

THE EXAMINER

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LITERATURE.

THE LAST GOOD NIGHT.

Close her eyelids—press them gently
On the dead and leaden eyes,
For the soul that made them lovely
Hath returned unto the skies;
Wipe the death-damp from her forehead,
Sever one dead golden tress,
Fold her icy hands all meekly,
Smooth the little snowy dress;
Scatter flowers o'er her pillow,
Gentle flowers, pure and white—
There—now softly say good night.

Though your tears flow fast, and faster,
You you could not call her back;
You are glad her feet no longer
Tread life's rough and thorny track;
You are glad her Heavenly Father
Took her while her heart was pure,
You are glad he did not leave her,
All life's trials to endure;
You are glad—and yet the tear-drop
Falls; for alas! you know
That your friend will be lonely—
You will miss your darling so.

While the twilight shadows gather,
You will wait in vain to feel
Little arms all white and dimpled
Round your neck as softly steal;
And your cheek will miss the pressure
Of soft lips, so warm and red,
And your bosom softly heaved,
Which was wont to lie so sweetly,
And those azure eyes so bright;
You will miss her loving glance,
You will miss her soft good night.

When the morrow's sun is shining,
They will take the cherished form,
They will bear it to the churchyard
And consign it to the worm.
Well, it matters not—is only
The clay dress the darling wore;
God hath robed her as an angel,
She has need of this no more;
Fold her hands, and o'er her pillow
Scatter flowers pure and white,
Kiss that marble brow, and whisper—
Once again—last good night.

THE STORY OF LIFE.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born
A helpless Babe, to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the moon
Foretold a cloudy noon and night;
To weep, to slumber, and weep again,
With sunny smiles between; and then?

And then, apace the infant grows
To be a laughing, piling boy,
Happy, despite his little wrongs,
As if a sick person who had just arrived
at Miklitz, and whose arrival, for weighty
reasons, must be kept a secret from the
household. The sufferer was—would I
promise, as an English gentleman and a man
of honor, not to reveal a word she told me
till I had permission from herself?—the sufferer
was a poor lad, the son of a former steward,
and who had left the Russian regiment to
which he belonged, without leave.

He is a deserter, then, Madame?

The Countess slowly bent her head, and
for a moment or two tried to speak, but her
voice failed her. Then, to my surprise and
dismay, she sprang forward, dropped on her
knees, and caught my hand in both of hers
passionately crying aloud:

Forgive me, monsieur, if I tried to de-
ceive you. I will trust you; I know I may
do so safely. He is my son, my only son,
my dear, dear boy, come back from the
Caucasus, wounded, famished, to die at the
threshold of his father's house, which he
must not enter!

Here the mother's voice broke into stifling
sobs, and it was with great difficulty, and
only by representing the risk of alarming
the household, that I succeeded in raising
her from the ground and soothing her to a
more reasonable frame of mind. At last she
was able to tell me the rest.

I could not sleep, she said, eagerly,
and I looked out of the window into the
great garden, where the fountains were
playing, and all was bright moonlight up to
the verge of the belt of dark oaks. It was
then I saw him, Emile, but so wan and hag-
gard, so ill and emaciated, in a tattered
caftan and cap, like those of a Russian pen-
sioner, that none but a mother's eyes could
have recognised him. His eyes were dim,
and his left ear was bandaged with a bloody
cloth; but it was Emile, my dear boy, that
I had seen in my dreams every night since
the cruel day of his sentence. He was so
ghastly, standing out in the wan moonlight,
that I feared he was dead, far off, and that
his shadow had come to warn me that I
should see him no more. But he looked up
and saw me. I lighted a lamp, and went
down, and undid the door, and went out;
and it was my Emile, alive, but dying.

With all my heart, I offered every assist-
ance in my power. The most cruel part of
the matter was, that we dared not bring the
sufferer—for the poor lad was smarting
under the effects of a gunshot wound aggra-
vated by privation and neglect—into the
house, nor even reveal his presence to any
one, his father not excepted. The Count
—as his wife reluctantly owned—could
never in his life keep a secret, and his ner-
vous temperament would infallibly lead to a
betrayal of the fugitive's position, should he
learn the truth suddenly. Most of the ser-
vants were faithful and trusty, but there
were some on whose discretion no reliance
could be placed; while one in special, the
major-domo, a Courlander by birth, and
who had been recommended by the Governor
of Kalish, was suspected of being a spy.
To harbor a deserter, particularly one whose
service in the ranks was the abatement of
rebellion, was to commit an offence which
Nicholas never pardoned. If known that
Emile Oginski was sheltered beneath the
roof under which he was born, the ruin of the
family was certain to result, while the youth
himself would be sentenced to the knot.

