Senate News Room

POSTAGE PREPAID.

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVI. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1875. NO. 42.

The Examiner

Is Printed and Published every Monday Forenoon, BY

William L. Cotton,

OFFICE:

Corner Queen and King Streets.

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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
10 " " "	- - - - -	10.00
15 " " "	- - - - -	14.00
20 " " "	- - - - -	18.00

Clubs may be made up at any time, but not for a shorter period than a year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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	16.24
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	15.63	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
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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 OCT. 1875.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 7th day, 0h. 54m. p. m., S. E., below horizon.
Full Moon, 14th day, 7h. 2m., p. m., S. E.
Third Quarter, 21st day, 10h. 1m. a. m., S.W.
New Moon, 29th day, 1h. 0m., a. m., North, below horizon.

D. M.	DAY WEEK	SUN rise	SUN sets	MOON sets	HIGH water	DAY'S len'th
		H M	H M	A	A	H M
1	Friday	6 3	5 36	6 35	11 44	11 33
2	Saturday	5	34	6 53	M	29
3	Sunday	6	32	7 17	0 18	26
4	Monday	8	30	7 47	0 51	22
5	Tuesday	9	28	8 28	1 30	19
6	Wedn'sd'y	0	26	9 11	2 14	16
7	Thursday	2	24	10 6	3 7	12
8	Friday	3	22	11 10	4 15	9
9	Saturday	4	20	M	5 34	6
10	Sunday	6	18	0 20	6 59	2
11	Monday	7	16	1 22	7 54	10 59
12	Tuesday	9	14	2 48	8 43	56
13	Wedn'sd'y	20	13	4 3	9 24	53
14	Thursday	21	11	5 23	10 3	50
15	Friday	23	9	6 35	10 41	46
16	Saturday	24	7	8 10	11 21	43
17	Sunday	25	5	9 40	A 3	40
18	Monday	27	4	11 8	0 49	37
19	Tuesday	28	2	A 29	1 40	34
20	Wedn'sd'y	29	0	1 36	2 39	31
21	Thursday	31	58	2 24	3 52	27
22	Friday	32	56	2 57	5 15	24
23	Saturday	34	55	3 21	6 34	21
24	Sunday	35	53	3 39	7 38	18
25	Monday	36	51	3 55	8 26	15
26	Tuesday	38	50	4 10	9 5	12
27	Wedn'sd'y	39	48	4 25	9 40	9
28	Thursday	41	47	4 40	10 13	6
29	Friday	42	45	5 0	10 45	3
30	Saturday	44	44	5 22	11 19	0
31	Sunday	6 46	5 42	5 47	11 54	9 57

BUSINESS CARDS.

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.

F. M. CAMPBELL.
General Merchant
COMMISSION AGENT,
AUCTIONEER & BROKER
TRINITY CORNER, GEORGETOWN, P. E. I.
AGENT FOR THE
Standard Life Insurance Co.
Sept. 1, 1873. 1y

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.
—:o:—
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.

HERMANS & SON,

Bell-Hangers, Gun and Tin-smiths,
QUEEN STREET.
OPPOSITE WATSON'S DRUG STORE,

BEG to return their thanks to the general public for the liberal patronage extended to them since their commencement in business, and ask for a continuance of the same. They keep constantly on hand:—

A NEAT ASSORTMENT OF

TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS,
&c. &c. &c.

All orders in the above business will be punctually attended to.

Having lately made large purchases in the Cheapest Markets, intended for House Builders, such as

Gas Fitting, Water Closets, Bell Fitting, &c., &c.,

We are prepared to sell them at Rates as Low as can be had in the city, and will fit them up in a good workmanlike style.

To a generous public we would say, that all orders in this branch of our business will be attended to with d spatch.

A lot of First-class WATER COOLERS on hand. **Sayer's Crystal Blue** sold cheaper than ever. [Nov. 11, 1871.]

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 apital,	- -	**$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.*

FIRE INSURANCE.

IMPERIAL
Fire Insurance Company
OF LONDON.
Subscribed & Invested Capital,
£1,965,000 Stg.

PHENIX
INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF BROOKLYN, N. Y
Cash Asse's, - - - $2,015,383.84.

