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THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVI. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1875. NO. 38.

The Examiner

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BY
William L. Cotton,

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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	10.00	11.24	12.50	13.74	16.22	18.70	21.18	23.66	47.32
11 do.	5.50	6.87	8.25	9.62	11.00	12.37	13.75	15.12	17.85	20.58	23.31	26.04	52.08
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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 SEP'T. 1875.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 7th day, 5h. 25m. p. m., South.
Full Moon, 15th day, 8h. 29., N. W., below horizon.
Third Quarter, 22nd day, 2h. 48m. a. m., S.E.
New Moon, 29th day, 8h. 43m., a. m., N. E.

D. M	DAY WEEK	SUN rise H M	SUN sets H M	MOON sets H M	HIGH water H M	DAY'S len'th H M
1	Wedn'sd'y	5 25	6 34	A 7 41	11 44	13 9
2	Thursday	27	32	7 56	M0 14	5
3	Friday	28	30	8 12	0 45	2
4	Saturday	29	28	8 29	1 91	12 59
5	Sunday	30	26	8 52	2 7	56
6	Monday	32	24	9 16	2 41	52
7	Tuesday	33	22	9 49	3 40	49
8	Wedn'sd'y	34	20	10 29	4 53	46
9	Thursday	36	18	11 21	6 16	42
10	Friday	37	17	11 59	7 31	40
11	Saturday	38	15	M1 30	8 29	37
12	Sunday	39	13	2 43	9 14	34
13	Monday	41	11	3 58	9 55	30
14	Tuesday	42	9	5 19	10 31	27
15	Wedn'sd'y	43	7	6 31	11 9	24
16	Thursday	44	5	7 48	11 40	21
17	Friday	46	3	9 10	A 18	17
18	Saturday	47	1	10 35	0 58	14
19	Sunday	48	5 59	11 59	1 45	11
20	Monday	50	57	A 25	2 42	7
21	Tuesday	51	55	2 39	3 57	4
22	Wedn'sd'y	52	53	3 37	5 32	0
23	Thursday	53	51	4 22	7 0	11 59
24	Friday	54	49	4 51	8 8	55
25	Saturday	55	47	5 13	8 56	52
26	Sunday	56	45	5 33	9 36	49
27	Monday	58	43	5 49	10 12	45
28	Tuesday	6 0	41	6 4	11 43	41
29	Wedn'sd'y	1	40	6 18	11 11	39
30	Thursday	2	5 38			11 36

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

CARVELL BROS.,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS.
Lower Queen S. 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.

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.]

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.

FIRE INSURANCE!

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

PHENIX
INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Cash Asses, - - - $2,015,383.84.

The above Offices being of UNDOUBTED STANDING, guarantee perfect security and Prompt Payment of Losses.
DETACHED DWELLINGS insured for One, Two, or Three Years on SPECIALLY ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.
FENTON T. NEWBERY,
AGENT.
Jan. 18, 1874. 1y

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY
FIRE AND LIFE.

Invested Funds, 1st Jan'y., 1874,	$21,628,356
Deposited with Receiver General of Canada,	162,800
Other Investments in Dominion of Canada,	367,091

FAIR RATES.
Prompt & Liberal Settlements.

Insurance against Fire effected upon Private Residences, Household Furniture and Farm Properties, for
One, Three or more years,
At Reduced Rates.
Office—Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
R. R. FITZGERALD, Agent
Ch'town, July 27, 1874.—6m

SEA-SIDE HOTEL.
Formerly "Ocean House."
Rustico Beach, P. E. I.,
Having been bought and thoroughly refitted and refurnished
In First-class Style!
BY THE SUBSCRIBERS, WILL BE
RE-OPENED FOR THE SEASON,
FROM
1ST JUNE TILL 1ST OF OCTOBER NEXT.

Every Attention Given to Guests!

TERMS MODERATE.

As a summer resort the "Sea-side," is unrivalled.

A Salubrious and Bracing Atmosphere.

Excellent Surf Bathing!

A Magnificent View of the Bay and Ocean.

