The Examiner,

VOL. XXV. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1874. NO. 5

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.
Pisquid—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., &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
Nov 11, [illegible]

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.—1y 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.

FOR SALE!

The following Freehold Properties at the West!

A GOOD FARM fronting on the MILL RIVER, LOT 5, Seventeen Chains,

Cntaining 120 Acres,

half clear, rest covered with a good growth of Hard and Soft Wood. Main road running through it. There is abundance of Musselmud in front of the farm. Six miles from the Village of Alberton, and about four miles from the Railroad Station on the Halloran Road.

This is one of the most desirable Farms West and in a fine settlement, and a good place for a Shipyard.

ALSO:

A Farm of Sixty Acres,

on the opposite side of the River, similarly situated.

One of 60 Aces on the Mill Road, Lot 4.

TWO on the PIUSVILLE ROAD, Lot 4, containing 50 Acres each. Cheap farms with small clearances, near the Railroad track.

THE CURRY FARM,

Containing 120 Acres, situate on the Western Road, 10 Chains front, 70 acres clear, well cultivated and fenced with cedar, balance covered with hardwood and cedar,

A HANDSOME DWELLING HOUSE,

27 x 30, well finished throughout, with Kitchen attached 12 x 17, Barn 34 x 41, with Pig house and Sheep house. There is also another DWELLING HOUSE, 16 x 25. This Farm will be sold with or without the Stock, and possession given in Spring, or Cropped and sold with the Crop, delivered next Fall. Terms easy.

—ALSO—

The Ritchie Property, at
KILDARE CAPES,

on the Gulf Shore, consisting of a Store, Dwelling House, Warehouse and Stable, built for a Fishing Station. Buildings in good order and but two years old.

For further information apply to

GEORGE W. HOWLAN.

Alberton, Feb. 3, 1873.

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.

POETRY.

TRIFLES.

There is a story old.
By wise ones told,
How a heart was once by young Love broken;
But when the feat
He'd fain repeat,
This kind advice, by Venus spoken,
Witheld the careless urchin's blow;
"Softly, my boy! for well you know
Your touch upon the fairy things—
Time must efface it with his wings.

"Hearts were not made"
(So Venus said)
"For such as you to trample o'er;
Just lightly play,
Then steal away
And leave them lovely as before!"
"Mother" he sighed, "'Tis vain; for see,
However light my touch may be,
The lines that once my fingers trace,
Time never, never can efface!"

MARY E. BROOKS, in *Harper's Magazine for February.*

HOPE.

She hath a song of songs—it is but folly,
And dear it is to folly-loving men;
Ever to hear it smileth Melancholy,
Against her will listens, and sighs again.

And 'vanity of vanities,' saith the Preacher,
Saith old Experience, moaning to the old:
But Hope hath learners more than any teacher
—All the young hearts, and all the lovers bold.

And thou, O sovran soul, no longer glory
To put thy fair deceivers all away;
Lo! here the Princess of the Eastern story,
Charming her threatened life from day to day.

Above her oft thy restless sword doth glisten
(Oh, light of faith is she when all is done!
Immortal child! she knows that thou wilt listen.
Rapt to the end, her thousand nights and one!

—CARL SPENCER.

ONE LINK GONE!

Take the pillows from the cradle,
Where the little sufferer lay;
Draw the curtains, close the shutters,
Shut out every beam of day.

Spread the pall upon the table,
Place the lifeless body there;
Back from off the marble features
Lay the auburn curls with care.

With its little blue-veined fingers
Crossed upon its sinless breast,
Free from care, and pain, and anguish,
Let the infant cherub rest.

Take the little shoes and stockings,
From the doting mother's sight;
Pattering feet no more will need them,
Walking in the fields of light.

Parents, faint and worn with watching
Through the long dark night of grief,
Dry your tears and soothe your sighing,
Gain a respite of relief.

Mother, care is no more needed
To allay the rising moan,
And though you perchance may leave it,
It can never be alone.

Angels bright will watch beside it
In its quiet, holy slumber,
Till the morning, then awake it
To a place among their number.

Thus a golden link is broken
In the chain of earthly bliss,
Thus the distance shorter making
'Twixt the brighter world and this.

LITERATURE.

THE SWEDES IN PRAGUE.

CHAPTER VI.

Presently, however, the glad barking of one or two favorite dogs in the courtyard announced the arrival of the long-expected Wallenstein. Father Plachy had entered the mansion previously, and wondered at his pupil's unaccountable delay. On their meeting, it appeared that each had been seeking the other.

