

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVI.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1875.

NO. 50.

The Examiner

Is Printed and Published every Monday Evening, BY William L. Cotton,

OFFICE: Corner Queen and King Streets.

TERMS:—Per Annum, Postage prepaid by Publisher, \$1.10 in advance; \$1.62 if paid within the year; \$2.00 if not paid within the year.

CLUB RATES: The EXAMINER will be forwarded to Clubs at the following rates per year—payment strictly in advance:— 5 copies, one address, \$ 6.00

Table with columns for Day, Week, Rise, Sets, Moon, High, Day's, Water, etc. Includes Almanac for December 1875.

ALMANAC FOR DECEMBER 1875.

MOON'S CHANGES: First Quarter, 25th day, 9h. 44m. p. m., W. Full Moon, 12th day, 3h. 35m. p. m., E.

Table with columns for Day, Week, Rise, Sets, Moon, High, Day's, Water, etc. Includes Almanac for December 1875.

PRICES CURRENT.

Table listing prices for various goods including Fish, Breadstuffs, Boards, Poultry, Meat, and Miscellaneous.

NOW OPEN!

"International Hotel," Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island. I wish to inform the public that I have now opened one of the best as well as one of the most commodious Hotels on this Island.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Mackenzie & Stumbles, Auctioneers, Commission Merchants, and General Agents, 77 North Side Queen Square, Charlottetown.

William Dodd, Commission Merchant and Auctioneer, Queen Square, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Garvell Bros., Auctioneers, Commission Merchants, and General Agents, Lower Queen St. Charlottetown, P. E. I.

F. M. Campbell, General Merchant Commission Agent, Auctioneer & Broker, Trinity Corner, Georgetown, P. E. I.

Standard Life Insurance Co. Sept. 1, 1873. Hazzard Bros., Commission Merchants & Auctioneers, Forwarding, Manufacturers, and General Agents, 61 Water Street, Opposite Merchants Bank.

Charlottetown, P. E. I. J. E. Hazzard, H. Horace Hazzard.

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

INSURANCE.

MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: ROBERT LONGWORTH, Esq., President, Hon. Jas. DeCassan, Esq., Hon. L. C. Owen, Hon. A. A. McDonald, Hon. J. C. Pope, Thomas Handman, Esq., GEORGE R. BEEB, Esq.

ST. LAWRENCE Marine Insurance Co. OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Authorized Capital, \$300,000. Subscribed Capital, \$140,000.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, President, JOHN F. ROBERTSON, ALFRED LORD, P. W. TYNDAL, RALPH B. BEAUBIEN, THOMAS MOIRIS, GEORGE D. LONGWORTH.

Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange Building. FREDERICK W. HYNDMAN, Ch'town, March 22, 1875.—ly Secretary.

FIRE INSURANCE.

IMPERIAL Fire Insurance Company OF LONDON.

Subscribed & Invested Capital, \$1,965,000 Stg.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Cash Assets, \$2,015,333.84. The above Offices being of UNDOUBTED STANDING, guarantee 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. ly

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY

Invested Funds, 1st Jan'y, 1874, \$21,628,356 Deposited with Receiver-General, 162,800 Other Investments in Dominion of Canada, 567,691

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—66 George Street, Charlotte Town, P. E. I. R. B. FITZGERALD, Agent Ch'town, July 27, 1874.—6n

POETRY.

SEADRIFT.

Not a cloud to deck the blue of the sky, Not a ripple upon the ocean, As a tiny bark shot away from the shore With a little and a buoyant motion.

Another boat went forth that morn. Or the same calm ocean gliding; And she caught the breeze in her snowy sails And thought the sunlight abiding.

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND; OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued. Mr. Bellamy and Warland, sitting on a bed of cotton in the gin, thus sheltered from the rain, made plans for the future.

It was in this situation Dr. Manning found them, who being called out early on professional business, became aware of the misfortune of his friends, and hastened to proffer his services. He found the arm of Hannibal, which he was immediately requested to examine, had sustained a very serious injury.

"Why, my brave fellow," said he, "you have a very bad hurt here. How and when did it happen?" "I don't know nothing 'bout it sir," answered Hannibal. "Didn't know I was hurt till mistress saw the blood on her own fingers."

"But this threatens to be a serious matter," said the doctor, with a countenance so expressive of anxiety, that Hannibal began to tremble—not from the dread of pain, but a more horrible dread, the dread of that strong right arm, the sceptre of authority among his sable brethren.

