THE EXAMINER:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

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

Vol. XII. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, August 11, 1862. New Series.---No. 31.

Valuable Business Stand For Sale.

WILL be Sold by AUCTION, on MONDAY, the 1st SEPTEMBER next, on the premises, that valuable Business Stand, part of the property of the late JAMES COLES, in accordance with his last Will and Testament. It is situated on the Corner of Prince and Kent Streets, including a DWELLING HOUSE, now occupied by Mrs. Cooley as a Tavern.

Also, that commodious TWO STOREY BUILDING, fronting on Kent street, lately occupied by Mr. Thomas Green as a Furniture Store, comprising front Shop, plastered and finished; and a spacious back Store Room, and Cellar under the whole, stone walled; and a large Room floored over the whole in the second storey.

The Land is bounded as follows, viz: thirty-one (31) fronting on Prince-street, and eighty-four (84) feet on Kent-street, thence south from Kent-street forty eight and one-half feet, thence East to Prince-street until it meets the line fronting on Prince-street thirty-one feet from the corner on to the line of the house occupied by Mrs. Cooly, being part of Town Lot No. Eighty-nine in the 3d hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown.

Part of the purchase money may remain secured on the premises for a term of three years.

For further particulars apply to
GEORGE COLES, Executor.
Charlottetown, 30th June, 1862. isl

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.

THAT DESIRABLE WATER LOT, in GEORGETOWN, containing half an acre of LAND, with usual privileges, known as No. 1, or POINT LOT. Terms Cash or short time on security. Apply to the Hon. JOSEPH HENSLEY, Charlottetown.
December 2, 1861. tf

"Warblington" for Sale.

THAT desirable property, belonging to JAMES WILSON, Esq., consisting of 36 acres of LAND, in a high state of cultivation, a very convenient DWELLING HOUSE and offices, a good GARDEN, and an extensive and valuable ORCHARD.

This Property has a water front, and is distant from the City only a few minutes walk. As a gentleman's residence, Warblington is unrivalled by any property in the Island. Apply to WM. DODD, Auctioneer, or to the subscriber,

THOMAS PETHICK.
Charlottetown, April 28, 1862.

Valuable Property for Sale.

THE Subscriber, intending to make alterations in his business, offers FOR SALE his well known and valuable BUSINESS STAND and Property at SUMMERSIDE, Prince Edward Island.

This property is situate one hundred feet from the *Queen's Wharf*, (where the Mail Steamer comes four times in each week during the time the navigation is open), fronting on the West side of the street leading thereto, and also fronting on Water Street, forming an angle of the two streets, upon which is built a new, handsome and substantial TWO STOREY HOUSE and STORE, 40 feet by 30 feet. The Store is neatly and most conveniently fitted up for a general DRY GOODS and GROCERY BUSINESS. The House is well finished, and suitable for a respectable family, containing several Rooms and Bedrooms. There is also a first rate Cellar under the whole building seven feet deep, in one angle of which is a splendid spring of Water. In the rear of the building is a convenient WAREHOUSE, new, and in good repair.

Any person wishing to carry on a general business, there is no place in P. E. Island more desirable than the rapidly growing town of Summerside, and the position of the above property being the best and most central in the place, it offers rare inducements to any person wishing to invest capital.

For particulars please apply [illegible] the premises to the owner.

MARTIN O'HALLORAN.
Summerside, P. E. I., July 14, 1862. 6i

VALUABLE FREEHOLD FARM.

FOR SALE, one hundred acres of free land, with 12½ acres of leasehold attached, situated near Mr. James Yeo's, Brown's Creek. 70 acres of the above are in a high state of cultivation and the remainder covered with hard and soft wood. There is a good Dwelling-house, large Barn, and Outhouses on the premises, plenty of water, and a mill in the immediate vicinity. Possession given immediately after the crop is off. The stock can be had, which is now on the farm, if required. Any quantity of fish can be had, as this property fronts on the shore, and muscle mud can be procured on the premises.

—ALSO—

One Hundred and Fifty Acres of Freehold Land, 7 miles from Summerside, bounding on the sea shore on the Fifteen Point Road. Possession can be given immediately.

For farther particulars please apply to the subscriber,

JOHN SMITH, Distiller.
Summerside, July 28, 1862. 3w. pd.

Land for Sale.

THE Subscriber has yet on hand three hundred acres of his property at Lot 4, Plot 14, which he will sell on the most liberal terms, taking horned cattle or other stock in exchange. He warrants the land to be of the first quality, free from swamps or marshes, and well stocked with timber of all kinds. The Subscriber will be at Costin's Mill, Miminigash, on the 10th of August next, to arrange with intending purchasers and others who have previously purchased land from him or his Solicitor, Charles Palmer, Esqr., as to terms and other particulars.

