Senate News Room

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVI. CHARLOTTETOWN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1875. NO. 5.

ALMANAC FOR FEBRUARY, 1875.

MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon, 6th Day, 3h. 43m., a.m., N. E., below horizon.
First Quar., 13th Day, 1h. 8m., a.m., W.
Full Moon, 20th Day, 3h. 49m., a.m., S.W.
Last Quar., 28th Day, 5h., 39m., a.m., S.

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

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.

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

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

Orders will receive prompt attention.
July 7, 1873. 1y

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

H. R. MUHLICS'
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 Cisterns made, and Water Closets fitted up at the shortest notice.
CREIGHTON STREET,
OPPOSITE UNION HOUSE,
PICTOU, N. S.
Ch'town, June 1, 1874.—1y

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.—1 y Georgetown

BANGOR HOUSE,
PLEASANTLY SITUATED ON
North Side King's Square.
St. John, - - - New Brunswick.
J H. RUSSEL, PROPRIETOR.

CARRIAGE FACTORY.

THE Subscribers, having taken the Factory formerly occupied by PROUD & MACCOUBRAY, are prepared to conduct the business of CARRIAGE BUILDING in all its departments.

Carriages and Sleighs made to order.
Repairs done with neatness and despatch.
All orders filled when promised.
YOUNKER, OFFER & CO
Oct. 19, 1874—tf

St. Lawrence Marine Insurance Co. of P. E. Island.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, Esq., *President.*
JOHN F. ROBERTSON, Esq.
ARTEMAS LORD, Esq.
RALPH B. PEAKE, 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.—1y *Secretary*

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

TO THE PUBLIC.
Mr. H. Vinnicombe
WISHES to announce to the musical public of this city, that all orders in the line of his profession left at W. R. Watson's Drug Store, or at the office of J. M. Colby, 54 Broadway, will be promptly attended to.
Mr. Vinnicomb's system of tuning and refitting Pianos, Organs and Melodians, being that of Hamilton's system of even temperament, adopted by English and American Manufacturers, cannot be surpassed.
TERMS, Strictly Cash.
Jan. 18, 1875.—1m

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

PHENIX
INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Cash Assets, - - - $2,015,363.34.

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
WM. DUNLOP, Special Agent
Ch'town, July 27, 1874.—6m

THE EXAMINER
EVERY WEEK
Contains the latest Local,
DOMINION & FOREIGN NEWS,
Full and Accurate
SHIPPING AND MAREKT REPORTS,
Selections from the raciest and most improving Literature of the day;
Editorial Articles on Political, Industrial and Social Topics.

—:o:—

THE EXAMINER
IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY FORENOON,
BY THE
Examiner Printing & Publishing Co.
OFFICE,
Corner Queen and King Streets.
TERMS.

If paid in advance, 1 copy, 1 year,	$1.40
If paid within the year "	1 62
If not paid till after the end of year,	2.00

CLUB RATES.
THE EXAMINER will be forwarded to Clubs at the following rates per year—payment always in advance:—

5 copies one address, - - -	$ 7.00
10 " " "	10.00
15 " " "	14.00
20 " " "	17.00

Clubs may be made up at any time, but not for a shorter period than one year. Any person obtaining for the EXAMINER a Club of Five or more subscribers, will be entitled to a copy of the paper one year free of charge.
NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

—:o:—

ADVERTISEMENTS.
When people see a man advertise they know he is a business man, and his advertizing proclaims that he is not above business, but anxious to do it. Customers, like sheep, are gregarious, and flock where they see others go. If nobody else were engaged in the same business, it would be important to tradesmen and dealers to advertize in the paper, because they are tempted to buy what they read of. But others are engaged in the same business, and even if they do advertize, it becomes the more important for you to do so; if they do not advertize it becomes doubly important.—*Anon.*"

MERCHANTS
WILL FIND CUSTOMERS FOR THEIR
GOODS
By Advertising in the EXAMINER.
The usual reductions to those who
ADVERTIZE
BY THE YEAR.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Until further notice, Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

1 square, one insertion, - - -	$1.00
Each Continuation, - - - - -	00.25
Special Notices, " per line," - -	00.12

—:o:—

BOOK & JOB PRINTING.
HAVING IMPROVED
POWER & GORDON PRESSES,
And a good variety of
THE NEWEST STYLES OF TYPE,
we are prepared to do all kinds of
BOOK AND JOB PRINTING
on the Lowest Terms, at
THE EXAMINER OFFICE.

