The Examiner,

VOL. XXV. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 5, 1874. NO. 1.

CLOSING AND ARRIVAL OF MAILS,

AT

POST OFFICE, CAHRLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND,

AFTER FRIDAY, 19th DECEMBER.

MAILS.	CLOSE.	DUE.
Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and United States.	Tues, Thurs. and Sat., 8 p.m.	About Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evening, but uncertain.
Great Britain & Newfoundland, via Halifax.	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 8 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.

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

WILLIAM DODD.
Commission Merchant and AUCTIONEER
QUEEN SQUARE,
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.

[illegible]ARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENT,
[illegible]NK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

JAMES BRENAN,
[illegible]use, Sign, and Carriage Painter,
Paper Hanger & Glazier
SOURIS WEST.
[illegible]ers will receive prompt attention.
July 7, 1873. ly

F. M. CAMPBELL.
[G]ENERAL MERCHANT
COMMISSION AGENT,
[A]UCTIONEER & BROKER
[T]RINITY CORNER, GEORGETOWN, P. E. I.
AGENT FOR THE
[Sta]ndard Life Insurance Co.
Sept. 1, 1873. 1y

JOSEPH BERTRAM,
Commission Merchant.
A U[illegible]
GENERAL AGENT,
[Cent]ral Street - - Summerside,
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
[Part]icular attention given to Consignments, the purchase of Produce, and Auction [illegible]
Agent at Summerside for the Steamers of the P. E. Island Steam Navigation [Compa]ny.
REFERENCES:
[illegible] Ings, Esq., Charlottetown; Hon [illegible] Richards, Bideford; J. L. Holman and David Rogers, Esq., Summerside.

[H]ERMANS & SON,
[illegible] Hangers, Gun and Tin-smiths
QUEEN STREET,
[OP]POSITE WATSON'S DRUG STORE,
[BE]G to return their thanks to the general public for the liberal patronage extended [to the]m since their commencement in business, [and a]sk for a continuance of the same. They [have c]onstantly on hand
A neat Assortment of
[TIN]WARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS
&c., &c., &c.
[AL]L ORDERS in the above BUSINESS [will b]e punctually attended to.
[Ha]ving lately made large purchases in the [b]est Markets, intended for House Builders, [illegible]
[Ga]s Fitting, Water Closets, Bell Fittings, &c., &c.,
[Are] prepared to SELL THEM at RATES [as L]OW AS CAN BE HAD IN THE CITY, [and w]ill fit them up in a good workmanlike style [to] a generous public, we would say, that all [orders] in THIS BRANCH OF OUR BUSI[NESS] will be attended to with Despatch.
[A lo]t of First-Class WATER COOLERS or
[M]AYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE,
Sold Cheaper than ever.

Properties for Sale.

FOR SALE!

The following Freehold Properties at the West!

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

Containing 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.

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 Mud and Oyster Mud that will enrich the soil. Good large MARSH. It is otherwise well drowned.

[illegible] flight [illegible] Lath, and Shingle MILL, [illegible] Circular Saw for Edging, [illegible] and other purposes, besides [illegible] with about 50 acres Land, besides [illegible] 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 [illegible] or 8 chains from railroad station. There will be sold from [illegible]0 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 Dwelling House, with other outside buildings, situated at Cardigan Bridge, about 4 chains from Railroad Station. As this is one of the finest and most convenient business stands on the Island, parties desirous of engaging in Merchantile Business, will find it to their advantage [to ca]ll and examine, before purchasing elsewhere.

Also, 15 Building Lots, situated within ½ 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 business 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 FOR THE SEASON.

A PRAYER.

Thou, who dost dwell alone—
Thou, who dost know Thine own—
Thou to whom all are known
From the cradle to the grave—
Save, O, save,
From the world's temptations;
From tribulations;
From the fierce anguish
Wherein we languish;
From the torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave;
Save, O, save:
When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer;
When the soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher;
But the arch-fiend, Pride,
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And, when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore,
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence;
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave—
Save, O, save
From the ingrained fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars Thy creature:
From grief that is but passion;
From mirth that is but feigning;
From tears that bring no healing;
From wild and weak complaining;
Thine own strength revealing,
Save O, save.
From doubt where all is double;
Where wise men are not strong;
Where comfort turns to trouble;
Where just men suffer wrong;
Where sorrow treads on joy;
Where sweet things soonest cloy;
Where faiths are built on dust;
Where love is half mistrust;
Hungry, and barren, and sharp as these;
O, set us free.
O, let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie,
Tossing continually,
O, where thy voice doth come,
Let all doubts be dumb;
Let all words be mild;
All strife be reconciled;
All pains beguiled;
Light bring no blindness;
Love no unkindness;
Knowledge no ruin;
Fear no undoing,
From the cradle to the grave
Save O, save

—*Mathew Arnold.*

LITERATURE.