N. B. On the payment of one instalment down, a credit of four years will be given for the remainder. WALTER LANNEN.
Ten Mile House, St. Peter's Road, July 14. 4w

GREAT CHANCE To Farmers and others.

THE subscriber being about to make an alteration in his business, offers for sale 100 Acres of FREE LAND, situated at Egmont Bay, Lot 15. Twenty acres of said Land is cleared, and well fenced, and in high state of cultivation; the remainder is covered with hard and soft wood. It fronts the shore at Egmont Bay by 17 chains, where sea manure and mud can be got at all times and in abundance. Also on the premises, a good Log House, well finished inside; a Barn 24 × 26, built with Cedar.

For further particulars apply to the subscriber, on the premises.

BENJAMIN BARREY.
Egmont Bay, 25th July, 1862. 3w

FOR SALE.

THE leasehold interest in fifty-two acres of land, situate on St. Peter's Road, ten miles from Charlottetown, subject to the yearly rent of one shilling per acre for 999 years, one-ninth added. The best recommendation is a view of the premises and the growing crop thereon. The above will be sold either with or without the crop. There is on the premises a good dwelling frame house, 32 × 22 feet, together with barn and stable buildings lately erected.

The purchaser may expect liberal terms. All information can be had on application to the owner on the premises.

JOHN MOONEY.
Ten Mile House, St. Peter's Road, Lot 35,
July 28, 1862. tf.

FOR SALE,

VALUABLE FREEHOLD FARM, in Brackley Point, containing about 90 acres of Land, 70 clear and in a high state of cultivation, the remainder covered with a fine growth of longers. There is an abundance of Salt Mud and Sea Manure on the property, with a good Cottage, 30 x 26 feet, and a Kitchen attached, 12 x 10 feet, well finished, and a good chain Pump at the door, and a good Barn 46 feet long, with or without the Crop. For a summer's residence it is second to none in the country.

TERMS—One-half the purchase money down; the remainder in twelve months. Application to be made to the subscriber, on the premises.

JOSEPH MACKINNON.
June 16th, 1862. 5m

DR. HAMMOND JOHNSON

Will VACCINATE at his Dispensary from 11 to 1 o'clock daily.

July 14, 1862.

Flour! Molasses! Sugar!

JUST RECEIVED, from New York, 150 barrels Extra Superfine FLOUR.

—Also, from Halifax—
12 puncheons Molasses,
6 hhds. Sugar.

For Sale by the subscribers, low for cash.
DODD & ROGERS.
Dodd's Brick Store, Pownal-street, May 26.

LITERATURE.

(From Blackwood's Magazine for July.)

STANZAS TO WORDSWORTH.

Like solitary branch of oak or elm,
Torn off in early summer, when the year
Was greenest, orphaned in the forest realm,
The whispered by-word of each sylvan peer;
Which all despairingly, some few days' length,
While the sap dwindles to a scantiest tear,
Feeds a dead life with its inherent strength—

Too soon, alas! the brittle blackening leaves
Shrivel their veiny net-work, once so fair;
No more that lost bough pleasant tune receives,
But harsh and hollow, from the idling air;
And nerves once quick to pleasure and to pain
Wholly forget the sunlight's fostering care,
Wholly the sweet dews and the mellowing rain—

Such did I fondly deem myself, but thou
Hast taught me with new forms to over-write
That fatal old imperious blank, and now
Find I companionship as wide as light,
True sympathetic rapture, which distils
There on the spirit's most harmonious height
Rich revelations from the stars and hills.

There that good Faculty doth build her nest,
A refuge from self-waste, and hourly reaps
Wholesome vicissitude and boon unrest
In other haunts than where the gross world sleeps;
Whence she discerns that Earth's dumb-seeming sphere
Heaves warm with pulses from its deepest deeps,
And mighty voices large with love doth rear.

Each wind, its own majestic cadence pouring,
Wanders articulate the realms of air;
In the great zone of waters, hushed or warring
Lives language that no centuries outwear;
And, with peculiar poesies endued,
Each hour can answer speculations rare
With master-meanings culled in solitude.

This thou hast taught me, this art teaching still.
My new-found nature quaffs the piercing rain
Shed from thee, and is moulded at thy will
To read high matter in a simple strain.
Thrice blest who owned thee early for their seer,
Who, finding thy sweet fountains not in vain,
Preached the remedial virtue far and near.

Well said the Greek that universal earth
Buries the brave, and is their monument;
But death to thee hath been an ampler birth,
Whereby thy being with mankind is blent.
Graved on men's hearts thine epitaph lasts long.
Now are those hard lips learning to repent,
Who scorned thee once, the Nazarene of song.