There was an out-house, a sort of grange,
over which were two rude chambers, intend-
ed to accommodate husbandmen at the season
of harvest, but which had for some time
been unoccupied. This building, old and
ruinous, would prove a safer shelter than the
castle, and there would be no prying eyes
there. Food and clothing could be conveyed
there; and, under my care, Emile might,
perhaps, recover his health and take some
opportunity of crossing the Prussian frontier,
which was at no great distance. There was
no safety for the hunted wretch short of the
civilized kingdoms of Western Europe. All

THE POLISH DESERTER.

father of a traitor" the choice between St.
Peterburg and his own Polish estates in the
government of Kalish. Thus it came about
that the Count, suffering from gout, rheu-
matism, and a lack of educated companions,
wrote to a friend in London to express his
desire for an English medical attendant,
while the high salary tempted me, a poor
young surgeon who had just taken his doc-
tor's degree, and who had been for years en-
gaged to a clergyman's daughter, who was
good and pretty, but poor as myself.

And now, when my long description of
the strange place and strange people—a
letter that might have worried others, but
which I knew Alice would read over and
over again with fond interest in every de-
tail—when this letter was half finished,
there came this midnight summons I have
spoken of. Opening the door, I found my-
self confronted by the Countess. She was
very pale, and she trembled, and I fancied
there were marks of tears hastily dried upon
her face; but her eyes were unusually
bright, and had the restless craving look
often seen in those of some hunted creature.
As she stood in the silent corridor, hung
with moth-eaten tapestry, her dark hair—
streaked with early grey that was due to
sorrow more than years—falling in disorder
over her white wrapper, and a small silver
lamp flickering in her upstaid hand, she
looked more like a spirit than a living woman.

Madame, I said, I am at your orders,
but I hope there is no cause for alarm. The
Count—

She interrupted me by a hasty gesture:
The Count is sleeping. He is not ill; it
is not on his account that—ah! M. le
Docteur! can I trust you? Will you not
help me, and be careful and silent?

I stammered out some common place as-
surance of my willingness to do all in my
power to render service in the family, but
I daresay I was awkward in my speech,
being not only unpractised in French con-
versation, but sorely puzzled by the visit.
Hitherto, I had only known the mistress of
the house as a somewhat proud and stately
lady, with a grave gentleness of bearing
equally remote from cordiality and haughti-
ness. And now this marble figure, so cold
and impassive, agitated, fearful, and with
glittering eyes and loosened hair, a prey to
some inexplicable terror and excitement!
Was the Countess mad? No doubt she
read the doubts that were passing through
my mind, for she conquered her emotion
and addressed me in a calm voice, in a low
and wary tone. She wanted my aid, she
said, for a sick person who had just arrived
at Miklitz, and whose arrival, for weighty
reasons, must be kept a secret from the
household. The sufferer was—would I
promise, as an English gentleman and a man
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seemed out of place among the grim wolf-
heads and spreading antlers, the spears, nets,
and antique weapons.

A miserable morning, Dr. Barton! said
Count Emmanuel pushing away his cup;
the fore-runner of a winter such as you can-
not realize till you have felt it; a winter
that nips and pinches you, chills you, and
wets you all at once. Even St. Peterburg
is pleasanter, as being dryer. Bah! What
cruelty of the Government to compel a crippled
martyr like myself, M. le Docteur, to
leave dear beautiful Italy, with a sun that
really shines—ah? Adeline, what is
amiss?

The countess had started from her chair,
and stood listening eagerly to some faint
sound which no ear, unsharpened by strong
emotion, could have detected. My sense
are tolerably quick, but I could hear nothing.
A minute passed, and I thought I
heard something like a dull far off beat of
horses' feet.

Soldiers! they have come to seek him!
He is lost! murmured the poor mother, but
in so low a tone that the rash words were
heard by none but myself—unless, indeed,
Glitstein, who was handing some cordial to
his master, and caught them.