"Oh! doctor, you are going to cut off my arm. Good master doctor please, you are not going to do such a thing. If I got to die, I must, but I'd rather die twenty times over than live with this here arm in the grave afore me, I had. I don't want to live no longer than I work."

"I die fast doctor—'deed I will!" "We must keep down the inflammation," continued the physician, with an air of authority, which did not lose sight of kindness.

"Why, Hannibal, I have not threatened you with the loss of your arm. I only said it was a serious matter, and so it is." "You look so sharp doctor. You look as if you going to cut me."

The doctor laughed outright. Hannibal's interpretation of Doctor Manning's expression showed the power of association in a most remarkable manner. Nothing could be more genial than his countenance, more bland and gentle than his manner, but since he had been compelled to amputate the limb of one of Hannibal's black friends, he had looked upon him with fear and trembling.

It was pleasant to be surrounded once more with all the comforts and elegancies of life, though no longer their own; to be clothed in nice and handsome garments, although their wardrobe was burned. They had saved nothing from the wreck but their night-garments that covered them. Most of the furniture, too, was destroyed; but the money and papers were saved. The cotton was spared; their negroes remained. The loss was comparatively small to what it might have been.

When Mr. Bellamy was in College, there was another young man, a southerner, and a Georgian, who entered at the same time; and during the four years of his college life, he was his classmate and friend. His name was Arnold. When the graduated students separated on the threshold of manhood, they pledged mutual faith and confidence, however widely their paths might be divided.

But though Hannibal had all the superstitions of his race, in this instance it was unaccompanied by fear. Had she been buried in some lone field, where the wild briar was suffered to trail, and the reptile to crawl, he might have shunned it as haunted ground; but she slept so near his own cabin, where he could see her quiet whenever he went out into the field in the morning, or returned to his evening rest, the hand of affection had made it so beautiful, and his mistress had looked to him so sweetly of Cora in heaven, Cora happy in her Saviour's pardoning love, and of the holy angels that guarded the place of her repose, that Hannibal grew to love it above every spot of earth, and to believe he beheld with his actual glance those heavenly beings, keeping their nightly guard, whom his mistress only saw with the inward eye of faith.

When he had recovered the use of his arm, and commenced his labours, with even more than his accustomed zeal, Mr. Bellamy renewed the offer which had been rejected on the night of the fire.

"Your mistress gave you your freedom, Hannibal," said his master, "and I too repeated the gift with all my heart and soul. You refused to accept it then; but you were excited, and had not had time to reflect on the value of what you rejected. Once more I make you the same offer. I break your bonds, Hannibal, you are henceforth and forever free."

"To remain among those who have been fellow-slaves, would create discontent, perhaps, and ill-will. Yes; but you could go back to your native country—that is, the country of your fathers. I can send you to Liberia, where a colony of your own colour is established, and where you may, perchance, be happier than you have ever been with me."

Hannibal spread both hands on the top of the shovel he was holding, and leaned his chin over on the firm platform, with his large, thoughtful eyes fixed steadily on the ground. He seemed to be revolving deeply the momentous question, so calmly and deliberately presented to him. At length raising his head and drawing a deep inspiration, he said: "I been arguing the subject with myself, master, and I comes to this conclusion—I rather stay with you and mistress, just as I be, and just as you be, than go off 'mong strange people who know nothing and care nothing 'bout me, no more than the man in the moon. I've sometimes thought, when I been working and thinking, 'I would be mighty fine thing to be free, work just when I please and long as I please and make a heap of money all for my self; and if I had a hard master, as some big men has, I'd run off, and gone where the free folks live. But you allos been kind, and misters too. When I sick you nurse me and pray for me. Doctor come and make me well. When I die, you bury me long side Cora, and mistress and miss Katy, and cry over poor Hannibal, and say, 'Poor fellow—so sorry he does dead.' Way off yonder, they no care whether he live or die. No, master, I stay and work with you, Lord willing, long as I live!"

Hannibal held out his Herculean hand, and Mr. Bellamy grasped it warmly, cordially, gratefully. He felt that he had a friend in the devoted African. "God bless you, Hannibal!" "God bless you, too, master!" The general felt bound to his master ever after by a bond, stronger than that of slavery—a bond that never could be loosened.