Even when we wept, a little while ago,
Unfaithful, that thy place knew thee no more,
The mental essence, moving to and fro,
Flashed in our eyes thy renovated lore,
And filled all corners with instinctive truth.
He errs who tells us that thy life is o'er,
Nor reads all round him thine eternal youth.

Therefore to thee whose bones God's call await
In that fair earth whereof thy poet-power
The lapsed significance did intimate,
And clothe each herb and individual flower
With music and thine own life's noblest part,
I, a weak proselyte, love's simple dower
Offer not worthless from a poor man's heart—

Yea, thanks and love for that serener code
Which, in a safe and stormless avenue,
Teaches the humble to interpret God,
Which even by exaltation can subdue,
Chasten, and thrill with light those evil dreams
Which made life's heavier meaning seem the true,
And change this desert to a land of streams.

O to what height advanced were we, now low,
Could we but once inform with that great light
Our tyrant strengthlessness—the ebb and flow
Of objectless desire—yea, boldly smite
Custom, that old usurper, who doth draw
All nations in his net by lordly right,
Not by true service and kind wisdom's law!

We fail; but thou, alike in youth and age,
Calm-browed with patience, like a Phidiac god,
Satst loftily withdrawn from vulgar rage,
Not faithless, though thy fellows left untrod
Stairs of thy building. O large heart and brave,
Stars are thy raiment, not this lowly sod.
Gazing on heaven I gaze upon thy grave!

EARL CANNING.

Come home at last!
From the half royal crown which whos owears
Aches both in head and heart—the weight so vast;
From scathing suns, and still more scathing cares;
From that far grave so fresh, 'tis still ungrass'd,
Where the bright lady of his love doth lie,
Come home at last to die.

We had scarce time
To welcome him with sword and star of state,
With voiceful banquet, and with lofty rhyme;
Yet not the blossoms make the forest great,
Not the reward—the work makes man sublime.
What matter now? Methinks 'twere overbold
To give a martyr gold.

One gift we have,
Not misbeseeming our much love, nor him
Who saved the Indies for our sons—a grave!
Bury him in the Abbey, in the dim
Religious light among our wise and brave,
Among our saints and senators, and men
Of golden thought and pen.

Not like his sire,
With torchlike words, with flowers and lights of speech,
Hearts could he finely win, or greatly fire;
With drums and tramplings, through the deadly breach
He never marched; or wrote and tuned the lyre,
Like him, the gentlest of immortals," who
Sleeps next his Montagu.

O truer tongue
Whose eloquence was that great word—forgive!
O braver warrior by loud fame unsung,
O nobler pages worthier far to live,
Stamp'd with the rights of those who did us wrong!
O England's calm uncanonized saint
Enskied by self-restraint.

At last come home.
Welcome, high welcome with the organs grieving,
Majestic through the glory and the gloom;
Welcome with tears that tell the undeceiving
Of life-long dreams at last beside the tomb.
Welcome, for here where England's mightiest rest
There comes no nobler guest.

Come home at last!
Childless and crownless, weary and heart wounded,
A better name than sons can give thou hast,
And that deep weariness is aye surrounded
By the sweet arms of Christ around thee cast,
And from thy crown of thorns, and heartache freed,
Thou art at home, indeed.

*Addison.

HUGH MAYNE.

A STORY OF FRONTIER LIFE.

Towards the close of the last century there lived on the western frontier of the State of Pennsylvania two families, bearing respectively the names of Mayne and Waters. Though dwelling within a couple of miles of one another, and more than double that distance from any other settlers, it so chanced that these families were on the worst of terms. The heads, at least, of the two households were so, and the cause of their mutual dislike had reference to a distant period. Both had taken part in the war which gave independence to their country, but they had chosen opposite sides. William Mayne had thought it his duty to maintain his loyalty to the British Sovereign, while Waters had been one of the most ardent supporters of the revolutionary party. Perhaps the mere circumstance of having adopted different sides would not have excited the hostility alluded to had not Waters been the instrument of procuring the imprisonment of Mayne at an early period of the contest. Waters had conceived himself to be but fulfilling the part of a true lover of his country in doing so, and declared himself free from all feelings of personal enmity. Mayne's confinement had proved in the end rather a fortunate event than otherwise, for at the close of the war he was held to have incurred so little guilt that his liberty, as well as property, was restored to him, which might not have been the case had he been allowed to enter more largely into the contest.

William Mayne, however, was far from considering himself as a debtor on this score to his countryman; and when the two accidently removed, after the war, to the same district on the western borders of Pennsylvania, sentiments the reverse of friendly existed between them. It must be owned that the hostility lay chiefly on Mayne's part, for Waters felt the consciousness of having been actuated by pure motives in the transaction at which Mayne took offence, and was rather anxious to conciliate his loyalist neighbor than to nourish any feeling of dislike towards him. Neither of them being bad-hearted men, it is probable that had they conversed freely together they might have attained to a better knowledge of each other's character and have become good neighbors. But, near neighbors as they were, no intercourse was kept up between them. Their families, too, shared in this estrangement, with the exception of two members of these retired households.