POETRY.

NIGHTFALL IN THE WOODS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE EXAMINER.]

Slow the western sun declines;
Darkness deepens in the woods;
Shadows wrap the sombre pines;
Summoned by her solemn mood,
Nature's vaulted temples make
Thoughts which poet never spake.

In the forest hollows dark,
Playingly the streamlet flows,
Where the birch, with ghastly bark,
Spectre-like, its branches throws;
And the lonely owlets cry
Breaks the stillness mournfully.

High on yonder blasted trunk,
Strikes the sun's declining ray;
Now in purple distance sunk
Till his splendors fast decay.
While the rising wind of night
Moaning knells the dying light.

SONNET.

[WRITTEN FOR THE EXAMINER.]

O Sun, shine out and rend the leaden cloud;
Breezes from heaven the rugged vapours blow;
Disperse the glooms which now the scene enshroud,
And living brightness on the world bestow.
Then, as the cheery beam thou dost restore,
The soul replies, responsive as the earth,
And spreads her wings, which folded were before,
Rejoicing in the universal mirth,—
For all her chords are tuned to nature's hand,
In Nature's choir-book every air is set;
Who, through the ages, doth declaring stand,—
Lest we our old earth lineage should forget;
And teaches us when stormy skies grow fair
Our peace doth most consist in loving her.

LITERATURE.

KATHARINE.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S TRIALS.

CHAPTER XI.

From this passage in the boys' conversation something may be gleaned of their dispositions. Ranulph, inheriting all his father's beauty of face and figure his firmness of purpose and lavish generosity, possessed also more reverence for virtue a higher and purer sense of honor, and a more unselfish nature. He was very proud—it was the one great fault of his character—and it was fostered by the willing homage of all around him. He was so handsome, so manly so gracious and winning in his pride that not one of those who served him would have had it less. It was a noble pride which raised those about him to his level, making them respect themselves as belonging to him—never degrading them. His father was wrong when he once described Ranulph as scornful, and his tone galling to bear; it was never galling except to the unworthy; and those whom Ranulph scorned, he shunned. Proud though he was himself, Mr. Du Val did not understand his son's pride; the lesser mind could not comprehend the greater.

But stronger than any other feeling was the boy's love for his mother, whom he ceased not to regard as the knights of old did their patronesses, as being almost beyond humanity; so that she who had for so many years lived as if love and honor were banished from the world, was now in danger of being spoiled by the watchful, admiring tenderness and submission which waited upon all she said and did.

Different in almost everything to his brother, Edward Du Val had little in common with any of his family. He was reserved and cold, sarcastic and shrewd resolute and patient. Ambitious of distinction, which, had he been the heir of Wallasay, might have resulted in the achievement of great and worthy deeds, but which, as a younger son, appeared likely to find vent in angry discontent or rash republicanism; loving his parents more as a habit than from any respect and affection, the only being whom he really seemed to esteem, with a feeling worthy the name, was his brother Ranulph. He appreciated him; and although he could not enter into his chivalrous character, nor his pride of their old, unblemished descent, he respected and honored both in him and somehow or the other, loved him the better for them. He was a great and thoughtful reader, but only of a certain sort of books—histories and biographies—those especially which treated of great national efforts for freedom, the struggles of such men as Cromwell and Washington Hampden and Mirabeau. But of these republican tendencies none knew much, except Ranulph and a certain Lord John Gascoigne, the sixth or seventh son of a very poor and very foolish old Duke, whose love of family antiquity, especially his own was carried to an extent which was perfectly absurd, and which his irreverent and clever son delighted in 'showing up'—a proceeding which, however he might indulge in it himself, would have been rather a dangerous experiment for any one else to try or follow in his presence.