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. 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

From
MONTREAL TO CASCUMPEC.

THE Subscriber offers for sale on arrival—

500 bbls FLOUR,
100 bbls BREAD,
30 bus. Timothy SEED,
100 bus. Seed WHEAT, (a good article.)
10 doz. BUCKETS,
10 doz. BROOMS,
600 lbs. CLOVER SEED,
50 boxes assorted CRACKERS,
100 kegs NAILS, all sizes,
2 tons Rope, from 8th to 4 inch
6 cases HATS and CAPS,
10 do PAINTS,
20 do HAY RAKES,
20 doz. Haying TOOLS,
20 doz. SHOVELS, HOES, &c.,
10 casks Paint OIL,
5 tons PAINT,
25 cases BOOTS and SHOES.

From England
Putty, Paint, Glass, Olive Oil, Iron, Steel,
12 cases shelf HARDWARE,
6000 bus. SALT,

From United States.
BUCKETS, BROOMS, FISHING GEAR, OIL CLOTHING, HOOKS, LINES & TWINES,—

Which, when received, will complete one of the best stock of Goods in Alberton, and will be sold

Cheap for Cash,
or approved credit.

G. W. HOWLAN.
May 10, 1875.—tf

Prince Edward Island Railway.

THROUGH TICKETS!
TO
Moncton, St. John, Pictou, Halifax, Montreal, Portland and Boston,
may now be had at the Ticket Office of the P. E. I. Railway, Charlottetown.

W. McKECHNIE, Sup't.
Railway Office, Ch'town, Aug. 27, 1875.

POETRY.

WINTER.

From his den in the darkened North he comes,
With a thousand shadowy forms,
To fetter the sea with a blast of his breath,
To take a king's share in the harvest of death,
And revel in withering storms.

Oh, a grim old tyrant and gray is he
With the ashes year upon year.
His garb is a hurricane wrapping him round,
And the sun is the jewel with which it is bound,
'Till clouds to unrobe him appear.

He laughs at the long-armed ghosts of the wood,
That watch over the grave of the flowers;
And he mockingly decks them with crystals of light,
And wraps their stiff limbs in a garment of white,
Brought out of the sands of his hours.

He breathes on the river and bids it lie
Unnerved in a living death;
He veileth the sun in a storm-bearing cloud,
He covers the earth with an ice-threaded shroud
And fastens it on with a breath.

The Old Year dies in his deadly grip,
And aside from the present is cast;
But a New Year springs from its icy grave,
And strong in its youth the foe to brave,
Shall live when the winter is past.

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND;
OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

When they returned to the hall in the evening, Marcus beheld Lightning (for thus he was constrained to call her) already seated by the same window, whose shade-tree made beautiful lattice-work over the casement. She sat apart from the other ladies, evidently a stranger to all, and as evidently wishing to remain so. Once more he met her recognising glance, illumined by the same bright, haughty smile, and again the light leaves were broken off recklessly, and strewed upon the window-sill.

Before the commencement of the exercises, while the band was playing the inspiring national air of 'Hail Columbia,' Delaval came upon the platform and seated himself at his side.

'Why, Warland, Marcus Warland,' said he, in his lowest tone, 'do you not recognize your mysterious friend? Why have you not sought her, and acknowledged the signal honours she has conferred upon you?'

'I am sure you have more than supplied my place by the eagerness with which you claimed an introduction, and ingratiated yourself in her favour.'

'Now, Marcus Warland, don't be jealous of me, I pray. I knew this fair damsel before, and am only renewing an old acquaintance.'

'You knew her, Delaval? Why was this kept secret from me? It seems very inconsistent with your usual frankness'

'How in the name of wonder, could I identify the enchantress of the fountain whom you depicted in such oriental tints, with this very clever, but not at all beautiful brunette? And how could I be aware of her freak of calling herself by the odd name of Lightning?'

'How, indeed,' said Marcus, laughing, and relieved by the frank, natural manner of Delaval. 'I hope you will give me an introduction after we receive our diplomas, or rather her, for she has the advantage of me, and knows me by my proper patronymic already. What is her real name?'