Mayne had one only son, Hugh, who had just reached the bloom of youthful manhood at the period when the incidents we have to relate took place. Hugh Mayne loved the daughter of Waters with his whole heart and soul. Often had this pair met on the lonely mountain side, when no human ear was at hand to listen to the outpouring of their simple affection. Mary Waters did not conceal these meetings from her parents, who, if they did not approve, at least did not check or forbid them. On the other hand, knowing well the dislike that rankled in his father's mind, Hugh Mayne did not venture for a long period to reveal the attachment that had sprung up in his breast. Blinded by the strength of his passions, he at last ventured to speak on the subject to his father.

The astonishment of the elder Mayne at the disclosure was only equalled by his anger.

'Again and again,' he said, 'have I told you of the cause I have to dislike that man and all that belong to him. He inflicted on me an injury for which he has not deigned ever to make an atonement, even in words. You know this, and yet you have ——. Hugh Mayne, you have ever been a dutiful son, and I now lay my command on you never to——

The son interrupted his father. 'Do not pronounce a command,' he said, 'which it will be impossible—when it will destroy my peace—to obey. And not my peace only, but that of another will be ruined by it.'

'You are too simple, Hugh Mayne,' replied his father; 'you know not the temper of that man and his whole brood. Mary Waters can have no true affection for a son of mine. Hate to all of our name would be instilled into the minds of that family from their cradle. It is our money they look to.'

'You are wrong, father,' returned Hugh; 'this is your prejudice that speaks.'

'And have I not cause to be prejudiced?' said the father, warming with the recollection of his wrong. 'Did not I suffer imprisonment for years through his means? I have ever been a kind parent to you, Hugh, but I know that I would sooner see you wedded to a negro slave than a daughter of Henry Waters. Never will one of that man's offspring be a good and loving wife to a son of mine.'

Though conscious in the depths of his soul of the erroneous nature of his father's assertion, Hugh saw the necessity of giving up the point, for the time at least, before his father should be irritated into a more positive expression of anger or discouragement. With a sigh he turned away to put on his hunting gear, feeling that solitude would be most congenial to his present state of mind. Ere long he was on his way to the hills, with his hunting belt across his shoulder, and his rifle in his hand — a weapon which the half-farmers, half-hunters of the border seldom went without.

It was verging towards noon when Hugh Mayne left his home. On the evening of the same day Mary Waters sat in her father's cottage, with her knitting on her knee, working, and at the same time conversing with her invalid mother, who lay upon a small bed in the apartment.

'I hear the dogs barking, Mary; why has not your father taken them with him to the hills to-day?' asked the old woman.

'He thought, mother, that their noise might bring the Indians on his track, if the savages have really returned to this neighborhood, which I pray to heaven may not be the case.' As the young woman made this reply, she rose from her seat, and saying—'The dogs know this hour—my father should be coming home now,' she went to the door of the cottage. She returned in a minute or two with the information that her father was not yet visible. After an affectionate inquiry into the state of comfort of the old woman, the young maiden turned once more to her homely labors.

Her anxiety did not permit her to sit long, ere she again went to the door to look along the hill-side in front of the cottage for the form of her returning parent. On her third visit her mother was greatly startled by a wild shriek from her lips, followed by her hurried re-entrance into the cottage.

'Merciful Heaven!' she exclaimed, in an agony of alarm, 'Hugh Mayne is pursued! The savages are at his heels! O mother! mother! what is to be done?'

The powerless invalid, to whom this vain appeal was made, fell back on her couch, while the daughter rushed again to the door. A dreadful sight was indeed before her eyes. Along the side of the hill already mentioned, her lover was seen making at full speed for the cottage, trusting, doubtless, to receive assistance, or to affect a stand there at some advantage, against those who pursued him. There were three in number, dusky sons of the wild, terrible with their war-paint, and uttering fearful yells, as they bounded, at short distances from one another, like deer-hounds after their prey. Hugh had the advantage of them by not more than thirty yards, a distance that seemed fearfully short to the straining eyes of poor Mary. All parties were armed, the Indians both with gun and tomahawk, and Hugh with his rifle only. But, as it appeared, the fire-arms of the savages chanced not to have been loaded when they first set eyes on their victim. The weapon of the white hunter, fortunately, was in a different condition; and while he was still a considerable way from the cottage, he turned round, raised his rifle with an aim unerring, and the foremost of the pursuers tumbled on the sward a lifeless corpse.