In a few moments all doubts were set at
rest by the arrival of a commissioner of
police, accompanied by several agents and
a party of dragoons, to search the castle for
the apprehension of Emile Oginski, political of-
fender, and deserter from the regiment of
Astrakhan. Very particular orders to se-
cure the person of the young man had ar-
rived by telegraph from St. Peterburg, and
no retreat appeared so likely to shelter him
as his father's house.

Two hours, two long and painful hours,
were consumed in a minute search of the ex-
tensive mansion, which was ransacked from
the garret and turret chambers to the cellars.
The servants were rigorously cross-examined,
and the official in command entered into an
artificially managed conversation with the
count whose easy disposition was well known,
inasmuch that the authorities felt assured of
being able to worm the truth from him.
But the count knew nothing, and the aston-
ishment with which he heard of his unfortu-
nate son's flight was too genuine to be
mistaken for so practised an observer as the
commissary. The servants also, being
wholly ignorant of their young lord's return,
could not possibly betray him, either by
an awkward zeal or venal perfidy; and the po-
lice were at last fain to believe that no person
of the household had the slightest idea that
the fugitive had even committed the offence
of desertion. Fortunately the count was
asked no questions, nor was it thought worth
while to examine him, a forger, newly ar-
rived. The out-buildings underwent no
scrutiny, for the agents were convinced, long
before the mansion was explored, that no one
had seen the runaway, and that, without
having been seen, he could not be there.

He never got out of the forest of Pylow-
burner, where he was last seen by a charcoal
burner, said the commissary in a testy
manner, as he took his leave. I told our
lord the governor that mortal blains could
not have borne such a journey as that from
the wood hither. And now, perhaps, some
looby of a village herdsman will get the re-
ward after all!

The police and troops went off in a crest-
fallen style, like foxes buffed in an irrad
on a poultry-yard, and the servants, male
and female, watched them as they rode down
the avenue, and followed their retiring
forms with suppressed curses and jeering
laughter.

The conduct of Glitstein during this do-
mestic visit had been very satisfactory.
He was present when the commissary an-
nounced his errand, when Emile's escape was
proclaimed; and the look of surprise with
which he received the news was evidently
genuine. When the police were searching
the house, his broad face wore an expres-
sion of concern and disgust; he did not seem
to hold himself aloof; and I could read in
his intelligent countenance, not only sym-
pathy for the distress of the family, but an
honest man's natural repugnance to tyranny.

What would they say to this in England,
said Herr Barton? he asked, in a cautious tone,
as I passed him.

What indeed, Glitstein?

The troubles of the Oginski family were
by no means at an end. Two days after the
withdrawal of the baffled gendarmes, there
arrived an imperative mandate, sent by tele-
graph to the governor of the province, and
transmitted as rapidly as man and horse
could bear it to the castle. Count Emman-
uel was required immediately to present
himself before the authorities of St. Peter-
burg, there to remain until he satisfied the
Czar of his innocence of any complicity in
his son's desertion.

A painful dilemma now arose. Disobe-
dience was not to be dreamed of, and the
Count at once prepared to depart, but would
have preferred to be accompanied on his
disual northern journey by his wife and his
medical attendant. Under ordinary circum-
stances the Countess would have gone with
her invalid husband without hesitation, but
now—when her son lay, worn out and
wounded, perhaps dying, on a mean bed in
a neglected out-house, it was impossible.
It was equally out of the question that I, whose
professional care was necessary to the sufferer's
recovery, should absent myself from
Miklitz.

The Count went alone. How it was man-
aged in detail I do not bear in mind, but the
Countess feigned severe indisposition, and
this afforded a plea for retaining the
English doctor at Miklitz. The Count was,
as I have said before, the most trustful of
men. He would not hear of my leaving the
Countess, and was considerate enough to
leave Glitstein, his right hand man, whom he
accounted a treasure of sense and fidelity,
to help us, taking with him only his Polish
valet.

The object of so much hostility, tenderness,
and pity, lay passive and prostrate, in a
condition between life and death. We
could only visit him by stealth, and it was
with much difficulty that we could convey
to his comfortless bed the supplies of which
he stood in need. He was very, very ill.

The gunshot wound in his arm gave me a
good deal of anxiety, for the bone was badly
shattered and exfoliated, and the wonder
was that gangrene had not already ensued.
But my chief fear was that the terrible ex-
ertions of that long journey, through forest

and over bleak steeps, with its attendant
hunger and hardships, would prove too much
for even a sound and youthful constitution.
(To be continued.)

THE WAR IN DENMARK.