'It is the most ridiculous thing in the world,' cried Delaval, 'but the little witch has made me promise not to reveal her real name, and to introduce her by the strange soubriquet she has assumed. Only, with another of her unaccountable whims, she has Frenchified it to *L'eclair, le none Francais* for Lightning. She is the most original, arbitrary, and self-willed of human beings; of this I give you fair warning. Accustomed to rule every one that comes within the circle of her influence, she is despotic as the autocrat of Russia. You will meet her at the ball to-night, given in honour of our illustrious class, where she and your beautiful sister will represent the brilliant night and fair aurora of the South.'

'You do not seem to have bowed to her arbitrary sway yet?'

'No, indeed; I am too fond of dominion myself. I have told you of my belle ideal, and it does not resemble her. Do not, however, imagine that I think her destitute of fine qualities, because I speak frankly of her faults. She is generous, warm-hearted and, I should think, capable of great sacrifice for those she loves.'

The serious tone in which the last words were uttered, and the look of deep interest he cast towards the young brunette, who was sitting in an attitude of careless, inimitable grace, convinced Marcus that he felt for her a far greater admiration than he was willing to avow. The conversation ceased, for the youthful candidates for fame were already on the floor, in all the artificial glow of a forensic disputation. At length, all had performed their allotted parts but he who wore the crowning honour of the day. Marcus was not bashful, but he was modest. He had too much self-reliance to have a dread of failure, but the audible murmur of admiration that followed his graceful salution brought the rushing blood to his cheek and bent his glance momentarily downward. The full, black, flowing silk robes of the students invested their persons with a kind of Roman dignity and grace while they were speaking, which their usual dress could not impart. Marcus, who was now nineteen, had the full height and proportions of manhood, and notwithstanding the fairness of his complexion and the almost girlish profusion of his sunbright hair, there was an air of manliness and resolution, an expression of great mental power, combined with the warmth of latent passion breathing in his face, that redeemed it at once from the charge of effeminacy. He had that greatest of all charms in an orator, perhaps it might be said in any man or woman, a full, clear, sweet and mellow voice, more deep than loud, and whose lowest tones could be distinctly heard in the remotest corner of the hall. Marcus felt that the approving, glistening eyes of his beloved benefactress and his revered benefactor were resting upon him; that his sister was gazing upon him with love and pride; that the venerable president and learned professors were bending upon him looks of beaming approbation. He felt all this, for his mind was clear from embarrassment, and he took in the scene, of which he was the centre, in all its length and breadth and bearings. But there was something he felt even more. There was one face, that, like a burning-glass, seemed to draw all the rays of thought, all the emanations of feeling; and the figure to which that face belonged might have sat as a model to the statuary who wished to personify the genius of attention. Yes, the spell was upon her. With her head slightly raised, the wild foliage of her ringlets swept back from her brow, and the crimson bloom of excitement on her cheek, she followed every word of the youthful and inspiring orator, from his graceful exordium to the close of his splendid effort, in the midst of the most enthusiastic and reiterated bursts of applause. Marcus withdrew from the forum, but just as he was making his last bow, a hand, unseen in the dense crowd, threw a chaplet of evergreens at his feet. Bending down he raised this classic token of victorious honour, and twining it round his arm, instead of wreathing with it his glowing brow, he disappeared from the gaze of the audience. So signal a triumph had never been won in the walls of the university; and after the parchments were all distributed, and the students dismissed, his classmates gathered round him, and with the generous enthusiasm of youth, warmly congratulated him on his well-earned fame. Delaval, giving his hand a real *tourniquet* squeeeze, declaring he was a 'glorious fellow,' and 'an honour to the South.' 'And take my advice, Warland,' added he, confidentially,' glorify yourself a little, and if a certain young witch should put on any airs to-night, deport yourself right royally; let her feel that you know your own value.'

CHAPTER VI.

During their journey home, Marcus expressed a strong desire to revisit the scenes of his childhood, the ferryman's cabin, the Long Moss-spring, old Simon, and the banks of the rushing river, that used to murmur his nightly lullaby. Mr. Bellamy immediately proposed to take his place in the carriage in exchange for his horse, which would carry him by a bye-road to his early home.

'I wish I were going too,' exclaimed Katy, looking wistfully after him. 'Marcus, don't forget to give my love to old Uncle Simon, and bring me some moss from the fountain, and some of the leaves of the magnolia that shades its margin!'

