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Original Poetry.

For the Free Press.

DOWN BY THE FLOWING RIVER.

BY W. ARTHUR CALNEK.

Here by the flowing river,
At the witching sunset hour,
I sit, and watch the bubbles,
That adown its current pour.

And as the passing shadows
Of the clouds that sail above,
Bestow them again to the sunlight
Where it shinest forth its love;

Sure am I now—as ever
In my boyhood's days I was—
Beside the road roling river,
On its banks my steps to pause;

Lovingly asking ever,
Why the daysman's dying moan
Baptize the bubbles with tears?
And my soul with poet dreams?

Down from the shadows brooding,
O'er the stream upon my right
They come to the sunlit spaces—
To my left they sink from sight,

Not as in days departed,
Do I watch them as they glide,
Unheeding the truthful lessons
They are flashing o'er the tide;

Then as they came and vanished,
Never came into my soul,
The lore that they gave the current,
As it sought its ocean goal;

Now, as I gaze, the river
Is a symbol of my life;
Its bubbles, the dreams of boyhood,
In the vortices of strife;

And as I see them bursting,
They are emblems far from dumb,
Of Hope and its earthly pledges—
Save the pledge of life to come.

Yea, and the stream that bears them
Is a type of that vast stream,
That floweth—the River of Life—
From the throne of God supreme;

Floating upon whose surface,
Is the life of what is ME;
A bubble that soon must mingle
With the stream eternally.

Flowing from God and ever,
Turning its waters again,
It beareth all back it carries
To the Fountain whence they came.

I, too, afloat in shadow,
On its heaving bosom broad,
Shall find in the End it bore me,
In a circle back to God.

Still will I sit by the river,
Watching the bubbles that flow,
And read the lesson they teach me
In the sunset's golden glow.

North Williamston,
Annapolis, April 1865.

AREA OF THE AMERICAN LAKES.

The late U. S. government survey of the great lakes gives the following exact measurement:—Lake Superior—greatest length, 355 miles; greatest breadth, 160 miles; mean depth, 988 feet; height above the sea, 627 feet; area, 32,000 square miles. Lake Michigan—greatest length, 360 miles; greatest breadth, 108 miles; mean depth, 900 feet; high above the sea, 587 feet; area 20,000. Lake Huron—greatest length, 200 miles; greatest breath, 160 miles; mean depth, 300 feet; height above the sea, 574 feet; area 20,000 miles. Lake Erie—greatest length, 250 miles; greatest breadth, 80 miles; mean depth, 200 feet; height above the sea 555 feet; area 6000. Lake Ontario length, 180 miles; mean breadth, 65 miles; mean depth, 500 feet; height above the sea, 262 feet; area, 6000 square miles. Total length of five lakes, 1346 miles: total area, 84,000 square miles.

A despairing man tears his hair. Old Johns says—

"An enraged woman is wiser. She tears her husband's."

Poor Johns!

Jeff. Davis's real mission—Submission.

PROSPECTUS.

A Newspaper, called the

"Weekly Examiner,"

will be published at Digby as soon as preliminary arrangements can be completed

It will contain Selected and Original Poetry of the first class—Selected and Original Tales—Editorial articles on passing events—Full Review of the Markets in all parts where Nova Scotians trade—Full Marine Register, recording arrivals and clearances of Nova Scotia vessels in all parts of the world—the very latest intelligence in regard to passing events.

A prominent space will be given to Agriculture.

General Literature, Reviews, extracts from the leading newspapers of the world, Wit and Humor, and Correspondence on matters of interest to our readers in general will occupy the remaining space, with such other matters as may demand attention.

With Party Politics we will not intermeddle, but will keep our readers well informed of the movements of the different parties. The tone of the paper throughout will be elevating and of a high moral tendency; nothing will be admitted that the most fastidious could possibly take offence at, or that the most careful parent would desire to keep from his children.

As a family paper, and as such, having a power in the welfare of the rising generation, it will endeavor to stimulate those nobler, higher instincts and impulses which make men of whom their native country is justly proud.