THE AUSTRO-PRUSSIAN STRAGGLE.
The Memorial Diplomatique says that Aus-
tria and Prussia, who have assumed the
part of mediators between the Germanic
Diet and the Government of Denmark, are
likely to propose an arrangement, when
Schleswig is cleared of the Danes, upon the
following basis:—

1. Confirmation in principle of the ter-
ritorial integrity of Denmark.
2. The Holstein question to be decided
exclusively by the Diet.
3. In deciding the future of Schleswig
the Constitutional and Succession question
to be kept distinct—the first being treated
as a purely German matter; the second ex-
amined by a conference of the signatories of
the London Treaty, with a representative of
the Confederation. The guarantees claimed
to prevent future incorporation of Schleswig
with Denmark will be proposed in the like
manner of Sweden and Norway, community
of administration, and perhaps representation.
4. The Augustenburg Princes to obtain
formal confirmation of their eventual rights
upon the extinction of the Glücksburg line.

PROCLAMATION OF THE KING OF DENMARK
TO THE ARMY.

Soldiers! Not alone by valour on the
battle-field, but also by enduring with pa-
tientness want of rest, cold, and all sorts of
privations and exertions, the soldier has to
prove his fidelity to his King and his love for
his country. There are few among you who
have not proved in battle against an over-
whelming foe that you have not degenerated
since Frederica and Isted. You have all
had ample opportunity to give brilliant proofs
of efficiency and endurance, and you have
prevented a shameful catastrophe, and saved
a severe hardship. Soldiers! Receive for this
the thanks of your King, the Danewerke
has been abandoned. The guns which were
to have curbed the arrogance of the enemy
are in their hands. The country lies open
to the enemy. I deeply feel with you what
we have thereby lost. But, my friends,
leave that and attend to the duty which lies
before you. You are ready to shed your blood,
but we are few against many, and it must there-
fore be dearly purchased. May the Almighty
grant that the hour of revenge may soon
strike for all the violence and injustice which
has been done to me and my people.—CHRIS-
TIAN R.

ADDRESS OF THE DANISH RIGSDAG TO THE ARMY.

Both houses of the Rigsdag have unani-
mously adopted the following address to the
Danish army.—The Danewerke has been
abandoned. The Danish Rigsdag has been
painfully surprised to learn this fact; but its
trust in the future is by no means weakened,
nor will the army have lost heart. The
Danish army has been forced to evacuate Holstein
without striking a blow, exposed to the
scorn of the enemy and of the populace, but
during its retreat it preserved the most per-
fect order and discipline. For six weeks past
it has borne inclement weather, hardships,
and privations, but nevertheless remained
true to itself, and looked forward with
ardour to the day of battle. Battle
came. Every man did his duty in the en-
gagements that have occurred, and faced the
enemy with courage. The Danish Rigsdag
trusts in the Danish army. The Danewerke
has been abandoned, but the Rigsdag will
never lose confidence in its sons, brothers,
the living Danewerkes of our land. Long live
the army! As soon as circumstances permit
it will again go to the front, with God for
king and country! We trust in the living God,
and we trust in the spirit of the people, and we
trust in the army over which this spirit soars,
in earnest a time the Rigsdag will not for-
get its duty. It fulfils but a small part of
that duty when it sends a fraternal greeting
to the valiant army of the Danish land!

MEMORIAL MONARCH'S ADDRESS TO THE RIGSDAG.

In addressing the Upper House of the Rigs-
dag upon the position of Denmark, President
Monrad spoke as follows:—Gentlemen, I
trust that the attempts of foreign journals to
sow distrust and suspicion in your breasts will
not succeed in creating any serious doubts
in the King and his people. Our position, in truth,
is difficult enough, and we shall find defence
sufficiently arduous without this new difficulty
being raised. Our best military positions,
Duppel and Alsens—where we have all the
same advantages the enemy had in attacking
the Danewerke—are still ours. Be assured,
gentlemen, that we are steadily bent upon
defending ourselves to the uttermost. We
only ask of you, and of the Danish people,
not to abandon confidence and self-possession,
even if we should encounter further heavy
losses. Depend upon it, gentlemen, if we are
only by endurance, by holding our own, and
more firmly together than ever, we are tried
by misfortune. So will it come to pass that
we shall fight with renewed strength and vig-
our for the independence and freedom of our
country. This, gentlemen, is the sense in
which we must act. We must know how to
direct our whole energies to the defence of
the country. Nothing but a determined
combination of all of us can impart the re-
quisite strength for opposition, nothing but
a firm understanding between King and peo-
ple can enable us to meet the blow.