Such was the family at Wallasay, when upon this keen, bright winter's evening they gathered before the huge blazing fire, in what was called the little dining-room feeling, one and all, that it was the last quiet evening they would have together for some time since the next day would see the great old house filled with visitors. The reflection was a very disagreeable one to Edward, who detested what he called the restraint and formality of society, but an agreeable one to the rest who thought that a gathering of pleasant people in a large country house, affording every facility for out-door and indoor amusements is by far the most agreeable kind of society in which English people can indulge. There is something so thoroughly social and yet independent about it, and at the same time such a complacent knowledge, that if one is at all 'nice,' the republic is so small, that one must be missed and valued in a much higher degree than one can ever hope for elsewhere. Much of the happiness of these gatherings depends, it is true, upon the hosts their discrimination in choosing guests who will assimilate, and their skill in finding out and improving their resources. But, certainly, if Mrs. Du Val was indeed perfect in anything it was in doing the honors of her own house; and perhaps it was to her graceful high-bred performance of these duties, that Kate owed something of her husband's admiration. It was surprising and gratifying beyond all expression to him to see how easily and naturally she glided into her place. With what gentle dignity and perfect self-possession she held her position amongst the haughty county matrons, who would at first have gladly looked their young rival down, but who now received her as cordially into the mysteries of their inner circle, as if she had been born among them.

'Mrs. Du Val,' said one of these great ladies to Kate, as, two or three mornings after her arrival, she stood with sundry other magnates round the great hall fire, discussing some subject which seemed to be of the utmost importance, 'do come here; we want your help—will you give it?'

'First let me know for what it is required, for it may be something I shall not like—the fitting out of an expedition to the moon, or one of the planets.'

'Oh, it's something better than that, Mrs. Du Val,' answered a very silly young lady, who always smiled to show her beautiful teeth and pretty little dimples; something you will be sure to like and that we cannot do without Mr. Du Val's consent.'

'My consent?' cried Maurice, who had been engaged in measuring some whips. What mischief, Lady Harriet, do you want my consent to perpetrate?'

'No mischief at all, Mr. Du Val,' returned the beauty, laughing as usual; 'only a fancy fair, such as they had last year at Newlands.'

'A fancy fair in the winter!'

'Oh no, not till summer; but it will take a long time to prepare, and we want to begin at once.'

'Very wise and provident indeed; but what has my consent to do with it? Do you want me to keep a stall?'

'Goodness no! What a funny idea! What could put such a strange thought into your head?' and the dimple deepened again.

'I don't know, except that when you are mysterious, one always expects something very original.'

'Do you? Well, but this is Lady Clyde's plan; it's her idea altogether.'

'What—that I should keep a stall?'

'No no—how tiresome you are! that the fair should be held here.'

'Here!—where?' cried Maurice, in dismay.

'In the grounds, on those beautiful flats by the river, said Lady Clyde, 'there could not be a better place.'

'Impossible! You must excuse me. I really cannot consent to such a thing. I have no ambition to throw open my place to the mercy of a mob.'

'Oh there wouldn't be a mob,' replied some one else; 'besides, it is for such a good object. I am sure, Mr. Du Val, when you know what it is for, you will not refuse. We want to raise a fund for the relief of the sufferers, from the dreadful hurricane in Barbadoes.'

'A very excellent object indeed especially for those who think that strangers have greater claims upon us than our own neighbors; but as I have no property in Barbadoes, nor any interest there I do not see why there are not fifty better places for your purpose than this.'

'Where? I do not know of one.'

