Senate News Room

POSTAGE PREPAID

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVII. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, MARCH 13, 1876. NO. 11

The Examiner

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William L. Cotton,

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SPACE.	1 w	2 w	3 w	4 w	5 w	6 w	7 w	2 m	3 m	4 m	5 m	6 m	12 m
1 Inch.	0.50	0.62	0.75	1.00	1.20	1.35	1.50	1.65	1.95	2.25	2.55	2.85	5.70
2 do.	1.00	1.25	1.50	1.75	2.00	2.25	2.50	2.75	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	9.50
3 do.	1.50	1.87	2.25	2.62	3.00	3.37	4.00	4.46	5.87	6.62	7.37	8.12	[illegible]
4 do.	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	19.00
5 do.	2.50	3.12	3.75	4.37	5.00	5.62	6.25	6.87	8.11	9.35	10.59	11.83	23.66
6 do.	3.00	3.75	4.50	5.25	6.00	6.75	7.50	8.25	9.75	11.25	12.75	14.25	28.50
7 do.	3.50	4.37	5.25	6.12	7.00	7.87	8.75	9.62	11.38	13.14	14.90	16.66	33.32
8 do.	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	13.00	15.00	17.00	19.00	38.00
9 do.	4.50	5.62	6.75	7.87	9.00	10.12	11.25	12.37	15.65	17.93	20.21	22.49	44.98
10 do.	5.00	6.24	7.50	8.74	10.00	11.24	12.50	13.74	16.22	18.70	21.18	23.66	47.32
11 do.	5.50	6.87	8.25	9.62	11.00	12.37	13.75	15.12	17.85	20.58	23.31	26.04	52.08
12 do.	6.00	7.50	9.00	10.50	12.00	13.50	15.00	16.50	19.50	22.50	25.50	28.50	57.00

Transient Advertisements must be paid for in advance, in all cases, in order to secure insertion.

EXCEPTIONS TO THE ABOVE.—Commission Merchants and Auctioneers are allowed a discount of 20 per cent. on advertising accounts exceeding $32 per annum.

ALMANAC FOR MARCH, 1876.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 3d day, 5h. 35m. a. m., N. below horizon.
Full Moon, 10th day, 2h. 0m., a. m., N., below horizon.
Last Quarter, 17th day, 9h. 12m. p. m., W., below horizon.
New Moon, 25th day, 3h. 59m., p. m., S. W.,

D. M	DAY WEEK	SUN rise H M	SUN sets H M	MOON rises M	HIGH water M	DAY'S len'th H M
1	Wedn'sd'y	6 44	5 42	8 33	1 23	10 58
2	Thursday	42	43	9 7	2 8	11 1
3	Friday	40	44	9 53	3 0	4
4	Saturday	38	46	10 56	4 21	8
5	Sunday	36	47	A 11	6 5	11
6	Monday	34	48	1 33	7 42	14
7	Tuesday	32	50	2 57	8 57	18
8	Wedn'sd'y	30	51	4 17	9 39	21
9	Thursday	29	53	5 35	10 19	24
10	Friday	27	54	6 49	10 55	27
11	Saturday	25	56	8 2	11 30	31
12	Sunday	22	57	9 12	A 1	35
13	Monday	21	59	10 23	0 29	38
14	Tuesday	20	6 0	11 33	1 5	40
15	Wedn'sd'y	17	1	M	1 42	44
16	Thursday	15	2	0 35	2 28	47
17	Friday	14	4	1 43	3 18	50
18	Saturday	11	5	2 37	4 20	54
19	Sunday	9	6	3 23	5 30	57
20	Monday	8	8	3 58	6 55	12 0
21	Tuesday	6	9	4 26	8 1	3
22	Wedn'sd'y	4	11	4 48	8 51	7
23	Thursday	2	12	5 8	9 37	10
24	Friday	5 59	13	5 24	10 10	14
25	Saturday	58	15	5 40	10 45	17
26	Sunday	56	16	5 56	11 20	20
27	Monday	54	17	6 15	11 54	23
28	Tuesday	52	18	6 38	M	26
29	Wedn's'dy	50	19	7 8	0 30	29
30	Thursday	48	21	7 49	1 11	33
31	Friday	5 46	6 22	8 46	1 59	12 36

PRICES CURRENT.

Ch'town, March 7, 1876.

