

# THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVI.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 4, 1875.

NO. 1.

## CLOSING AND ARRIVAL OF MAILS.

AT THE POST OFFICE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, AFTER MONDAY, 14th MAY.

MAILS.	CLOSE.	DUE.
Nova Scotia, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and United States.	Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9 p. m. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 10 p. m.	Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6 p. m. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 10-30, p. m.
Great Britain via Halifax.	Every alternate Friday, commencing on Friday 15th May.	About every alternate Saturday, commencing Saturday, 16th May, 10 p. m.
Great Britain, via Quebec.	Monday, 9 p. m.	Friday, 10-30, p. m.
Great Britain, via Halifax.	Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9 p. m.	Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 10-30, p. m.
Summerside and intermediate offices.	Daily, Sunday excepted, 9 p. m.	Daily, Sunday excepted, 2 p. m.
Georgetown and intermediate offices.	Daily, Sunday excepted, 9 p. m.	Daily, Sunday excepted, 2 p. m.
Western—Tignish, Alberton, &c.	Monday, Thursday, 9 p. m.	Wednesday, Saturday, 7 p. m.
Eastern—St. Peter's, Souris, &c.	Monday, Thursday, 9 p. m.	Wednesday, Saturday, 7 p. m.
Southern—Murray Harbor, Bellisle, &c.	Monday, Thursday, 9 p. m.	Wednesday, Saturday, 7 p. m.
Bellevue—Fryon, Crapaud, &c.	Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 9 p. m.	Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 2-30, p. m.
Brackley Point—Covehead, &c.	Monday, Thursday, 9 a. m.	Tuesday, Friday, 9 a. m.
Pisiquid—Johnston's River, &c.	Friday, 12-30, p. m.	Friday, 10 a. m.

Letters to be registered must be posted by 8-30, p. m., both postage and Registrar fee must be prepaid.

The Postage on transient Newspapers, and on letters for City delivery must be prepaid.

Letters may be posted by the Letter Boxes on mail Steamers up to the time of their departure.

Post Office, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 9th May, 1874. A. A. MACDONALD, Postmaster.

## ALMANAC FOR JANUARY, 1875.

MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon, 7th Day, 5h. 56m. p.m. S.  
First Quar., 14th Day, 5h. 11m. p.m. S.  
Full Moon, 21st Day, 11.23m. p.m. S.  
Last Quar., 28th Day, 5h. 21m. a.m. S.W.

D. DAY WEEK	SUN	MOON	HIGH DAY'S
M	rise	sets	water
1 Friday	7 50	10 06	5 42
2 Saturday	8 50	10 44	6 51
3 Sunday	9 50	11 21	7 56
4 Monday	10 50	12 00	8 56
5 Tuesday	11 50	12 41	9 51
6 Wednesday	12 50	1 24	10 32
7 Thursday	1 50	2 10	11 00
8 Friday	2 50	2 58	11 37
9 Saturday	3 50	3 48	12 10
10 Sunday	4 50	4 40	12 39
11 Monday	5 50	5 34	1 04
12 Tuesday	6 50	6 30	1 27
13 Wednesday	7 50	7 28	1 47
14 Thursday	8 50	8 28	2 04
15 Friday	9 50	9 29	2 18
16 Saturday	10 50	10 31	2 29
17 Sunday	11 50	11 34	2 37
18 Monday	12 50	12 38	2 42
19 Tuesday	1 50	1 43	2 45
20 Wednesday	2 50	2 49	2 46
21 Thursday	3 50	3 56	2 44
22 Friday	4 50	5 04	2 39
23 Saturday	5 50	6 12	2 31
24 Sunday	6 50	7 20	2 21
25 Monday	7 50	8 28	2 09
26 Tuesday	8 50	9 36	1 55
27 Wednesday	9 50	10 44	1 39
28 Thursday	10 50	11 52	1 21
29 Friday	11 50	1 00	1 01
30 Saturday	12 50	2 08	0 79
31 Sunday	1 50	3 16	0 54

## BUSINESS CARDS.

A. D. SHIRREFF,  
Auctioneer, Commission Merchant,  
BROKER  
AND GENERAL AGENT,  
CHATHAM, - NEW BRUNSWICK.

## CONSIGNEES SOLICITED.

Aug. 8, 1874.—4m

## CARVELL BROTHERS,

Auctioneers,  
Commission Merchants,  
AND  
GENERAL AGENTS.  
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,  
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

## JAMES BRENNAN,

House, Sign, and Carriage Painter,  
Paper Hanger & Glazier  
SOURIS WEST.