'Nor I' answered Lady Clyde. 'I thought over every place in the country before I ventured to ask Mr. Du Val, but there is not one which has such facilities and attractions as this. And Mrs. Du Val—where shall we find such a hostess and patroness as she will be? Mr. Du Val, you must not refuse us.'

'Indeed, my dear Lady Clyde, I must!'

'But I will not take a refusal. You know how persevering I am; how I teazed you last year about that ball, and how glad you were afterwards that you had given way?'

'Yes, but this is quite a different affair.'

'Not at all, except that it is much more pleasant. Besides, only think how popular it will make you; how it will strengthen your interest for the next election, especially if young Scott contests it, as they say he will, now the match is arranged between him and Mary Vernon.

'The Duke of Landsfield's daughter?'

'Yes. The Duchess wrote to me yesterday; it is only just settled, and they are to be married in May, for fear, I suppose, that the lover should lose his senses if his happiness is deferred too long. Pah! what a horrid trade this match-making is!'

'But the fair, Lady Clyde—what has Mary Vernon's marriage to do with the fair?' broke in somebody.

'Everything. Don't you see, Mr. Du Val,' and the energetic lady turned to him, 'the combination of the Duke's interest with that of the Scotts makes a very formidable enemy for you. At one time I know it was said the Landsfield interest could carry the whole north side of the country; you had that last time, but now, of course, the Duke will support his son-in-law, and you will lose it. It behoves you, then, to take the field betimes, and gain a personal footing and friendship among the electors. Under cover of a fancy fair, you may canvass and win the hearts of half the country.'

'Oh, Lady Clyde!' laughed Maurice; 'what a diplomatist was lost to the world when fate made you a woman!'

'I know it, and therefore you must repair the wrong inflicted upon society by invariably following my advice. Nothing, you know, makes people so exquisitely sensible of a loss as seeing others profit by it.'

'I believe you are right; still I cannot bring myself to like this fair.'

'Never mind, let others do so, then. Your object will be better gained by their approbation than your own, will it not?'

'Yes, of course, but it strikes me rather that we are provided against an emergency that may never occur. Scott may not stand; he may content himself with talking about it, as he did last time.'

'No, he will not. Depend upon it the old Duke will not be satisfied unless his son-in-law is in Parliament; and George will be only too glad of some occupation to relieve him from the overpowering sweetness of his wife's constant society. But shame on your gallantry, Mr. Du Val, to yield to political considerations what you refused to our entreaties.'

'My dear lady, I have not yielded!'

'Oh yes, you have; or if not you will, which is all the same. You meant it from the first, only you like to make us all pray and beseech—it is comforting to your dignity. Well, now, I must go and find Mrs. Du Val, who ran away the moment you began to look awful, and consult about the first steps to be taken.'

But although the clever lady had talked down the master of Wallasay, she did not find it quite easy to persuade and manage the mistress.

Katharine had a strong, well-grounded objection to bazaars and fancy fairs and it was not until, coaxed over by his indefatigable persecutor, her husband took part against her, that she consented to the plan, although even then nothing could induce her to preside at a stall herself.

'I will furnish one,' she said, 'but I will do no more. I dislike this mock charity worse than anything I know, it is a false system. If we want to be charitable, why can't we give five, or ten, or twenty pounds each, and be satisfied? Why must we try to get value received for our money, in compliments as false as our own pretensions to deserve them, and praise which we ought to blush to hear, knowing, as we do, that the whole thing is more to minister to our vanity, than other people's needs?'

'Why, Mrs. Du Val,' said lady Clyde, laughing rather contemptuously, 'how long have you been a Puritan?—how long have you thought such vanities sinful?'

'Ever since I saw the evil of the system, by seeing those who had suffered from it.'

'Suffered?' echoed Lady Harriet. 'We want to help people, not to make them suffer.'

'Then unles this fancy fair is differently conducted to any other I ever saw, your intensions dear Lady Harriet, will be defeated.'