Bellamy Place rose from his ashes adorned with new beauty. It had lost, however, some of its depth of shade, for several of its noble hickories had bowed beneath the axe after being scathed and blasted by the breath of the flame. The mansion was not completed internally, but a sufficient number of rooms were finished to furnish a pleasant and comfortable home for the lately exiled family.

Man loves to build, and to enter in; he loves to plan and to execute; to improve on the labours of the past, to see in the forms of beauty and fitness growing out under his directing hand, the refinement of his taste, and the progression of his understanding. While the old mansion remained strong, comfortable, and handsome, Mr. Bellamy had no plea for erecting a new one, but since necessity gave the command, he had found excitement and delight in superintending a work in which the classic taste of his friend Warland greatly assisted him. Another reflection added to the satisfaction of Mr. Bellamy. He had experienced a domestic misfortune; the hand of chastisement had been laid upon him, gently it is true, but he was no longer that strange anomaly—a man all sunshine. The cloud had passed; he felt as if he had a better right to the returning sunbeams. Ah, what right has man to any earthly possessions? By what tenure does he retain the gifts of God?

"The spider's most attenuated thread. Its cord, is made to man's slender hold, on human joy or woe." There is an old adage (and there is truth in these time-honoured sayings, that 'misfortunes never come singly'). And a great poet has said, that woe tread on the heels of each other. There does seem to be a regular principle in the whole family of misfortune, and where one sad member has found admission, one by one the pale sisterhood comes all the trouble.

THE BRITISH POST OFFICE.

The annual report of the Postmaster General has just been issued. It contains, as usual, a brief but interesting review of the work of the Post Office, Telegraph Service and the Post Office Savings Bank for the year 1874. It appears that during the year, 280 new post offices were added to the United Kingdom, and that there are now altogether 13,000 postoffices and 9,700 receptacles. The number of letters conveyed during the year was 967,000,000, being an increase of 61 per cent. over the previous year. The number of post cards was 79,000,000, being an increase of 91; and the number of book packets and newspapers was 259,000,000, being an increase of 2 per cent. Upwards of 23,000 letters were posted without an address, and one of these contained £2,000 in bank notes. The following curious incident is mentioned:—A registered letter containing Turkish Bonds, with coupons payable to bearer worth more than £4,000, intended for a firm in the City of London, was misdirected to a street in the West End, where it was delivered. On inquiry being made for the packet, it was found that the bonds had been mistaken for 'foreign lottery tickets' of no value, and had been put aside for the children to play with.

"This is the last time, Bellamy," said he, "that I am going to tax your friendship. I have an opportunity of making a splendid speculation, and it would be madness to slight it. In a few years I shall double all my property. The plantation and negroes I am now going to purchase belong to an estate contiguous to my own. If I do not buy immediately I shall be forestalled. I would not ask any one else to be my security, I know you consider it a compliment. I wish you would return it Bellamy."

Mr. Bellamy had thus gradually become security for debts amounting to, at least, a hundred thousand dollars. Still he had no misgivings. He could not distrust the word smiled on Arnold, and his splendid speculations all seemed to prosper. Indeed he had not the smallest doubt but that the first debts had been paid. The manner in which he had solicited the favour the last time convinced him that his own mind was free from all pecuniary anxiety, and that his asking him at all was a mere matter of form. He had seen him once since the burning of his dwelling, and Arnold had expressed the most unbounded sympathy and regret, and urged him to come and remain with them till their dwelling was completed. Mrs. Bellamy declined the invitation. She had never liked Arnold. She seemed to have an intuitive perception of his character, but as he was her husband's friend, his early college friend, she did not like to express her want of confidence in his moral worth. She could give no reason for the conclusion to which she had arrived, but she felt it to be just.

THE POPULATION OF INDIA.