Orders will receive prompt attention,  
July 7, 1873.

## H. R. MULLICS'

Kitchen & Galley,  
Furnishing Depot.  
ALSO, DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF  
Ship Work.

SCUPPERS and Water Closet, Pipes,  
Lead, Figures, Deep-sea and Hand-  
Leads, Lead Cables, and Water  
Closets fitted up at the shortest notice.

## CRAIGHTON STREET,

OPPOSITE UNION HOUSE,  
PICTOU, N. S.

Ch'town, June 1, 1874.—ly

## VULCAN FOUNDRY,

GEORGETOWN.

STOVES, wholesale and retail. WINDLASS  
and MACHINERY CASTINGS in general  
always on hand, or supplied at the shortest  
notice. Cash Paid.  
FOR ALL KINDS OF OLD SCRAP IRON.  
J. A. RUTHERFORD & Co.,  
June 2, 1873.—ly Georgetown

## HERMANS & SON.

Bell-Hangers, Gun and Tin-smiths,  
QUEEN STREET,  
OPPOSITE WATSON'S FISH STORE,  
BEG to return their thanks to the general  
public for the liberal patronage accorded  
to them since their commencement in  
business, and ask for a continuance of the  
same. They keep constantly on hand  
A GREAT ASSORTMENT OF  
TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS,  
&c. &c.

All orders in the above business will be  
promptly attended to, and when called  
upon they will make large quantities of  
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 dispatch, and at  
a low rate of first-class work. We are  
on hand. J. A. RUTHERFORD & Co.,  
June 2, 1873.—ly

## BUSINESS CARDS.

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

## BANGOR HOUSE,

PLACENTIA SITUATED ON  
North Side King's Square,  
St. John, - - - New Brunswick.  
J. H. RUSSELL, PROPRIETOR.

WILLIAM JAMES HENEY,  
AUCTIONEE - GENERAL BROKER,  
AND COMMISSION AGENT,  
DEALER IN CHOICE  
FAMILY GROCERIES, TOBACCO & FANCY GOODS,  
PRINCE ST., COR. OF DORCHESTER,  
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. Island.

## 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. ly

## St. Lawrence Marine Insurance

Co. of P. E. Island.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:  
ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, Esq., President.  
JOHN F. ROBERTSON, Esq.,  
ARTHUR LORD, Esq.,  
RALPH B. PRAKE, Esq.,  
P. W. HYNDMAN, Esq.,  
THOMAS MORRIS, Esq.,  
W. D. STEWART, Esq.,  
Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange  
Building.  
FREDERICK W. HYNDMAN,  
Ch'town, March 16, 1874.—ly Secretary

## CARRIAGE FACTORY.

The Subscribers, having taken the Factory  
formerly occupied by FROST & MAC-  
CORMACK, are prepared to conduct the busi-  
ness of CARRIAGE BUILDING in all its  
departments.  
Oct. 19, 1874.—ly  
YOUNKER, OFFER & CO

## THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON

AND GLOBE  
INSURANCE COMPANY

Invested Funds, 1st Jan. y., 1874, \$21,628,356  
Deducted with Receiver-Gen-  
eral 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, Charlotte  
town, P. E. I.  
R. R. FITZGERALD, Agent  
WM. DUNLOP, Special Agent  
Ch'town, July 27, 1874.—6m

## FIRE AND MARINE

INSURANCE.

IMPERIAL  
Fire Insurance Company  
OF LONDON.

Subscribed and Invested Capital £1,965,000  
Sterling.

## MONTREAL

Marine Assurance Company.

The above OFFICES being of UNDOUBT-  
ED STANDING, guarantee perfect security  
and prompt payment of losses.

FENTON T. NEWBERRY,  
Agent for Prince Edward Island  
Ch'town, Jan. 20, 1874. ly

At home, male and female; 845 per  
week, day or evening. No Capital  
to be attached to this business. It is  
a lot of first-class work. We are  
on hand. J. A. RUTHERFORD & Co.,  
June 2, 1873.—ly

## POETRY.

### DECEMBER.

MR. WILLIAM HAY.