'How?'

'How do you propose to furnish the tables?'

'Oh, in the usual way; get all one's friends to work pretty things and then send them to us.'

'Then we are not to buy the things?'

'Oh, no! oh, dear no! we could not afford that—nobody ever does, unless it's a few trumpery affairs that one get's as cheap as one can from the people who work for bazaars, and such places.'

'Then we are to be charitable with other people's commodities? They are to find materials, and we take the credit. Well, first of all, I don't like that; but what I diss like ten times more than even this, is the injury we thereby do to those poor creatures who live by their ingenuity, and the work of their own hands. By thus turning amateur shopkeepers, we take away the employment by which hundreds exist, teach them to regard us as enemies instead of friends, and deprive many a good, industrious honorable young woman of the only means of support. When I was in town last year, after the magnificent fancy fair which turns the heads of us all, I saw too much of the misery it had wrought, to forget it easily. In my little district I had seven families reduced almost to starvation by the fair—people who work for fancy shops and the bazaars, but who, thrown out of employment by the sudden mania which converted customers into manufacturers, starved to gratify a caprice. I formed a resolution then, which I hope I shall never be tempted to break, never to make a single article that I can, and ought to buy, and never to contribute one atom of my own work to any bazaar or fancy fair.'

'My Dear Mrs. Du Val!' exclaimed Lady Clyde, who would have looked bored but for the graceful energy of Kate's manner, and the other trifling circumstance that she was her hostess, from whom she was trying to coax a concession, 'what a capital pleader you are: you would certainly make a convert of me if I could afford it, but we poor souls who have not such long purses as yours, must make up the deficiencies with our fingers.'

'Nay, Lady Clyde,' said Kate, smiling, and shaking her head; 'not with your own fingers, but with those of your friends.'

'Well, perhaps so; but if you adhere to your Quixotic determination, I suppose you will not help us?

'Yes, I will as far as I can. I will give all that I can afford, for the purchase of articles to furnish one stall, provided a certain number of ladies do the same. I have never lost sight of the poor people I spoke of just now, and I shall be very thankful indeed to take your orders for them.'

'You are quite right, Mrs. Du Val,' said a young man who had stood listening but taking no part in the discussion. 'I perfectly agree with you. I dislike those depots for charity, where ladies play at keeping shop, and coolly demand half a guinea for a cigar, and when you are confiding enough to give them a five pound note, they return you no change, thinking that amply paid by a smile. I never mean to be deluded into one again, but if you'll take the trouble to invest ten pounds for me in purchasing from your protege's so much knick-knackery for your own stall, I shall be very happy to contribute it.'

'Thank you, Mr. Tyrrel, but I do not intend having a stall.'

'Well, present the goods to the Ladies' Committee; I dare say they'll take them.'

And so the fancy fair was decided upon, Mr. Du Val consenting for political reasons, and Kate for the good her commission would do to those most wretched of all people, women who earn a scanty, uncertain living by the labour of their hands, and exertion of their taste and ingenuity.

To be continued.

UNCOMMONLY PARTICULAR.—A London letter says: "The Duchess of Edinburgh does not grow in favor with the public. They never quite forgave her for asserting her precedence over the Princess Beatrice, and she had certainly, given proof of a haughty disposition. As a general rule, our own royal family do not give themselves airs, and this sort of personal pride is especially resented in a foreigner. A curious instance of it took place the other day at Chiswick, when the Duke and Duchess went to visit a certain famous collection of hot-house flowers. The proprietor of the plate wished to explain the merit of his plants, but the path was narrow, and to press to her side would have been indecorous as well as dangerous to his pots, and to precede her, he was given to understand, would have been (in Russia) to commit high treason. At last they came to a swing door, which only required a push but which, to the Russian Duchess, was an immense barrier, she had never opened a door for herself in her life, and was not going to begin in a nursery garden at Chiswick. Her splendid attire blocked up the path so that to pass by her was impossible, and the whole party consequently came to a dead lock. The unhappy proprietor was in despair. The Duke came to his assistance. 'She won't open the door,' said he; that is quite out of the question. Do you run round, open it for her, and keep in front of her. Walk backwards, and never mind your flower pots.' Whether any flower pots were broken, I don't know; but I will stake my existance that if they were, the Duke did not pay for them."