THE SWEDES IN PRAGUE.

CHAPTER I.

The war which followed the Reformation in Germany had reached its thirtieth year. From Bohemia, where it commenced, its ravage had extended over the whole empire, even to the frontier states,—turning, alas! flourishing provinces into deserts, and rendering once opulent citizens beggars and fugitives.

Time, however, and the changes to which all earthly things are subject, at length materially altered the original character of the struggle. By degrees passions cooled down, and views and feelings became more moderate. The embittered strife of opinion, which, five-and-twenty years earlier, would have spurned every conciliatory idea as inadmissable, nay, as sinful, now began to yield to overtures of peace, which seemed, indeed, after such long and determined exertion, necessary for both parties.

A congress had been sitting at Osnaburg for several years, carefully and jealously occupied in weighing the respective rights and demands of the belligerents,—regarding which its members experienced much difficulty in coming to a satisfactory conclusion; for zeal in the cause of faith and liberty had long since degenerated into a common lust after conquest, each side wishing to obtain as much, and to yield as little, as possible. During all these negotiations, the Swedish army still lay in the very heart of Germany; and, forgetful of their professed character of deliverers and defenders of German liberty,—in which light the royal Gustavus had come forth, and led their ranks against the enemy,—made plunder and exaction their sole object, and contrived to render the Swedish name at once dreaded and detested.

A considerable Swedish force, commanded by General Wrangel, occupied Bavaria, rioting and devastating in their usual way; and a part of this force, under the orders of Count Konigsmark, had penetrated through the Upper Palatinate into Bohemia, and fixed its quarters in the district of Eger, carrying on there the work of fire and pillage.

The country was compelled to bear this new burden, for the Imperial army was either too distant or too weak to remove it; and these exactions were not one whit the less galling, that those who imposed them pretended to come as *liberators*. The Emperor, Ferdinand II., was dead, and with him had expired that national animosity which had instigated the Bohemians to conspire against his imperial rights, and brought down on them the heavy weight of his arm. Ferdinand III. was a prince of a milder and kinder character; and as the new generation inherited not the aversion of their fathers to German rule,—their principal desire being the repose of their wasted and worn-out country,—every man burned with hatred toward the intruding and overbearing foreigners, in whose humiliation and expulsion they longed for an opportunity to co-operate. The more thoughtful among them could not perceive that the period of their national independence was gone by—to return no more. The rapid and gloomy succession of events had involved the kingdom almost in one universal ruin, and had imprinted a sombre, hopeless character on the minds of its population. A few bold spirits, it is true, endeavored to repress this desponding tendency, and to keep alive the memory of those days when the Bohemian name, in the war of the Hussites, was the terror of their enemies, and when Charles, their king, with mild hand showered on them the blessings of peace, and dignified his countrymen in the eyes of all Europe.

These were, however, but few; the mass indulged in a settled gloom, alike the result of their individual misfortunes and those of their country. Among the number was a youth of the house of Wallenstein, a name alone sufficient to fill the mind with recollections of all the renown as well as all the horrors of the Thirty Years' War.

The father of Albert was brother to the great Duke of Friedland. The youth grew up under the eyes of his parents, and subsequently of his noble kinsman, and resided principally at Prague, in the palace which the Duke had erected, with royal magnificence, during the period of his absence from the public functions.