It was with feelings of refreshment and delight that Marcus found himself on horseback in the heart of a cool green woods. Dear as was the society of his friends, just at this time the freedom of his own thoughts was dearer still. Freedom, yes; it was freedom. It was with a jubilant spirit he felt himself free from the college restraints which for three years had bound him. They did not gall him while he wore them, because he never writhed or resisted them; but now they were thrown off, he experienced that joy in independence which shows it is the birthright of man. He was happy; he had fulfilled the hopes of his friends; he had attained the reaching of his ambition; but the spot on which he now stood was only a stepping-place for another and loftier ascent. He looked into the future. According to the promise of his adopted father, he was to enjoy still higher advantages of education in one of the distinguished institution of New England, and he flew in imagination towards its granite hills, 'of eagle hearts the eyrie,' with eager anticipations. Delaval was to accompany him. He was to visit him at his own home, called Wood Lawn, after resting awhile at Bellamy Place, and they were to start together on their northern journey. We said Marcus was happy. The mysterious joy of a young and growing passion exalted and refined all his perceptions, and even add to the visible glories of creation.

It was a little past noon of the third day since he had quitted the university, that the first incident occurred of any interest to the young traveller. He was just coming into the main road. He was riding on a grass path, and the hoofs of his horse made no more noise than if treading on velvet. He saw through the opening boughs a carriage, standing near a little brook that flowed across the road. Seated on a log by the wayside, in the shade of the tall trees, was a group, whose position drove the warm blood from the cheek of Marcus, quickly and oppressively to his heart. Mr. Aleton, the uncle of L'eclair, was seated somewhat apart, near the end of the log, very much engaged in discussing a luncheon of cold turkey and ham. Delaval sat at the opposite end, his arm thrown carelessly round the waist of L'Eclair, whose head reclined wearily, but gracefully, on his shoulder. Her bonnet was tossed on the ground, her hair was loose and sported wildly over Delaval's arm, as the forest vine round the oak to which it clings. An indescribable pang pierced the heart of Marcus, that heart a moment before so glad and glowing. The treachery of Delaval, who professed such indifference to L'Eclair,—Delaval, whom he thought the mirror of truth and frankness; the levity and unmaidenly forwardness of L'Eclair, in forcing herself on his thoughts, while she was cherishing an attachment to another;—he knew not which cut the deepest, the coldest. He could not accost them. Gently turning his horse (if there was a rustling motion among the leaves, it was drowned in the soft gurgles of the wimpling brook) he rode back into the woods, without disturbing the noonday siesta of the travellers. As soon as he was far enough removed to be beyond the reach of discovery, he threw himself from his horse, and casting himself down under the first tree he saw, leaned back against the rough bark, immovable as the trunk that supported him. He felt as if he were suddenly transported from the equitorial to the polar regions, such a freezing sense of falsehood and deceit congealed his blood and turned his veins to icicles. Nor did he think of himself alone. He thought of his blue-eyed sister, listening as he had seen her to the artful compliments of Delaval, whose black eyes, riveted on her modest face, seemed to speak utterable things. He thought of all this, and he execrated the heartless vanity that fed on the wounded confidence of others. L'Eclair! ah, what a beautiful vision of girlish enthusiasm, pure and ardent impulses, true and generous feelings, what a promise of glorious womanhood were all swept away!

'Never again,' thought the youth, when after an hour's deep abstraction, he left the solitude of the woods, 'shall I have undoubted faith in man or woman. Is the world made of elements like these? If it be, save me, my guardain angel, from its chilling contact.'