Our selections will be from the productions of the best and purest English and American writers, and the vulgar and exciting sensation literature with which the press of the United States is so impregnated, shall be carefully avoided. In our orginal department we shall endeavor to secure such an amount of talent as lies within our reach, and nothing will be eligible for a place unless it bears the marks of unmistakable excellence and merit.

Terms.

$2 a year—$2 50 if not paid within the first

J. B. COSSETT, Publisher.

Digby, April 1865.

Interesting Tales.

PRACOVIA.

The storm swept wildly across the barren steppes of Siberia, almost burying the rude hut in which our story opens. It was night; the long desolate night, which hangs like a black cloud over northern Russia, and the narrow dimensions of the exile's home was faintly illuminated by the decaying embers which smouldered on the hearth.

The inmates of the cabin were three in number: a tall and noble-looking man, whose unshorn locks and otherwise neglected appearance betokened deep, despairing sorrow. On his shoulder leaned a woman somewhat younger, whose features, furrowed rather by care than years, yet bore traces of great beauty; tears gathered in her large eyes as she strove to comfort her companion in the soft accents of her distant land.

Before them kneeled a girl of perhaps seventeen; her graceful and slender figure was partly concealed by the rude dress of the Siberian peasant, yet the swan-like turn of her neck, and over her shoulders told that she belonged to an other class. Her features—pale and statue like, were a model of Grecian beauty, with the look of calm pride on her delicate features betokened her birth to be that of a daughter of Poland.

'Speak not so sadly, my father,' she said, as her fine face glowed with the ardor of an earnest soul—'speak not so sadly; I will go and seek the court of the haughty Czar; at the feet of the Empress I will plead thy pardon.'

'Dream not, my child, a scheme so wild. Thou travel to Moscow!—thy frail form would sink down on some cold drift and stiffen to marble, ere the feet of the tyrant could be reached.'

'Give me but thy blessing, my dear parents, and not all the snows hurled from Russian skies shall bar my way.'

The hands of the sorrowing pair pressed the wavy gold on the forehead of the girl, while in the silvery accents of Poland, a prayer went up from the exile's home for help.

Several months have elapsed since the above conversation, and summer—such a summer as glances on northern hills—has hung its garlands of larch and mosses, over the barren cliffs,

Wending her toilsome way over the moss-covered wilds or carefully descending the narrow ledges of rocks over which the path wound, a youthful traveller pursued her lonely journey. Dressed in the rude habit of the native peasantry, there was nothing in her appearance which might distinguish her from others, save the slender and graceful figure, and the wealth of soft flaxen tresses that the breeze swept back from her smooth white forehead. The approach of night caused our youthful heroine to quicken her steps, and a smile gave place to a look of anxiety which shaded her features, when a small house, or rather hovel, arose in the midst of the lonely common. As she approacued, however, the lonely and forbidding aspect of the building made her pause, ere she dared to ask for shelter. While in this dilemma, the door opened, and a man of wild and sinister appearance presented himself. To her humble request for shelter for the night, a rude, almost fierce negative was the only answer.

The stranger stood a moment as if waiting for a better welcome, and then meekly and sadly turned away. She had not gone many steps when a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder, and in a voice softened somewhat from its natural harsanesss, the old man bade her follow him to his dwelling. The girl lifted her blue eyes to the face of the uncultivated being before her, and trembled as she beheld its stern, dark lineaments. However, there was no room for hesitation, and with a palpitating heart she enterei the dwelling.

Near the fire sat an old woman, whose faded and wrinkled features were scarcely more attractive than those of her companion.

'What do you want wench?' she asked, in shrill cracked tones, that made the heart of the poor wanderer still heavier.

'Shelter and a little food, if you will benefit me so far,' returned the girl.

'Food?' replied the crone. 'I'll warrant me thou canst not pay the reckoning.'

'Indeed,' replied the girl, 'I have but seven kopecs and my journey is yet far; but heaven will bless thee if thou aid'st me, for much depends upon my speed.'