'It is well I find you here,' said Wallenstein, smiling. 'Bertram, pray order some refreshment.'

Bertram delivered the keys to his daughter who vanished to execute the Count's wishes and her father's instructions.

'Still bad news!' continued Albert to his friend; the Swedes are advancing in great force on Eger; they are levying very large contributions; and when they are not promptly supplied, the peasantry undergo the most shameful ill usage.

'These Swedes,' observed Bertram, who used the privileges of an old and confidential domestic, 'are worse than the very Tartars, if credit may be given to the tales of horror I have heard. The fields are turned into deserts; the villages present nothing but heaps of ashes; and the people consider themselves fortunate, if they have wherewith to support existence!'

'It seems, indeed, high time for Heaven to avenge such crimes,' said Plachy; 'and and yet the conclusion of peace is delayed just as if we lay on a bed of roses! Whilst they tenaciously weigh and dispute every inch of land, thousands are perishing from misery and despair, and one city fails after another! Oh! these Swedes! would that they had all but one neck, as Nero once wished the Romans had, and I stood over it with a keenly-edged sword!' He here elevated his right arm, whilst his eyes darted fire, and his tall commanding figure seemed to dilate with heroic majesty.

'Reverend Sir,' exclaimed Bertram, somewhat astonished, 'that is a glorious wish; but would not one be rather inclined to suppose you a soldier than a minister of the altar, to hear you thus speak, and to see you assume so martial an attitude?'

'The times worthy Bertram,' answered the Father, 'have overturned all ancient distinctions. Thirty years ago, they wished to make an entrance for a foreign faith into our poor country, and to force upon us a foreign king, whose glory the destroying angel annihilated in a single battle. Surely, then, a member of a religious order may well venture, at a moment of the greatest peril, to grasp the sword, *pro aris focis*.'

'Ay, that was indeed a battle!' exclaimed Wallenstein, kindling; 'what a day of rout—of annihilation—was that!'

Joanna now arrived, followed by servants, bearing wine and cold provisions. The table having been decked in the hall, she was about to retire, but her father desired her to remain and dismissed the servants, in order that the conversation might be continued without interruption.

Joanna now assisted the holy father to take off his cloak, and was proceeding to undertake the same office for Albert, but he prevented her, remarking, with a smile, 'We have met before to-day, Joanna.

'Oh, ay! Joanna told us before your arrival,' interrupted Plachy, 'that she had seen you at the cathedral.'

'At *the cathedral!*' repeated Albert, while his inquiring eye met Joanna's.

Unseen by the others, she made a sign, the import of which was rightly construed by Wallenstein, who observed that, upon recollection, he had indeed seen Joanna in the church, but that she went away after mass so quickly as to prevent him from informing her that it would be late before he came home. His eye, all this time, was fixed in the soft features of the girl, who blushed deeper and deeper.

Father Plachy, meanwhile, had seated himself at the table, Bertram stood in waiting, and served out the wine and provisions; whilst Joanna retired to a further corner of the hall, whither the eyes of Albert at times pursued her.

'And is it known to what point these new efforts of the Swedes are directed,' inquired Plachy.

'According to the letters received by Leopold's father, to-day, it is imagined that their operations will be directed against Elnbogen.

'That I do not believe; what advantage would they derive from the possession of Elnbogen! They occupy the Upper Palatinate, and their troops lie in Saxony. Elnbogen must naturally follow the fortunes of the larger portion of territory.'

'You view it in the same light with myself; it is evident that they must have something of greater importance in view. Konigsmark has received reinforcements from General Wrangel; he is withdrawing from the Palatinate, and is already with his cavalry in Pilsen, where the infantry have directions to join him. The commandant of Eger, Colonel Coppy, is now busied with preparations for breaking up, and it is he who has levied such heavy contributions. It is impossible that all these movements can be confined, in their object, to such a place as Elnbogen.

'And what, then, is your opinion, my lord, if I may venture to ask it?' said Bertram, anxiously.

'Do you remember, reverend father, said Wallenstein, turning to his friend, 'what we observed and discoursed about last night? I fear, Bertram, it is *Prague* which——'

'Prague!' cried Bertram, terrified, and letting fall the glass which he was just in the act of filling.

