Senate News Room

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THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVII. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 24, 1876. NO. 4.

The Examiner

Is Printed and Published every Monday Forenoon, BY

William L. Cotton,

OFFICE:

Corner Queen and King Streets.

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15 " " " - - - - - 14.00
20 " " " - - - - - 18.00

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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	15.65	17.93	20.21	22.49	44.98
10 do.	5.00	6.24	7.50	8.74	10.06	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 JANUARY 1876

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 4th day, 11h. 11m. a. m., E.
Full Moon, 11th day, 2h. 11m., a. m., N, E., below horizon.
Third Quarter, 18th day, 4h. 37m. a. m., N., below horizon.
New Moon, 26th day, 9h. 29m., a. m., S. E.

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

PRICES CURRENT.

Ch'town, Jan. 18, 1876.

BREADSTUFFS.	
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	0.03 to 0.3½
Flour, per bbl	5.50 to 7.00
Flour, per 100 lbs	3.00 to 3.25
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs	2.70 to 3.50
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 0.65
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 1.30
Geese (each)	0.50 to 0.80
MEAT.	
Beef, (small pieces) per lb	$0.08 to 0.14
Beef, per lb (by the quarter)	0.05 to 0.08
Ham, per lb	0.10 to 0.12
Lamb, per quarter	0.00 to 0.00
Lamb, per lb	0.05 to 0.09
Mutton, per lb	0.06 to 0.12
Pork,(small pieces) per lb	0.08 to 0.12
Pork, per lb (by the carcass)	0.05½ 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 0.24
Butter per lb by the tub	0.16 to 0.20
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.	0.24 to 0.28
Green Peas,	0.00 to 0.00
Hay, per ton	9.00 to 10 00
Hides, per lb.	0.5 to 0.06
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.	0.38 to 0.40
Potatoes, per bushel	0.25 to 0.32
Pearl Barley, per lb	0.03 to 0.04
Sheepskins	0.50 to 0.70
Straw, per ton	4.50 to 2.50
Tallow per lb	9.08 to 0.10
Turnips, per bush.	0.00 to 0.16
Wool, per lb	0.17 to 0.25

CARTER'S RAILWAY HOTEL!

SITUATE about thirty yards from Tignish Station—having ample accommodation for permanent and transient boarders at

Reasonable Rates,

the Proprietor solicits the patronage of the travelling public.

JOHN CARTER.

Tignish Station, Dec. 6, 1875.—3m

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

LADY FAIR.

Underneath the beech-tree sitting,
With that everlasting knitting,
And the soft sun-shadows flitting
Through your wavy hair;
All my thoughts and plans confusing,
All my resolutions losing,
Say, what matter's in your musing,
Lady fair?

Oh! the charm that in your face is,
All the loves and all the graces!
To be clasped in your embraces
Monarch's guerdon were.
Not a man, I ween, who sees you,
But would give his life to please you,
Yet you say that lovers tease you,
Lady fair.

One by one, to their undoing,
Fools in plenty come a-wooing,
Baffled still, but still pursuing,
Tangled in the snare;
In your ever-changing smile hid,
Or beneath your sleepy eyelid,
Many a heart it hath beguiled,
Lady Fair.

While the summer breezes fan her
Gently with their leafy banner,
Venus' form and Diana's manner,
Doth my goddess wear.
Lives the man who can discover
Any secret spell to move her—
To the wish of mortal lover
Cold as fair.

But to see those dark eyes brighten,
And for me with kindness lighten,
While the cheeks rich color heighten,
What would I not dare?
To improve their scornful splendor,
With the love-light soft and tender,
Bow the proud heart to surrender,
Lady fair.

By the loves that thou hast broken,
By the words that I have spoken,
By the passion they betoken,
I have loved, I swear,
Only thee since I have seen thee;
And, if woman's heart be in thee,
I will die, but I will win thee,
Lady fair!

HYACINTHS.

Rare purple petals, snow-white clustering
stars,
Rose-tinted bells my love wears on her
breast,
And in her locks, whose amaranthine gold
Ripples in waves, to cause my heart's
unrest.

Blue, tender blue, not bluer than her eyes,
Half fond, half coy, as they look into
mine;
White, purest white, not whiter than her
brow;
Rose pale, clear rose, as is her blush
divine.