Even at the present day, this structure bears the stamp of the proud and gloomy mind of its founder. A hundred houses were bought and razed to the ground, in order to find room for the gardens and palace. The style of the building is splendid, but heavy. Walls of great weight surround the entire space enclosed, obstructing the view from the neighboring houses, and imparting an isolated and lonely appearance. The garden-saloon is truly splendid; it is decorated with paintings in fresco, supported in front upon pillars, and open toward the grounds from which it is separated by a low iron balcony, to which the visitor is conducted by a flight of steps. The extensive state-saloon of the palace is carried through two stories, and embellished on the ceiling with costly paintings in fresco, which are still to be seen; and at that time, the walls were covered with gilding. Sixty pages, each of noble family, in the rich blue and red livery of the Duke,—numerous officers and chamberlains, who, as in the imperial service, bore the gold key, together with countless menials, filled the royally-decorated chambers; and whoever sought an audience of his Highness was led through a long suite of these splendid apartments, and through this imposing retinue.

Such was the pomp amidst which Albert lived in Prague; and within this brilliant scene was he educated. The looks of his uncle were soon directed, with delight toward the hopeful stripling, in whom he would fain contemplate the future heir of his glory, as well as of his name. Heaven had not blessed the Duke with a son; and his society, during his absence from the field, consisted of his only daughter, Isabella, and her mother. He had much pleasure in observing the two children when at their games; and occasionally allowed such pages as were distinguished by superior manners or family dignity, to join them. Joanna, also, his steward's daughter, who had been selected as the Princess Isabella's little playmate, frequently made one of the party on these occasions.

No warlike fire, it is true, ever shone from the blue eyes of Albert, which rather bore like the rest of his features, the soft impress of deep sensibility and gentle melancholy; and the Duke, calling to mind his own youthful days, together with his retired, nay, gloomy temper, that felt but little pleasure in the amusement of his comrades, and his wonderful escape in a fall from a window (which made him seem the care of Providence, and had a powerful influence in elevating his disposition), entertained, on all these accounts, a watchful anxiety for the proper education and personal safety of his nephew, and exercised great circumspection in his choice of a tutor for the boy.

From the numerous candidates for this office, Father Plachy was selected; a man not only distinguished for his piety and profound attainments in theology and astronomy, but unquestionably of original genius, and, therefore, every way adapted to awaken the dormant energies of Albert. The Father's strict life, pious habits, and candid manners, gained him also universal esteem.

Such was the man to whom the Duke entrusted his nephew, whilst he himself kept a watchful eye over the whole of the youth's studies, and the general tenor of his conduct. During his hours of application, the great man was often present, and took infinite delight in watching his progress in every branch of knowledge. He even occasionally took part in the lad's sports, and endeavored, by the direction he gave them, to rouse within his breast that heroic feeling which, he doubted not, merely slumbered there, under the veil of childish placidity and good humor.

But, determined as Albert's courage showed itself to be on every occasion—and however delicate, and even fastidious, his sense of honor, still it did not appear as if his uncle's career, and the rapid movements of a military life, were the elements in which he would delight. He displayed, it is true, great pleasure and zeal in manly exercises, in every branch of which he received due instruction; but the silent charms of the Muses had yet a mightier attraction for him: and what wound the strongest spell around his fancy was exactly that which was most carefully concealed from him.

Father Plachy's astronomical observations were, according to the spirit of the age, inseparably connected with astrology; on which account it was, perhaps, that the choice of his patron had fallen on him. The observatory of Battista Leni was his favorite resort at such times as he knew his pupil was under his uncle's eye, or otherwise safely engaged. Albert soon perceived that there were secrets in his occupation, which he had an eager inclination to dive into; and once finding means to enter the observatory unnoticed, his youthful mind received an indelible impression from the forms of the planets, (represented as so many kings heroes,) the mysterious instruments, and the unintelligible figures. Afterward, he was incessantly begging his uncle and tutor to be allowed to enter this world of wonders and profundity. They cajoled him with promises for a while: but both loved the youth too well to keep him long in suspense; and accordingly he was instructed, so far as immature apprehension admitted. The Duke, indeed, was delighted at this trait in Albert's character, as it seemed to indicate a new feature of resemblance between his nephew and himself. Thus the boy grew constantly dearer to him; whilst Albert, on his part, felt the truest attachment to the hero, who, amid all his important affairs and glory, found leisure for the display of so much parental solicitude toward him.

It was about this period that the head of the house of Wallenstein received, for the second time, the command of the imperial forces, now necessary to be re-formed. The manner in which he used the power thus consigned to him becomes a question that, in common with other circumstances connected with the then existing state of Germany, belongs to history.