'Prague?' repeated Father Plachy, with a look of thoughtfulness: 'Do not your gloomy apprehensions, Albert, lead you too far?'

'Wallenstein strengthened his opinion by bringing forward several reasons.

Plachy's thoughtfulness increased, 'It is possible,' he said, at length, 'it is very possible; you may be right.'

Bertram stared aghast, and stammered out, 'Then you really believe, reverend father, that the Swedes will take possession of Prague?'

'I do not say that they will take possession of it,' answered Plachy; that requires more than their *will*, but I begin to think that such is their intention. We, however, have arms to defend it against them, and those we will use with proper activity.'

'And maintain the military glory of our ancestors,' exclaimed Wallenstein, proudly. 'Never would I think of seizing the sword lightly, as so many young men of our time——'

'Who seek only for liberty, that they may lead a life of licentiousness, interposed the Father.

'But when our country calls on us to defend her,' continued Wallenstein, 'then ought every Bohemian to know and act up to his duty.'

'How happy, exclaimed Plachy, 'would the late lamented Duke have felt had he heard you speak thus. Albert! You seemed always too quiet and contemplative to him. I, nevertheless, have often said, let the youth have his way! When opportunity offers, it will soon appear that his heart is in the right place; and that he is a true scion of his illustrious stock.'

Our hero smiled gratefully on his former tutor, and said, 'I shall be surprised if the Governor neglects to take proper precautions. He must know what is passing in the circle of Eger.'

'As a matter of course; but you know old Martinitz. His proud mind from the first discredited danger, because he never feared it.'

'He has, indeed, proved his temerity on more than one occasion, particularly at the time of the meeting of that boisterous assembly, which had nearly cost him his life.'

'You mean when the rebels threw him, together with Slawata, out of the window? That was, indeed, a hot day,' observed Plachy; 'I remember it well! Even at this moment, it seems as if it but happened yesterday.'

'Were you not, reverend father, at that time in Prague?' inquired Bertram.

'Yes. I was then studying theology at Clementinum; but, before this all sorts of disputes and commotions had taken place as well among the states of the empire, as between these and the court. Whoever had the slightest knowledge of public affairs, foresaw well, that a rupture must inevitably ensue, and so it turned out. We students, also, took our share in the matter—each according to his peculiar views. The day came when it was said that the imperial viceroy had to deliver to the states an intimation from their Lord, the Emperor Matthias. The discontented believed, or pretended they believed, that it contained nothing more nor less than the revocation of his Majesty's favor, and so they repaired, with evil intentions, armed, and with armed followers, to the castle. The people also collected. A murmur, like that of the ocean, ran through the crowd; but in the hall, the voices of the nobility were heard waxing louder and louder, as their tempers grew more and more heated. At last a window was flung up, and down came Counts Martinitz and Slawata from the second story! You can see the spot outside, and the window, very well, further down the castle garden, where it descends the hill.'

'Good Heavens!' exclaimed the steward; 'and you witnessed that fall?'

'Indeed I did,' replied Father Plachy; 'the sight was dreadful; and yet they got no great harm.'

'That was an evident miracle,' said Bertram, devoutly. 'God wished to prove to the rebels that he could preserve his faithful followers in spite of them.'

'How did it happen,' inquired Wallenstein, 'that their enemies did not pursue them, after learning that they had escaped unhurt from such a fall? This has always been a riddle to me.'

'Did you not know that they were indebted to a female for their preservation?'

'A female!' exclaimed our hero.

'Yes; to the noble and heroic-minded Polixena von Lobkowitz. In the terror and confusion excited by the fall, the servants of the victims hastened toward them, and brought their lords into the Lobkowitz Palace, which stands yonder, adjoining the castle. The Countess, without delay, most humanely took them in, attending them herself; and when, afterward, the enraged Thurn, with his armed force, appeared before her house, and threateningly demanded their surrender, she answered him so calmly and yet so firmly, that he retired, and the lady enjoyed the happiness of having, through her heroism, not only restored to health, but also protected the rescued men.'

During this recital, Joanna had approached nearer to the table, and listened attentively, with beaming eyes. Wallenstein observed it, and smiling, said to her, 'You are pleased with this tale, are you not, Joanna? I think you also would be inclined, in such a case, to act as Polexina von Lobkowitz.'

Joanna looked confused, blushed, and remained silent; while Father Plachy, turning to her, said, 'Do not be ashamed of a right feeling, my child. In former times, although but rarely, there were heroes among the weaker sex. But what heroines were the female martyrs, who regarded neither danger nor death, in their adherence to the faith?'