The Atchenese war, of which little has been heard lately in this part of the world again forms the subject of a despatch, the Dutch having carried a string of nine forts by assault.

WAR.

What is this war which seems so grand; this war whose echoes fill the earth; whose fire-flashes dazzle onlookers; this war which agitates us beyond all excitements? Enough, in all conscience, has been written about its grandeur, its ferocity, its horror. We have all been told a thousand times that it has exercised more influence than any other cause on the history of the world; we are aware that it has made and unmade nations; we know that it produces slaughter, suffering, starvation and disease; that in no case, however necessary it may have been, has it done real good to men. We are conscious that it has never caused lasting benefits to either conquerors or conquered; that it has, invariably, in the long run, damaged both sides, and that the one argument which can be invoked in favor of it is, that we cannot do without it. But, notwithstanding all these convictions, we go on admiring it and building glory on it. We are divided into 'the bad who think war a pleasure, and the good who think it a necessity,' but, whichever way we take it, we respect in it the sovereign tribunal of the earth. Now, here begins our blindness; here we indulge the sort of fallacy which Lord Stowell called a 'wild conceit,' for how can respect be due to a tribunal whose first act is to suppress all law, to annul all right, to put an end to justice? This is what war does, for war cannot coexist with justice, right or law; and the evidence thereof is wofully abundant. We find it everywhere. Marius exclaimed that 'the din of arms prevented his hearing the laws;' the bashful Pompey, who was so timid that he blushed when he had to speak in public, asked:—'Am I, who am in arms, to think of laws?' Ennius said of soldiers—'They have recourse to arms and not to right;' and Tacitus informs us (though we were aware of it without his attestation) that 'in the highest fortune what is strongest is most just.' If from this purely Roman evidence we turn elsewhere about the world, we find great mounds of proof to the same effect. The books on the law of nations are brimful of it, and we may consult them usefully and safely, for they do not touch the sentimental phases of the case, or even analyse immoral elements; they confine themselves to principles, practices, and precedents, they indicate the rules which ought to guide belligerents, they acquaint us with the principles on which war should be conducted.

They tell us that the first consequence of war, in its action on right and justice, is to abrogate all treaties which previously existed between the warring nations. Now "abrogating treaties" is a euphemism for doing away with law, for treaties are the law by which nations regulate their mutual relations, and though it may be urged that, as war puts an end to all relations, there no longer remains anything to regulate. Such argument is illusory; it neglects the substance for the shadow; it considers only the result, and fails to justify the cause. The fact remains unaltered that the instant consequence of a state of war is to destroy all former legal bonds between the parties, including, besides treaties, all the unwritten rules and usages which are habitually applied between friendly States, and too free them from all further care for the obligations, which, to that moment, had served to guide their mutual attitude. But here again it will be said that those concealed obligations are at once replaced by other duties fitted to the new conditions which result from war, and that these latter duties constitute a new legal bond as strict and real as that which rested on the previous obligations contracted during peace. Such reasoning is, however, in contradiction with all our ideas of right. We have been taught to think that right is based on truths which cannot vary: that it is unchanging always and forever, in principle and in application; that robbery and murder, for example, are invariably wrong. If this is a correct impression, how can it ever become right to legalize robbery and murder? How can it be justice to use the words of Cato, 'to put private robbers into prison, while public robbers are seen in purple and gold?' If the commandments do not mislead us, and if the code which we have based upon them is not altogether childish, it really is and always will be wrong to kill and steal. The question is, of course open to discussion, like all other questions; and ingenius minds may find subtle reasonings to show that nothing can be more beneficial to humanity, or more in harmony with the objects of creation, than to assassinate and rob; but notwithstanding the considerations which may be invoked in favor of that view, the popular impression is at present the other way. There is a general feeling not only that robbery and murder deserve punishment, but that they never can, under any circumstance, become acts of virtue. Common sense joins justice in insisting on the soundness of this view, and in protesting that the laws of war are powerless to change axioms which are as immovable as the North Star. Of course, both robbery and murder and and all manner of ill-treatments are necessary in war, and of course war is indispensable, and must go on: but let war be recognized as it is, and let us cease to attribute to it the imaginary faculty of conferring upon wrong the qualities of right. We are not making the absurd attempt to prove that war in itself is bad, or that it ought to be surpressed; that insensate effort may be abandoned to the excellent enthusiasts who are pleased to waste upon it their energy and their time; our object is very different; it is to shows that, however needful war may be, it is utterly unworthy of moral approbation, and ought not, consequently, to be admitted as a source of glory.
—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A Western paper thinks it absurd to talk about the reckless extravagance of the American people, when a Chicago man worked all day to clean a three-cent postage stamp so that he might use it again.