Albert had remained at home with his tutor, enjoying the occasional happiness of hearing from his uncle; when, in the midst of his felicity, the terrible blow——the sudden news of the Duke's murder——fell on them, threatening, in its consequences, to blast for ever the fair hopes of our hero, (for such we must confess him,) who, although certainly, at that period, too young to perceive all the consequences of this event, was yet old enough to feel, long and deeply, the loss of his uncle. His parents survived the Duke but a few years; and his cousin Isabella had left Prague some time previously, having formed an alliance with Count Kaunitz.

Thus, at an age when the affections of the youthful heart expand most vigorously, did Albert find himself, as it were, alone in the world. His tutor was now his nearest and dearest friend to him; he became attached to him with a warm and undivided affection, and sought, in his society and in the cultivation of the sciences, abstraction from the many indefinite desires and anxious wishes wherewith he found himself agitated. He cultivated, with particular zeal, the combined study of astronomy and astrology; and when Father Plachy, some time after, was made professor at Tycho Brahe's observatoro, Albert was accustomed to pass many nights there in his society, dwelling constantly within a short distance of the Father's residence, which was in the Jesuits' College, in the old town. It is true, he has come into the possession of several of his uncle's estates, and also of the palace already mentioned; here, however, he was beset by too many painful recollections of the past—of the Duke—of his parents—and the happy scenes of his childhood, to admit of his making it his abode. As he did not choose, therefore, to dwell in the palace, he gave it in charge, together with the gardens, to his uncle's venerable steward, Bartram, merely calling occasionally, to see how affairs went on.

At that mournful period, when the country was plunged in universal distress, he did all in his power to relieve the sufferings of his unhappy dependents; and thus, dividing his time between the care of his people and the study of the sciences, he would not permit his friends, not even Father Plachy himself, to persuade him to embrace any particular profession, or fill any fixed station in life: nor would he listen to any proposals of entering the married state. Foreseeing as he thought, the prolongation of his country's woe, he held it selfish, under such circumstances, to cater for individual happiness.

But the heart puts forth claims which cannot be wholly waved; and from his dream of serious placidity, the ruffling tempest was already preparing to awake Albert.

To be continued.

A SHOT FOR A LIFE.

Where the Kentucky river cuts its way through the mountains, having upon either bank bold, rugged cliffs, that lift their summits five hundred and a thousand feet, as the case may be above the stream, there lived in early times a settler by the name of Rufus Branson, who, with his wife and little child, a charming young girl of some eight or nine years of age, occupied the rude cabin at the base of the precipice a little back from the river.

Although greatly exposed to danger, the Indians at that time being very plentiful throughout the region, he managed to live quietly for several years.

The Indians frequently visited the rude home of the hunter, and being always welcomed and provided with such food as was in the larder, they maintained a friendly attitude. Especially were they fond of the child, Maggie, and more than one fierce warrior had been seen sitting on the grass in front of the cabin listening to the childish prattle of the little one, or else engaged in making her some toy or plaything from willow twigs or pliant bark.

In this manner several years had been passed, and Rufus Branson came to feel as secure as though he was within the walls of a frontier front. One evening Branson and his wife were seated near the doorway, when suddenly a shadow fell across the threshold and the next moment a tall savage, whose reeling step and bloodshot eyes told that he was intoxicated, appeared, and staggering to the log steps, threw himself upon them. His first demand was for fire water, which was, of course refused, on the ground that there was none in the house. The Indian became cross and ugly, and declared with terrible oaths that if the liquor was not produced, he would murder the whole household. Branson was a brave, determined man, and although he dreaded the necessity, yet he saw he would be compelled to take prompt steps to prevent the savage from executing his threat.

Waiting until the warrior had made a demonstration, which he soon did by drawing his tomahawk, Branson sprung at him, knocked him down with a blow of his fist, and then quietly disarmed and bound him where he lay. After a few moments of furious ravings and futile efforts to free himself, the savage rolled over and sank into a drunken sleep. He did not awake until the next morning, but before he did so the settler had quietly removed his bonds and restored the weapons, which he laid by the sleeper's side. The savage, on awakening, rose slowly to his feet, felt his wrists, as though the thongh had left a feeling there, took up his weapons, and without speaking a word left and disappeared in the timber near by.

'What do think of that?' asked the wife with a frightened look.