Best Fishing Grounds on North Shore, with boats for fishing and pleasure constantly on hand.

Coaches connect with every Train to and from Charlottetown and Summerside, at the Hunter River Station, as below:

PRESENT TIME TABLE.—Trains leave Charlottetown at 6 30 a. m., and 2 p. m Returning leave Hunter River at 7.55 a. m., and 8.25 p. m. Leaves Summerside at 6 a. m., and 6 and 6.30 p. m. Returning leave Hunter River at 7.55 a. m., and 3.40 p. m.

Any change in Time will be duly advertised.
JOHN NEWSON,
W. A. HUTCHESON,
May 17, 1875.

"At Egmont Bay."

THE Subscriber is prepared to take contracts for any quantity, or act as agent for parties in want of the following:
CEDAR OR JUNIPER FENCE POSTS, PAILINGS, SILLS, ASH AND SOFTWOOD, STAVES, HOOPS, &c., &c., &c.
Now is the time.
U. C. TRUDELLE
Egmont Bay, Dec. 21, 1874

POETRY.

THE BELLS!

I.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
On from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! How it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III.

Hear the loud alarm bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling of the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells.

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menance of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah the people—
They that live up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND;
OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

The time for the departure of Marcus drew near. As he was to return during the long holidays of the next summer, the separation would be comparatively short, and there was no cause for grief at parting. But Aunt Milly and Katy wept bitterly, notwithstanding the former imagined a college a kind of Pandominum, where the evil spirit held his gala days, and she tried to make Marcus promise to nail a horse-shoe over the door to keep off the witches He must never look at the new moon over the left shoulder, nor tell his dreams before breakfast, if they boded evil. She gave him a little parcel, containing camphor, asafœtida, and the spirits of turpentine, sewed tightly to prevent the charm from escaping; but as this would not impart a very agreeable perfume to his wardrobe, with all due gratitude for Aunt Milly's kindness, he took the liberty of casting aside the boasted amulet against disease. The nice woollen socks which she had knit and Katy marked were carefully preserved, as well as all the parting tokens of regard presented by Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy. The latter encircled his finger with a gold ring, sparkling with a ruby gem, when she bade him farewell.

'You remember,' she said, 'in the eastern tale you read aloud to us the other night, the ring which the genius Lyndaric gave to Amurath, whose warning pressure reminded him, when he deviated from virtue and truth. Let this golden circle be to you Lyndaric's magic ring. You recollect, when the ruby turned pale, it was an indication of the displeasure of the genius. If you are ever tempted into the paths of sin, though your ruby gem may retain its lustre, imagine that my heart is fainting from the disappointment of its fondest hopes; and remember, above all my dear Marcus, that a greater than Lyndaric has placed a monitor in your breast, whose warning voice, if slighted, will turn to thunder in your ears.'

Marcus kissed the hand that gave the ring, with a heart to full for utterance, and was turned away—

'Not so, my son,' said Mrs Bellamy, folding her arms around him; 'a mothers fondest blessing rest upon you.'

Once more Marcus felt as if the heavens were opened, and the spirit of his departed mother folded her wings over his heart.

Mr. Bellamy's parting gift was a gold watch. 'Let this teach you the value of time, my boy, so that you waste none of its golden sparks. God bless you.'

Thus embalmed with blessings and crowned with gifts the tears of sweet Katy on his cheeks, and the sobs of Aunt Milly still echoing in his ears, Marcus left Hickory Hill, with the morning sun. He rode on horseback to the next town, to meet the stage that was to bear him to the place of his destination. His father accompanied him there and a negro followed in a buggy, bearing his trunk. The conversation of the father and the son was full of earnest interest. Marcus thought of their interview on the margin of the Long Moss Spring, and pure and deep as the gush of its silvery waters was the gratitude that overflowed his heart, for the blessings that had followed them since that sad and clouded hour.