As human life begins and ends with woes,  
So doth the year with darkness and with storm;  
Mute is each sound, and vanish'd each fair  
form  
That wont to cheer us; yet a sacred glow—  
A moral beauty—to which autumn's show—  
Or Spring's sweet blandishments, or summer's  
bloom,  
Are but vain pageants—mitigate the gloom,  
Whate'er time December's angry tempests blow,  
'Twas when the "Earth had doffed her gaudy  
trim,  
And that which she received her lord;  
Which the Church echoes still in sweet  
accord,  
And ever shall, while Time his course doth  
fill,  
"Glory to God on high to men peace and  
good will."

### GIVE ME THE HAND.

Give me the hand that is kind, warm and  
ready;  
Give me the hand that is calm, true and  
steady;  
Give me the hand that will never receive me,  
Give me the grasp that I may believe  
thee.  
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman;  
Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yea-  
man.  
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—  
never,  
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.  
Give me the hand that is true as a brother;  
Give me the hand that has harmed not an-  
other;  
Give me the hand that has never forsore it;  
Give me the grasp that I may adore it;  
Lovely the palm of the fair, blue-eyed maid-  
en,  
Horney the hand of the workman or laiden,  
Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never!  
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.  
Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,  
Free as the breeze and unshackled party;  
Let friendship give me the grasp that becomes  
her,  
Close as the twine of the vine of the sum-  
mer,  
Give me the hand that is true as a brother;  
Give me the hand that has wronged not an-  
other;  
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—  
never!  
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

## LITERATURE.

### KATHARINE.

#### A TALE OF WOMAN'S TRIALS.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Whatever of prudence or scruples of any  
kind, Maurice Du Val had hitherto preserved,  
the sight of Kate's tears, and the sound of  
her faltering voice utterly destroyed.  
"No man can bear the sight of a woman's  
tears, especially if he loves her, and when  
the first large drops fell upon Kate's cheeks,  
Maurice started from his seat, and muttering  
something she did not hear, walked to the  
window. There was a great content going  
on in the young man's mind; passion and  
principle, the two mightiest antagonists  
which meet upon the battle field of the  
human heart, and rend it piece-meal by their  
fierce contentions, now strove desperately  
against each other for the mastery. And  
how it might have ended, which would have  
conquered, had both remained equal, nothing  
occurring to strengthen the one, or weaken  
the other, it is impossible to say, since, like  
a frail bark tossed on stormy waves, Maurice  
seemed to incline to both; but a sound of  
grief from Katharine decided the struggle.

During the first few minutes after her  
companion's strange desertion, Kate sat  
silent, but at last, bodily and mental strength,  
alike enfeebled by the constant strain of the  
past few weeks, gave way, and, fancying that  
the stay upon which—al unconsciously to  
herself—she had leaned, was breaking from  
her, leaving her utterly alone, she bent  
her head down like a tired child, and moaned  
faintly.

In an instant Maurice was by her side, at  
her feet, passionately kissing the hands  
which he drew from beneath her veiling hair,  
and throwing his arms round her, exclaimed,  
while her head sank upon his shoulder—  
"Don't weep, Kate! don't weep! I can-  
not bear to see you in this state. Do not  
try to leave me, for we must never part now.  
Whatever comes of woe or joy, you shall  
never leave me. You must trust me to  
watch over you with your happiness. You will  
not fear to confide yourself wholly to me, and do as I  
wish you?"

"No," answered Kate, lifting her eyes  
steadily to his face, although her cheek burned  
with deep blushes, and speaking in a  
tone of perfect truth.  
"You do me justice, dearest. Under all  
circumstances, doubts and censure, you will  
trust me? You will never leave me, as I  
solemnly declare, Kate, I will never, while I  
live, leave you."

A puzzled look came over Katharine's  
face as she answered,  
"I do not understand you—I do not quite  
know what you mean."  
"Then you do not love me, Kate?"  
The young girl drew back, hurt and mortified,  
and at the same moment Mrs. Grove's  
voice was heard ascending the stairs. She  
had returned for something she wished to  
show her friend; and as the unwelcome  
sound fell upon Kate's ears, she trembled so  
violently that Maurice was compelled to  
support her, whispering, as he kissed her  
burning cheek—  
"Do not fear love, I will protect you!"  
But her aunt passed on, and Kate breath-  
ed freely again, although her agitation was  
still great.