'Pshaw! Don't trouble your head about the drunken brute!' answered the settler, lightly; but as he turned away and stepped into the yard, he muttered—

'Like it? Well, not much. The fellow must be watched. I was in hopes that he would not have remembered, but that lump where my fist landed was enough, if nothing else, to recall the circumstance.'

The summer passed, and they saw their drunken guest no more. He failed to make his appearance. But as the leaves began to fall, the settler one day, while returning from hunting on the hills, and passing through a dense piece of timber not far from the house, caught sight of a figure lurking in the bushes but quickly disappeared when he advanced to where it was. The figure was that of an Indian warrior, and Branson would have sworn that it was the Indian warrior whom he knocked down and bound the previous spring. This news was not in any way comforting, and hence he did not tell his wife of his discovery.

It would only alarm her, he thought, and without, perhaps, any good result. He simply told her he had discovered bear tracks near by, and that she and the child must stay within or close to the house during his absence.

Several days afterwards, Rufus Branson heard his dogs in the timber down by the river, and, knowing they never opened without good cause, he caught up his rifle and hastened to where they were barking. They had struck a fresh bear trail, and, as he arrived in sight, they fairly lifted it, going off in a straight line down the river.

The chase led him several miles, and, when he at last got a shot that finished bruin's career, he found that it was three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Swinging his meat to a sapling, out of reach of cat or wolf, he started for home to get his horse, and return and fetch it that night.

Taking a circuit, he approached the cabin from the western side, where the timber grew heavy up to within a few yards of the building, and consequently he could not see the clearing, or what might be transpiring there, until he had passed through the wood.

Thus it was that, when within a short distance of his home, he heard a wild, piercing shriek; but he could only guess that something terrible must be taking place beyond the screen of bushes and leaves. Uttering a loud shout that his presence might sooner be known, Branson sprung forward like a wounded buck, a great fear in his heart, for he had only too clearly recognized in that scream the agonized voice of his wife.

It took but a moment for him to clear the intervening timber and undergrowth and as he dashed out into the clearing, holding his rifle ready for instant use, he comprehended in one swift glance all that had taken place, and what was further to fear.

Near the end of the cabin, facing the cliff, of which I have spoken, stood the mother, her face pallid as death, her arms outstretched, her staring eyes fixed upon the precipitous heights up which the figure of the Indian was struggling.

'My child! my child!' was all the woman said, and Branson saw that the bundle in the Indian's arms was the form of their only child, Maggie.

Firm of heart, and with nerves as steady as the rocks around, the father for a moment quailed and cowered under what his quick senses told him, the deadly peril of the little one. But he was quick to recover.

The Indian was drawing away; step by step he was increasing the distance, and as he occasionally glanced backward and downward, the parents saw in the hideously painted countenance the full purpose that actuated the abductor.

'God aid me!' Branson muttered, as he raised his rifle, glancing through the sights, and touched the trigger.

The Indian started violently at the shot. He was hit, but not badly, and with a devilish triumph he passed upward.

'Too low by a couple of inches,' said a low, calm voice at the settler's elbow.

Branson started as though he himself had been shot. Where was this man from? Who was he? Neither had seen him approach. But there was no time for explanations. The stranger, a man rather below than above ordinary height, whose fine, athletic form was fully displayed by his closely fitting buck-skin garments, stepped quickly forward a few paces, and firmly planted his left foot in advance, threw up an unusually long rifle, as though preparing to fire.

'For God's sake, stranger, be careful of my child!' cried Branson, while the agonized mother uttered an audible prayer.

'It's our only chance. I know that Indian,' was the quick reply, and the click! click! of the hammer, as it was drawn back, told that the critical moment had come.

By this time the Indian had nearly reached the summit of the steep. That he was wounded now became evident, as upon a broad ledge of rock he paused for a moment. This opportunity was seized upon by the unknown. Although the savage had taken the precaution to hold the child up in front of him as a shield, covering nearly the whole of his brawny chest, but leaving his head uncovered, the stranger did not hesitate in making the shot.

For one second, as it gained its position, the rifle wavered, and then instantly became as immovable as though held in a vice. With clasped hands and staring eyes the parents watched the statue-like form upon which so much depended.

Suddenly a sharp report rang out; the white smoke drifted away, and as the vision became clearer, they saw the savage loose his hold upon the child, reel wildly an instant, and then pitch forward on the rocks. It may be imagined that the father was not long in reaching the place where his child lay, and in a few moments more the little one was in its mother's arms.