BREADSTUFFS.	
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	0.03 to 0.3¼
Flour, per bbl	5.50 to 7.00
Flour, per 100 lbs	3.00 to 3.25
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs	2.70 to 3.00
FISH.	
Codfish per qtl	3.50 to 5.00
Herring per bbl	4.87 to 6.49
Mackerel per doz.	0.48 to 0.72
BOARDS.	
Hemlock, 100 feet.	0.81 to 0.94
Pine do	1.62 to 2.40
Spruce do	0.97 to 1.30
Shingles, per M.	2.11 to 2.48
POULTRY.	
Chickens, per pair	$0.50 to 0.70
Ducks, (each)	0.24 to 0.35
Fowls, (each)	0.25 to 0.40
Partridges, (each)	0.25 to 0.30
Turkeys, (each)	0 80 to 1.75
Geese (each)	0.50 to 0.75
MEAT.	
Beef, (small pieces) per lb	$0.08 to 0.14
Beef, per lb (by the quarter)	0.06 to 0.10
Ham, per lb	0.10 to 0.12
Lamb, per quarter	0.00 to 0.00
Lamb, per lb	0.06 to 0.09
Mutton, per lb	0.07 to 0.12
Pork, (small pieces) per lb	0.08 to 0.12
Pork, per lb (by the carcass)	0.06 to 0.07½
Veal, per lb	0.04 to 0.08
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Apples per bushel	0.80 to 1.00
Barley per bushel	0.00 to 0.75
Butter (fresh) per lb	0.20 to 0.25
Butter per lb by the tub	0.16 to 0.19
Calfskins, per lb	0.06 to 0.12
Cheese (new milk) per lb	0.14 to 0.16
Cheese, per lb	0.05 to 0.08
Clover seed, per lb	0.00 to 0.00
Eggs, per doz.	0.25 to 0.32
Green Peas,	0.00 to 0.00
Hay, per ton	7.00 to 10 00
Hides, per lb.	0.04 to 0.4½
Honey, per lb.	0.25 to 0.32
Homespun, (men's wear) per yd.	0.65 to 1.00
Homespun, (women's do) per yd	0.35 to 0.48
Homespun Flannel, per yard	0.31 to 0.46
Lard, per lb	0.12 to 0.16
Oats, per bushe.	0.36 to 0.38
Potatoes, per bushel	0.25 to 0.32
Pearl Barley, per lb	0.03 to 0.04
Sheepskins	0.50 to 1.00
Straw, per ton	4.50 to 2.50
Tallow per lb	0.07 to 0.10
Turnips, per bush.	0.16 to 0.20
Wool, per lb	0.17 to 0.25

The Greatest Medical Discovery OF THE AGE!

After lengthened experiments,

Dr. Samuel La'Mert,

of 15 Gower Street, Bedford Square, London, has discovered an infallible remedy in all cases of Nervous and Physical Debility, Spermatorrhœa, and Impotence, the results of Solitary Habits, excess or infection. The treatment is based on experience acquired during more than twenty-five years successful practice, and has rarely been found to fail. Patients residing in the Colonies, can be treated by correspondence, and the appropriate remedies can be forwarded, with safety and secresy, by post. Dr. La'Mert's work on

The Phisiology of Marriage,

with a review of the causes that lead to domestic infelicity, and prevent the attainment of the legitimate objects of the married state may be had, price 25 cents, of J. H. Woolrich, Druggist, Halifax, N. S., of H. A. Parr, Druggist, Yarmouth, N. S., of Henry Elliott, Pictou, N. S., and of Bremner Brothers, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Aug. 3, 1875.

BUSINESS CARDS.

COOMBS & WORTH,
JOB PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS
51 WATER STREET.
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. Island.
Jan. 17'76 1y

E. G. NELSON,
IMPORTER & REPAIRER OF
SEWING MACHINES.
ADDRESS:—P. O. Box 303, Charlottetown.
Oct. 25, 1875.—1y

MacKENZIE & STUMBLES,
Auctioneers, Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS,
77 North Side Queen Square,
Charlottetown, - - P. E. Island.
October 18, 1875.—1y

WILLIAM DODD.
Commission Merchant and AUCTIONEER
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN. P. E. ISLAND

CARVELL BROS.,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS.
Lower Queen St. Charlottetown, P. E. I.

HASZARD BROS.,
Commission Merchants & Auctioneers,
FORWARDING, MANUFACTURERS,
AND
General Agents,
61 WATER STREET.
Opposite Merchants Bank,
Charlottetown, - - - - P. E. I.
J. E. HASZARD, | HORACE HASZARD.

REFERENCES:
Messrs. Greenshields, Son & Co., Montreal,
Messrs. W. & R. Brodie, Quebec,
Messrs. J. S. Farlow & Co., Boston,
Henry Lawson, Esq., Halifax, N. S.
Hon. Daniel Davies, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
May 3, 1875.

REVERE HOUSE,
ADJOINING THE POST OFFICE,
ALBERTON, - - - - - P. E. I.
The subscriber has fitted up the above House in good style, and wishes to inform his friends, and the public generally that he is prepared to accommodate
Transient and Permanent Boarders.
Charges moderate. Good Stabling on the premises.
RICHARD GLADNEY, Proprietor.
Alberton, Sept. 13, 1875.

INSURANCE.

MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
ROBERT LONGWORTH, Esq., President,
HON. JAS. DUNCAN,
HON. L. C. OWEN,
HON. A. A. MCDONALD,
HON. J. C. POPE,
THOMAS HANDRAHAN, Esq.,
GEORGE R. BEER, Esq.
Risks taken daily at their office, corner Great George and Lower Water Streets.
F. W. HALES, Secretay.
Ch'town, March 22, 1875—1y

ST. LAWRENCE
Marine Insurance Co.
OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
Authorized Capital, - - $300,000.
Subscribed Capital, - - 143,950.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, *President.*
JOHN F. ROBERTSON,
ARTEMAS LORD,
P. W. HYNDMAN,
RALPH B. PEAKE,
THOMAS MORRIS,
GEORGE D. LONGWORTH.
Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange Building.
FREDERICK W. HYNDMAN,
Ch'town, March 22, 1875.—1y *Secretary.*

IMPERIAL
Fire Insurance Company
OF LONDON.
Subscribed & Invested Capital,
£1,965,000 Stg.
The above Office being of UNDOUBTED STANDING, guarantees perfect security and Prompt Payment of Losses.
DETACHED DWELLINGS insured for One, Two, or Three Years on SPECIALLY ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.
FENTON T. NEWBERY, AGENT.
Jan. 18, 1874. 1y

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY
FIRE AND LIFE.
Invested Funds, 1st Jan'y., 1874, $21,628,356
Deposited with Receiver General of Canada, 162,800
Other Investments in Dominion of Canada, 367,091
FAIR RATES.
Prompt & Liberal Settlements.
Insurance against Fire effected upon Private Residences, Household Furniture and Farm Properties, for
One, Three or more years,
At Reduced Rates.
Office—Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
R. R. FITZGERALD, Agent
Ch'town, July 27, 1874.—6m

POETRY.

THE FISH AND THE GOLD RING.

[An incident of the loss of the steamship "Anglo Saxon," off Cape Race, Newfoundland.]

A fisher's skiff rocked lazily
Off rough Newfoundland's coast;
O'er her the clouds drooped hasily,
Like banners of a host.

The fisher kept his weary watch,
And plied his dripping lines,
And anxious eyed the scanty catch
His tiny bark confines.

The day was done—dull evening came—
For home the toiler left,
Where soon by his industrious dame
Each fish was deftly cleft.

When lo! from out the offal slid
A ring of finest gold;
Strange that such uncouth casket hid
An heirloom quaint and old!

Weird things transpire beneath the skies,
More weird within the deep;
Known only to those sapient eyes
That ward and vigil keep.

Of this occurrence naught but guess,
For none the secret knew,
Till on the pinions of the press
Across the wave it flew.

A stranger to Newfoundland hied;
When he the circlet saw,
"My long lost mother's ring," he cried,
And, wondering, stood in awe.

Oh God! in sunshine and in storm
Thy guiding hand we trace;
Who gave this frail memorial from
Yon stormy steep Cape Race.

Full fifty pounds our fisher got;
God's ways are wonderous wise;
To him a ne'er forget-me-not—
A blessing in disguise.

—*Forest and Stream.*

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND;

OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER XV.

'But, Letty!' cried Florence, while Marcus was receiving with due respect the ostentatious but sincere *amende honorable* of her stately uncle, 'I fear you have betrayed my trust. How could Pellam discover the secret of my disguise?'

'I knows that too, Miss Florence,' replied the all-divining Letty, 'and I'll tell you all 'bout it. When we were in that strange place where Master Marcus lay sick, you 'member one night how you took off your fixings jist to let his father see how pretty you be. Well, that night arter you came back in your room, you sat down near the window, and I looked out t'other one. Says you, 'I hate to put this ugly stuff on my face any more, but I must. That dear good man, how he seemed to love me, and how I love him too! Here, Letty, *mulatto-fy* me again.' Then I fixed you up just as you was afore, and you went out, and you says, 'I wonder if he will know me now.' Then I noticed that the curtain was a leetle one side, and I looked out a sudden and sees a man looking right into the window, and the moment I sot eyes on him, I knew it was Master Pellam, I did. I never let on a word 'bout it, 'cause I know 'twould scare Miss Florence. Soon as he see me, he dart off like ole snake, nobody know where. I scared almost to death for fear he tell on Miss Florence. But he go off, say nothing, do nothing. I thought he all time in Texas. I wish he where he ought to be, and all his kinfolk, that I do."

'Wherever he may be!' exclaimed Marcus, 'retribution shall follow him.'

'Amen!' uttered Delaval.

'Oh! he is not worthy of your resentment,' cried Florence. 'Surely Marcus, surely, brother, you would not condescend to wreak your vengeance on one so far beneath your contempt? The man who could inflict the dastard stroke from which you have so lately recovered, Marcus, should be left to the ——'

'Hangman's hands,' interrupted Delaval. 'She is right; she always is—that is sometimes.'