'I know not,' replied Joanna, modestly, 'whether heaven would grant me ability, in the hour of trial; but to act thus would be my ardent wish and desire, where I so circumstanced.'

'Well said,' cried Father Plachy; 'such a *desire* even is of value before God; and in stormy times like ours, perhaps the opportunity may arrive of putting it into execution.'

'It is easily to be conceived,' remarked Wallenstein, 'that after such an event in the life of any man, the effect of it would gradually act on his whole being, and give to the mind an entirely different direction, as in the case of my late uncle, when he determined to embrace the Catholic faith.'

'Ever since,' said the Father, 'Martinitz has made it a rule to celebrate his preservation each year. On the present one, which will find him, as Governor of Prague, the first personage in the kingdom, no doubt the festival will be still more brilliant than ever.'

'By-the-by,' observed Albert, 'you remind me that I have been invited to attend this festivity, which will take place a few days hence, as indeed have almost the whole of the Bohemian nobility.'

'And you will go, I hope?'

'Perhaps! although you know I am no friend to scenes of noisy merriment.

'On this occasion, however, you should not miss being present, as your absence might vex and displease Martinitz. He attaches much importance to this feast, and is, you know, of an irritable temprament.'

'It is natural for a man to become irritable amidst continual disputes and provocations,' replied Wallenstein: his dislike of everything that savors of religious innovation is inconceivable.'

'In times like these we now live in, when all the ties that bind society together are broken loose, and none can say to what extremes he may go, (since the current bears him along with it) all conspires to force a man into a party, so that at last, even if you would, you cannot pursue the path of moderation. I have heard of a niece of the Count, who, allowing herself to be seduced by a Saxon officer from the convent wherein she was placed, embraced Protestantism, merely out of complaisance to her husband. Martinitz never afterwards either heard or wished to hear of her.'

'Is that perfectly true?' inquired Bertram, attentively regarding Father Plachy.'

'It is said to be so, but I cannot vouch for its accuracy. The lady is said to have been the daughter of a younger brother, and much beloved by the Count, who wished to screen her from the broils and disputes of religious controversy, by placing her within the walls of a convent. The affair is understood to have mortified him exceedingly, and heightened, if possible, his aversion to the heretics.'

'That was to have been expected,' remarked Wallenstein, 'and agrees well with the character of the man. We cannot, however, but respect Martinitz; even from the very first, he has been consistently firm and unbending.'

'The period to which he has lived required such a character,' replied Plachy, 'and while it formed him he has helped, in his turn, to model it accordingly. From this consideration, I imagine he will not attach much importance to the present movement of the Swedes, nor suffer any interruption to the celebration of the annual festival. He who has been so near to danger, nay, even in the very midst of it, and yet has escaped from it, becomes almost necessarily a stranger to apprehension.'

'Notwithstanding,' said Albert, 'I think that some precaution at this time ought to be observed; so, Bertram, be you on the watch; lay in additional provisions, and see that none of the rabble steal into the house.'

'Do not fear for any want of vigilance, my Lord.'

The hour grew late, and suggested to the two friends the expediency of separating for the night. As Albert passed through the hall, attended by the steward and his daughter, his attention was caught by the fresco paintings, already referred to, and turning to Joanna, 'Do you remember,' said he, when you and I, and my cousin Isabella, a happy trio—happy in the possession of childhood and cordial feeling—gambolled about this spot, and enacted the characters portrayed in these frescoes? When I was Hector and you were Andromache, and little Isabel would condescend to no part beneath the dignity of Queen Hecuba?'

'Yes, my Lord!' said Joanna, her eye brightening, while her cheek glowed; 'and how we sat together upon the tables, placed in a line, to represent the walls of Troy; and our eyes followed you as you combatted with the other boys in the garden.' As if aware that she was saying too much, the girl suddenly paused.

'Well! these times are gone by,' exclaimed Wallenstein, 'and it is vain to regret them. Indeed their recollection at present only softens us, and I think we all rather need an increase of courage and fortitude. Good night!' and as he spake, he involuntarily pressed the hand of his old playmate; who, with the common reverential feeling toward the feudal Lord—modified, perhaps, by some other more deeply-felt emotion—raised the Count's hand to her lips and heart.