'Tell us who you are, that we may know what name to mingle with our prayers,' exclaimed the mother, as the stranger prepared to depart.

'My name is Daniel Boone,' he said—and was gone.

ROBERT BURNS A FREEMASON.—A little book, printed in England for private circulation, gives an interesting history of the Scottish poet's Masonic career. He appears to have been a devoted member of the noble order from the time of his initiation, which occurred July 4, 1781, until his death. His visits to Lodges, wherever he happend to be sojourning, were frequent; and in his zeal for Masonic work he was accustomed at times to hold Lodges in his own house. In 1784 he was elected Deputy Master of St. James's Lodge, and his signature to the minutes is "Robert Burness." In grateful recollection of the brethern at Kilmarnock, who had elected him an honorary member of St. John's Lodge, Burns wrote the following:—

"Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
Who marked each element's border,
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is order;
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
Or withered envy ne'er enter;
May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre."

The writer of the little book above referred to thinks that the assistance rendered to the poet by brethern in Edinburgh, in connection with the publication of his poems, was of much value, and says that his devotion to the order was "a great propelling power, influencing his thoughts, inspiring his muse, and nurturing that stern love of independence and brotherhood which are universally acknowledged to have been predominant characteristics of his manhood."

Mill's Theory of Happiness.—Those only are happy who have their minds fixed on some object other than their own happiness—on the happiness of others, on the improvement of mankind, even on some art or pursuit, followed, not as a means, but as itself an ideal end. Aiming thus at something else, they find happiness by the way. The enjoyments of life are sufficient to make it a pleasant thing, when they are taken *en passant*, without being made a principal object. Once make them so, and they are immediately felt to be insufficient. They will not bear a scrutinizing explanation. Ask yourself whether you are happy, and you cease to be so. The only chance is to treat, not happiness, but some end external to it, as the purpose of life. Let your self-consciousness, your scrutiny, your self-interrogation exhaust themselves on that; and, if otherwise fortunately circumstanced, you will inhale happiness with the air you breathe, without dwelling on it or thinking about it, without either forestalling it in imagination or putting it to flight by fatal questioning.

BAD BOOK-KEEPIMG.

(From the Toronto Monetary Times.)

When will the whole of the merchants and men of business of the Dominion learn to have their books kept, and their stock taken on correct principles? That some do, there can be no doubt, and perhaps they are the majority—we trust they are; but the revelations occasionally made when a mercantile house calls its creditors together, shew that a vast amount of deceptive book-keeping is current, and that in some cases fair appearances are kept up for years, when the real position is one of insolvency. It is simply a scandal, that houses who are reputed to have their surplus of one or two hundred thousand dollars, and make statements to that effect, should be brought down by losses of not a tenth of their so-called surplus. If a merchant is worth $100,000, a loss of even $20,000 will leave him still worth $80,000, but in how many cases do we find that such a loss is sufficient to ruin him altogether. And not only so, but creditors are willing enough to accept compositions and settlements from parties who have for years been reputed rich, which show either that the party has grossly deceived them before, or is grossly deceiving them at present.

There is, in truth, a vast deal of deception abroad in the mode in which balance sheets are made up. In some cases statements are drawn out which do not balance, statements of assets on one side and liabilities on the other are drawn up, but for the want of a proper system in keeping the books, important items may be omitted altogether, and others entered in most delusive style. Many men will not take the trouble to weed out bad and doubtful accounts from their books; and allow a balance sheet to be made up again and again, in which notoriously bad accounts figure at their full nominal value. Some men are of such a sanguine temperament that everything they have is estimated far beyond its real worth. In taking stock they refuse to make allowance for depreciation, and cheat themselves by putting down goods at double the value they will ever realize.

Many men in their book-keeping, take no account of contingent liabilities, of guarantees and endorsements, though it is well known that the last has ruined hundreds of otherwise solvent men. It seems astounding how men will close their eyes to what is the actual state of things, but they do so—and do so year after year keeping up deceptive appearances, living on shame and deceit, maintaining a false reputation before the world, and finally involving innocent people, who have trusted them on the strength of what has all along, been a baseless delusion. To their shame, be it said, there have been instances of men carrying on a large wholesale business for years, and never balancing their books or having a proper stock-taking during the whole time; and when things come to a stop, as they are pretty sure to, and an official assignee has to make an investigation, they profess to be astonished to find as the result of his enquiries, that they have been insolvent for years.