Although the population of British India was known very soon after the Census of 1871, it remained for future volumes to give detail, and one of these just published, contains much interesting and curious information. By the Census of 1871 British India, including the Federated States, was found to have a population of 1,450,744 square miles, or about one-third the area of the United States or Canada; and its population was 235,920,958, or about six times as large as that of the United States; and six times that of Canada. There are in India vast tracts of forest and waste land, so that the average density of population in the inhabited districts is greater even than would be indicated by the above figures. In Bengal the average is 397 persons to the square mile; for the North-west provinces 329, and for Oude 468. The population per square mile in Great Britain and Ireland, taken together, is only 285. Therefore, it will be readily imagined how crowded India is. Calcutta, with its suburb, Howrah, which is to Calcutta what Brooklyn is to New York, has 835,000 inhabitants; Lucknow has 644,000; Madras, 398,000; Bombay, 285,000. British India has 140,500,000 Hindus and Sikhs, 40,750,000 Mahomedans, and 9,250,000 Buddhists, Jains, Parsis, Parsees, Brahmans, Hill men and Christians. Of the Christians there are not quite 900,000, and of these 250,000 are Europeans. The greater portion of the Christians are in Madras. There are not less than twenty-three distinct languages spoken in India, exclusive of the almost innumerable dialects of the various hill-tribes. The variety of caste is bewildering; in the Northwest Provinces not less than 307 distinctive castes of Hindus are specified, and in Bengal the number of castes is 1000. Of British born subjects, excluding the army and navy, there are only 59,000 resident in India; and the Americans number only 946. Taking the population as a whole, the number of males is about equal to the females, but among the higher castes the females are in a minority—a circumstance due to the fact that the practice of female infanticide still prevails to a great extent. In regard to the occupations of the people, it appears that 1,236,000 persons are employed in the Government service; 629,000 are engaged in religious or charitable occupations, including 849 Christian priests or ministers; 300,000 are devotees or religious mendicants; 10,000 astrologers; 6 wizards; 465 'devil drivers'; 189,000 are engaged in education, literature and science, of whom 518 are poets; 43,000 lawyers; 75,000 doctors; 215,000 'fine artists'; under which head are included musicians, acrobats, wrestlers, snake-charmers and monkey-dancers; and only one 'speech-maker' in all India. The agriculturists number 37,500,000; 950,000 are engaged with elephants, camels, horses and cattle, or get their living by hunting; the commercial classes number 3,441,000, and the artisans 8,474,000. There are only 22 gamblers in India; 5 pigeon-flyers; 49 spies; 461 thieves and 30 rogues and vagabonds—all these being the voluntary designations of the persons so classed. There are however, no less than 103,000 persons whose occupation is described as 'guests.'

There is a dog in London that has won \$25,000 worth of prizes at dog shows. POWER OF PREJUDICE.—Some years ago there resided in Cincinnati a member of one of the learned professions remarkable for his original views of men and things. According to his views, man was a bundle of prejudice—a manifestation of prejudice was the holding of any animal unclean—all were proper food—the rat and the cat were pursued as much to be eaten as were the rabbit and chicken.

In pursuance of his theory, he one evening invited some gentlemen friends to a squirrel supper, served in his chambers. The table was well laid, the squirrels nicely cooked, the wines excellent and they enjoyed the meal. The dinner removed—while smoking their cigars the guests expressed their satisfaction, and the delighted host heard that his squirrels were tender, fat, juicy, sweet.

Their commendations concluded, he tilted his chair, rested his feet upon the mantle piece, and when he pulled the end of his cigar ere lighting it, said, with a smile of exultation: "Well, gentlemen, do you know what you have been eating?" "Squirrels," one answered, with a sudden quail. "Rats!" They sprang to their feet.

"Rats!" (he brought his chair to the floor and stood up)—"fat, tender, sweet, juicy rats that I myself caught in a trap and fattened. What do you think of prejudice now?" One, with a convulsion of face and his hand on his chest, sought the door. Another, who had been sitting in a chair, and who had been looking at the speaker with a look of intense interest, turned pale and was attacked with sudden faintness. Confusion ensued; loud roars and energetic epithets followed and blows would have been given had not one of the guests, being affected as was the other, stepped between.—Cincinnati Times

It has often been a matter of wonder with many, how it is that the Adams express horses, of this city, while undergoing the heavy labour of their duties, are always kept so fat and sleekly subjected to. To satisfy our mind on this point, we visited lately the stables of the company, which are situated on Sixth-street, a little west of Sycamore. Inquiring for Mr. Barrett, the superintendent of the stables, we made known our errand. Mr. Barrett received us courteously and kindly, and answered all questions that we put to him. The number of horses kept at the stables is fifty-four. Four hostlers attend to them. Promptly at four o'clock, a. m., the watchman of the stables feeds to each horse eight ears of corn. Then, about five o'clock, the hostlers commence their duties, and give under the care of each, one by one is led to the watering trough and then to the urinary. This consists of a bit sunken ten or twelve inches below the level of the basement ground floor, and kept constantly filled with sawdust and short shavings. And it is a remarkable fact that a horse in this stable scarcely urinates excepting at this place, especially prepared for him. When horses come in from their work, their harnesses are removed, and they are then led at once to the urinary. When a fresh or green horse comes to the stable, by being driven with some old 'stager' that knows the rules of the stable, and who comes soon learns to conform to the habits of the older inmates.