Some time was lost by this act, rapidly executed as it was. In truth the loss seemed likely to be fatal to the white hunter, who recommenced his flight with the distance between him and his surviving foes alarmingly diminished. But help was at hand, and from an unexpected source. Being more than six miles distant from any other settlers, and neither her father nor any others of the family being at hand, Mary Waters had spent some moments in maddening anxiety, hopeless of all aid, until she bethought her of *one* chance of help, such as it was. She flew to the place where her father's two dogs, for the reason noticed, had been temporarily shut up, freed them, and led them in the direction of the chase, exerting all the speed which her limbs were at the moment capable of. The faithful creatures, of a powerful breed, and accustomed to bear hunting, speedily recognised the approach of strangers and enemies, and needed not the cries of the maiden to send them at full speed in the required direction. They reached the spot just as the Indians seemed to be gaining and closing on Hugh. The wily savages had not seen the advance of the dogs without some preparation for their reception. Poising his tomahawk with scarcely even a momentary abatement of his speed, the foremost of the two Indians threw the weapon at one of the advancing animals, when a few feet from him, and buried it in the creature's body. The other Indian was not so fortunate in a similar aim at the other dog. The tomahawk missed its mark, and in an instant the animal had sprung at the throat of the savage and pulled him to the ground.

A single glance behind him told Hugh that the dogs had effected a change, and rid him for the time of one pursuer. Panting and exhausted, he resolved to make a stand against his own single foe, and terminate the contest, if possible, by a struggle hand to hand, ere the prostrate savage could free himself from the dog, and come to his companion's aid. With this determination, he suddenly wheeled round, grasping the barrel of his musket with both hands. At this instant, the pursuing Indian was not ten yards distant. On seeing the white hunter's movement, the savage also made a sudden stop, and assumed the same attitude. Each equally fatigued, and with breasts heaving high with toil and excitement, the two adversaries stood gazing on each other, as if by mutual consent, to regain breath for the deadly struggle. Both of them were men of tall stature, and with forms combining, in extraordinary degree, power with activity. After a pause, the men appeared at one and the same moment to think of loading their guns as the preferrable mode of determining the contest, in the exhausted state in which they were. Their hands moved simultaneously to their powder-horns, and a most momentous trial of quickness in loading began. Both of them handled their arms with the dexterity of practised hunters. In the same second of time they rammed their cartridges, and threw their ramrods on the ground. With the quickness of lightning, the Indian applied his powder-horn to the priming, and in that moment of fearful import it is not surprising that his hand trembled, daring as he was. But Hugh did not apply his horn to the same use; he staked his life upon a chance. Striking the breach of his rifle violently upon the ground, he raised the weapon, aimed, and his bullet went through the heart of his enemy! By the plan he had adopted, he had trusted to his rifle priming itself, and the second of time he had gained, for, as the Indian fell, the bullet from the mouth of his ascending rifle touched the very hairs on Hugh's head!

All this had passed before the eyes of poor Mary, who had continued, in the unthinking agony of fear and love, to fly in the direction in which her lover's danger lay. She reached the scene of the contest we have described before Hugh had raised his eyes from the body of his fallen adversary, and she fell into his arms with an exclamation of mingled terror and joy. Her presence, which would have been fatal to both at an earlier moment, now reminded Hugh of the necessity of preparing his arms for the possibility of another encounter. He laid the insensible form of his mistress gently upon the grass, and loaded his gun carefully but quickly. Seeing no movement, however, on the part of the prostrate Indian, who lay at no great distance, he concluded that the faithful dog had mastered the savage, and held him still in his power. Hugh then applied himself to the task of recovering Mary from her swoon. She opened her eyes with a shudder, and on seeing the well known countenance of her lover bending over her, she murmured—"has this been a fearful dream?"

"No, Mary," replied Hugh, "it is no dream that you have been a preserving angel to me this day! It is no dream that you have snatched me from the brink of the grave!"

A glimpse of the dark body of the Indian did more than these words to bring back to the young maiden's mind a sense of the reality of the dreadful scene that had passed, and the remembrance so terrible, that for a time she relapsed into a state almost of insensibility.

While Hugh was endeavoring to restore her to perfect consciousness and composure, by the use of every endearing term that love and gratitude could suggest to him, a third party, breathless and exhausted, came to the spot. This was Hugh's father, who had seen from a distance the danger of his son. The agitated parent's first question was, if Hugh was unhurt.

'That I am alive at all, father,' was the reply, "you have to thank, after Heaven, this girl's love for me, which made her regardless of her own life when mine was in danger.'

'I partly beheld what she did, and I do thank her,' said the elder Mayne, with tears in his eyes. 'May God bless her for this day's act! I have been unjust to her, and for her sake I will be the first to drown all unkindness between her father and myself.'

Mary Waters was sufficiently recovered by this time to hear those words, and a blush of pleasure suffused her cheek as she raised her head from the arm that had for a time sustained her.