Some merchants are *penny wise* and *pound foolish* in this essential matter. They will not pay the salary of a competent accountant, and so leave their books in the hands of inferior men who really do not understand how to balance them. So they go on deluding themselves and their creditors, and the few hundreds saved is the cause of the loss of thousands.

When we look at our retailers we find all these evils intensified, and numerous instances of men who have bought on credit, sold on credit, given notes and received notes, and carried on a complicated business for years without even the shadow of any book-keeping, beyond a single record in the old fashioned style of goods sold on credit. The very idea of balancing stock-taking, or computing assets and liabilities does not enter their calculation.

Not having in view these undeniable facts, we have a few practical suggestions to make:

Let our banking institutions, large importing houses, &c., who have to give credit to wholesale merchants and manufacturers, make a point of enquiring the production, at least, once a year, of a statement of assets and liabilities. If there is anything about the business of the house that is at all doubtful, or not perfectly satisfactory, such statement should be in sufficient detail to enable an intelligent and accurate opinion to be formed of the real position. Especially should a detailed statement be required of open accounts due, for it has been proved by long experience, that most misleading errors may lurk under this simple looking item. We have known cases where the partners of a firm have overdrawn their private accounts, to engage in outside speculations to a sufficient amount to ruin the concern, and the debts thus due be reckoned amongst the firm's assets, so as to give an appearance of solvency and strength.

To those who have to give credit to retailers, the same suggestion is made, to be acted on even more rigidly. Some merchants have on their invoices in prominent letters the query, "Are you insured?" The idea might be applied in another direction, so as to bring under the notice of retailers the importance which their creditors attach to a proper balancing of their books. The query, "*When did you last take stock and balance your books?*" would be a most useful reminder of an essential duty. In both these cases a party giving credit, will, as a matter of course make it his business to examine and scrutinize any statement rendered; and there is one piece of advice we would give in every instance Whenever a person's assets in merchandize and good debts are not sufficient to meet his liabilities, but he has to put in real estate to supplement the deficiency, watch that account narrowly, and unless the position changes take the first opportunity of closing it. And to all who ask credit we have this suggestion to make.—Never economize in the service of a good book-keeper. Get the very best man you can find for the work, and let him do his duty periodically. It ought not to be difficult to secure the services of good men seeing that we have colleges in our principal cities for the express purpose of educating them.

President Castelar has instructed the Minister of the Colonies that the Spanish Republic is virtually pledged to abolish slavery, and that he is to do all in his power to forward this mission.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Emperor William is much better.

Exercise in moral comparison—Get on; get honor; get honest.

A genius is popularly supposed to be one who can do anything except make a living.

There is a possibility that William M. Tweed may be released from prison by a law quibble.

Dublin is to have a Central Railroad depot which is to cost nearly £4,000,000.

The dressmakers are the best supporters of newspapers—they pattern-ise every one that falls into their hands.

The Lord's Prayer contains sixty-five simple words, and no other threescore-and-five have ever been together on so many lips.

The Rothschilds, twelve in number, are worth about one thousand millions of dollars as a firm including their indivdual for tune.

Mr. Smith is fond of making quotations; but he gets things mixed sometimes, as for instance:

"O, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
But, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

During the recent cold spell the thermometer marked 32° below zero at Winnipeg, Manitoba. Several persons were frozen to death in the Province.

One year's record of disasters on the lakes shows a total money loss of very nearly $4,000,000. No fewer than 1,318 vessels have been lost or damaged on the lakes during this year, a good many having been lost in the gales of August.

A terrible murder was committed in Boston yesterday between midnight and one o'clock on the 24th inst. Joseph Hegnar shot and killed Anton Hittle. He also mutilated the head and neck of his victom with a hatchet. Hegnar was arrested. Both were Germans and room-mates.

Notice is given of the erection of a light-house on the west end of sable island, throwing three distinct flashes in every half minute, to be seen at a distance of 18 miles. This light was first shown on the 16th November. A fog whistle has been established at the same place.