GENERAL DE MEZA'S EXPLANATION.

General de Meza has addressed to his Go-
vernment a report on the military operations
in Schleswig while the army was under his
orders. In this document the general ex-
plains that he ordered the Danewerke to
be evacuated, because he had not sufficient
men to defend the Schlei, which river, between
Schleswig and the sea, might be crossed at
three different points, and he was obliged
that events justified the measures he had
adopted, as if the Danish army had not had
a start of fourteen hours it would have been
turned by the Prussian corps which crossed
the Schlei at Arnis. General de Meza con-
cludes by declaring that this movement saved
the honour of the Prussian arms, and that
the Danewerke was a letter from Coppen-
hagen states that General de Meza will in all
probability be shortly restored to the com-
mand in chief of the Danish troops. His
report has been well received both by the
Government and public opinion.

THE HONOURS OF WAR.

It is impossible to follow the road from
Schleswig to Flensburg without feeling pity
for the unfortunate soldiers, exposed to all
the hardships and sufferings of war at a
season which renders them doubly painful.
The rigor of the weather will have con-
tributed to the death of many, and assuredly,
if the campaign were to last much longer,
the hospitals would be full of sick as well as
of wounded. The "stations" on the road are
houses at which travellers stop to buy their

horses. They usually consist of a dwelling
and a stable, between which is a paved court,
admitting two or more carriages at a time.
On some of the Schleswig roads one finds
stations built completely across the highway,
so that all vehicles must pass through them,
which few probably do without taking some
refreshment for horse or man or both. This
consists in general of coarse brown bread cut
up in a trough for the horses, and of bad
kimmel (a spirit savoured with carraways),
or worse rum for drivers or passengers. A
roaring trade must these stations of late have
driven. There are several on the road from
Schleswig hither, but we stopped at only two.
At each the stable, a single grimy room in
which travellers are received and refused
according to the very limited capabilities of
the establishment, was thronged to the door.
Infantry of the line, both Prussian and
Austrian; Tyrolean Rifles, with their dark
plumes; Austrian Dragoons in their long
white cloaks (white no longer, but grievously
besmudged by this rough campaigning);
Lichtenstein Hussars, in their neat shako of
a pale yellow colour; Prussian cuirassiers
in dark great coats, were all there, all with
their collars turned up, to shelter their faces
from the piercing blast that whistled outside,
while the snow clung about their garments
and stuck in masses to their boots. It was
hard work to get along, both for men and
horses. At Smedby, in about a dozen
miles from Flensburg, we came to the begin-
ning of the battle-field. It extended past the
hamlet of Oversee, close to a little lake or
mere, to Bilschau, less than three miles
from Flensburg. The chief fighting, however,
was by Oversee. The point at which the
Danes made their most stubborn stand struck
the eye at once. The road rose into a short
but rather steep hill, and close up to it on
each side came a small wood, considerably
more dense on the one hand than on the
other, but on both sides affording excellent
cover for infantry. It was quite obvious that
by filling this room with riflemen and placing
artillery on the brow of the road between
them, with a battery of two under cover
on the open ground in rear for the protection
of the guns, the progress of a pursuing enemy
might be made particularly unpleasant, and
probably for a time successfully checked.
The Danes availed themselves of the advan-
tage of the ground, and there was hard
fighting at this point. The misfortune of
fighting in retreat is that the best and most
defensible positions must after a short time
be abandoned by their defenders, often in
exchange for others most dangerous and ex-
posed. And so the Danes retreated, fighting
like brave men, as their adversaries freely
admit, and suffering not a little loss, but also
inflicting a good deal of damage upon their
gallant but over-extended pursuers. A squadron
of Hungarian Hussars charged along the road
and suffered heavily; the Austrian infantry
made frequent use of the bayonet. The road
and adjacent fields bore conclusive signs of
a sharp contest. Peasants were making their
way about the field accompanied by soldiers,
and doubtless they had been occupied with
the work of clearing up. In the distance one
saw solitary figures busily engaged with
something which the snow concealed from
us. Probably they were marauders ridding
dead bodies. On all sides lay shako, knap-
sack, pouch-belt, and other articles of
military equipment; here and there a
bayonet, the barrel or stock of a rifle, pro-
truded from the snow. We met a great
many peasants carrying away arms. What
had become of the wounded? Had all been
taken away? If not, it was now too late to
attend to them; their sufferings were over.
Among yonder trees, where the snow lies
deep between, and under these huge drifts
many a poor fellow has groined his last,
unaided and despairing, and tortured by the
dreadful thirst consequent on wounds. It is
probable that many have done so. Of some
we know who when found after long exposure
were so frost-bitten as to hold the wound re-
ceived in fight their least misfortune. One
man was brought into Schleswig the other
lay with a shot in his neck. (Owing to the
want of a doctor, it was about to drop it.)
You had better look first at my feet," said the patient. They
were completely frozen to above the ankle.
The man thought he had lain about three
hours after he was wounded; but, doubtless,
he had been insensible, for it must have been
at least a day and a night after the fighting
ceased before he was taken up. (Owing to the
great huddled crowd which abound in
Schleswig. Doubtless they snuff the occupa-
tion from afar, for from its very commo-
nent they have been vigilant and numerous
all along the line. Flapping their heavy
black wings against their dusky, dun-colored
sides, they fly to and fro across the road be-
fore you as you pass. They are not so
steadfastly at the passing soldiers, as if
speculating on the probability of hereafter
picking their bones, or hold grave councils of
war in the centre of a field. Probably the
Schleswigers respect them, for they are re-
markably tame for birds of that kind, and
allow of nearer approach than one would
expect. They are not so much terrified by
noise forward with the army, and doubtless
they will retain a pleasant memory of
the abundant commons this year afforded
them in the usually hungry month of
February. Although the Prussians are much
more numerous than the Austrians, it has
happened that by the latter the work has
been chiefly done, and on them nearly all the
loss has fallen.)