With a scowl the old dame began to busy herself in preparing the evening meal. The little party were soon seated around a glowing fire, and our heroine tried to enjoy the warmth and shelter afforded to her. At an early hour she craved the privilege of rest; and believing that perfect openness and truth would best serve her, placed the small purse containing the few coins she had mentioned on a table of the comfortless apartment to which she was conducted by the old woman.

Repeating a prayer for protection, she fell into a troubled slumber, in which the fierce countenances of the host and his companion were conspicuous—when suddenly she was awakened by a noise near her pallet.

What was her dismay to behold the keen a long knife glittered in his hand. At a table near, his companion was eagerly counting the small coins which the wanderer had purposely placed there.

'Swear,' said the old man, as he seized the trembling girl by the arm, 'that you have no more money, or thy life is ended.'

'Indeed—indeed, I am a beggar, dependent upon the charity of others;' she said, while the look of truth on her feature seemed to alter the determination of her persecutors.

'Nay, nay,' said the old woman, 'the girl speaks the truth—we shall but bring useless guilt upon our heads by harming her. Thou art safe, child,' she added, 'and thank heaven for my deliverance.'

A moment more and they were gone; and our heroine, wondering at her escape, and committing herself to the care of heaven once more, slept undisturbed until the bright rays of the morning warned her that it was time to betake herself to her journey. As she entered the principal apartment of the cabin, she was surprised to see a comfortable meal spread on the table, while her hostess, in softened tones, bade her refresh herself ere she proceeded on her way.

'And now tell us thine errand, child,' said the old man, as he bent a scrutinizing gaze on the beautiful face now before him.

'Alas!' 'my errand is a melanchcly one: I go to beg the liberty of my father, of the haughty Court of Russia My parents are dying in their lonely exile, and I will save them or I die.'

Tears, the first, perchance for years which had trickled down those harsh faces, sprang to the eyes of the hearers.

'May heaven forgive us, child, that we would harm thee, and speed thee on thy way; take this purse and use what thou findest therein for thy need.'

Pressing the hands of her rude entertainers, she bade farewell to the scene of her dangerous adventure, and pursued her way towards the imperial city.

In a stately apartment of the palace, whose towers flashed back the thousand lights of Moscow, sat at the Empress. The heavy braids of hair swept back from her jevelled brow, as she bent, an eager listener to a fair young suppliant, who, kneeling at her feet, pressed the ermine of her robe.

'And now, my child,' said the Empress 'did'st thou come over those barren moors—those drifted snows? how dare the perils of such a journey.'

'Love royal lady, can melt down the barries otherwise impassable; and my noble father's life, wasting in the wild, lent wings to my speed.'

'And thy name and rank?' demanded the Empress; 'for sure I am that noble blood must seal such noble deeds.'

'Pracovia is my name, madame, and in the hills of Moscow I moved a countess; the past I would forget; all I risk is the life—the liberty of my dear father.'

'Thy father is even now on his way to join you, and this packet restores his estates under the seal of the Emperor. But for myself, we claim thee as our first lady of honor; and thus, Countess Soleski, we bind thee to our interests.'

As she spoke she unbound a string of diamonds from her hair, and flung them around the neck of the Polish lady.

Miscellaneous.

The Hunter's Revenge.

Among the many hardy Frenchmen in the employ of the old 'Northwest Fur Company,' was one Francoise Germaine voyageur, who had established a notoriety for courage and physical strength and like many others of his class, he was sometimes vain of his extraordinary powers, and fond of exhibiting them to his associates. He would load his brawney shoulders with packs which his comrades could scarcely raise from the ground, and without evincing the smallest degree of fatigue, would march with them, day after day through the wilderness, often leaving his lightly loaded companions far in the rear It was no uncommon thing for Fracoise to linger in the camp an hour or two after his comrades had started, take the trail they were following, and after a few hours pass them quietly; and, after travelling till the middle of the afternoon, stop at some convenient spot for encamping. He usually selected some water course which he judged his friends would reach about night-fall, and striking camp would surprise them with a well prepared supper of venison or other game which he had prepared against their arrival.