'I saw a gentleman a few days since,' remarked Mr. Alston, 'who met young Pellam on the confines of Texas. From his account I should think my niece was correct when she observed that he was unworthy the resentment of an honorable man. He was completely inebriated, and is habitually subject to fits of intoxication. I would advise every selfrespecting young gentleman to leave him to the degradation he has brought upon himself.'

'Yes,' said Florence, 'uncle is wise and just in his counsels. Let us leave him to his own evil heart and baffled passions. Let us forget his very name. But how shall we reward our second, or rather, third Daniel—our modern Portia, who has unravelled this web of deceit, and shown a faith in the honour of our friend that shames our distrust and injustice? Letty what can I do for you? You saved my life when a child. You have restored me a far richer boon than life. Tell me how I can prove my gratitude?'

'By just saying nothing at all, Miss Florence,' said the modern Portia. 'I loves you a heap better than I does myself, and I couldn't be happy, nohow, when I see you the object of secret melancholy. Every night when you think Letty fast asleep, she watch you all shining in the moonlight, like a suffocating angel as you was, and she feel a'most willing to die, if young mistress only smile as she used to long time ago.'

Florence laid her beautiful hands on Letty's jetty fingers, tears trembled in her in her eyes and her bosom heaved beneath its veiling lace.

'Your own heart will reward you, Letty,' said she, 'and mine will bless you.'

'Letty, you are a noble girl, cried Delaval, with enthusiasm. 'You deserve to be canonized. I will have a statue erected to you, and you shall be worshipped as the presiding genius of distressed lovers through the coming time.'

'You make fun of Letty, Master George, but no matter. It does me a power of good to see you all yourself again. I don't want nothing to do with cannons, though; I've no use for them.'

'You are a kind, excellent, and noble-hearted creature,' said Marcus, grasping her hand with cordial gratitude, 'As I am the most of all obliged, I ought the most abundantly to reward.'

'This nigger nothing but a fool, for all she try to make out herself to be so smart,' cried Letty, with an immense smile; 'but I'll tell you what I do want, Master Marcus if you please; I want to see you and Miss Florence make up; that what I want.'

'Bravo!' exclaimed Delaval, laughing, and clapping his hands. 'Bravo! Letty. Verily thou shalt have the felicity of seeing you make up with Warland, as Letty means that is in, the good old-fashioned *kiss-and-be-friends* sort of way.'

Florence, over whose face ten thousand blushing shadows were rolling, escaped from the room. Marcus, who knew by intuition that she had gone to the library soon followed. There he indeed found her, in her favourite window seat, partly shaded by the well-remembered crimson curtain. She was weeping, but her tears were not the night-dew of sorrow; they were the drops of the morning, that turn to diamonds in the sun.

'Oh, how much have I to *make up* to you,' she cried, as she shed those blssful tears on the bosom she had thought forever estranged. 'Why did I not believe from the first that it was a vile forgery? Ah! it was a self-condemning conscience that made me a coward and a dupe. I feel now Marcus that I deserved to fall in your estimation, for allowing my love to triumph over the suggestions of prudence and of counsels of resisting friends. Mrs. Lewis to whom I confined my plans, besought, with earnest tears, to turn me from my wild purpose; but in vain. My brother was absent. I heard you were dying. The omnipotence of love removed every obstacle. But oh! I have been very rash, and, I fear now, very unwomanly.'

'And can you think me such a cold, selfish ingrate?' exclaimed Marcus. 'Yes you have been rash; for what is self-forgetfulness, self-immolation, but rashness? You have been unwomanly, only to be an gelic. Florence, I have admired your beauty, grace and talents, more than words of mine have ever told; for my esteem has always checked my admiration. Oh! be ever the Rosa of my heart's home. Come to me with her downy touch and snowflake step, and ever the same twilight hue, if you will, and if the world condemn you for a love so far transcending the merits that inspired it, let my lips breathe the verdict for your crime, and imprisonment in my arms be the only penalty which you are doomed to suffer.'

'I see you have *made up*.' said Delaval, when, some time after, he entered the library, for pen, ink and paper; his fine black eyes bright with all that wonted fire. 'But you have not allowed poor Letty the only boon she asked. Any message to Miss Katy Warland?' added as he was leaving the room.

'Don't go, brother, cried Florence; 'there is the table where you always write, and here are eyes that love to look upon you. George, we ought to be called hereafter the Children of the Mist.'

'I feel very much like the son of the morning now,' said Delaval, seating himself before the writing materials. 'That was an unhappy allusion, however. You know who was called the 'son of the morning,' and how he fell. Warland, my dear fellow, my glorious fellow,' he exclaimed, springing up and seizing his hands in both his, 'if you only knew how happy I am, you would not look so intolerably wretched yourself. Seriously, I feel such a specific lightness of spirit, I fear I shall go up in a natural baloon.'

'One question,' said Florence, turning to Marcus, 'I have forgotten to ask. How did you learn the identity of the humble Rosa and the proud Florence?'