"Now Kate, said Maurice, in an eager  
whisper, "this must come to a close. Even  
if she wished it, with this woman you shall  
not stay; and here, in this house, after she  
ignores you ought not to stay. Let me  
take you to a home where—"  
"No," answered Kate firmly, drawing  
back. "I will never leave this house,  
wretched as it is, until I have a right to  
another."  
"What greater right can you have dearest,  
than my love? What do you wish?"  
"Nothing. But you had better go now,  
Mr. Du Val. My aunt—"  
"Mr. Du Val! Oh Kate, what is all this?  
What wild fancy have you taken into your  
head? Why are you angry?"  
"I am not angry," answered Katharine;  
"but we have misunderstood each other, and  
had better part at once."  
"Never, Kate, never!" he said passion-  
ately, arresting her progress to the door.  
"You shall not go until you have heard me,  
and explained what has changed your thou-  
ghts."  
Mrs. Grove's voice sounded again—she  
was coming down; and Kate, losing courage,  
hid her hand upon a chair to support her-  
self. The sight irritated Maurice, and going  
up, he threw his arm round her, saying—

"K to, why will you be so wilful. Why  
will you stay even this one night in the  
power of a woman whose voice makes you  
tremble, in preference to becoming the wife  
of a man who loves you?"  
Eagerly, as if she would have read every  
secret of his heart, Kate's gaze was turned  
upon her lover.

"Well, dearest, what says your scrutiny?"  
he whispered, with a smile, looking into her  
eyes now bright with hope and joy. "Will  
you have me? or must I try and bribe  
you?"  
"The voice again, now close at hand."  
"You will be kind to me!" murmured  
Kate, laying her hand in Du Val's, and gaz-  
ing up into his face confidingly. "I have  
no mother—no friends! You will be kind  
to me?"

"For all I care, Du Val pressed her to his  
heart, and laid her head upon his shoulder,  
while at the same moment Mrs. Grove pass-  
ed the door and went down stairs.  
"Now Kate, said Maurice, "you must  
listen patiently to me while I ask you to give  
me the strongest proof of love and confidence  
that man can ask of his betrothed; for you  
are my betrothed dearest—are you not?"  
"Yes," murmured Katharine, blushing.

"It is a sweet name, Kate; but you must  
change it for another even dearer. And  
that brings me to the request circumstances  
compel me to make, and which, if you love  
and trust me, you will bless me by granting.  
Ours must be a private marriage, Kate!"  
"Very well," answered Kate, simply, but  
somewhat surprised at the unnecessary con-  
sequence which had been attached to what  
seemed to her a very trifling matter. "I do  
not suppose that it will be of any importance.  
But you know best."

Based with lifting Kate's handkerchief  
from the floor, Maurice did not reply; but  
upon his face, when he raised it, was a bright  
red flush, and passing his hand across his  
brow, as if to drive away some intrusive  
thought, he said,  
"One thing more, dearest. Your aunt  
leaves her to-morrow. After she is gone,  
this house cannot any longer be your home.  
Why not then come at once to one where  
your presence will be a blessing to me?"  
"Why not, darling Kate, give me the right I  
pay for to-morrow?"

"Oh, not so soon," said Kate, sobbing.  
"Why not?" After your relatives are  
gone, you ought not to remain here. Before  
your friends leave this house to-morrow, you  
ought to quit it. At the end of this street a  
carriage shall be waiting, which will bring you  
to me. I will prepare all to-night—our  
marriage license, witnesses, all that is need-  
ful—so that when you come to me it shall be  
never, never to part!"

"But my aunt," said Katharine, with the  
natural shrinking of a fearful woman's heart,  
unwilling to take the desperate step urged  
upon her, and yet not daring to repulse the  
tempter, lest she should cast away the love  
which had become so precious to her—she  
has been very unkind to me, but—"  
"Nay, Kate," replied Du Val, "this is mock-  
ing my love indeed, when you can weigh it  
and such a woman as Mrs. Grove in the same  
scale. But I will urge you no more; you  
are free to choose between us. If you think  
you owe any duty to a person who has so  
robbed and distressed you—who even now  
contemplates the greatest wrong of all, by  
abandoning you to the mercy of strange re-  
fers for her sake you think you ought to cast  
away your own happiness, and trample upon  
the heart of a man who would give up all  
for you—do so, I will plead no more. Be  
the cost of your decision what it may, if my  
very life sink in the struggle, I will accept  
you to-morrow. Insure your own happiness,  
Kate, and let me think of what I may suf-  
fer to-morrow."