Towards the close of the second day's journey, the stage stopped at a blacksmith's shop, that a broken tire might be repaired. Marcus was glad of the opportunity of giving freedom to his limbs, and ran forward through the pine woods that shaded all that portion of the country. Straight and symmetrical as the pillars of an antique temple, the auburn-coloured trunks bore aloft their green and odorous crests, meeting overhead, and forming a fretwork, such as man, with all his boasted art, could never imitate. Marcus heard the music of a gushing spring, gurgling over the rocks, and he hastened on, to bathe his thirsty lips in its waters.

'Oh!' thought he, 'that I could see my own dear mossy spring! that I could behold the long blue plumes curling so gracefully over the white limestone, and under the clear waves!'

There was a sudden turn in the road where the spring spouted, and Marcus started back in astonishment, as he leaped forward to plunge his head into the basin. A young girl sat upon a rock, just above the fountain, dipping a riding-whip in the water, and flirting the drops about in a sportive manner. She was habited in an equestrian garb, though no horse was near. A small hat, with black, drooping feathers, sat jauntily on her head, and a long, dark riding-skirt, though drawn up in many folds, still almost touched the edge of the fountain. She looked up as Marcus drew near, and discovered a face of singular brightness and expression. She was a deep brunette, but a rich sunset glow lighted up the twilight of her cheeks, and a smile, mischievous, and even saucy, curled her red lips as she gazed on the young intruder, as much as to say, 'Who are you, sir, and how dare you come so near *my* dominions?'

'Have I permission to drink of the spring?' asked he, taking off his hat in courtesy to the nymph of the fountain, who nodded her head laughingly, though the same smile illumined her face. He knelt down on the rock, and bowed his head to the gush of the waters. A sudden shower drenched his hair, while a wild burst of laughter rang musically in his ear. The fair equestrian had amused herself, by throwing up the water with her whip, and saturated the sunny locks that swept on its surface.

Emboldened by her mirth, Marcus shook the drops from his head, and asked her if she was the fairy of the spring.

'No,' said she, laughing; 'I am only a poor little maiden, who has lost her pony. My saddle turned, I jumped off; Fairy—(you see, I am greater than a fairy for I have one under my sway)—Fairy cut all kinds of capers, and ran off, nobody knows whither. Havn't you seen a stray pony, young gentleman, in your travels?'

Marcus could not help smiling at the perfect nonchalance of the young girl, and at the coolness with which she had seated herself, at that late hour of the day, waiting for the recreant that might never return. He longed to offer his services, to go in search of the stray animal, but the stage might come along during his absence, and he be left in the wild woods, at the mercy of this gay but haughty damsel. While he was explaining his situation, and regret at his inability to offer his service as her knight, a negro approached, leading the meek and penitent-looking pony, who came up to the side of its young mistress with a look of human sensibility, deprecating her anger.

'Naughty Fairy,' said she fondly stroking its dark-brown mane; 'shame on you to leave your mistress in the lurch. You shall feed on dry bread and water till morning, to pay for it. No, I thank you, sir,' said she, as Marcus eagerly held out his hand to assist her to mount, bounding at the same time on its back, with the lightness of a sylph; 'I want no help. Pray tell me the name of the brave knight who was so willing to help me in my extremity.'

Marcus blushed deeply at this sarcastic speech, but he answered with becoming spirits:—'My time is not my own, fair miss. Should I lose my passage and my trunk, I should be in a sorry plight in these woods.'

'Oh, we could give you a thousand trunks for one,' answered the proud little lady, and our house is large enough to entertain all the wandering squires in Christendom. So, you will not tell me your name?' added she, with a look so soft and womanly it was quite bewitching from contrast.

'Most willingly,' said Marcus, 'hoping to adorn with the highest honors of the university to which I am bound.'

'Marcus Warland!' she repeatd — and Marcus thought he had never heard his name sound so sweetly before. 'That does not sound badly. So, you are ambitous, it seems?'

'Very—there are no bounds to my ambition. I feel as if I could dare all and attain all. But are you not going to return my courtesy, and tell me by what name I may remember *you*?'