Marcus slept that night in a rough hut, belonging to a woodman, for his delay had prevented him from reaching the usual stopping place. He met with another obstruction, in being compelled to have his horse re-shod; so that he did not reach his old home till towards night on the next day. It was just such a quiet, mellow evening as when Mr. Bellamy rode up, the last time, the same path he was travelling. He saw the smoke of the chimney, lazily yet gracefully curling upward above the forest trees, before the low, dark walls met his view. The thoughts, feelings, and experience of nine years were all crowded into one moment of time, and the heart of the young man was full. He had left that spot a boy, whom peculiar trials had invested with precocious energy of character, he came, in the dawning of his manhood, crowned with classic laurels, to bathe his lips once more in that sacred fountain, where his father had been baptized with the waters of life. He dismounted and tied his horse to a well-known post, though now infirm, and leaning forward, like a decrepid old man. He saw the old ferry-boat, looking darker and heavier than ever, moored at the same place, the long propelling-poles crossed on the planking. But when a sudden curve in the path brought him within view of the spring, the Long Moss-Spring, the waters all gilded and crimsoned by the reflected hues of summer's efulgent sunset—his soul heaved and glowed lke those waters; and seated under the magnolia's shade, with his head supported by both hands, sat a figure old and bent, with bare grizzled wool, and a face whose hard wrinkles looked as if carved out of lignum vitæ, blackened by smoke. A threadbare, faded uniform coat, that coat of many memories, covered the shoulders of the old soldier, who sat on the brink of the fountain, watching the eternal flow of its waters, probably musing on the cherished images of past years. Marcus leaped forward and stood on the white stones that surrounded the basin uttering a joyous cry. The old soldier lifted his dim eyes, and gazed upon the bright, sunny-locked, springing figure, that had arisen, like the young and radiant river-god, near the fountain of the virgin Arethusa.

'Simon!—old Uncle Simon old soldier!' exclaimed Marcus, holding out his hand to the bewildered old man; 'don't you know me? don't you remember Marcus—Marcus Warland, Aunt Milly's pet and little Katy's brother?

'The Lord save my ole eyes!—you don't say so!' said the negro, in a tremulous voice, slowly rising and gazing long on the youth, who was shaking his hard rigidy hand with a true college gripe 'Mercy on me—I do believe it is—I do indeed—good gracious, what a fine young man you got to be! Bless my soul and body—if it isn't master Marcus! and he haint forgot poor ole Simon—he haint—jist to think on't—bless his heart—I can now say with good ole Simeon, when he seed the promised land, 'Let thy servant depart—I live long enuff this time.' I've seed young master again—and he 'members poor ole Simon.'

By this time Uncle Simon had wrought himself up to the highest pitch of sensibility, and stopped, weeping and sobbing like a child.

'Forget you, Uncle Simon! no, indeed! How could you think me so ungrateful?—you, who were so kind and good to me when a boy? We all remember you, and wish you were with us again—wish you were with the excellent Mr. Bellamy.'

'And Milly—bless my good ole sole!, cried the old soldier, his recollections fertilized and vivified by the copious shower that had watered them, 'how is she? I never, never forget ole Milly; she mighty good to Simon. She used to talk Scripter' too, just like a book. She mighty knowing woman, Milly was; and little mistress Katy—how she do? She 'member Uncle Simon, too?—I tote her many a time to this here spring, and put her head all over in, every bit on't. She big lady now. She got sweetheart—hey, master?'

Simon gave Marcus a little punch in the side, and opening his mouth, let out one of his old-fashioned laughs, such as Milly used to echo. While he was thus recreating himself, Marcus stoeped over the fountain and quaffed its cold, icy-cold stream. How beautiful the long moss waved, now deep sea-green, now deep sky-blue below! How white, how pure was the basin, smooth and spotless from the careless lavation of the waters! How sparkling was the foam, how silvery the gush of the rill!—ah! this was the spirit of the place! The old cabin was dilapidated, and inhabited by strangers; the grounds looked neglected; even the river seemed defaced by the dark old ferry-boat that lay sluggishly on its bosom; but this perennial spring, pure and fresh and clear, was a living, singing joyous, being, the emblem of his own youth, the reservoir of memory, the birthplace of hope.

'Who inhabits the cabin, Simon?' asked Marcus. 'It is in rather ruinous condition.'

'I forget his name,' said the old man. 'He no quality folks like your family, young master; jist poor, no-account sort of people. I jist comes here, 'cause I can't live without it. I comes to sit about and think of ole times. Master don't make me work any more. I shan't live long, any how, young master. Old Simon jist like a field of dry fodder—ready to be pulled down and trodden in the oven; but if death put me in the heavenly house up yonder, I no care how soon the scythe of the 'stroyer come, and hack away the ole black shuck.'

To be continued.