Advices from Corsica are that as the steamer *Zouave* was entering the port of Bastia, from Leghorn, she was driven against the wharf and sank so rapidly that nineteen persons were drowned, including the captain and chief engineer.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

There is one grand quality signally neglected, almost never taught, nowhere prized at its true value, seldom preached upon, yet certain to avert many a disaster and deliver from many a peril. Were parents and teachers accustomed to show their young ones how self-command in some unexpected emergency, as in an outbreak of fire at midnight, would not only save themselves, but rescue a whole company of friends or fellow pupils, were the various means of escape shown, and the necessity of instant decision enforced, many a valuable life (to say nothing of property) would be saved. So intelligent a community as ours, ought not, in this advanced period of thought, to be so easily overwhelmed by calamity, when one woman's prompt and resolute aid would stop the stream at its fountain head. If it is replied, as it will be, that some persons are born without this gift; my answer is that Peter the Great was born without the capacity to endure the sea, Frederic Second with a perfect terror at battle, Paley with indisposition to rise early, Judge Story with a disgust at law books, Washington with impetuous passion—yet all conquered their natural weakness, and so can we if we feel the necessity.

From various quarters facts have come to me of every sort, illustrating in women, and children even, the power of overcoming panic and turning apparent disaster into an occasion of really sublime virtue.

Instances there are as we all know, of mothers rushing in frantic fear from a burning dwelling, then remember the dear baby they left asleep in its crib, and flying back through the open passage, to perish vainly in a world of mad flames. At the first alarm it would have been easy enough to have seized the child and secured its safety with her own, because the air currents were then cut off; after her own mad hand had given the fire free passage through the house her own sacrifice came too late to be of any service.

Another mother I knew in this State awakened from profound sleep by the fierce light in her room, forbidding her husband opening door or window till she had made a string of sheets, and let her child down to the ground; then she followed herself, without any serious injury from the stifled flames' and not even a very severe fright, for she had taught herself self-control, and so she was always ready to use the best means and all the means God and nature had put in her hands.

Another story I remember of an English family taking tea in the garden back of their bungalow, one sultry eve, in upper India. Suddenly a grand Bengal tiger made one of the company. The gentlemen, even an army officer, seemed paralyzed with fear. One woman alone was master of the occasion. She sprung open a large sun-umbrella right in the face of the beast, who resented so unusual a reception by leaping over the green hedge and making for the thicket, where he had been hiding. Would not this same genius at improvising means have made this lady perfectly invaluable in shipwreck, in midnight conflagration, in burglar's attack, in epidemic disease, in the field hospital of an army, in the panic of a crowded assembly, in railroad collision, in thousands of lesser disasters always aggravated by lack of self-control?

When only thirteen, Sir Astley Cooper showed this rare gift. A little playmate had been crushed by a cart wheel. He was bleeding to death. There was not half time enough to get a surgeon Astley brought out his silk handkerchief—tied it about the wound—stopped the bleeding effectually, till the surgeon could take the child in charge, whom Astley had really saved. And this event was the principal one to determine that choice of his profession which made him such a signal blessing to mankind!

The best wine I have kept to the last. Manning, a West India merchant, was sitting on a log on the shore of Jamaica, while his companions were bathing. Suddenly he saw a shark making full upon them. Had he cried 'shark,' one or both would have been overcome by fear. Fellows, look here,' he cried, 'you swim miserably Here is the best repeater in all Jamaica for the one that comes in first. Now do your best.' So he kept cheering and stimulating, now one, now the other. When he saw Farnum relaxing his stroke, he reproached him for giving up so easily, when he was sure to win if he only pursued. At last he rushed into the waves himself, his red handkerchief streaming from the end of a stick, to divert the man eater. When Farnum was safe upon the sand, and was told his peril, he fell flat as a log, proving how helpless he would have been out at sea.—*Wood's Magazine.*

THE MEN WHO CAN BE SPARED.—Recently a gentleman was making official inquiry for the purpose of finding a man to fill a responsible position in an insurance company. He came to a party whom he thought would be likely to give him accurate and honest information concerning several men whose names he had. When the name of Mr.—— was mentioned.

"The very man for the place; competent and worthy in every respect; but he cannot possibly be spared from the position he now adorns."