SUFFERINGS OF THE DANISH SOLDIERS.

Before leaving Flensburg, I found opportu-
nities of having some conversation with the
Danes there very numerous in that town. The
lower part of the population are chiefly
Danish, and especially all its seafaring por-
tion. The agitation for Germany and Aus-
turburg seems to have been carried on
chiefly by a few strolling tinkers, a book-
seller, a tobacconist, and others. The book-
seller who proclaimed Prince Frederick
in spite of a show of opposition, which seems
to have been but faint, on the part of the
Prussian Commissioner. The Danish party
in Flensburg are, of course, better enough at
the events of the last few days. Some of
the Danish officers went when orders were
issued to direct the Prussian army, and
this last point I should hardly have credited.
had not both Germans and Danes in Flens-
burg agreed upon it. For two or three days
the rations were short, and I was told by
some that for 30 hours before the retreat
some of the men had no food. This seems

From the Richmond Whig.
The Charleston "Courier" makes a timely sug-
gestion in recommending the attention of our
government to the naturalization and cultivation of
Calosya, for the preservation of the health of our
soldiers. This article has a peculiar effect upon the
liver, and guards the system against disease by
exposure and irregular diet. It is said that the
great success of the Plantation Bitters of Dr. Drake,
which, previous to our unhappy difficulties was
found in most Southern homes, was owing to the
extract of Calosya Bark which it contained as one
of its principal ingredients.—In confirmation of
this we have heard one of our most distinguished
physicians remark, that whenever he felt unwell
from ordinary dietetic or atmospheric causes, he
invariably relieved himself by Plantation Bitters.
Now, that these Bitters cannot be obtained, a sub-
stitute should be prepared.—We understand our
government has opened negotiations with Dr. Drake
through a secret agent, but with what truth we
do not know.

We are exceedingly obliged to the Richmond
"Whig" for its remembrance of "And Lang Sine,"
which we can assure "Our Government" that the
Plantation Bitters are not for sale in any "secret
agents," North or South. There is probably several
other things that "Our Government" will yet want
to know. We have the best and most popular
medicine in the world. We are not afraid to show
what it is composed of.

Physicians are compelled to recommend it.

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hundred years, and was sold during the reign of
Louis XVI. King of France, for the enormous price
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disorders of the stomach and bowels.

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S.—T.—1860—X.

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to the mind, is yet unknown to the commerce of
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Bitters; but the following is what the matter, and
they know it:

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Sour Stomach and Febrile Heat.
Flatulency and Indigestion.
Nervous Affections.
Excessive Fatigue and Short Breath.
Pain over the Eyes.
Mental Despondency.
Prostration, Great Weakness.
Sallow complexion, Weak Bowels.

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