NEW YORK ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL SOLD FOR TAXES.—A New York despatch of the 7th says: The great unfinished Roman Catholic Cathedral in Fifth Avenue was sold to-day for unpaid assessments for $780. These dues were for street improvements, and had been running for three years. Under the Tammanny Ring such assessments on Catholic property were habitually remitted as a bid for political support. Latterly, however, there has been no such abatement. Cardinal Mc loskey secured delay repeatedly by representing the funds for the unfinished cathedral as very low. Since Cardinal McCloskey's absence in Europe there has been a pressure for collection, but there is no money in the treasury. The property was put in the regular defaulted assessment sales to-day, and was sold for the amount due for a period of seven years. The buyer refused to say what he will do with the property, but as he is a Catholic it is presumed that it can be recovered for the church, and not put to secular uses. The enormously costly structure has made no progress towards completion for several years, owing to the lack of funds.

DEVOURED BY A CUTTLE-FISH.

A Plymouth (Eng.) correspondent writes: A most remarkable occurance connected with the wreck of the steamship Schiller has just come to light. It is remarkable not only for the manner in which it became known, but also because it leads to the strange discovery concerning the existence of carniverous monsters inhabiting the bottom of the sea. Naturalists must read this account upon its publication in the *Mercury* with interest, inasmuch as it will explain why so few of the bodies of human beings

DROWNED IN FOUNDERED SHIPS

ever come to the surface. While portions of wrecked vessels are found floating in mid ocean, not even one in a thousand of persons lost is ever discovered; yet natural causes, such as the development of gases by internal decomposition, should bring the corpses to the surface in a floating condition. If the world is to believe what two of the divers who went down to the bottom last week to examine the wreck of the Schiller on the Reterrier ledges tell of what they saw, and which experience a third young man, who was with them, confirmed with his life, the explanation is now made that there are monsters of the deep who live on human flesh. The story is a brief one. Mr. Franz Hauser, whose body was buried a few days ago at Penzance, near Land's End, was a native of Lexembourg. His mother and two sisters were on the Schiller, intending a visit to their old home, while he remained at Iowa. Upon the news of the wreck of the vessel he became so deeply affected that he

FELL INTO A RAGING FEVER.

When he bacame convalescent he made inquiries whether the bodies of his relations were found. He obtained no satisfactory information in the States, and at last resolved to make a personal effort on the spot. He came across the ocean, and at once went to Penzance, where at last he gained the certainty that neither of the three corpes had been discovered. Thereupon he employed two experienced divers, purchased a complete diving armour, and submitted to a course of training under the instruction of the two men he had employed. As soon as able to move about the water and accustomed to the heavy suit, he determined to descend to the sea where the Schiller had gone down and search for his mother and sister. Several descents were without success; though the remains of the vessel were seen, yet nobody could be observed. But one day as the three men were silently moving about among sharp-pointed crags and reefs, and being a considerable distance away from the wreck itself, Franz Hauser, was startled by the sight of what appeared as the head of a female form. It seemed to hang from the top of a reef some ten feet high. He directed the attention of others by pointing toward it. Slowly the three stepped forward in the direction of the reef. Near the spot a

PITIFUL AND HEART-RENDING SCENE

presented itself. What was supposed to be a female head was such in reality, yet little of the body to which it belonged could be seen. The corpse was firmly held in the clutches of a gigantic cuttle-fish, which, with its enormous arms and extended suckers, clung to it and to the side of the rock like a wild beast feasting on its prey. The sight, say the two surviving divers, was shocking, yet awe inspiring. They describe the cuttle-fish as having a circular central body that could not be less than four feet in diameter, and of a greenish black hue, with alternating bright and dark spots and a slimy surface. It was rounded like a dome, and it seemed as if a portion of the human body had been absorbed into it by the tremendous power of suction this monster is said to possess. Its arms—the divers counted eight—were apparently of immense strength, being over twelve feet long and judged to be not less than a foot in diameter where they joined the body. Some of these arms clung to the unfortunate victim, others held fast to the protuberances of the rock, and several were swinging through the water like the trunk of an elephant; but twice its size. Such was the view the three divers had as they approached the reef, and Franz Hauser made a sudden spring forward toward it, but he was held back. His associates knew that by going any nearer they would expose themselves to attack from the monster, for which they were unprepared. They gave the signal to the boat and all three were immediately hoisted up. Having the covering removed from his head, Franz. Hauser declared that he had recognized in the female face one of his sisters, and he was determined to descend again to rescue her body from the sub-marine monster. His wish was not to be gratified, however, he being too nervous, and his strength too much exhausted, and it was agreed to make an attempt next day or the day after. But, on the morning, young Hauser was delirious, and he lingered on in a paroxysmal condition for two days, till death closed his eyes. The two survivors of this expedition under the sea, have made sworn statements of the truth of these facts, and it is believed that some presentation has been sent to the British authorities of the admiralty for a complete and thorough scientific search of the entire vicinity of the Reterrier ledges, to ascertain whether these tremendous creatures do feed on human victims of shipwreck.