'And who told you to remember me at all?' answered the wild brunette, putting her foot in the stirrup, preparatory to flight. 'You will forget me as soon as Fairy plunges in these woods. Let me see. They call me Puss, Pet, Missy, and Tom-boy—Dash and lightning sometimes. You may take your choice. They are all pretty and fanciful.'

'I should think Lightning the most appropriate,' said Marcus, feeling the lambent brightness of her glances playing on his face.

'You talk very well for your age,' she cried, with a serious air. 'You can't be more than sixteen, I am sure?'

'You guess marvellously well,' replied Marcus, laughing at her odd inquisitive[ness]; were thought[illegible] that she would not gratify his own curiosity. The rumbling of the stage was heard as it came thundering down the hill.

'Good bye, Master Marcus Warland,' cried she, holding out her beautiful, ungloved hand, with a mixture of bashful archness and haughty condecension; 'when you win all the blushing honours to which you are aspiring, may I be there to see and admire.'

One cut of her splendid whip on Fairy's flank, and Miss Lightning vanished from his sight, leaving him so dazzled and bewildered by the unexpected encounter, that he came near getting into the windows of the stage instead of the door.

Marcus had met many grown ladies and young misses at Mrs. Bellamy's, and the companionship of his refined and beautiful benefactress had given him an ease of manners in the society of ladies seldom met with at the usually awkward and doubtful era of his life. The remarkable beauty of his person, combined with the frankness, spirit, and grace of his deportment made, made him a favourite wherever he went. The conscousness of being able to please gave him confidence that never overreached the bounds of modesty, and a gaiety chastened by prefect good-breeding. But there was something so teasing so baffled about this original brunette, so different from any one whom he had even met before, that it haunted him, and even in his dreams the dark girl of the fountain pursued him, with her menacing little whip, and dashed the spray over his uncovered head.

CHAPTER V.

Christmas was at hand—the great saturnali of the South—when for seven days the slave revels in all the joys of freedom, and, as in the ancient festsvals celebrated in honor of the fathers of the gods, the master and mistress act a subordinate part. Whatever services are required during these gala days are liberally rewarded, though they may be spontaneously offered. An unprejudiced stranger, who wished to see some of the *lights* that illumine the darkness of slavery, would rejoice in the opportunity of visiting Bellamy Place while the holidays were infusing their gladdening influence through the whole plantation.

For two or three days previous, Mrs. Bellamy, assisted by the delighted Katy, was assorting the presents she had prepared for all the household slaves. Those who were called the field negroes were remembered by the bounty of their master, who never assigned them a niggard boon. The gifts of Mrs. Bellamy generally consisted of a handsome calico dress, a radiant handkerchief, and those little showy, fancy articles that set off to advantage their shining and jetty skins. The little negroes were allowed to hang up their stockings, sure that St. Nicholas would fill them with sweet cakes and candy.

It was the morning of the first day of Christmas week, and with the earliest faint auroral streak merry voices were tumbling on the top of each other, and making the house ring with 'Christmas gift, master!' 'Christmas gift, mistress!' When a master and mistress so kind and liberal as Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy are thus aroused from their slumbers, the gift seekers are never sent empty away, but the ready packets are tossed to the right owners, or a promise given that it is faithfully kept. But it is not the master and mistress alone who are thus honoured. Every member of the house, whoever it may be, is saluted by the same greeting, and when the white population are satisfied with the honours they have received, the negroes run headlong against each other, repeating from the altitude of their lungs, the annual unwearied cry of 'Christmas gift!' Then follows the exulting shout, 'I've caught you!' with the climax of a laugh such as only a negro can send out through the ivory portals of sound.

The holidays were ushered in with unusual excitement, as the nuptials of King and Cora were to be celebrated with all the brilliancy befitting such distinguished personages. The marriage of the favourite household slave of a wealthy planter is a circumstance of nearly as much interest as that of a son or daughter. Here were two favourites, and of course preparations of unwonted magnificence were made. Mr. Bellamy, at the time his own mansion was built, had erected a large hall expressly for a dance-room for his negroes, and every night of the annual festival the animating strains of the violin winged the feet which neither toil had stiffened nor slavery had weighed down. The wedding of Cora was to be succeeded by a ball, to which the negroes of the neighbouring plantations were invited, and for which, invitations, written by Katy in her fairest hand, had already been circulated.