Sweet are those flowers, laden with fragrance rare,
Beauteous their glowing bells in spring's
bright sun;
Yet not so sweet, or beauteous, as the
dream
Of love that melts two spirits into one.

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND;

OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER XII.

There was a blank in the existence of Marcus; how long he knew not. When he again opened his dim eyes, he saw around him the burning sands of the desert. He was travelling through them, though every step he made in the hot, arid path, he tottered and panted, and his breath came like flame from his lips. He could see in the distance, the green oases, those Edens of the sandy wilderness; he could hear the sweet, pensive, soothing voice of the fountain; sometimes through the sultry air, there would flow a stream of balmy freshness; but it was so vanishing, he scarcely felt that it had been near. If he could only reach that fountain, bathe his feverish brow in its waters, and die! This was the prayer of his soul. He strove to drag his weary feet, they sank deeper and deeper in the hot sand. He fell prostrated on his face, and the scorching simoom swept over him just as he was panting out his life on this burning bed. Oh, joy! oh, rapture! a spring comes welling up in the very spot where he lies. The waters touched his parched and thirsty lips; he looks down, he sees the long feathery moss softly waving in the deep, pelucid fount. He looks up; the long, shining leaves, the glorious, waxen, odoriferous blossoms of the magnolia are bending over him, swaying, gracefully, lightly, in the gentle wind. That blessed wind — how it cools, how it refreshes his dry and weary spirit! How he tries to breathe forth his depth of gratitude! Yes, it is his own spirit, his beloved Long Moss Spring, born anew in that desert by miracle of Divine love. With a blissful confidence in that love, he closes his eyes, and delicious slumber steals over his senses.

When Marcus awoke, the desert of oasses and the fountain had vanished. The mirage had faded away. He was lying in a darkened chamber, in which the stillness of death reigned. He could see through the muslin curtains that shaded his bed the outlines of a manly figure, but he could not prevent his eyelids from closing with a soft slumberous weight Father, he whispered. It was a very faint whisper, but it was heard by the watching ear, and made miraculously acute by intense anxiety. The figure sank on its knees by the bed-side, its head was bowed in its hands, and sobs were distinctly audible.

Long had Mr. Warland been keeping watch by what was believed would be the death-bed of Marcus. He had watched him in the wild ravings of delirium, induced by the agony of his wound, in the still more alarming stupor that succeeded, while the physicians admitted only the possibility of his recovery. He could not encourage the faintest hope, though he would not utterly extinguish it. But he, Marcus, had looked, he had spoken with intelligence. The wandering spirit had come back to its home. The eye, dim and heavy as it was—the light of reason was there, and hope and joy were born anew.

We will now explain the apparently miraculous appearance of Mr. Warland and Delaval at the moment when Marcus was sinking beneath the stroke of the assassin. Laughing Hector had been true to the trust confided in him. A remarkable pedestrian, he had arrived in an incredible short time at Bellamy Place, and delivered the letter to its master. Both Mr. Bellamy and Warland felt increasing solicitude about Marcus. They regretted they had yielded to his boldness and impetuosity. It is true they believed that Arnold was located somewhere and that he would find him in the quietude of home, where it would be easy to arrest him; but when they heard the statement of Hector, and thought on the probable end of the adventure, should Marcus encounter him in the fastnesses of the woods, surrounded by his own people, opposing coolness and treachery, and policy, to youth, rashness and experience, they determined to follow and assist him. Delaval, who was at Hickory Hill, proved his friendship to Marcus, by leaving Katy, whom he had found fairer and dearer than ever, and taking the place of Mr. Bellamy, as the companion of the father of his friend. The delay occasioned by the fall of Marcus from his horse, proved his salvation; for it gave time for his friends to overtake him, at an hour when they were most needed. Marcus had the wisdon to procure the assistance of the sheriff of the county through which he ascertained Arnold, was travelling, though he was not aware that he was about to encounter the envious and vindictive Pellam. The result of the conflict in the tent, as we have said before, was the triumph of justice. One of the overseers was killed—the other yielded. Pellam fled as soon as he saw Marcus fail, and Arnold was compelled to give up the useless struggle by Warland, who goaded to phrenzy by the sight of his prostrate and bleeding son, put forth the strength of a giant. The negroes were taken by virtue of the warrant, and he himself continued his course to Texas, where his wife awaited him.