The crew of a vessel belonging to New Zealand, with or without provocation, have been murdered by the natives of Santa Cruz, in the South Pacific, and the savages, encouraged by their success, next ventured to attack a British man-of-war. Santa Cruz is one of the Queen Charlotte Islands, lying between the Matticolls and Solomon Islands.

A recent writer says that corpulence is not a disease. The founder of the English Church was a fat man; Luther was corpulent; Napoleon I., though his carriage was erect and soldierly, had much adipose tissue about him, Byron was inclined to corpulency, as were most of the literary worthies of the Elizabethan era. So if corpulence is a disease it certainly has not a bad effect on the brain.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Imperial Parliament will meet on the 5th of February.

Kentuckians are digging up skeletons of females eleven feet high.

There are nearly 100,000 colored Freemasons in the United States.

The gold produced in Sherbrook district, Nova Scotia, last year amounted to $76,000.

A strike is in progress among the colliers of Gloucestershire, and the strikers are riotous.

Valuable deposits of quicksilver have been found on the State of San Luis Potosi, in Mexico.

Coal discoveries on Puget Sound have set the settlers to prospecting every hill in the vacinity.

The British Government has ordered one of the ships of the royal navy to resurvey the Suez canal.

During the year 1874, 18,423 tons of ice were sent South from Illinois. This is about 1,675 car loads.

The Australian colonies have succeeded in incurring public debts amounting in the aggregate to $280,000,000.

The West Cumberland Iron and Steel Company—a British corporation—reports a loss of $190,000 on the business of last year.

The gold coinage struck by Imperial Government between the 15th and 21st of November amounted to 518,120 marks.

The Pope has decided to place twelve statues around the cupola of St. Peter's, in accordance with the design of Michael Angelo.

The Parliament of Victoria, Australia, has granted a sum of $50,000 to be expended on "prospecting" for gold, coal and other minerals.

A turret ship of 1,300 tons 185 feet long, 44 feet beam, and drawing six feet six inches of water, has been constructed in Liverpool for the Agrentine Government.

Several young American artists who have lately returned from Europe are going back in disgust. They are better patronized by foreigners than by their own countrymen.

A United States senator is alleged to have a letter from a clergyman offering him $50 to use his influence to get the reverend gentleman the job of praying for the senate.

Jerusalem would seem to be an unpleasant place for people who don't care to be murdered. More than a hundred murders have been committed there within a year, and not one of the murderers has been punished.

On Tuesday the 29th ult., Mr. Gladstone completed his 65th year, having been born on the 29th December, 1809; and on the 31st ult., Mr. Disraeli his 69th year, his birthday having been on the 31st of December, 1805.