The only drawback to the hilarity of the occasion was the Carthaginian General. Though he was apparently subdued by the mild influence of his mistresss, and was really so for the time, his passions were only slumbering. Like the chained mastiff that guarded his master's yard, they had lost none of their strength, but were ready to break loose and deal destruction around them. Following the counsels of Mrs. Bellamy, Cora put aside her little, coquettish, triumphant airs, and treated him with real kindness, but it seemed to have no effect on his dark and sullen mood. Mrs. Bellamy did not express the apprehensions that filled her mind, but she had a sad misgiving that something would happen to sadden the prospects of the beautiful mulatto. Still her hands loved to adorn her with the bridal robes, which enhanced, as they usually do, the natural beauty of the wearer. Cora's dress and the ornaments that decorated it were the Christmas gifts of her mistress, and many a fair bride of the race of snow would be proud to clothe herself in raiment as tasteful and becoming. The transparent Swiss muslin frock, the glistening white satin sash, the white blossoms that wreathed her jetty and braided hair, were all that a fashionable belle could desire. Her coral necklace and bracelets contrasted richly with the bright golden hue of her neck and arms; and deep and brilliant as the coral glowing under the darkening wave was the colour that dyed her round and dimpled cheeks.

As she stood before her mistress in the beauty of her bridal attire, smiling under her pleased and admiring gaze a sudden saddness clouded her brow, and tears gathered unbidden into her soft, black eyes.

'I don't know what is the reason, mistress,' said she, 'but I feel so bad to-night; I do think something is going to happen to me or King; I've seen so many bad signs lately.'

'Oh, Cora, you must not believe in signs,' said Katy.

'I can't help it, Miss Katy. I dreamed I was married last night, and that is a sure sign of a funeral; and the owls have been hooting on an old tree back of the kitchen for more than a week.'

'But you know there is a charm in a wedding ring, Cora, that nothing can resist, so you must hasten to put one on,' said Mrs. Bellamy, in a reassuring tone.

The ceremony was performed in a back sitting-room, which was decorated with holly and pine boughs, so that it looked like an evergreen bower. King who was worthy of his royal name, would not have exchanged situations with Prince Albert, or any other potentate of Europe; and the black retinue that surrounded this son and daughter of Africa, whose paler complexions showed they approached a fairer race, gazed upon them with as much admiration and deference as England's royal pair ever inspired. But when the doors of the supper-room were thrown open a frame building contiguous to the ball-room, the *coup d'œil* was dazzling as a sunburst. The table was brilliantly lighted and adorned with all the flowers a mild southern winter so liberally supplies. Cakes beautifully ornamented and frosted as white as ivory, oranges, confectionaries and all the luxuries that are customary on such occasions, covered the board. These dainties were partly supplied by Mrs. Bellamy and partly by the negroes themselves, who took a pride and delight in appropriating some of their own earnings to adorn the marriage-feast. Cora, who sought in vain among the wedding guests for the powerful form and raven face of Hannibal, suffered her spirits to rebound from the weight that had oppressed them, and gaily laughed and brightly blushed, and gave herself fully up to the enjoyment of woman's triumph hour The transition from the supper to the ball-room was followed by greater hilarity and more unrestrained freedom. Wilder and wilder grew the mirth and excitement, till each fibre of every plank in the floor seeemed to quiver beneath the bounding, flying, crossing, pigeon-winged feet that kept time to the quick, bewitching strains of the viol and the tamborine. It was inspiring to look on the master of the last instrument; the way he rattled on the parchment was quite supernatural. Shutting his eyes and opening his mouth, and throwing back his head, his knuckles rang like brazen balls on the resounding instrument. Sometimes he would rap it thunderingly with his head, then whirling it with inconcievable rapidity to his feet, tap it with his heels and toes, then it would be dancing on his elbows, like a thing of life and instinct. Not satisfied with this surpassing display of agility, he would throw the tamborine on the floor, and whirling it round him with the end of his forefinger, its little bells would jinle like a New England sleigh. All this time he seemed in a magnetic sleep, for it is questionable whether he ever unclosed his eyes.