'Sir,' said the director, '*we do not want a man who can be spared!*

There was a big volume in that remark. We do not want a man who can be spared. What a multitude of men who can be spared cumber every avenue to promotion. The barnacles, the shirks, the makeshifts, somebody's nephews, soembody's proteges, somebody's good-for-nothings. Young man, please remember that these are not the ones who are called for when responsible positions are to be filled. Would you like to gauge your own fittness for a position of prominence? Would you like to know the pobabilities of your getting such a position? Inquire within!—What are you doing to make yourself valuable in the position you now occupy? If you are doing with your might what your hands find to do, the chances are ten to one that you will soon become so valuable to that position that you cannot be spared from it; and then, singular to relate, will be the very time when you will be sought out by promotion for a better place.

Be content to grade among the men who can be spared, and you may rest assured that nothing will 'spare' you so certainly and so easily as promotion.—*New Orleans Y. M. C. A. Chronicle.*

A Yeddo publisher has issued a life of Washington. It is in forty-four volumes, is printed in Japanese characters, and profusely illustrated. "The Father of his country" is dressed in the costume of the present day, wears a moustache, carries a cane, and attended by a Skye terrier.

CLEARING THE CLOLHES LINE.

[From the Danbury News.]

What a frightful sensation that is when you have just got home of a cold Monday night and pulled your boots off, to be told that the week's washing is out on the line and must be brought in. Now to do this of a dewey eve in the summer, with the delicate perfume of flowers filling the air, and a brass band on the next street, is not exactly a hardship; but to do it in the dead winter, with a chilling breeze blowing, and the clothes as stiff as a rolling-pin is something no man can contemplate without quaking. We don't quite understand how it is that a man invariably gets his boots off before the dread summons comes, but the rest of it is plain enough. There is a sort of rebellious feeling in his heart which prompts him to try to entangle his wife in an argument, and failing this he snatches up the basket and goes out in the yard with it, rapping it against the chairs and knocking it against the sides of the door with as much vigor as if it was not purely accidental. If the fond wife is any way attentive, she can hear his well known voice consigning various objects to wretched suffering, long after he has diseppeared. There is no levity in a line of frozen clothes. Every article is as frigid as the Cardiff giant, and the man who wrenches the pin off and then holds the basket in expectation ot seing the piece drop off the line of its own accord, is too pure and simple for this world But our man isn't of that nature. He catches hold of the garment with his chilled hands and seeks to pull it off, but it dosen't come. Then he yanks it upwards and then downwards and then sideways; and when it comes off it maintains the shape it has been all the afternoon working into, which permits it just as readily to enter the basket as to be shoved through the keyhole of a valise. The first article he doubles up with his hands, and there is a faint semblance of cheerfulness in packing them away; but after that he smashes them into the basket without any cermony, and crowds them down with his foot. He used the same care in taking down a fine cambric handkerchief that he does in capturing a sheet, and makes two handkerchiefs of every one. When he gets far from the basket he allows the articles to multiply in his arms, so as to save steps, and when he gets his arms full of the awkward and miserable things, whose sharp, icy corners jab him in the neck and face, he comes to an article that refuses to give way on one end. He pulls and shakes desperately at it, in his rage until he inadvertently steps on the dragging end of a sheet, and then he comes down flat on the frozen snow. But bounds up again, grating his teeth, and hastily depositing the bundle in the basket, darts back to the refractory member, and taking hold of it, fiercely tugs at it, while he fairly jumps up and down in the extremity of his anger and cold. Then it comes unexpectedly, and with it a part of the next article, and he goes over again—this time on his back and with violence. With the clothes gathered, he takes the basket up in his livid hands, thus bringing the top articles against his already frozen chin, and thus tortured, propels his lifeless limbs into the house. She stands already to tell him to close the door, and is thoughtful enough to ask him if it's cold work. But if he is a wise man he will make no answer. If he is a wise man he will silently plant himself in front of the stove, and framing his frozen features into an implacable frown will preserve that exterior without the faintest modification until bedtime.

ABOUT DYSPEPSIA.

Sufferers from this horrible malady will find some of their own feelings described in the following article from the December number of the *Overland Monthly*:—

Did you ever have the dyspepsia? Did you ever have—or ever imagine you had—a complication of all known and several unknown diseases? If yes, then you had the dyspepsia, *or its full equivalent.* Chronic dyspepsia may be defined as an epitome of every complication wherewith transgressing mortality is scourged. It is as nice a thing to have about you as a trunkful of tarantulas, with the trunk lid always up. An eminent English physician had said: A man with a bad dyspepsia is a villian. He is, and worse. He is by turns a friend, a moral monster, and physical coward—and he cannot help it. He is his own bottomless pit, and his own demon at the bottom of it, which torments him continually with pangs indescribable.