Marcus was removed to the nearest habitation. Delaval, though his yearning heart longed to plead the sacred rights of friendship, knew that a father's rights were holier still, and, yielding his place by the bedside, he assumed another and very heavy responsibility. The negroes must have a master. They must be conducted home. The remaining overseer, who had not understood the true position of Arnold's affairs, was willing to enter the service of Delaval. The place of the other was supplied by a better man.

If there is any want of clearness in this explanation, it must be imputed to our dislike to go back, and enter into dry and business details. We plead guilty to a desire to hurry them over as quickly as possible. As the traveller rides rapidly through a flat and barren region, that he may arrive in the green and smiling country wooing him in the distance; so we will only add, in connection with this part of the history, that the slaves, who, sullen and reluctant, had been dragging forward unwilling steps, turning back with cheerful and rejoicing spirits, glad to exchange a careless and selfish master for the young and spirited Delaval.

For weeks Marcus lay in a languishing condition. The wound had come very near the citadel of life. One hairs breadth nearer would have been death. Besides his father had a kind negro nurse, who reminded him of Aunt Milly, for she always wore a peaked turban and white starched apron. One evening she told him she was sent for to wait upon a lady; but a young mulatto girl would take her place, who was used to taking care of the sick, and had mighty gentle, pretty ways. Marcus was in that languid feeble state, that state of perfect quiescence, he felt no interest in any change which might be going on around him. But he was still conscious of an agreeable transition, when the young mulatto glided round him, instead of the kind but somewhat officious negro woman. He was not yet considered out of danger, and the footsteps that hovered near him had to be soft as snow on snow. Rosa—for that was the name or the young girl—might have passed for a snowflake, from the lightness of her step, and her voice was very low and soft. Even the sight of the green blind that covered her eyes was refreshing to his enfeebled vision. It was in consequence of this weakness of the eyes that she was placed as nurse over the sick, an office she seemed to love, and for which nature had peculiarly adapted her. It was not only, however, the lighter offices, such as brushing away the flies, giving water and medicine, that she was appointed to perform. There were gratuitous services also she took peculiar pleasure in rendering, such as adorning the room with flowers, and even strewing them on his pillow. She seemed to have a passion for roses, and would sometimes bring in a whole apron-full, and twist them in garlands for the looking-glass and mantelpiece. Her chief employment was waving a gorgeous brush of peacock's feathers over his bed to keep of the intruding flies. Marcus, who had nothing else to do, loved to watch the light movements of his gentle nurse. She reminded him of Cora, though her complexion wanted the golden brightness of that ill-starred bride, and the beautiful gazelle-eyes were wanting, that gave such a charm to Cora's beaming face. She was very modest, seldom spoken, unless addressed; but Marcus was struck with the propriety of the language, in comparison with most of her race. As he grew stronger she became more communicative, and told him that her young mistress had taught her to read, and that she had lived with her more as a companion than a slave.

'I love my young mistress as well as I do myself,' said the graceful Rosa. 'She could not be kinder to herself than she has always been to me.'

'Why do you not stay with her?' asked Marcus.

'She is gone a long journey, and it is bad for weak eyes to ride in the sun. A sick-chamber, where the curtains are all down is the best place for them.'

But Marcus was soon able to sit up in an easy chair, and look abroad upon the beautiful world he had been so near quitting for ever. The inexpressible languor that had been weighing upon him softly, but oppressibly, like a downy covering, began to disperse. The spring, the elasticity of life returned. He longed to be once more in action. The wounded bird endures passively the confinement of the cage; but the moment the wings gain strength, they beat against the prison-bars, and strive for the blue sky and the open air.

One night Warland was seated by the open window, through which the moon was shining, making silver checker-work on the floor. His face was as white as marble, while his eyes looked unusually dark and luminous. Rosa came in with a bouquet of beautifully arranged flowsrs, and handed them to him without speaking. As she was standing, with the head a little one side, a natural position of hers, she could aee beneath her green shade his pale yet lustrous countenance and she seemed struck with its extrordinary beauty. She sighed, and turned toward the window, where the moon looked directly down on her own deep, olive cheek.