On a certain occasion, when ascending the Bois des Sioux river alone, in his canoe, he was attacked by a large party of Sioux Indians, who after sinking his canoe by perforating its bottom with their rifles, and making a desperate fight of it succeeded in making him a prisoner His reputation for courage and strength had reached them, and before putting him to torture they determined to test his powers. Accordingly, they took him to the edge of the cliff, some two hundred feet high, beneath which ran the river, and after preparing a rope of bark, and fastening one end to a large stone at the base of the cliff, they directed him to raise it to where they were collected in a group to witness the feat. Germaine, whose judgment and self reliance never for a moment deserted him, readily consented. The Indians, who had brought the free end of the rope to the top of the bank, insisted that it was all sufficient besides being strong enough to raise a weight twice that of the stone. Still Germaine persisted in declaring that the rope was not long enough by many feet, and refused to gratify their curiosity unless his demand was complied with, and the rope lengthened to suit him. Seeing that, unless they indulged his caprice, they would be deprived of that portion of their anticipated sport, the Indians yielded, and collecting more bark, added the requisite number of feet to the rope All being now right, the Frenchman was ordered to lift the stone But Francoise deliberately proceeded to knot the end noose-wise, and gathered it in a coil at the end of the cliff, after first clearing the ground of brush and broken limbs, which might interfere with its free run.

The stone, which was of several hundred weight, was a heavy lift, even for Germaine, and he exerted all his powers to start it from its bed. But when once started, the labor of raising it was comparatively lighter. After he had drawn it up a few feet he was ordered to lower again, when four of the most stalwart warriors tried their united strength upon it, but they could not budge it an inch

Again Germaine was ordered to hoist it to the top of the bank With the outlay of all his muscular force, he obeyed, and as it moved slowly along the cliff, the Indians in their excitement gathered in knots upon the very verge. Hand over hand the Frenchman toiled at his task, but with his keen grey eyes taking in all about him. He had raised the huge weight one third of the distance, when the stone catching against a jutting ledge of superincumbent shale defied all his herculean strength to raise it higher. As he struggled to overcome this resistance, the Indians gathered closer and closer upon the verge of the cliff, and watched the effect of the efforts of the prisoner.

At this moment, stopping the rope partially over the top of a stunted cedar bush, and holding the strain upon his left hand, he reached forward, and gathering up the coiled portion in his right; he gave it one wide swing over his head which opened its broad running noose, and with a skilful cast, let it drop over the largest knot of excited Indians, as they were looking below.—The fatal circle, true to the design of the brave Frenchman, encompassed no less a number than six of his enemies, and letting go his hold, the rock with a noise like thunder, rushed headlong into the abyss, dragging with lightning speed the six howling Indians after it.

So sudden and awful was this frightful denouement, that the surviving Indians, some thirty in number, were for many minutes horror struck, and regardless of all else about them During the excitement and confusion, the voyageur, seeing the way clear, made good his escape, flying with the speed of a wild deer. The swiftest runners were sent in pursuit, but they soon gave up the chase as useless, and the fortunate Francoise returned in safety to his comrades at Lake Travers The spot where the incident occured is well known to the hunters and Indians of that region, and still retains the name of 'Francoise Cliff.' Upon the smooth surface of the limestone near the water's edge, the Sioux have commemorated the event by rude carvings, representing six warriors in the act of tumbling headlong from the edge of the precipice to the river below.

The Indignant Maid.

Captain Pendenis, an old soldier of stern and unyielding disposition, decided to marry his son to the daughter of a fellow companion-in-arms. The young man had conceived other projects, and contracted another engagement—but, through excessive timidity, poor Arthur did not dare openly to resist the commands of his father, whose first words had been so brutally overwhelming, that he passed all the time between the engagement and the wedding doing nothing but sighing deeply. Miss Emma, the expectant bride, took his melancholy for classic symptoms of love, and began to adore him more than ever. On the morning of the wedding, they repaired to the house of the minister; Arthur was sad, reserved, and seemed to have formed some desperate resolution. Emma was in raptures. The minister, the preliminaries being over, addressed to the bridegroom the customary question:

"Arthur Pendenis, do you consent to take Emma Luther, for your wife?"