A shadow came over the sunny brow of Marcus. The solemn scene of his father's death-bed rose up before him, and chastened the rapture of reconciliation.

'My father, Florence,' he answered, 'with his dying lips, revealed the secret, that I might be convinced of the depth and tenderness of the heart whose truth and constancy I was forced to doubt. He justified you with his last, fading breath, which he told me of the boundless debts which my life's devotion never can repay.'

That was a *glorious evening* at Wood Lawn as Delaval said more than once. The gay laugh of Florence was heard in silvery music once more in her dwelling. Her magnificent voice again accompanied the keys of her neglected instrument. The flowers that had seemed scentless and dim, blushed into new bloom and sweetness. Every thing had the brightness and beauty of a new creation, for paradise was regained in the heart. If Letty was a belle before, there was no limit to her belle-ship from this period. The gratitude of those whom her shrewd and active spirit had restored to happiness did not evaporate in a few words of promise. They vied with each other in the number and value of their gifts, till Letty said her trunk was 'nothing but a show-box, sure enough.' Her fame went abroad, and negroes came from distant plantations, when their holidays allowed them, to see the wisdom of Letty, and they went away thinking as Queen Sheba did, of the splendidly endowed son of David, that the half was left untold.

And now the sky is all blue, and the current is smooth, and the gales propitious, we feel as if we ought to lay down our pen. Indeed, the sunshine is too bright—it is dazzling. Where is the artist who ever attempted to paint a noonday sun?

After the usual time consecrated to the memory of the dead, there was a splendid wedding at Hickory Hill, not destined to so disastrous a termination as the ill-starred Cora's. It is an astonishing fact that Aunt Milly survived the elation and excitement of the occasion. To see Miss Katy, the child of her hopes and prayers, the mistress of such an establishment, to say nothing of her princely spirited husband, was the crown of her earthly ambition. As the still lovely and charming Mrs. Bellamy looked on the sweet young bride, whom she loved with all a mother's tenderness, and thought of the night when she first saw her, a poor and insolate little child, she blessed God, who put it into her heart to love and cherish her into the bloom and the beauty of womanhood.

It was a moment to be rembered, when Aunt Milly bade adieu to Bellamy Place, and rolling in a carriage behind her young mistress, fellowed her to her new home. She kept nodding her head to the negroes, as long as she could catch a glimpse of the hickory trees, smiles and tears contending on her honest countenance. The habit of exaggeration she had acquired at the ferryman's cabin had long since died in the plentitude and luxury in which she had been living. But it was owing to the purifying influence of religion, which opened her eyes to the beauty of truth, and convinced her that even affection, pure as her's, could not sanctify the white little lies she formerly thought it no sin to utter.

Hannibal could not bid Katy good-bye. He gave her a parting serenade with his beloved violin, but hid himself when the hour of separation arrived. Delaval endeavored to persuade him that Letty was worthy to supplant the lost Coras in his affections; but the Carthaginian General never suffered his constancy to the memory of the beautiful mulatto to vary one hair's breadth. He felt with O'Connor's 'Child,'

'Oh, what is any living love,
To that which cannot quit the dead?'

The same wedding party soon after gathered at Wood Lawn to grace the nuptials of its beautiful mistress. And they came also from the north and south, and the east and the west for the invitations were sent far and wide. It was a joyous and magnificent festival, as well it might be, for such a bridegroom and such a bride seldom are found among every-day mortals. It was equivalent to a double wedding, for the young master and his fair cheeked bride divided with the splendid pair the hymenial honors.

Aunt Milly and Letty were peeping in at the window, in the midst of many a smiling black face.

'I do say,' cried Letty who looked something like a bride herself, so handsome and tasteful in her attire, 'that Miss Florence and Master Marcus are the gloriousest couple that ever was created, and the way they do love each other —oh! you get along you Letty, you can't begin to speak about it! Just see her look up at him with them eyes of hers. Now who ever did see a pair of eyes that could hold a candle to 'em?'

'Miss Katy's can,' said Aunt Milly, her family pride and affection kindling as she spoke. 'See she's a looking sorter down, so modest and tender, and then she's so fair and white, you can hardly tell which is which, her cheeks or the veil. Bless her little heart, I can see it flutter about now. She could not speak a cross word to save her life. She's like the blessed virgins that kept their hair trimmed and burning, waiting for the bridegroom to come along.'

'She mighty pretty, but Miss Florence beat her all hollow,' persisted Letty.

They probably continued for a long time discussing the beauties and merits of the two young brides, but the music of the band that came rolling out of the dancing hall drowned their voices in a flood of sound. The floor of the room where the dancers repaired was covered with most exquisite figures, designed in chalk, soon to be effaced by the light-winged feet that skimmed over them. The whole lawn was illuminated with lamps, the back yards blazing with pine torches, and green boughs were hanging in front of every negro cabin. Many an airy couple was seen waltzing on the smooth, green lawn, and the way the negroes leaped and danced about the back yard, was, as Letty said 'a caution.' There can be no such weddings as those celebrated on the noble plantations of the south, for nowhere else do we see the bright, jetty, setting, that surounds the fair pearls and diamonds, it so beautifully contrasts.