Hugh had kept his eye occasionally on the spot where the dog and his adversary lay, and after the conversation with his father, the young man went up to the spot with steps rendered cautious by his knowledge of the cunning of the savages. No motion appeared on the part of the Indian. In truth, he was dead. The dog also was lifeless, having been stabbed repeatedly with the long knife of the red man; yet even in death its teeth relaxed not their hold of the bare throat of the savage, who had been choked, as appeared from the ground, only after the most violent struggles. On ascertaining this fact, which put an end to all danger for the moment, Hugh Mayne and his father, at the desire of the latter, accompanied Mary Waters to her home. Her mother had passed the moments of Mary's absence in a state of great anxiety, proportionate to which was her relief when the happy result of the adventure was made known to her. Her husband, as has been said, was from home, but he returned before the elder Mayne's departure, and a reconciliation took place, which was a blissful sight to the youthful pair, to whose happiness the previous estrangement had been so obstructive.

No long time afterwards, Hugh Mayne was united to Mary Waters. To them, therefore, this perilous adventure with the red men became a still more memorable occurrence than it would otherwise have been, and was rendered a retrospect as much of joy as of terror.

A WAYSIDE MURDER.

Twenty years ago, a friend of ours met with the following thrilling adventure in Texas.

From Houston he set out on horseback to make his way to a settlement on the Brazos, and a large portion of his journey lay over a low, flat, swampy country, through which flowed numerous streams and creeks, some of which could be forded, and some of which he had to swim. One day, in attempting one of the latter kind, his horse became troublesome and threw him into the water. He succeeded, after a hard struggle, in getting to the opposite bank, up which he crawled, more dead than alive, only to find that his beast had disappeared in the thick, dark wood, and that he was thus left, afoot and alone, in a dreary wilderness, afar from human habitation. To pursue the animal, with the hope of overtaking him, was out of the question; and as the day was far declined, he feared it would be impossible for him to find shelter for the night; and the idea of passing it in the forest — wet, cold and supperless, with no bed but the damp earth, and liable to be visited at any moment by wild beasts — was by no means a pleasant one.

There was nothing to be done, however, but to put the best face he could upon the matter; and so, with only a knife for his remaining weapon—his holster-pistols having gone with his horse—with neither blanket nor overcoat for a covering, and no means of lighting a fire, he set forward, in sheer desperation, determined to walk till he should come to some habitation, even if he kept upon his feet till morning.

So long as light remained, he succeeded passably well in his new resolve; but when darkness set in, he found it no easy matter to keep the narrow horse-path for even an hour, and by the end of that time he found he had lost it altogether, and knew not which way to shape his course to regain it.

As there was danger, should he continue on, that he might so lose himself as not to be able to find the path on the following day, he resolved to pass the night where he was, which was certainly a most disagreeable alternative, and as he had no means for lighting a fire and drying his clothes, he at once sought for a tree, into whose branches he could climb and rest securely from the few wild beasts that were known to still prowl through that lonely region.

It did not take him long to find a tree to answer his purpose and dispose himself in its upper portion, and then he looked gloomily forward to the long, tedious hours of solitary watching that must intervene between his present and the light of another day—hours of which every moment would be noted, by reason of the total absence of sleep, in which his chilled body and precarious position would not permit him to indulge.

In this painful and disagreeable situation, something like an hour had passed away, when to his surprise and joy he heard the distant tramping sound of horses, which gradually grew nearer and nearer, till he could distinguish the even more welcome sound of human voices, apparently conversing in the ordinary tones of travellers.

'Now, then,' he said to himself, 'by hailing them, I shall not only be able to find the road I have lost, but may possibly get a lift to the next dwelling or settlement.'

As they were still drawing nearer every moment, thus proving that he had gone but a few steps from the horse-path, he resolved to only call to them when he should judge from the sounds they were about to pass him. But while thus waiting, in a most anxious silence, he was suddenly startled by the report of a pistol, followed by a deep groan, and the sound as of some body falling to the earth. Then the horses stopped, within apparently a hundred feet of him, and he heard a quick, eager voice, in a low, excited tone, say:

'No use of the knife—I reckon my shot has finished him—and so let's be careful and not get any blood on our clothes.'

'Good!' said another voice; 'now then for the money. Here is the lantern—be lively!'

There was some slight rustling of the bushes, the flashing of a light, and then the first speaker said hurriedly:

'Ah! here it is, Joe, and full at that. We've made a good haul this time.'

'And his watch, too!' rejoined the other, for there appeared to be but two speakers.

Then our friend could see the light flash as if from a dark lantern, and through the leaves and branches he could occasionally catch the shadowy movements of the two murderers, as they secured their horses and conversed in tones too low for him to distinguish what they said. As may be supposed, he was already terribly excited, and he knew not what to do — whether to remain where he was, or attempt to steal away, get to the nearest settlement, and give the alarm. While he yet remained undecided, keeping his place in the tree, looking and listening, one of the villains said, in a louder tone:

'Now that we've got all we want, suppose we proceed to the burial.'