The trustees of the "Printers' Greeley Memorial" announce that they are prepared to receive contributions to the fund, and can definitely say that the erection of an appropriate monument to the memory of Horace Greely is assured.

There has been no more shameful fact in the whole Beecher-Tilton history than the parade in court of the two women most interested in the case. That sacrifice of two souls for the sake of effect on the jury is more cruel and terrible than all that went before.

It was a woman—Elizabeth, Countess of Thanat, who first petitioned the Irish Government for a penny post. This was one hundred and seventy-two years ago. Subsequently, for that valuable hint, she was awarded a pension of three hundred pounds per annum.

Statistics for nine months of the year 1874, the last quarter of the year not being included, show that while in England and Scotland there was a very marked increase in the consumption of intoxicating liquors over the corresponding period of the previous year, there was a large decrease in the amount consumed in Ireland.

One night recently the gas went out in Marseilles and left the whole city in darkness. At that moment a gymnast was performing on the flying trapese in the theatre. He was even in the air at the very instant, having made his leap from one trapese to catch the other. He caught the other successfully, but in such a nervous condition that he remained in a convulsive or cataleptic state. he could not relax his grasp to change his position; his muscles held rigidly as steel and his whole body was fixed swinging like a stone. He was taken down in the condition and recovered next day.

A nondescript flat fish, half shark, half ray, eight inches long, five wide and one and one-sixteenth thick, has been found on the San Paulo, (Brazil) coast, among rocks constantly bathed by the sea. It lives on the sea urchins (echinidæ) attacks them and breaks off their spines with a boney beak, and when they are disarmed devours their flesh among the rocks, securing itself while doing so in a crevice by means of two strong fins, fortified by boney plates from the shoulders. Its back is rough and covered with spines. It appears altogether unknown to science, but as it looks very much like a bat the fishermen call it a bat.

REMOVING MANURE.—During the past twenty-five years the opinions of the intelligent farmers have changed considerably on the subject of the treatment of manure. Then it has generally believed that manure piled up to rot and discompose was a better investment than money at interest or wine in the process of ripening. Now the great majority of farmers believe that there is a great loss in storing manure and unless it is to be applied for the advantage of certain crops, they prefer to apply it to the soil in a green state.

Then it was thought necessary to keep a manure heep covered in order to prevent the escape of ammonia. Now it is believed the noxious gas that is given off from manure is not ammonia in the main, but volatile substances of little value. An English chemist shows that it is chiefly sulphuretted hydrogen. Then the tractice was to cover up the manure as soon as it was to be drawn out, and many farmers would allow the manure to be spread out only a little in advance of turning the furrows over it. Now there is a general preference shown to spreading the manure broadcast, and letting it remain on the surface of the ground.

Twenty years ago manure was not hauled into the field till it was wanted for the use of a crop about to be planted, and was then placed in heaps from the cart or wagon. Now the practice is becoming general of hauling it into the field as it is made, and of scattering it broadcast directly from the waggon. The time in the year in which this is done is deemed to be immaterial, but as more manure is made in the winter than in summer, or at least more in collection it is hauled out at that time.

The following are some of the advantages of hauling out manure in winter, soon after it is dropped. The air in and about the farm buildings is kept from being filled with foul odors; the barn and stable yard are more cleanly, the ground over which the manure is drawn, being frozen, is not injured by the wheels of a cart or waggon; larger loads can be taken, and during much of the time a sled can be used instead of a waggon; the manure may be thrown direct into the waggon-box, and the labor of once handling it saved, the labor of both men and horses are of little value in the winter, as compared with winter.

Of course, manure should not be hauled in winter and placed on steep hillsides or in the vicinity of gullies where it would wash away, but in other situations it may be applied to good advantage. The liabilities to injury are very small. If the weather is very cold and the ground is frozen the manure will remain frozen on the top of the ground. If the winter is an open one, however, the manure will become dissolved and pass into the soil where it is needed. —*Chicago Times.*