Arthur slowly raised his head, and in a voice choked by emotion, but full and resolute, replied;

"No!"

General excitement, scandal, and scenes of confusion prevailed. They separated in disorder. The indignant parent demanded an explanation from Captain Pendenis the father who seemed struck with apoplexy. As for Arthur, he escaped and left for New York.

Some days after, a lady ascended the stairs of a New York hotel and inquired for Arthur—It was Emma come to New York with her father and the captain in search of her affianced, who had so shamefully insulted her; but she was alone now. She rapped at the door of No. 17, and entered without an answer. The young man was lying down reading a newspaper.—Emma walked directly up to the bed, drawing from under her shawl an enormous horse pistol, which doubtless she had stolen from her father.

"Sir," said she to Arthur, her eyes flashing fire, "you have insulted me; I demand satisfaction; that satisfaction I exact pistol in hand.—Let us return to Boston, in wedding attire; he will put the usual question; you will say 'yes,' I will say 'no'"

Innocent had her pistol in both hands.—It was an argument. But, after all, it was only

evening with his father, who gnashed his teeth all the way. They appeared again before the same minister Arthur boldly answered "yes," and prepared his countenance, always bashful enough, in order to hear the reply of his betrothed.

The minister continued: "Emma Luther, do you consent?" Emma answered "yes," yes in the most natural tone imaginable.

The captain is delighted, and feels assured that a union commenced under such auspices will end in a fairy tale.

The husband is well as can be expected—Poor fellow!

A VALUABLE CREED.

Gail Hamilton has some original and practical ideas of religion. We wonder if there are many faithful "professors" of the creed in America!

"We want a religion that softens the step, and tunes the voice to melody, and fills the eye with sunshine, and checks the impatent exclamation and harsh rebuke; a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, courteous to inferiors, and considerate to friends; a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late—keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat—keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross; amuses the children as well as instructs them; promptly looks after the apprentice in the shop, and the clerk behind the counter, and the student in the office, with a fatherly care and motherly love, setting the solitary in families, and introducing them to pleasant and wholesome society, that their lonely feet may not be led into temptation. We want a religion that shall intervene continually between the ruts and gullies and rocks of the highway of life, and the sensitive souls that are travelling over them.

"We want a religion that bears heavily not only on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing—a religion that banishes short measure from the counter, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from the sugar, chickory from the coffee otter from butter, beet-juice from vinegar, alum from bread strychnine from wine, water from milk cans, and buttons from the contribution box. The religion that is to save the world will not put all the bad ones at the bottom It will not make one half a pair of shoes of good leather and the other of poor leather, so that the first shall recommend to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash; nor if the shoes be promised on Thursday morning will it let Thursday morning spin out till Saturday night. It does not send the little boy who has come for the daily quart of milk to the barn-yard to see the calf, and seize the opportunity to skim off the cream; nor does it surround stale butter with fresh, and sell the whole for good; nor sell off the slack-baked bread upon the stable-boy; nor dust the paper; nor 'deacon' the apples.

"The religion that is to sanctify the world pays its debts It does not borrow money with little or no purpose of repayment by concealing or glossing over the fact.

"It looks upon a man who has failed in trade and continues to live in luxury as a thief. It looks upon him who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand, with interest, and who neglects to pay fifty dollars on demand, with or without interest, as a liar."

A Good Joke.