There are four little girls in Milwakee, two of them the daughters of a Southside fishermen, one the daughter of a German carpet weaver; and the other a Third Ward lassie named 'Annie,' who are employed by a certain well known and wealthy tobacco dealer to pick up whatever may be found in saloons, on the streets and in the gutter, at 1 cent for every ten pieces, whether large or small. Every cigar-stump and discarded 'quid' is picked up, no matter how dirty it may be, no matter who has used it, or where it is found. These are used in the manufacture of both 'choice' Havana cigars and paper chewing tobacco. The longer and better 'stumps' are unrolled and used for the former purpose. While the 'quids' short stumps, and soaked and rotten 'tips' are made into chewing tobacco. There is something delectable in a contemplation of all this. These children make from 80 cents to $1,50 per day. When a large and welsoaked lump is found the little rascals divide it, and by so doing make 50 per cent. on their 'find.'—*Milwaukee Times.*

A Spanish paper states that Minister Caleb Cushing, acting under instructions from the United States Government, has notified the Spanish Secretary of State that if the Cuban rebellion is not quelled before the first of January, the belligerent rights of Cubans will be recognized by the American government.

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

UNITED STATES.

The hog disease has carried off 6,000 pigs at Columbus, Ohio, within a month.

Minnesota will have 25,000,000 bushels of grain to sell this season, after supplying its own wants.

There has been $20,000,000 more of treasure shipped from California this year than was shipped during the same time last year.

At Carlinville, Ill., the other day, a man named Chas. Brind, in a fit of anger, shot his mother-in-law and his wife, killing them instantly, and then committed suicide.

The horse disease has, within the last few days, appeared among horses of Cincinnati. At the lowest calculation 2,000 horses are suffering more or less from it.

DESERTIONS.—It is reported that during the stay of H.M.S. *Bellerophon* at Newport, R. I., fifty-five men, including four bandsmen, deserted. The ship left for Halifax on Sunday.

Sixteen Chinese women were sold at auction in California the other day, only Chinese being allowed to bid. Eight dollars was the highest price, and one sold for sixty-five cents, her nose being out of plumb.

The two great express companies of America, the Adams and the American, employ about 8,000 men, 1,900 horses, 1,200 waggons, and use 3,000 iron safes. Their agents travel more than 100,000 miles daily or more than 32,000,000 miles yearly.

A young man, giving the name of Charles Adams, on Oct. 1st made a bold attempt to swindle Beecher & Sprague, produce dealers, Buffalo, with a forged $50,000 cheque, with which he purchased from them grain valued at $35,000, he received a cheque for the balance. The fraud was discovered just in time to prevent Adams from cashing the cheque.

One of the remarkable men of the Alabama constitutional convention is Colonel Bethea. He is a lawyer, but has had only one case in his life. It was his first and his last. The case involved a large amount of property, and his fee depended upon his success. He won; his fee was $60,000, and with this he gracefully retired from the bar. A legal career so brief and so brilliant has probably been the lot of no other man since litegation began.

Miss Langmade, a school-girl aged 17 while on her way from her home at Suncook, N. H., on Oct. 4th, to the Pembroke academy half a mile distant, was outraged and murdered by some scoundrel unknown. Her body was found with the head severed and missing. On the following day one Drew was arrested in Pembroke for the murder, and lodged in gaol. He is in danger of lynching. The girl's head was found, a hundred yards away from her body.

