and a faint bewildering exhaustion crept over me, paralizing every faculty, I closed my bleared and aching eyes, as I believed for ever, with a murmured prayer that our fiery passage might be short as terrible.

But when hope was gone, and life had almost passed, an overruling Providence guided us to safety. Within an hour that narrow gorge widened into a lake-like reach, among whose placid waters our canoe at length found rest, while the cooler air fanning our brows recalled all but our departed spirits. Thence in safety, and deeply thankful for our unhoped for escape, for two days we watched the progress of the forest conflagration; on the third, when it had passed away, we bore our little bark across the devasted country, and remounting the right fork of the Kaskongshadi, at length reached our destination. But neither time, nor the chances and changes of life in the wilds, can banish the haunting memory of that most fearful night, when my Indians and I ran that gantlet of fire.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INCIDENTS OF THE ONTARIO AND QUEBEC ELECTIONS.

The Whitby *Express* alleges that George Brown's "defeat" in South Ontario, cost him $25,000.

Hon. Mr. Irvine, Solicitor General, of the Government of Quebec, is elected for Magantic for both Houses.

Hon. L. Archambault, another member of the Quebec Government, is elected for L'Assomption.

Hon. L. H. Holton, an opposition Leader, is elected to the Commons in Chateauguay.

The following incidents will not prove very pleasing to the lovers of law and order. It is known that in most cases the excesses have been committed by the *Rouge* opponents of the Government, who, finding themselves defeated in their supposed strongholds, are resorting to desperate means to accomplish their purposes.

BEAUHARNOIS.—At the nomination in this county, Mr. Denys was opposed by Mr. Cailey for the Federal Parliament. Some altercation of a personal nature, as to the first right of speech, occurred between the candidates and their friends. The people of the crowd joined in after a time, and a lively shower of stones was kept up till the Returning Officer announced the day of election. After which the mob dispersed, each party surrounding its respective candidates.

COUNTY OF KAMOURASKA.—Last Saturday about fifteen hundred people assembled from all parts of the country at the town of Kamouraska, for the purpose of assisting at the nomination of the candidates, who are, as has already been announced, the Hon. Mr. Chapias, Minister of Agriculture, for the two houses, and Mr. Pantelon Pelletier, Advocate, for the Local Legislature. A good deal of excitement has prevailed for some time back among the citizens of some of the Parishes, arising from their Parishes having been disfranchised by the proclamation of the Returning Officer, on account of the necessary forms required by law as to the making out of electoral lists not having been complied with. A short time before the hour of nomination, a riot was commenced, and an attack made upon the temporary wooden hustings; the writs were torn from the Returning Officer and destroyed; the friends of Mr. Chapias were driven from the spot, and were forced to take refuge in a house near the church, which was immediately mobbed and left without a whole window in the building. The house of the Returning Officer was also attacked by the infuriated mob. A man named Desjordines, received such severe injuries that it is believed he cannot recover, and a number of other parties were seriously bruised and cut from heavy stones. Each party throws the blame of the disturbance upon its adversaries. In consequence of all this, the nomination of candidates for this county has been effectually impeded for a time.

In consequence of the unfortunate difficulty which prevented the Kamouraska nomination, Hon Mr. Chapias has decided to present himself for the suffrages of the electors of Charlevoix, for the Commons, the nomination for which takes place tomorrow. It is said Mr. Cimon has consented to waive his claims for the present in Mr. Chapias's favor with the intention of running for Kamouraska when its election takes place.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

ANOTHER EXHIBITION OF MOB ROWDYISM.—Another of those disgraceful scenes of mob tyranny was enacted opposite the house of Dr. Blanchet, in Quebec, on Saturday night. Dr. Blanchet was the opposing candidate to Mr. Simard, for the Central Division. It seems his late resignation has excited the indignation of a numerous class of that kind of politicians who can be found as much here as in other places, merely taking part in an election contest, for the opportunity to be able to levy black mail from both candidates. Feeling themselves much aggrieved that the Doctor, in the exercise of an individual right, should withdraw from a political contest (in which he plainly saw that the boasted offers of support would not be nearly sufficient for any hope of his return, nor would the honor be any way adequate to the expense if he was successful) these disinterested electors assembled before his residence in Palace street, to the number of about 200, carrying among them the figure of a stuffed man, with a lantern at his waist, suspended by the neck from a pole, which they proceeded to burn, amid the shouts and yells of the mob. Before the figure was quite consumed, the police, aided by some friends of the Doctor's, made a rush into the mob, driving them down to the foot of Palace Street, where they were met by a small reinforcement of friends from St. Roch's. The two forces joined and marched up the hill again; a great deal of hooting and groaning then ensued, a few stones were thrown, a deal of idle bragadocia was indulged in; the police held their ground and the mob dispersed.—*Ib.*

ROWDIES ON HAND.—The Montreal *News* says:—"There was quite an excitement on Saturday morning at the wharf, caused by the appearance of the Water Police fully armed, and awaiting the arrival of the Quebec steamer. On the passengers landing, no less than twenty-eight of them were arrested, and escorted by the police, were carried to jail. From what we learn, they had been paid to proceed to Three Rivers, and there disturb the election, and, if possible, take the polls. This was in the interest of the Opposition candidates. Information of the fact had been telegraphed both to Three Rivers and this city; and a Minister of the Crown being on board the steamer, prevented her from stopping at Three Rivers, and the rowdies were consequently landed here. They were in the afternoon brought before Mr. Justice Coursol; but as there was not evidence enough adduced before him to support the charge of combining to break the peace, he bound them over in their own recognizances to appear to-day before Mr. Justice Maguire in Quebec, and there answer to any complaints that may be preferred against them. The men, who looked a hard lot of roughs, appeared to be very down-hearted, hungry and disheartened. They were escorted to the down steamer in the same way as they were brought up, and a large crowd followed them."

AN ORIENTAL NIGHT.

It is impossible for those who have never visited the glowing East to form an adequate idea of the exceeding beauty of an Oriental night. The sky—which bends enamoured over clusters of graceful palm trees fringing some slow-moving stream, or groves of dark motionless cypresses rising up like Gothic spires from the midst of white, flat-roofed villages—is of the deepest, darkest purple, unstained by the faintest film of vapor, undimmed by a single fleecy cloud. It is the very image of purity and peace, idealizing the dull earth with its beauty, elevating sense into the sphere of soil, and suggesting thoughts and yearnings too tender and etheral to be invested in human language. Through its transparent depths the eye wanders dreamily upward until it loses itself on the threshold of other worlds. Over the dark mountain ranges the lonely moon walks in brightness, clothing the landscape with the pale glories of a mimic day; while the zodiacal light, far more distinct and vivid than it is ever seen in this country, diffuses a mild pyramidal radiance above the horizon, like the after-glow of sunset.

Constellations tremulous with excess of brightness sparkle in the heavens, associated with classical myths and legends which are a mental inheritance to every educated man from his earliest years. There the ship *Argo* sails over the trackless upper ocean in search of the golden fleece of Colchis; there Perseus returning from the conquest of the Gorgons, holds in his hand the terrible head of Medusa.

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