Marcus led Florence to the Long Moss Spring, and seated her on the snowy rock so often his throne, and he watched the shadow of the magnolia and the shining holly playing on her brow. They drank together of the waters, purer than Castilian dews, and looked upon each other's faces in the blue mirror beneath. Then hand in hand, they knelt by the gave of Mr. Warland, and mingled their sighs with the winds that whispered mournfully with the rustling grass, they bent over the spot where the aged Simon slept, and plucked some of the roses that blossomed luxuriantly there. Mr. Bellamy had ordered a marble tomb to the memory of his friends, but it was not yet completed. Marcus was glad that Florence could see the spot just as God had made it, with no influence but that of Nature's breathing into her soul.

'Oh,' exclaimed Florence, as he drew her reluctant steps from the fountain's side, 'let us build a cottage on this enchanting spot, and come and dwell in this sweet and lonly paradise:

'Would this be world enough for thee?'

'No, my gentle Rosa,' answered Marcus, the lofty glance of ambition flashing from his eyes, and mingling with the softer radiance of love, 'dearly as I love you, and though I could be happy, blessed with you, were Providence to cast me on Crusoe'e desert isle, I should not be true to my destiny if I 'voluntarily' buried in solitude the talents God has given me to glorify him in a more extended sphere. Neither would my bright and high-souled L'Eclair. She was formed to gladden and beautify the world, as well as to be the angel of my Eden home. But we *will* have a cottage here, where we can sometimes come and bathe our spirits in the heavenly beauty of the scene. Thisl shal be a resting place to refresh us through the journey of life; and, oh! Florence, when that pilgrimage is over, may we sleep side by side with our buried father, near the margin of the Long Moss Spring.'

Florence turned aside her head, to hide the tears that gathered in her eyes. Her heart was too full of love and happiness not to be chilled by the cold thought of mortality. Marcus put his arm around her, and gently drew her to the river's shore where the old ferryboat lay, dark and lazy, like some old negro basking in the sun. The ferryman's wife stood gazing at them from the door of the cabin. Marcus beckoned to her pointing to the poles, and she came with a quick step and smiling countenance.

'Will you help me once again?' he asked, unfastening the chain, and lifting Florence lightly into the boat. 'I must ferry her across the river of many memories.'

'Yes, that I will, and thank you too,' answered the woman; and Florence found herself floating on the dark flowing Chatstahoochee, while Marcus dashed the pole into the current with all the wild grace of boyhood, combined with manhood's strength

The sun went behind a cloud, and the boy hung his hat on the lantern-post, so that the river breeze rustled freely through his magnificent locks. Florence gazed on his splendid figure, in the attitude of unconscious grace it had assumed, with eyes of adoration; then, moved by a sudden impulse she stooped over the edge of the boat, and dipping the water in her hand, sprinkled it laughingly over his waving hair.

'Ah, fairy of the fountain!' he exclaimed 'that was a never-to-be forgotten baptism; and this I receive as a new consecration. Beautiful life-giving element, I welcome thy purifying drops. Florence the the sweetest dearest, associations of my life, cluster around the welling spring. Thanks be to God for the fountain's gush and the river's flow.'

Sweet in after life was the remembrance of this scene. Marcus had not yet reached the zenith of his fame, but like the ascending sun, it shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. His voice will soon be heard in our country's capitol, with an eloquence powerful enough to waken its deepest echoes. His motto is *Excelsior*. His goal the highest summit of human ambition; that is, the glory of God, and the good of man.

And whether as the glowing lightning playing lambently in the horizon of his existence, or as the waxing moon shining with increasing lustre on the rising tide of his affection, or as the gentle rose shedding sweetness and beauty on his heart, Florence is still the angel of his Eden home.

CONCLUDED.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ACTION NOBLER THAN SPEECH.