"What can I ever do for you, Rosa?" said Marcus, in a gentle voice, gazing with admiration on the lovely outline of her face, to which the moonbeams were now giving a pale silver edging. "You have spoiled me by your kind unceasing attentions. I do not know what I shall do without you. If it were not for my friends, I could almost regret getting well, and being obliged to leave you."

"You will soon forget the poor mulatto," answered Rosa, in a tremulous voice, "while she will think of the time spent in your sick chamber as the happiest of her whole life.'

There was something in the tone, the manner, that startled Marcus, that gave him a feeling of unutterable pain. There was a pathos, a hopelessness—he could not deny it—a love in the tones, that, combined as it was with the recollection of her unwearied devotion, her sleepless cares, her flowery offering, the gentle sighs, invested her with a romance in that soft, silvery hour, as painful as it was singular.

'I cannot be so ungrateful as to forget one who has been so kind to me,' he replied; 'I shall talk about you to my friends to my sweet sister. We shall all remember Rosa.'

'Who are Florence and L'Eclair, that you used to talk about in your sleep? Which is your sister?' asked she, 'and why have they not been to see you?'

'They are too far off,' he replied. 'My sister did wish to come; but as my father was here himself, he thought she had better not. Florence and L'Eclair are one and the same person.

'Do you love her?' asked the mulatto, in a very low voice.

'Better than life for she is a noble girl!' answered Marcus, with a fervour that brought the blood warmly, brightly to his pallid cheek.

'How happy she must be,' exclaimed Rosa, drawing back into the shade, as if she feared the lustre that surrounded her would reveal her inmost soul; 'how happy those must be who love each other. I shall never see one of my own colour that I can love, and the poor mulatto dare not cast her eyes beyond her tribe.'

Marcus began to feel the deepest embarrassment. It was evident his pretty gentle, child-like young nurse regarded him with emotions he was far from wishing to inspire. The lingering debility of illness rendered him more susceptible to tenderness and he felt pity for her infatuation, rather than anger at her presumption. Poor refined young creature! How could she feel any congeniality with the beings of her tribe? She seemed formed for an office more rude than to gather roses, and wave the sun-eyed plumes over the couch of sickness. He shuddered to think of her ever being associated with her more sable brethren.

'Can I do anything more for you, young master?' said she, in a tone of touching humility.

'No, I thank you,' replied Marcus. 'You had better retire.'

She hesitated a moment, approached the door, then paused, and returned a few steps.

'I am going away to-morrow,' she said, my young mistress has sent for me. You are now so nearly well, you will be going away yourself directly.'

'To-morrow!' repeated Marcus. He was unwilling to acknowledge to himself how reluctantly he felt to be separated from his interesting nurse. There was a charm about her, whose influence he had felt when she first entered with downy footsteps his then darkened room. 'To morrow; that is very soon.'

He wanted to give her some token of gratitude. He conld not offer her money; that would degrade too much her heartfelt services. He had a ring on his finger, a ruby ring, that was the amulet given him by Mrs. Bellamy. He could not part with that. He had a locket, containing Katy's hair, suspended from a gold chain in his bosom. This was a fitting memorial, and this he gave her. The blood rushed visibly to her dark cheek, she trembled with emotion.

'One more favour,' she said. 'Don't think me bold; one lock of your hair, to put with this beautiful dark one; Rosa never will part with it.'

Running to the table with the eagerness of a child, she caught up a pair of scissors, and held them toward him. Marcus laughed, but he could not help blushing as he shook forward the long locks that waved back from his forehead.

'Cut it yourself,' said he, 'if you care about it. I can spare it very well from this golden fleece.'

Passing her little, soft, dark fingers through the luxuriant clusters, she severed a tress, and holding it up in the moonbeams, laughed with childish delight. 'Beautiful! beautiful!' she exclaimed, 'prettier than the chain, prettier than the locket. Thank you, thank you for this.'

Turning round, and touching it lightly to her lips, she vanished from the room.

'What a child of Nature she is!' thought Marcus. 'She seems as beautiful as Cora, and a hundred times more refined. Poor Rosa!'

The next morning, the black boy, who had acted as her under-servant during her administrations to him, brought him a fresh cluster of flowers, saying Rosa had sent it as a parting gift. She would not bid him good-bye, she said, because she was afraid she would cry.