The *Globe* people are reaping a harvest from the chang of Government. George Brown is Senator; half a dozen of his subs have jumped into office of more or less pecuniary value. Truly, the *Globe* people were 'patriots' to some purpose. They do not serve Gritism for naught. The country can see *now* why all this unearthly zeal for a change of Government.—*British Colonist.*

At the beginning of the century the erection of new churches in England was proceeding at the rate of three per year. It is now going on at the rate of 120 per year, at a cost of $3,000,000, besides a further annual outlay of about $4,000,000 in enlarging additional churches, and $3,000,000 more in the restoration of cathedrals. This is all being done within the Anglican communion. It does not include the Roman Catholic or dissenting bodies.

Here is a contrast. In the United States a good deal of fuss is being made about the President's salary, which was increased some time ago from $25,000 to $50,000 per annum, and a grave discussion is proceeding as to the possibility of reducing it again. In France, on the other hand, President McMahon's salary is one million francs, or about $800,000, and there is a proposal to increase it, so as to enable him to give fetes at Paris.

The Hoosac tunnel in Massachusetts, which at last has been bored completely through the mountain, though not yet completed for use, is five miles long. It was begun in 1857, sixteen years ago. Its estimated cost was $3,350,000, and a contract was made to excavate the tunnel and build a bouble track railroad through it for that sum. In reality, it has already cost $12,300,000, and it will require the expenditre of about $300,000 more to prepare it for traffic.

Railway Ties.—It is estimated that the number of railroad ties in present use in the United States is 150,000,000. A cut of 200 ties to the acre is above rather than under the average, and it therefore has required the product of 750,000 acres of well timbered land to furnish the supply. Railroad ties last about five years; consequently 30,000,000 are used annually for repairs, taking the timber from 150,000 acres. The manufacture of rolling stock disposes of the entire yield of 350,000 acres, and a full supply of 500,000 acres more every year. It appears, then, that the U. S. railroads are stripping the country at the rate of one million acres per annum, and their demands are rapidly increasing.

The Chinese are always kind to animals, and never punish; hence a mule that, in the hands of a foreigner, would be not only useless but dangerous to every one about it, becomes, in the possession of a Chinaman, as quiet as a lamb and as tractable as a dog. We never beheld a runaway, a jibbing, or a vicious mule or pony in a Chinaman's employment; but found the same rattling cheerful pace maintained over heavy or light roads by means of a turr-r or chuck-r, the beast turning to the right or left, and stopping, with but a hint from the reins. This treatment is extended to all the animals they press into their service. Often have I admired the tact exhibited in getting a large drove of sheep through narrow, crowded streets and alleys, by merely having a little boy to lead one of the quietest of the flock in front; the others steadily followed, without aid either from a yelping cur or a cruel goad. Cattle, pigs, and birds are equally cared for.

HOW TO DRIVE.—There is another point of importance in driving any horse, but especially a young one; it is the way you handle the rains. Most drivers overdrive. They attempt too much and, in so doing, distract or hamper the horse. Now and then you find a horse with such a vicious gait that his speed is got from him by the most artificial process; but such horses are, fortunately, rare, and hence the style of management required cannot become general. The true way is to let the horse drive himself, the driver doing little but directing him and giving him that confidence which a horse alone gets himself when he feels that a guide and friend is back of him. The most vicious and inexcusable style of driving is that which so many drivers adopt, viz. Wrapping the rains around either hands, and pulling the horse backwards with all their might and main, so that the horse, in point of fact, pulls the weight back of him with his mouth and not with his breast and shoulders. This they do under the impression that such a dead pull is needed in order to "steady" the horse. This method of driving I regard as radically and superlatively wrong. It would tax the ingenuity of a hundred fools to invent a worse one. The fact is, with rare exceptions, there should never be any pull upon the horse at all. A steady pressure is allowable, probably advisable; but anything beyond this has no justification in nature or reason; for nature suggests the utmost possible freedom of action of head, body and limbs, in order that the animal may attain the highest rate of speed, and reason certainly forbids the supposition that by the bits, and not by the breast-collar, the horse is to draw the weight attached to it. In speeding my horses I very seldom grasp the lines with both hands when the road is straight and clear from obstructions. The lines are rarely steadily taut, but held in easy pliancy, and used chiefly to shift the bit in the animal's mouth, and by this motion communicate courage and confidence to him. I find by this method my horses break less, and go much faster, than when driven by men who put the old-fashioned steady pull upon them.—*From Mr. Murray's Book on "The Perfect Horse."*