Well had Du Val studied the generous  
nature of her when he addressed. As if it  
entreated—even the whisperings of her own  
heart—Kate might have remained firm; but  
she must have been more or less than the  
woman who could have listened unmoved to the  
accents of that proud, manly voice, struggling,  
as it seemed, against wounded pride, and the  
grief of wronged affection.

"Forgive me," she said at last, timidly ex-  
tending her hand; "I did not mean to pain  
you; but I am very young and ignorant.  
You will teach me and guide me right!"  
"Late that night Kate sat thoughtfully in  
her little comfortable bedchamber. The  
whole world, everything she thought of,  
had seemed to attend her cousin's summons.  
Then she had a poor, friendless depend-  
ent, almost without a home, at the mercy of  
those with whom she lived; now she was a  
betrothed wife—the dearest object upon  
earth to one whom she believed to be the  
kindest and most honorable of men. She  
who had been taunted with her dependence  
so long, was now to be mistress of a fortune  
and position worthy the acceptance of the  
proudest lady in the land, and through one  
whom she now knew she had loved uncon-  
sciously from the first, she was again to take  
her place in the station from which her  
mother's death had removed her.

In all this there was but one thought of  
sorrow, and that was the knowledge of the  
grief her flight would give to Edward, and  
how unable she was to explain anything, he  
might think of her. It was not in human  
nature to feel some triumph at the thought of  
her approaching emancipation, and the proof  
it would be to her oppressors that she was  
not to be the same contemptible being that  
she had been to them—that another, and he  
the greatest and most honored person of  
her acquaintance, had chosen her, passing  
them by, to love and bestow his name upon  
—that henceforward, save by her own will,  
they would more in spheres as wide asunder  
as possible. But, dear as this knowledge was  
to the pride of Kate, it was so only when  
she thought of her aunt and Jane. To-  
wards Edward she could feel no pride, no  
triumph. He had been almost invariably  
kind to her; and now that she had learned  
how deep and true was the affection he en-  
tained towards her, she felt for the grief  
she was about to inflict. The tears fell like  
rain from Katharine's eyes as she wrote the  
following—

MY DEAR EDWARD—It would be an insult  
to your sincerity if I could doubt that the  
receipt of this letter would give you great  
pain. I know it will, and believe me, this  
knowledge is the only thought which embitters  
the step I am about to take. Were it  
not for this, I should be very happy; for he  
into whose hands I have resigned my fate is  
true-hearted and honorable, and I love  
him, not as well, but nearly as well as I  
loves me. More than once, as Kate wrote  
and re-wrote this letter, leaving out first one  
sentence, and then another, trying to select  
those which would be least painful to her

## A FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE.

The most frightful accident that has oc-  
curred on Great St. Bernard since 1816, oc-  
curred on the 19th November. The follow-  
ing details are given by the London papers,  
the Mount St. Bernard dogs again coming  
in for some kind words—On the 19th inst.  
at the break of day, a caravan composed  
of twelve Italian workmen returning to  
their country, left the Bourg St. Pierre and  
the tavern of Proz, where they had passed  
the night, and, despite the foul weather  
and difficult state of the roads, attempted  
to cross the mountain pass or to reach the  
refuge, as circumstances might allow. The  
sky was dark, and there was a violent  
snowdrift. On reaching the spot known as  
the Montagne St. Pierre, halfway be-  
tween the starting point and the place of  
refuge, they were joined by two monks,  
preceded by the convent servant and a  
large-sized dog who, according to the rule  
of the monastery, came to meet the travel-  
lers. At this moment the drift of snow  
became intense. Suddenly a frozen water-  
spout, called *ceva* in the language of the  
mountaineers, whirled through the air and,  
whisking up the fresh-fallen snow, en-  
veloped the travellers. The first column  
composed of five Italian workmen, two  
monks, the servant and the dog, disappear-  
ed under a shroud of snow several metres  
thick, without any avalanche having fallen  
from the mountain; the seven others who  
were following were stricken down by the  
same cause a short distance from the first.  
A deadly silence followed. Suddenly the  
seven last victims buried in the snow  
succeeded in emerging from beneath the  
surface. They were saved and they return-  
ed to their starting place, after having made  
every endeavour to rescue their comrades  
from the grave in which they were probably,  
at this moment of writing, still alive. One  
of these men succeeded, by the force of  
instinct and the energy of despair, in break-  
ing through the ice piled above him. It  
was the monk Contat, from Sumbraucher.  
He dragged his bleeding limbs about a mile  
and a half from the grave where he had  
been buried for several hours, and reached  
the first hut, called the hospital, and situat-  
ed close to the Velan. It is there the  
young monk was found the next morning  
nearly insensible, after having been twenty-  
seven hours alone without food or assist-  
ance of any kind by his brother of the  
convent, who had come to look after the  
victims of the catastrophe. How had they  
become aware of the catastrophe? The dog  
Turco had succeeded in scratching through  
the snow and found his way back to the  
convent. At the sight of this noble animal,  
with his bruises and bleeding body, the  
monks no longer had any doubt as to the  
fate of their two brethren, and started at  
once to seek for them. A flask of spirits  
applied to the mouth of the only survivor  
of this scene—which is here narrated from  
his own description—restored him to life  
for a brief space, for a few minutes later  
he was a corpse. His colleague and six  
other companions, buried beneath the *ceva*  
have not yet been found.