Marcus felt as if there was a blank in his being. The fairy-like step, the gentle hand that have given such a charm to his sick room were now gone. He was certain he would have died if it had not been for her unwearied ministrations. Kind and devoted as his father had been, he was a man. He would sit up with him night after night, sleepless and tireless. He would make any sacrifice of personal ease to paternal love, but he was a man, and never thought of those little nameless attentions, so inexpressibly soothing to those reduced to childlike weakness. 'Tis woman, whose soft hand bathes the feverish brow and smooths the ruffled pillow, fans the burning cheek and decorates the apartmen's, so as to gladden the weary eye. It was thus Rosa had done, and notwithstanding the dark hue that divided her from him as a natural barrier, he never could recall, without thrilling interest, her fidelity, devotion and artless love.

In a short time he was able to commence his journey, travelling slowly at first, but gathering vigour and spirit every mile that brought him nearer to Bellamy-place.

The German woman is described by a recent writer as 'absolutely contented with her lot,' despising the frivolity of the French, the freedom of the English, and the fearless strides and absolute independence of the American woman.

MR. MACKENZIE'S TRICKERY TOWARDS BRITISH COLUMBIA.

(*From the Victoria Daily Standard, Dec. 23.*)

* * According to Mr. Mackenzie's own repeated admissions, he agreed to construct the Esquimalt-Nanaimo railway in accordance with the recommendation of Lord Carnarvon, and made a pretence of carrying out that agreement by introducing a bill into the House of Commons to give the Government the necessary authority to proceed with the work. The bill passed the House of Commons after considerable discussion, and Mr. Mackenzie, during the progress of the debate, took occasion to say that, "Rightly or wrongly they (the Government) had *agreed* with British Columbia to commence the construction of the road *immediately*, and this bill was introduced in accordance with that arrangement." Now, had the bill been rejected in the Commons, as it was in the Senate, Mr. Mackenzie would have been compelled to take one of two cources in consequence—either he must have handed in the resignation of himself and colleagues to his Excellency the Governor-General, or have dissolved the House and appealed to the country on the issue thus raised. To have quietly yielded obedience to the will of Parliament and at the same time have carried on the Government would have been impossible, because unconstitutional. How much less reasonable it is to suppose that had Mr. Mackenzie been sincere in his desire to carry out the agreement made, through the intervention of Lord Carnarvon, to commence the construction of the Esquimault Nanaimo railway immediately, he would so quietly have acquiesced in the action of the Senate—an irresponsible body—which was in effect an indirect vote of want of confidence in the present Administration? If Mr. Gladstone, when the House of Lords threw out the bill to disestablish the Irish Church, had relinquished the measure and told his constituents that "It was defeated at all events; and that imposes on the Government the duty of considering what can be done in connection with this *particular part*" of his policy, what would the people and Parliament of England have said to him? But he was not made of that kind of material. There was just this difference between Gladstone and Mackenzie—the former meant to disestablish the Irish Church, and was not to be thwarted by any action of the Lords, while the latter never intended to build the Esquimault-Nanaimo railway, and was only too glad of the pretext which the action of the Senate afforded (and which had very much the appearance of being a put up game) of going back on the agreement of Lord Carnarvon. Mr. Mckenzie reiterates the statement that the "propesed railway from Esquimalt to Nanaimo does not form a portion of the Canadian Pacific Railway," and in the Minute of Council a clear distinction is made between the proposed Island railway and the mainland enterprise, which is part of the Pacific railway scheme. Mr. Mackenzie tells the Local Government that "it would seem reasonable that the people of British Columbia should construct this work (the Island Railway themselves * * and the compensation to be given them by Canada for any delays which *may* take place in the construction of the Pacific railway should be a cash bonus," etc. The Minute goes further to say that "the sum of $750,000 would appear to the committees to be a liberal compensation," and advises that the Government of British Columbia be informed that the Dominion Government is prepared to propose the legislation necessary to carry out the views contained in the Minute of Council, "*as to the construction of the Pacific railway and the compensation to be given to British Columbia for delays in such construction.*" Some say that the delays spoken of, and the compensation offered, had reference only to the island part of Lord Carnarvon's recommendations; but should the Local Government unfortunately be so blind as to act on this correct reading of the Minute, and take the $750,000 as compensation for "any delays which may take place in the construction of the Pacific railway," how could they possibly find fault with the Dominion Government if they should postpone railway construction in British Columbia for twenty-five or thirty years to come?