DEAR EDITOR.—If a man's cause is weak, especially if he is attached to it as a partizan for motive-reasons best know only to himself, or even, possibly, not at all known to himself (the world has a *few* of such), the man all at once gets very talkative, as if to find among the mist of words that pass like vapor, from his widened mouth, suggestion for his good excuse. Even if he is one nobly attached to his cause, for reasons clearly understood and truly loved, for principles dearer to him than self, or praise, or life, even for the love of truth and duty, making him a hero at once—what the Romans meant when they said *vir* (the world has a few of such); yet the temptation remains, and though swine should seem to have trampled his cause in and under the mud and be then his only auditors, still he would have an impulse towards speech, and feel (dutiful soul) the need, the wisdom and blessing of the command, 'Cast not thy pearls before swine.' Doubtless, this impulse is a good, natural impulse of wise divine appointment. So is the war-horse good, and his fury very useful! But there is a broad and easy distinction between this impulse in the two cases. The one is noble and admirable even in its catastrophe; the other is of utter contempt. The one is like something bound; the other is like a prisoned traitor gnawing his bars in rage to slay the officers of right. Contrast the two *breasts*. See how differently they *behave*. The one, a poor word-monger, foaming foam; the other, probably uttering no words, but, low in the presence of the adorable principles he strives for, utters himself only in the natural interjection of defeat, checked and softened to a whisper, by the faith and hope of truth. He has learned long ago that truth shall prosper and prevail, though all talkers were forever hushed; and his grief is rather that he has not been allowed some servitorship to these self-sufficient principles, than on their behoof! He knows they are eternal, and their triumph as sure as the word of God. His human heart loves to look upon results of courage; but why should he grow mad? Would it not be high insolence in him to murmur, much more to rage, because he is not permitted a popular recognition as champion of these eternities? How does he know but that his defeat has come that he may learn (and what wiser wonder?) that he is no fit advocate? He learns, at last, that he has been doing too much talk and not enough real work. All at once he remembers that he has for some time persuaded himself, tacitly, or that he has been betrayed into the tacit assumption, that truth needed his words and was being or might be established and garnished and revealed to advantage by his words; and he rebukes himself only, and strives afresh to learn the precious old lesson that *duty is all*. Up heart, he says, more work, less prate. The result is that he either quits words altogether, as convinced that he is no eligible defender of truth, or disentangles himself from among those alien cobweb quibbles into which his voice had taken him, and, earnestly striving himself, beckons his brother men lovingly, reverently, not as if he thought right and wisdom forever depended on them, but faithfully as a brother, in name of duty, to 'come over and help him.' Look now at that poor Æolian, literally 'going all away into wind and tongue.' I close this evening's letter with a quotation from Sir Thomas Browne:

'Every man is not a proper champion of truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity. Many, from ignorance of these maxims and an inconsiderate zeal unto truth, have too rashly charged upon the troops of error, and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth. A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender; it is therefore far better to enjoy her with peace than to haszard her on a battle.

Yours, in Faith,
FRED EVERGREEN.

March 4, 1876.

PAT ON THE WATER QUESTION.

ROTTEN PUMPS AND BAD WATER—THEIR REMEDY.

MR. EDITOR, DEAR SIR,—Would you plaze inform me what has become of our pumpman. Is Misther Eagan in town, or is he lost, strayed or stolen from the ould antedeluvian contbract of mendin' pumps in citty? This man and the Sthreet Commtttee has not been herd of up about our way since I cant say whin. I suspect that he has eloped wid his family and left us in the lurch wid our ould rotten pumps on our hands. There's one ould thing handy our house that makes me almost sware (and that's not a thing I do much at;) but whin I go out in the morning broight and airly for a bucket of fresh pure water out of the will, and finds the handle or layver of the pump lying spaachless on the sthreet, the ould pump so rotten that it wont hold the iron lugs for the bolt to pass through, and the wather all gone and nothing to quinch a fillow's great thirst, it makes me feel like going to look afther the pumpman, and axin him to look aliver and git us some pure water. But it dose'nt happen often, anyhow—not more nor once a week. But the thought sthruck me tother day whin I was vixed about gettin' no wather at all, at all. I thought to meself: I'll throw down some powdher into the will and blow the whole thing out. I was thinking to meself so loud that Biddy heerd what I was thinking about. She sung out, "Arrah, be aisy, Pat; shure you'll spile the pure wather in the will. Give over yer bad timper about it, and be a good boy now and be afther going down to the Mare, and tell him about the wills in Oirland." "Right, Biddy," says I; "begor I've got it now. I see, I see; spring-pole and wing-lass--that's it" Weil, Mr. edithor, this is Biddy's plan, in the face and furninst and oppasite to all their writins about Winter River and ther African wells:—Take out the ould pumps and sell them to the inhabitants for pig troughs; then get a forky stick and set it in the ground with the fork upwards; be shure to have the side of the stick to the will; bore a hoal through the prongs; then get a long pole and fasten it up to balance; now load the hind ind of the pole with a big stone; be aisy now—don't make it too heavy; then fasten a rope on tother ind; to this rope put a bucket; have the forky stick as high as the will is deep. Biddy's other way is as follows:—Take out the ould pump, and get a winglass over the top of the will, with a bucket, rope and sinker; over the winglass have a reflector to reflect to the bottom of the will, and cast the light down to the wather, that you may see from the top how many dead rats, mice, toads, &c., is at the bottom nearly ready to float; now, have a scoop-kettle fastened to a pole, let down the scoop-kettle and, skim the wather. This neede'nt be done very often—well it might be done oftner than before—say once in twenty-five years, it would'nt cost much, and thin we would'nt have none of this thick wather like what we have now, but, I suppose it is stronger for that; this way would give us pure wather for ever, and we would not be having to be going to the city for funds to repair the pumps. They say now that the city is hard up, and they foind the little boys for playing marbles, this may be roight enough, every little makes a help; but, Biddy says she would sooner have thim big Walker corner lofers looked after nor the little bise. She says these fellows must take her to be sum young woman down at the West End. She says she could jaw the purlece will for not lookin after the corners, in place of burnin their shins through their throusers in that new Station-house, she says she supposes they are trying to catch that chap that knocked down the old man at DesBrisays corner and took his money. Well, she may say what she likes, but, one thing I never saw in Dublin or Cork, was, these corner loafers packed on the side-walk to insult the Ladies as they pass by on their business, and some of the folks out our way says if these assemblys of bise are allowed on the corners of the shtreets, that they'll see if ould Judge Lynch has left any cases recorded where corner loafers were punished. Biddy says there is nothing so disgustin to a famale as to have the bise sayin bad words and passin remarks on a woman or girl as they go along.