## SHIPWRECKS AND LIVES LOST.

The wreck statistics for the first six  
months of the Year 1873, just printed, show  
that the number of lives lost from wrecks,  
casualties, and collisions on or near the  
coasts of the United Kingdom during the  
first six months of 1873, is 728. This is 138  
more than the number lost in the whole  
year 1872. The lives lost during the first  
six months of 1873 were lost in 98 ships;  
78 of them were laden vessels, 11 were ves-  
sels in ballast, and in 9 cases it is not known  
whether the vessels were laden or light; 22  
of the ships were entirely lost, and 16 sus-  
tained partial damage. Of the 728 lives  
lost, 81 were lost in vessels that foundered,  
243 through vessels in collision, and 122 in  
vessels stranded or cast ashore. The re-  
maining number of lives lost (179) were lost  
from various causes, such as through being  
washed overboard in heavy seas, explosions,  
and in missing vessels. The enormous in-  
crease in the loss of life in such short a  
period is accounted for the fact that 119  
of these lives were lost in wrecks and casu-  
alties which although they happened before  
1873, are included in the returns; the re-  
ports having been received too late for their  
respective years. 293 lives also lost through  
the sinking of the ill-fated "Northfleet"  
help to swell the number.

It appears from the returns that 83 ves-  
sels were not heard of after sailing or being  
spoken at sea, in which 1,025 lives are sup-  
posed to have been lost. Of these missing  
vessels, 78 belonged to the United King-  
dom, involving the loss of 844 lives, and 5  
belonged to British possessions abroad,  
involving the loss of 81 lives; 14 were steam-  
ships, involving the loss of 344 lives; 25  
of these vessels sailed from ports in the  
United Kingdom, 14 from ports in British  
possessions abroad, and 17 from foreign  
ports; 71 were laden vessels, 4 were ves-  
sels in all ballast, 1 was a fishing vessel, and  
in 7 cases it is unknown whether the ves-  
sels were laden or in vessels were laden or  
in ballast. Many of the missing vessels  
sailed previously to 1873, but were not re-  
ported until that year.

The December number of the *Blackwood's  
Magazine* comes to us in its usual plain  
style, and shows no consciousness of the  
approach of the Christmas season. Indeed,  
in its poems, "Agathon," and "The Cato  
of Lucan," it is rather suggestive of hea-  
thenism, but probably when the articles  
were prepared, the cheering odours of  
mince-pies and plum-puddings had not  
reached the olfactory organs of the writers.

The story of "Valentine and his Brother"  
is not yet finished, and we have another  
part of "Alice Lorraine," in which troubles  
cluster thickly round the unfortunate Hilary.

In "The Abode of Snow," we have suc-  
ceeded in reaching the snow-capped sum-  
mits, having attained the altitude of 16,000  
feet, but the entrance to Chinese Tartary is  
barred in the following interesting manner:  
The travellers were approaching the village  
of Shipki by a very fatiguing road, and the  
servants were sent on in advance to prepare  
the tents etc. The village is on a hill-side,  
and there is so little level ground in the  
vicinity, that the only space available for  
the purpose was in the narrow terraced  
fields, and there was a difficulty about ob-  
taining one of them, for "a band of hand-  
some and very powerful young Tartar