A rather odd joke was perpetrated yesterday afternoon on one of our city photographers by a young man from the country, who, notwithstanding his rustic looks and smart country sayings, which the man with the camera laughed at, playing a trick which would have done credit to a New York "confidence man" and left the photographer in a sad plight for a few hours. The man from the country, by name George Wells, entered the gallery to have his picture taken, and as he was dressed in a rather seedy suit of clothes, and was without collar or neck tie, he requested the photographer to lend him his suit while he was having his picture taken. As this was a common usage with the photographer when a country cousin patronized him, he doffed his collar, neck tie, coat, vest, and pants, for the use of his "subject;" but as the countryman's suit, which he was to don for the moment, seemed rather too suspicious looking for the artist's ta-te, he locked the door of his gallery on the inside, leaving the key in the door, and, minus his clothing, 'sat' his simple friend for the picture. The latter was, of course, instantaneously taken, the photographer rushed into his dark room to place the picture in the bath. While he was thus out of sight, the countryman, quite captivated with the new suit of clothes, unlocked the door of the gallery and was nowhere to be found when the photographer returned This was certainly a queer situation to be left in, for the countryman had not acted up to the wise maxim that "a fair exchange is no robbery." About an hour elapsed, when a friend making his appearance was instantly despatched to the Police office, and one of the detectives, armed with the countryman's picture, went in search of him and had been gone some time when the countrymen appeared, saying that he only wanted to take a walk round the city in a good suit of clothes, and he wanted "the picture." He strongly protested his innocence of any attempt to act dishonestly in the matter, and asked a lady who was in the gallery at the same time to plead with the photographer in his behalf. Woman's words seemed to soften the photographer's heart, and the countryman was dealt leniently with, paid for his picture and left the gallery, rejoicing over his lucky escape from the hands of the law.—*Toronto Globe.*

Watch and the Minister.

minister kindly furnished him with board, and as he had a charming wife, and a cosy nest of a home, our school teacher declared that he had but one trial, and that was his position upon the Sabbath.

The minister's pew was a large square one, very near the pulpit, and exposed to a raking fire of eyes Of course, the minister's wife and the *master* were quite as attractive to a certain class of church goers as the minister and the sermon, and the student professed, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, to be very modest.

Mr. Tyler, the minister, owned a large dog named Watch, and Watch was bent upon going to church with Mrs. Tyler She, in her turn, was much opposed to his going, fearing that he might excite the mirth of roguish children, who are only too glad of an excuse for laughing when they ought not to laugh.

Every Sunday a series of manœuvres took place between the two, in which Watch often proved himself the keenest Sometimes he slipped away very early, and Mrs. Tyler, after having searched for him, to shut him up, would go to church and find Watch seated in the family pew, looking very grave and decorous, but evidently aware that it was too late now to turn him out.

Sometimes he would hide himself until the family had all started for church, and would follow the footsteps of the tardy worshipper, who always tiptoed in during prayers with creaking boots, and then didn't Watch know that Mrs. Tyler would open the pew door in haste, to prevent his whining for admission?

When Mr Tyler became most earnest in his appeals, he often repeated the same word with a ringing emphasis, and a blow on the desk cushion that startled the sleepers in the pews into the most erect and attentive position that they could assume. One day he thus shouted out, quoting the well-known text, Watch! Watch!! Watch, I say!!!" when rustle, rustle, bounce! came his big dog into his very arms You may be sure the boys all took this occasion to relieve their pent up restlessness by one uproarious laugh, before their astonished parents had time to frown them into silence.

Honest Watch had been sitting with his eyes fixed, as usual, upon the minister. At the first mention of his name, up went his ears, and his eyes kindled; at the second he was still more deeply moved; at the third he obeyed, and flew completely over pew rail and pulpit door, in a leap that did equal honor to his muscular powers and his desire to obey. After such a strict interpretation of the letter, rather than the spirit, Watch was effectually forbidden church-going.

Cast a Line for Yourself.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last, approaching a basket well filled with wholesome docking fish, he sighed, 'If now I had these, I would be happy I could sell them at a fair price; and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many, and just as good fish," said the owner, who chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other eagerly.

"Only to tend this line till I come back. I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old fisherman was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile, however,

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