When a worm of the business dust of this world has writhed with the dyspepsia until it has assumed a virulent chronic form, who shall find colors and abilities varied enough to paint his condidition? His blood becomes first povertystricken, then impure, and, as 'blood will tell," every part of his system is contaminated by the foul stream. The brain complains bitterly on its own account, and vehement complaints are being continually sent up to it from the famishing liver, bowels, spleen, heart, and lungs. Like "sweet bells jangled out of tune," the entire organization breaths discords. Even the remote toes telegraph up to the brain: "We are striving down here; send down some provider." The brain makes requisitions on the stomach, which are futile. The stomach is powerless to provide, and the brain cannot transmit. At times all the starving organs conspire together, suspend work and undertake to compass by riot what they fail to get by appeal. Then life trembles in the balance. Then the consolation—O, the consolation!—that is visited on the dyspeptic. Friends—when he is lifeless from lack of vitality—friends will exasperate him with taunts of being 'lazy,' 'shiftless,' 'indolent,' and 'without ambition!' Nor can his friends be made to appreciate that it is as preposterous to expect one who is undergoing constant torture and consequent exhaustion to have 'ambition' as it would be to expect a corpse to have an appetite. Remedy: everybody's advice—that is ride everybody's hobby. Cure: death. Drugs are but aggravations, and 'bitters' are bitter indeed. We have heard of a chronic dyspeptic who took his cue from his chickens, and by swallowing daily a moderate handful of gravel stones of the size of a pea downwards, finally succeeded in transforming 'cue' into 'cute.' He claimed complete restoration. In the face of this evidence to the contrary, we reassart that, for chronic dyspepsia in its worst form, there is but one certain cue, absolute rest. Preventive: take as good care of the coats of your stomachs as you do of the coats of your backs. Do you wish for faith in God, in human love, in earthly happiness, in the beneficence of Nature, and mortality? Keep your digestion vigorous; on that hang all of these. Would you prefer an abiding faith in tortures unspeakable, in horrors inexpressible? Destroy your digestion. Would you live in the body forever? Keep your digestion in full vigor; and although the end of the world may come your end will not come—you will have to go after it. Old age is but the failure of nutrition. Nutrition is life: non-nutrition is death.

On the recent marriage of Miss Gladstone, daughter of ths British Premier, Queen Victoria presented her with a rich India shawl.

AGRICULTURAL.

A Harness kept soft and pliable with good neat's foot oil will last almost a lifetime. It is stronger, because slightly elastice, and will seldom wear off the hair.

A horse left uncovered when not in exercise will soon grow a heavy coat of coarse hair. This becomes a hindrance to rapid motion, and should be prevented by judicious blanketing.

A balky horse in a double team may always be started by tying his tail to the whiffletree and starting the other horse. So said George M. Pullman, of palace car notoriety, some twenty years ago.

TIGHT AND WARM BARNS.—A man whose experience extends over thirty years in keeping stock, in reference to tight and warm barns, says:—

"When I sold my cows by auction some farmers were afraid to buy, 'because,' as they said, 'they had been kept so high,' they thought I had fed much meal, so much that it would not do to buy such cows for poorer keep. Now, the facts are these: I had not fed a particle of meal or roots; my barn was tight and warm; I fed good hay and regularly; kept my cows in the barn most of the time in cold weather; watered twice a day in the barn; kept them well bedded; cleaned out the stable twice a day, and sometimes three times. I find farmers, not a few in this town, say that their cows won't drink but once a day; I say to such, I guess you don't give them a chance; try a tight barn and one that is warm. Farmers, when you begin to pinch your cows, if not in drink, you bring leanness upon your cows, if not in your purses; you might as well pinch in feed as in drink, for either or both will cause that leanness of which farmers so much complain in these days. I think that if farmers will try tight barns, with good hay, with water twice a day, and clean stables with good warm bedding, that two-thirds of the feed used in an open barn will keep the cows in a much better condition."