'Ay, ay,' replied the other, 'let us put him under ground, so deep that his body can't be scented by man or beast, else we'll have some meddlesome fool inquiring into the case. Do you go ahead with the lantern and spade, and I'll drag the body along in double quick time. Mind you pick a soft spot, for I don't want to be here all night on work that don't pay.'

'Why, I should think it did pay!' returned his companion; 'at least I'd like to give you a cool thousand for your half of the job.'

'That we've got, Joe—don't you see? that we've got for killing him; but what I mean is, the burying part don't pay, you stupid!'

'Hark!' exclaimed Joe, in a low, cautious tone. 'I thought I heard a noise. If anybody should happen to come this way and discover us——'

'Then we'd have to add another body to the same grave, Joe. But lead on quick, and only show light where it's needed!'

The two men now came forward toward our friend, the one carrying a spade and lantern, the other dragging the body of the murdered man. They stopped at a soft, moist spot, within ten feet of the tree in which he was concealed, and within such plain view that more than once he could see their features distinctly, as the bright rays of the lantern rested upon them. Little did they dream that a human eye was looking down upon them, and well was it for our friend that they had no suspicion, and that they were for the time too eagerly engaged to hear the rustling of the leaves as his chilled body and nervous trepidation shook the limbs against which he rested and to which he clung for support.

They now said little and worked fast, each using the spade by turn. In a few minutes they had made in the soft earth an excavation sufficient for their purpose. Then the body of the murdered man was thrown in as if it were a dog, the earth shovelled back upon it, stamped down, and levelled off.

'There!' said one, pitching the spade as far as he could into a thicket ahead of him, 'we've made a clean job of that, and now let's be off. Do you take the horse over to Bagley's, give him the sign, and tell him he may have half he gets for him at the Bay.'

'And the bridle and saddle?' inquired the other.

'Oh, they may as well go with the horse. The man was a stranger in Texas, and it's not likely they'll ever be recognized. Get back as soon as you can. I'll take the money along, and have it all counted and divided by the time you return.'

'And you won't take more than half, Bill?'

'What! do you take me for a —— thief, Joe?'

'Oh, I was only joking, Bill.'

'Because your name is Joe King, eh?' laughed the other. 'Well, off with you now—make haste, and mind you avoid meeting anybody—turn off into the bushes first.'

The two men now hastened back to the road, and in less than five minutes they were out of hearing, each going a different way.

It was not in reason that our friend should remain longer up the tree over the grave of a murdered traveller, and hastily descending, and feeling his way back into the horse-path, he set off towards the west, shaking with cold and trembling with horror.

This time he managed to keep the path; and after hurrying forward for some two or three miles, he came to an opening, and saw the glimmer of a light at no great distance, apparently coming from the dwelling of some settler. This would have been hailed as a most welcome sight had he not been rendered fearful and suspicious by the awful crime he had just witnessed. As it was, he resolved to pass the night in the open air, and even shun strangers on the morrow until he could reach a settlement sufficiently large to render it safe for him to disclose this terrible secret.

Happily at this juncture he perceived an animal quietly feeding a few rods to his left; and thinking it possibly might be his own runaway beast, he approached it cautiously, and to his great joy discovered that such was the fact. Catching and mounting his horse, and finding his pistols all right, our rather timid friend regained sufficient courage to push boldly forward to the next settlement, where he put up at the only inn and went to bed, saying nothing of what he had seen.

The next morning he inquired for a magistrate, and was directed to the office of Squire Goodwin, who, his landlord assured him, was as honest a man as ever lived. Our friend went to this honest squire, with the intention of disclosing all he knew of the horrid murder; but judge of his surprise, consternation and horror, on recognizing in the magistrate himself one of the very murderers he had seen digging the grave of his victim! Our friend turned pale, staggered back, and threw up his hands.

'Well, sir,' said the magistrate, with a frown, 'what's the meaning of all this?"

That voice, too!—it was the same he had heard in a scene he would never forget.

'I beg your pardon,' said our friend, suddenly regaining his self-possession! 'I fancied for the moment I had seen you before. Pray think no more of it! Can you tell me anything of one Henry Smith, who is supposed to have settled somewhere in this region?'

'I know of no such man, sir!' returned the other, still eyeing him suspiciously.

A few more questions, concerning a man he had never heard of himself, appeared to satisfy our friend that Henry Smith was not to be found in that locality; and asking the magistrate to excuse him for intruding on his time, he bade him good day and took his leave.

On his way back to the inn he met the other murderer, walking quietly along, with a most innocent air.