FUNERAL OF THE LATE MRS. CHILDERS.

[*From the Worcester (Eng.) Herald, Dec. 8.*]

On Wednesday afternoon, attended by a sorrowing party of relatives and friends, the remains of the late Mrs. Childers, wife of the Right Hon. H. C. E. Childers, M. P., for Pontefract, and the third daughter of George J. A. Walker, Esq., of Norton, near this city, were interred in the family vault in Norton Church. We recorded last week the sudden and lamentable death of this esteemed lady from the accidental inhalation of chloroform. Since its arrival from Lockerley Hall, Hants, where the sad event occurred, the coffin had been lying in the drawing room of Mr. Walker's house, and here previous to their setting out for the church Holy Communion was administered to the assembled mourners. The room was tastefully, but with extreme simplicity, arranged for the occasion, the coffin being covered with a pall of purple velvet, mounted with a white silken cross, and covered with chrysanthemums and enchris lillies. The solemn service was performed by the Rev. Henry White, M. A., Chaplain in ordinary to the Queen and Chaplain of the Savoy, assisted by the Rev. G. Edmund Walker, rector of Doddington, Cambs, a brother of the deceased lady. After the completion of this servivice, which occupied about half an hour, the party proceeded to the church which is about one mile distant, going by way of the private avenue and past the house of Thos. Adams, Esq., of Wood Hall, who kindly gave the required permission for the occasion. The funeral *cortege* consisted of the hearse and a long line of mourning coaches, rendered necessary in consequence of the deep snow, but otherwise in accordance with the express wishes of Mr. Childers, the ceremony was conducted with perfect plainness, no plumes, hat-bands, scarves, or the like usual insigna, of grief being used, but in lieu thereof a prayer-book was presented to each person present. The church was reached at about half-past three, and the body was met at the gate by the Revds. Henry White, G. A. Walker, and Thos. Walker, rector of Abbot's Morton, and by the Rev. F. G. Walker, vicar of the parish. The beautiful words of the burial service were touchingly read by the three first-mentioned clergymen, and the hymns "Abide with me, and "Nearer my God to Thee," were sung by the village choir, Miss Lugard leading them, and joined in by the numerous congregation. By the time the last sad rites had been, concluded, the short December day had almost come to an end, and as the mourners left the church the stillness of the snow-covered countryside increased the solemnity of of the scene. The pall bearers were F. G. Galgety, Esq., of Lockerley Hall; Richard Hemming, Esq, of Bentley Manor; A. R. Hudson, Esq., of Wick House, James Carmichael, Esq., of the Admiralty; the Rev. R. Cattley, Minor Cannon of Worcester; and the Rev. E. Robinson, of Whittington. None but the nearest relatives of the family were invited, among whom were the Right Hon. H. C. E. Childers, M. P., chief mourner, Charles, Barrister at Law of the Inner Temple, Spencer, of the Royal Engineers, Rowland, of Balliol College, Oxford, Francis, of Harrow School, and Hugh, of Eaton College, the five sons, and Louisa and Emily, the two daughters of the deceased lady, George J. A. Walker, her father, Mrs. Wil. Henry Childers and Mrs. Harvergal, her sister, and Messrs. G. E., Thomas, and Charles Walker, her brothers. There were also present Mrs. Culling Hanbury, the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Fremantle, Mrs. Carr, the Rev. T. W. and Walter Carr, and Mr. W. M. Wilkinson.

Among the very numerous expressions of sympathy, which Mr. Childers has received from all quarters, we understand that one of the most touching was from Her Majesty. A memorial cross in memory of Mrs. Childers is to be erected in the picturesque churchyard of Norton.

MISCELLANEOUS.

British Columbia refuses the $750,000.

The Marquis of Ripon has given the Pope £10,000.

Mr. James A. Froude has returned to England from Capetown.

By order of the British Admiralty hereafter Roman Catholic priests will be permitted to go on board the training ships at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Falmouth.