OVER FEEDING AND OVER DRINKING.—Dr. Alfred Carpenter, alluding to the mortality among the prize oxen of the late Metropolitan Show, writes:—"If it is thought that men or animals can be stuffed to repletion and yet not perform any work, and no serious consequence result, a great and a fatal mistake is made. The effect of a deozonised and partly deoxygenated atmosphere showed itself, because the animals were diseased before they entered the building. Such an effect is sure to arise in animals as well as in men when they become the victims of fatty degeneration. They die rapidly, is exposed to foul air, and death is said to have been caused by unavoidable disease; but that disease is as much caused by man's own act as any of the so-called preventible maladies, and is as much to be blamed as is the effect which follows excessive drinking. Should we not learn a lesson from this great experiment, whether we are agriculturists feeding cattle for the market, or only common men? It is certain that overfeeding as well as over-drinking is a great evil, and produces its yearly hetacombs of victims, who are looked upon as unfortunate sufferers, while their colleagues, the drunkards, are severely dealt with in respectable society.

The state within us, and not the state we live in, determines our happiness here. But man is a chameleon, taking his shade o shine from his surroundings. For natural developement, for calm and exalting comfort to the inner spirit, for health to the outer frame, give me the hill-top, the farm, the blue sea and the blue sky! And let every farmer standing beneath the blue sky of P. E. Island, with his own soil beneath him, rejoice in his independence. Resolve to be *men*—intelligent, high-minded men! Sell not your manhood for the pottage of wealth or political office!

Don't look upon farming as slavery, but as a glorious independence. Let there be fairs and holidays, as well as work days, in your farm life. Let comfort be a duty, as well as success! Don't skin your farm! Manure abundantly, that you may reap abundantly! Manure is like charity, twice blessed, blessing him that gives and him that takes. Teach your children early to love Nature, in all her varied richness and beauty. Lead them in the study of her mysteries, which like the ladder in the old patriarch's vision, leads from earth to Heaven, and then in after time home shall ever be to them a sacred spot.

Keep the Cows warm.—What sight is more pleasant than a row of sleek, well-cared for, healthy animals in winter? Outside, the thermometer stands close upon zero, inside, the temperature is so comfortable that we can well dispense with our overcoat. From whence comes this genial warmth? No coal or wood is consumed to raise the temperature. The problem is easily solved. Here are fifteen stoves, not constructed of iron or wood, but of flesh and blood, and in the stoves hay and grain are burned constantly, and hence the heat. It is warmth radiated from the animals that we feel, and this comes from actual combustion, produced by the play of vital or chemical forces within the organisms. A large per centage of the food supplied adds neither to our store of milk or flesh, but is burned to produce animal heat, and in winter the supply of food must be increased, to compensate for the loss by direct radiation from the surface and through the respiratory organs.

No greater mistake can be made than to house your animals in cold, open barns. A shivering cow can give no milk, nor gain any flesh. To feed a cow, or any other animal, in the cold, open air, is about as foolish and wasteful as to place a stove out of doors, fill it with fuel, and expect to receive benefit by warming the atmosphere generally. Animals need protection and warmth as well as human beings.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

GET STRONG HARNESS AND BITS.—Consider the lives of those who sit behind horses often depends on the soundness of a bit or a strap, it is remarkable how little attention is paid to the condition of the harness by those who trust themselves not only in strange carriages, but also in their own vehicles. An English journal, devoted to the harness trade, after observing that scarcely a day passes without the occurrence of an accident arising from the bit breaking while in the horse's mouth, points out that there are three ways of making these bits. One is to forge them throughout of the toughest iron or soft steel; the other is to use cast cheeks, and forego the mouthpieces; while the third is to cast them throughout. The first is the only method that should be followed, but buyers will not pay the prices asked, and manufacturers cannot afford to sell them for less. The wrought mouth is the next best, and if the cheek has been properly annealed it makes a most serviceable bit. Cast cheeks, however, are not always trustworthy, and the manufacturer is as likely to be deceived in this respect as the buyers. The cast bit is one that ought never to be used, Harness makers should inform their customers of the quality of the article, and leave the responsibility with the buyer. If for the sake of the difference in price between two kinds a man chooses to risk his life by using the poorer bit, neither the harness maker nor the bit manufacturer should be blamed. The bit and reins should always be of the strongest kind, no matter what the merits of the rest of the harness.

—The high price of coal in England has led to the active working of the Irish coal mines.

—The life of Bishop Wilberforce will be written by Dr. Trench, archbishop of Dublin.

Two Shocks of earthquake in San Francisco on the 18th.

Springfield, Mass., has organized a new order, entitled the sovereigns of Industry.

The Hussaic Tunnel is said to have used more than two hundred tons of nitroglycerine.