Please Sur assert this in your widly paper and don't think this it is not worth while to print, for it's nearly all thrue.

PAT DUMPHY.

N.B.—Maybe you'll heer from me agin, on the wather-works and gass.

The Leonard Scott Publishing Co.'s reprint (41 Barclay Street, New York) of the *Westminster Review*, for January, has been lately issued. We give the following summary of the contents.

I. 'Foreign Loans and National Debts' begins by reviewing the matters touched upon in the report of the Foreign Loans Committee, and gives an account of the origin, history, growth, amount, and probable future increase of national debts in general.

II. 'Old Catholicism.' A discussion of the position in which the Old Catholics find themselves at the present time, and of the conference held at Bonn in 1874, invitations to which were extended to, and in some cases accepted by the protestant and Episcopal Churches.

III. 'White Conquest' is a severe criticism on the book of that name, by Wm. Hepworth Dixon, in which there are numerous and grave faults but also some very pleasant reading.

IV. 'The Origin and Development of Man' weighs the grounds for the belief in the antiquity of man, beginning with the traces found in Kitchen middens of Denmark and the lake dwellings of Switzerland, Italy and Ireland, and working backward, guided by the tools found near the bones of extinct animals; also, how far Darwin and other naturalists are justified in considering man to be developed from some lower form.

V. 'The Government of London.'

VI. 'The Philosophy of Pessimism.' The essential problem of philosophy is to reach the final explanation of existence. This principle of existence Mr. Hartman claims to have found. He calls it 'the Unconscious,' and the greater part of this article is devoted to an explanation of his idea. This world, Hartman allows, is the best possible; at the same time, he adds, it is the worst. Any attempt to balance the pains and pleasures of our life will show that pain is by far the greater factor in our existence, and in the concluding pages an attempt is made to show the falsity of these views.

VII. 'The Civil Service.'

VIII. 'The Intellectual Revival of the Middle Ages.' This article contends that we are not indebted to the Church for the preservation of learning, civilization and art during the Middle Ages, but that these things were kept alive by the Saracens, at that time a very powerful nation, skilled in arts and manufactures, and possessing many schools and colleges.

IX. 'The Laws of Musical Expression.' The book which serves as a text for this article is a treatise on musical expression written for the benefit of those who practise music without being a true musicians, who can, by this means, be taught to express what they do not feel. The laws described here are the result of twenty years careful watching of the practice of the best artists, and the volume is considered one of the most valuable contributions of modern times to the literature of music.

The number concludes with its usual notices of contemporary literature.

The periodicals reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., (41 Barclay Street, N. Y.,) are as follows: *The London Quarterly, Edinburgh, Westminster*, and *British Quarterly Reviews*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*. Price $4 a year for any one, or only $15 for all, and the postage is prepaid by the publishers.

The huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills constructed, of crude, coarse and bulky ingredients, are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or Sugar Coated Concentrated Root and Herbal Juice, Anti-bilous Granules—the 'Little Giant' Cathartic or *multum in parvo* Physic. Modern Chemical Science enables Dr. Pierce to extract from the juices of the most valuable roots and herbs their active medicinal principles, which, when worked into little Pellets or Granules, *scarcely larger than mustard seed*, renders each little Pellet as active and powerful as a large pill, while they are much more palatable and pleasant in effect.

Dr. IRA A. THAYER, of Baconsburg, Ohio, writes: 'I regard your Pellets as the best remedy the conditions for which you prescribe them of anything I have ever used, so mild and certain in effect, and leaving the bowels in an excellent condition. It seems to me they must take the place of all other cathartic pills and medicines.'

LYON & MACOMBER, druggists, Vermillion, D. T., say: 'We think they are going to sell like hot cakes as soon as people get accquainted with them and will spoil the pill trade. as those that have used them like them better than large pills.'