'Who is that gentleman?' he inquired of the inn-keeper, pointing out the individual in question.

'That is Joseph King, sir—our deputy sheriff!'

Our friend was within ten miles of his destination, where he had thought of purchasing some lands and settling for life. But he went no further in that direction. When he mounted his horse again, it was to ride back in the direction of Houston, which place he reached in safety. A few days after he was sailing from Galveston to New Orleans, vowing never to set foot among the robbers and murderers of Texas again.

Three years after he read a brief account of the breaking up of a band of counterfeitors, robbers and murderers in Texas—two of the leaders, William Goodwin and Joseph King, having been hung by order of Judge Lynch.

'And ever since then,' said our friend, 'I have been happier in the belief that crime sooner or later always meets its just reward. You wonder I did not remain in Texas, and give evidence against the murderers of a stranger! But would my story, a stranger myself, have been believed? Would I not rather have been suspected myself? And then, all these things set aside, do you think I should have been permitted to live to the end of the trial? No! no! after what I had seen, I thought it better to keep my secret and leave Texas, and I did.

THE CLIMATE AND PRODUCTS OF CANADA.—In one of the "Sections" of the late Social Science Congress in London, Mr. Hulbert read an interesting paper, the contents of which are thus epitomised by a reporter:

"Canada lies between the parallels of 14 deg. 52 min. and 52 deg. north, and from the 58th deg. of longitude to an undefined western limit. The great lakes and River St. Lawrence cover an area of 100,000 square miles, independently of the smaller lakes and rivers in the interior. The St. Lawrence has been estimated ('McGregor's Com. Statistics,' vol. 5, p. 190) to discharge annually 4,277,880,000,000 tons of water. The great lakes alone, with the St. Lawrence, are estimated to contain 1,547,792,360,000 cubic feet, or half the fresh water on the globe. It does not form any part of the objects of this paper to allude to the importance of the St. Lawrence and lakes to the trade of the interior of the continent, upon the waters of which a commerce has grown up from an estimated value of $500,000 in 1825 to $1,000,000,000 in 1861. Our object is to point to the influence of these vast bodies of water upon the climate of Canada. The valley of the St. Lawrence is but little elevated above the sea. The surface of Lake Ontario, 1000 miles inland, being but 232 feet, and that of Lake Superior, 1,800 miles inland, being but 600 feet above the level of the sea. The prevailing winds, too, in the interior of the continent being from south-west and west, carry the humid vapours of the lakes over Canada, ameliorating the extremes of both summer and winter.

"In considering the climate of Canada, as compared with those lying in lower latitudes, these points have been entirely overlooked. And, again, it has always been assumed, that when it is cold in any given latitude, it is colder to the north, and that the cold has come down, so to speak, from the north. No assumption could be more erroneous. Canada, lying in the centre of the temperate zone north of latitude 42 deg., has the climates of Europe between the Mediterranean and Baltic, as shown by the meteorological records and by her natural productions. Add to these frost, that more formidable enemy of agriculturists and fruit growers, the excessive drought of summer through the middle latitudes of the Western states and territories, and our high estimation of the climate of Canada will be not merely sustained, but increased. Its comparative freeness from frosts in summer and early autumn, the absence of those severe droughts so often experienced in the West, from Kansas to Ohio, the beautiful and uniform distribution of rain over the agricultural months, and the humidity of the air, prove it one of the most propitious climates on that continent. The apple and pear grow in all their luxuriance in such a climate. The apples are better flavoured than those of more southern climes, because the apple is in its native climate in high latitudes.

"The climates of Canada on her south and south-west readily mature some of the choicest varieties of the grape and peach, and over large areas the tomato, melon, pumpkin, squash, tobacco, Indian corn, sorghum (Chinese sugar cane), and other tropical and semi-tropical plants. The mistake is too often made of judging of the climate of the entire continent of North America from that of the coasts; but as we approach the interior, beyond the influence of the ocean currents, the natural temperatures are restored, and we find in Canada and British America the climates of Central Europe, from Rome to North Cape. The propitious and invigorating climate, the abundant and seasonable rains, the richness of the soil, the vast and varied natural productions, the abundant harvests of the most valuable cereals over extensive areas, the richness of the meadows, the prolific fisheries, the mineral wealth, the river and lake systems, and complete natural navigation — all these, compared with even the great country on its south, justify us in saying that British America is the best half of North America."

WASHING AN ACT OF HUMILIATION.—A French paper reports that the Emperor of China recently washed himself, thereby occasioning the greatest consternation among all classes of his subjects. At first it was thought that so daring an innovation would be visited with serious consequences; but as soon as it was ascertained that the experiment was only performed as an act of humiliation and personal mortification before the Chinese deity, with the hope of averting the political calamities of the nation, public tranquility was restored.