A Missouri lawyer succesfully defended a highwayman, but charged him an exorbitant fee. The highwayman paid it without a murmur, but stopped his counsel on his way home at night and recovered the cash.

A Scottish student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a professor, in the course of his examination, how he would discover a fool. 'By the questions he would ask,' was the prompt and suggestive reply.

Sir Josiah Mason, the wealthy pen manufacturer of Birmingham, England, has built in that city a scientific college at a cost of $500,000, and has endowed it with a gift of $150,000. Besides this he has sold his business, and intends to give the proceeds, about $500,000, to the college. He has already built in Birmingham an orphanage and alms-houses which cost $1,250,000.

The annual report of the Medical Department of the British Army, for 1873, shows that the troops were healthiest in seaport towns, camps, and at small stations. In the largest manufacturing town and Dublin the death rate was high. Thus, while in camp the number of constantly sick was 35 in every 1,000, it was 49 in London and 43 in Dublin.

LOSING GROUND.—Within a year the Mackenzie Government has lost the following seats:—London, South Huron, South Norfolk, East Toronto, West Toronto, Berthier, Two Mountains, Bellechasse, Victoria North, Chambly. They will lose Charlevoix this week, and possibly North Renfrew, which will make a difference of twenty-four votes in favor of the Opposition on a division.

Benj. Christmas the oft converted Nova Scotia Indian, was arrested for drunkeness in Halifax a few days ago and has given the names of the parties from whom he obtained the liquor. Benjamin has, at last, adopted a means of grace that will be likely to keep him straight in future. A few four or five hundred dollar fines imposed on those who have been selling him the 'ardent' will be pretty sure to result in keeping him in the path of rectitude hereafter.

Anything to make money! So thought a Boston teacher who was arrested a few days since for swindling. His plan was original and deserves mention. He founded a Masonic Lodge and invited his non-masonic friends and acquaintances to join the brotherhood. Many did so and were, after payment of the fees, which the founder kept, initiated into all the mysteries of the craft—or at least they thought they were. But the system was defective and ere long its talented author was in the hands of the minions of the law, all his skill availing him nothing.

There is a warning to persons eating canned peaches in the case of Mr. Silver, of Halifax, who nearly lost his life by using this article of food. The peaches had been canned for a long time. Silver placed the tin can on the stove and heated the peaches hot. The heat developed hydrocianic acid from the stones of the peaches, and this was probably intensified by the fact of the fruit being old and affected by the tin. The members of the family who eat the peaches cold were not affected in any way by them.

BURIED WITH HIM.—When the late king of the Sandwich Islands was gathered to his fathers, he was buried in a great feather cloak which had passed down to him through numerous generations of royal chieftains. When the remains were about to be placed in the coffin, and were removed from the feathered robes of which they had lain in state, the aged father commanded at once that the dead body be buried in the robe, as the dead king, his son, was the last of the family, and to him, therefore, it belonged. It will cost more than $100,000 to replace this beautiful robe.

The prosecution against Tweed has developed a new incident. Charles Devlin, one of Tweed's bondsmen, has instituted a suit against the Mayor and Corporation and other parties to the civil suits against the Ring, asking for the appointment of a receiver of all the claims against the Ring, with powers to prosecute the conspirators and their estates. Complaint is made that the estates of Ingersoll, Garvie and Keyser have been exempted from prosecution, and that parties who should have been held liable have been permitted to escape by coming under the Statute of Limitations. This turning of the tables upon the Ring prosecutors is regarded as a good joke in legal circles.

The Charlottetown "Examiner" in the course of a very strong article exposes three cases of gross breach of faith on the part of the MacKenzie Government.

1st. In not keeping up continuous connection between the Island, the Intercolonial Railway, and the Railway system of the Dominion. 2nd. The neglecting and mismanaging the Prince Edward Island Railway, and the freight and mails carried by it; and 3rd. in not providing for the maintenance of the local penitentiary. If the Island has only *three* grievances to grumble at, it is comparatively happy. Sir John McDonald may have erred in his grand, generous policy of conciliating and satisfying all the lower provinces. But surely he was less in error than Mr. MacKenzie is in his narrow and ungenerous policy of creating resentment and discontent in every province of the Confederation.—*Halifax Herald.*