From five to seven o'clock, then each horse is taken in hand and thoroughly curried, brushed and cleaned; from ten to fifteen minutes being spent in giving soap upon each horse. A damp woollen cloth is always rubbed over the coat of a horse after being curried and brushed. This serves to remove all loose dandruff, and to give that fine, glossy, sleek appearance so noticeable in the animals of this stable. The horses are fed nothing in the morning, excepting the eight ears of corn. After being led to the urinary, the stalls when cleaned, they are then ready for currying. The same process of currying, brushing and cleaning is also gone through with at noon and at night, at the close of their forenoon and afternoon work. During each horse is fed with half a peck of oats. At night chopped feed is given. This is composed of sheep oats or rye straw, wet through a straw cutter, and then, when passed through oats, corn and clover mixed up together. A peck and a half of this given to each horse. In addition to the chopped feed the mack is supplied with eight or nine pounds of bright, sweet timothy hay, this being the total amount of feed given to a horse. And, perhaps, of this is supplied the horse will not eat more than five pounds during the night, finishing up the balance during the next day.

While Mr. Barrett is particular to give nothing but clean timothy hay in summer, in cold weather he is willing to feed hay which is one-third clover.

HOW EXPRESS HORSES ARE KEPT.

About once a week a peck of oolake meal is mixed up with a chopped feed, being equal to about a third of a peck to a horse. This promotes the urinary good condition of the animals. And if any time the urine of a horse is cloudy and thickened, a table-spoonful of pulverized resin mixed up with chopped feed is given to a horse. This acts upon the kidneys, and the difficulty is at once removed. The horses are freely given what water they want as they come in from their work, unless the ground is green, and care is taken not to water or feed them until they are thoroughly cool. In a few weeks, after becoming habituated to the regimen of the stables, the same course is then taken with the late comers, and care is taken to come in overheated, then they are not watered until cooled off.

A very marked feature connected with the stables is that the air is so sweet and fresh. And probably this is owing largely to the fact that a careful and systematic ever takes place in the several stables, and that the saturated sawdust and shavings in the urinary aisle are removed from the stables every third day.—Cincinnati Times

POWER JOHN.—Many are the anecdotes that have been published of the late John Van Buren, but the following will be new to the readers of the Examiner. During his father's Presidential term, "Prince John," then a very young man, indulged in many playful performances that were not altogether a delight to the parent. On one of his visits to Washington, he was topped at Willard's where his father came, and after a kindly greeting, said, "John I had hoped you would some time prove to be a worthy representative of our family, but I fear you are not; in fact, I am convinced that you will bring disgrace rather than reflect credit upon it." "Father," said John, "you may think, because you happen to be President of the United States, that you are superior to me; but I am an ordinary man, but permit me to say that you will never be known in history except as the father of John Van Buren."

ARMOUR IN REAL LIFE. A GOOD PLOT FOR A DRAMA. A correspondent of a Boston paper writing from Portland, Me., says:—"A story has just come to light that reads like a sensation novel. Mr. John Rodman, a mechanic, was a sufferer by the great fire of 1866, and moved with his family to Harlem, N. Y., where he had a brother residing—a widow, with a small property. Soon after going to Harlem, Mr. Rodman, got a chance to go to Valparaiso. He went, leaving his wife, son and daughter with his brother. At first he sent money home and then his letters ceased. Then the brother died, and his little property was eaten up by lawyers in the settlement. The widow with her young son and daughter, returned to Portland and became a seamstress. The latter part of 1874 an English captain took the son, a boy of fifteen, to sea with him. The vessel was wrecked in the Gulf, and all were supposed to be lost. The mother was taken sick, but a physician of this city took charge of her and afterwards rendered her much aid. A short time ago Mrs. Rodman saw an advertisement in a New York paper that if the wife of John Rodman, formerly of Portland, would apply to a certain New York office she would hear of something to her advantage. Her doctor advised her to go to New York, and she went there with her daughter, interviewed the law firm, discovered her husband had failed to hear from her before she sailed to hear from him; that he had been with Megs the great railroad speculator, and 'made his pile,' and wanted his family, if possible, to join him in New Orleans, for which place he was about to sail. The firm had been compelled to advertise, as the family, when they left Harlem, left no traces and no friends. The mother and daughter left for New Orleans. They arrived a day or two before the vessel which Mr. Rodman was expected. While out walking the daughter was insulted by a young dandy, who thought the women were unprotected. A young lad knocked the dandy into the gutter, and as he turned disclosed the features of the long lost son. It seems when his vessel was wrecked he was picked up by a Norwegian vessel and carried to a port in that country. From thence he went to Calcutta, thence to Southampton, and arrived in New Orleans the day before. A few days afterwards the father arrived, and the long separated family were united and all made happy."