San Francisco has rather more than her share of eccentric characters. Foremost among these is the 'Emperor Norton,' a harmless creature, who firmly believes that he is the legitimate sovereign of the United States and Mexico; issues frequent proclamations; exacts tributes from such citizens as humor his delusion; spends his days walking about the street, his evenings at the theatre, and his nights at a cheap lodging-house. He has the run of the hotel reading-rooms; appears on occasions in tattered regalia, visits the different churches to see that heresies dangerous to the peace of the empire are not promulgated, calls at the newspaper offices to warn the conductors against the consequences of treasonable utterances—in short, is up early and late regulating the affairs of the world in general and the city and State in particular.

BRITISH.

The Bombay *Times* reports a severe out break of cholera in the province of Mysore.

The Right Rev. Alex. Penrose Forbes, Bishop of Brechen, Scotland, is dead, in the 58th year of his age.

It is proposed to hold a Freemason's Congress, with delegates from all over the world, in London in 1877.

A plot of land in the city, at the corner of Threadneedle street and Bishopsgate street, London, has been recently let at a ground-rent of £2,600 per annum, or at the rate of more than £31,000 per annum per acre.

According to the despatch to the Press Association, in is reported in Portsmouth that all Her Majesty's ships in Japanese waters have been ordered to China.

Rains have swollen the streams, causing disastrous inundations in Leicestershire and Warwickshire. The destruction of property is heavy and some lives are reported lost. Railroads are badly damaged and traffic generally suspended.

Lord Derby, at a banquet given by the Mayor of Liverpool last week, indicated that Great Britain's policy with China would be moderate and firm even if war resulted. He also said the great powers were not disposed to aid the Herzegovineans.

The Queen has consented to become patron of the Church of England Temperance Society, and her Majesty's patronage will no doubt lead many persons to inquire into the working of that highly respectable association. Its principle, In a word, is Moderation, and it rather discourages nows of total abstinence.

Ramsey, in his 'Scotch Reminiscences,' relates this anecdote: 'How is it sir,' said a Scotchman, who had all the aversion of his country to the sight of a paper in the pulpit, 'how is it that you read instead of preaching your sermons?' 'I read them because I cannot remember them.' 'And, sir, if ye that mak' them canna mind them, how do you think that we can?'

The trial of the 81-ton gun, the invention of Mr. R. S. Fraser, deputy assistant superintendent of the Royal Gun Factory, Woolwich Arsenal, took place on Friday at the butts within the arsenal. No gun has previously been turned out of the factory of a greater calibre than 38 tons and special arrangements had been made at the proof butts. There were about 150 persons present, including a large number of officers, amongst them being Brigadier General Campbell, (director-general of artillery and stores), General D'Aguilar (commandent of the garrison), Col. Field, (superintendent of the carriage department), Col. Younghusband, Major Maitland, and Major Noble. The gun was placed on a rail carriage at a distance of about 150 ft from Nos. 15 and 16 butts, and at the rear was a platform 150 ft long at an angle of 1 in 40. This inclined platform was introduced at the recommendation of Major Maitland, and Friday's experience shows that the suggestion was not without value. The weapon itself is 27 feet long, 24 feet inside, 6 feet thick at the breech, 14½ inches at the bore, to be increased to 16 inches, and with the carriage it weighs 120 tons. The weight of the shot first fired was 1,250lb, and the charge of powder was 170lb. It took twelve men to ram the charge home, and the shot was elevated to the mouth of the gun by hydraulic apparatus. All the visitors were requested to withdraw to the banks of the river, and the gun was fired by means of electricity. The report was tremendous, and was re echoed several times. It was found that the shot had penetrated 45 feet of sand, and the gun had a recoil of 23½ft. a ring of smoke rose above the cloud which came from the gun's mouth, and it was traced into the air to an estimated distance of nearly a mile. A copper cup which was used as a pressure gauge, and was fastened to the bottom of the cartridge, did not come away when the extractor was put into operation and one of the workmen crawled into the gun four times before the impediment was removed. A second shot was fired with a charge of 190 lbs. The distance of penetration was 50ft., and the recoil 32ft. It is intended to test the gun up to 250 lbs. charge. The experiments were attended with great success, and no flaw was detected in this huge instrument of destruction.