There is a dog in London that has won \$25,000 worth of prizes at dog shows. POWER OF PREJUDICE.—Some years ago there resided in Cincinnati a member of one of the learned professions remarkable for his original views of men and things. According to his views, man was a bundle of prejudice—a manifestation of prejudice was the holding of any animal unclean—all were proper food—the rat and the cat were pursued as much to be eaten as were the rabbit and chicken.

In pursuance of his theory, he one evening invited some gentlemen friends to a squirrel supper, served in his chambers. The table was well laid, the squirrels nicely cooked, the wines excellent and they enjoyed the meal. The dinner removed—while smoking their cigars the guests expressed their satisfaction, and the delighted host heard that his squirrels were tender, fat, juicy, sweet.

Their commendations concluded, he tilted his chair, rested his feet upon the mantle piece, and when he pulled the end of his cigar ere lighting it, said, with a smile of exultation: "Well, gentlemen, do you know what you have been eating?" "Squirrels," one answered, with a sudden quail. "Rats!" They sprang to their feet.

"Rats!" (he brought his chair to the floor and stood up)—"fat, tender, sweet, juicy rats that I myself caught in a trap and fattened. What do you think of prejudice now?" One, with a convulsion of face and his hand on his chest, sought the door. Another, who had been sitting in a chair, and who had been looking at the speaker with a look of intense interest, turned pale and was attacked with sudden faintness. Confusion ensued; loud roars and energetic epithets followed and blows would have been given had not one of the guests, being affected as was the other, stepped between.—Cincinnati Times

It has often been a matter of wonder with many, how it is that the Adams express horses, of this city, while undergoing the heavy labour of their duties, are always kept so fat and sleekly subjected to. To satisfy our mind on this point, we visited lately the stables of the company, which are situated on Sixth-street, a little west of Sycamore. Inquiring for Mr. Barrett, the superintendent of the stables, we made known our errand. Mr. Barrett received us courteously and kindly, and answered all questions that we put to him. The number of horses kept at the stables is fifty-four. Four hostlers attend to them. Promptly at four o'clock, a. m., the watchman of the stables feeds to each horse eight ears of corn. Then, about five o'clock, the hostlers commence their duties, and give under the care of each, one by one is led to the watering trough and then to the urinary. This consists of a bit sunken ten or twelve inches below the level of the basement ground floor, and kept constantly filled with sawdust and short shavings. And it is a remarkable fact that a horse in this stable scarcely urinates excepting at this place, especially prepared for him. When horses come in from their work, their harnesses are removed, and they are then led at once to the urinary. When a fresh or green horse comes to the stable, by being driven with some old 'stager' that knows the rules of the stable, and who comes soon learns to conform to the habits of the older inmates.

From five to seven o'clock, then each horse is taken in hand and thoroughly curried, brushed and cleaned; from ten to fifteen minutes being spent in giving soap upon each horse. A damp woollen cloth is always rubbed over the coat of a horse after being curried and brushed. This serves to remove all loose dandruff, and to give that fine, glossy, sleek appearance so noticeable in the animals of this stable. The horses are fed nothing in the morning, excepting the eight ears of corn. After being led to the urinary, the stalls when cleaned, they are then ready for currying. The same process of currying, brushing and cleaning is also gone through with at noon and at night, at the close of their forenoon and afternoon work. During each horse is fed with half a peck of oats. At night chopped feed is given. This is composed of sheep oats or rye straw, wet through a straw cutter, and then, when passed through oats, corn and clover mixed up together. A peck and a half of this given to each horse. In addition to the chopped feed the mack is supplied with eight or nine pounds of bright, sweet timothy hay, this being the total amount of feed given to a horse. And, perhaps, of this is supplied the horse will not eat more than five pounds during the night, finishing up the balance during the next day.

While Mr. Barrett is particular to give nothing but clean timothy hay in summer, in cold weather he is willing to feed hay which is one-third clover.