[To be continued.

THE COLLISION OF THE MORAVIAN WITH AN ICEBERG.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM FOUNDERING—COOLNESS OF THE PASSENGERS.

From the statements of various passengers who arrived from England on board the Allan Line S.S. "Moravian," Capt. J. Wylie, we learn that that vessel had a narrow escape from going down with a large proportion of those on board. It appears that just about midnight, between Thursday night and Friday morning last, the Moravian was distant from land about 100 miles from the entrance of the Straits of Belle Isle, steaming inward. The night was moonless and both murky and hazy, so that objects were not distinct at a few hundred yards from the vessel. The watch was just on the point of being relieved, some of the men had gone on board and and others were proceeding to take there places. A passenger who had left the saloon and had come on deck to smoke a cigar prior to retiring describes what occurred:—I was on the point of walking forward in the direction of the bridge when the sailor stationed in the bow called out "Ice ahead!" The captain who was on the bridge at the time, instantly called out very distinctly "Ice ahead!" and simultaneously gave the orders to the engineers through the electric wires to ease, stop and reverse the engines; he also wired the signal to the man at the wheel, "Hard-a-port." His orders were immediately acted upon, and signal to that effect was sounded on the bells so that he might know his instructions were promptly obeyed. This action of course, only took a few seconds to carry out, when the passenger in looking towards the bow of the boat, saw a large iceberg directly in the ship's course looming up through the darkness as high as was the lower yard of the foremast. Immediately after in spite of the shifting of the helm and the reversing of the engine, she struck the ice mountain with a tremendous concussion. It seems that the Moravian, as it is in the case with one or two of the steamers of this line, is provided with a stout bowsprit some twenty feet in length and under Providence, its bearing so well the first brunt of the shock, the hull was not completely staved in. This tough timber pierced the ice in an oblique upward direction, and was for half its length shattered and splintered in a most severe manner to within a few feet from the bulkheads. The hull next came in contact with this dread of the sea and with such force as to bend and twist several of the ribs of the vessel and bulging the outer plates in such a manner that they were forced in and out until they looked like the undulating waves of the ocean. The strain of the rivets was terrible; and had it not been for the unusual strength and excellence of the construction, a hole big enough to have sunk her immediately would have been the result. As it was, the leakage commenced immediately. The engines being uninjured the vessel slid off the berg of ice on to which she had trust herself, and backed into deep water. The effect of the concussion on the berg was to entirely demolish it; it was split in two, and the passengers on both starboard and port sides could see and hear the fragments as they crumbled past the stateroom windows. From the moment of first seeing what was coming until order was restored the cool firmness of the captain was much admired and his commands were promptly obeyed by officers and men. The steerage passengers, who had been closest to the locality struck, instantly huddled on some clothing and gained the deck in great alarm. the saloon passengers, who were quartered amidships and further aft, were more awakened by the unusual stopping and reversing the engines: these also gained the deck, dressed in the first garments they could find. Strangely enough none of Miss McPherson's little emigrant boys, of whom there was a considerable number, were aware of what had occurred until they got up next morning. The firm and composed attitude of the commander had a remarkable effect upon the startled passengers; he did not endeavor to underrate the importance of the accident or the peril they were in, and he informed those around him the situation was dangerous, but that he would do his best. Upon hearing this the men, women and children seemed to resign themselves into a terrible though noisless composure, and awaited what they expected would be their death without shrieking, fainting, disturbance or confusion of any sort. There was a weird stillness and ghastly pallor to be noticed in the in the crowd that awaited the captains fiat of life or death. His voice alone was to be heard at that mid-night hour, and he at once gave orders to ascertain the amount of damage done to the hull, and to find how far the leaking had filled the fore compartment. The first gauging gave depth of 3 feet 10 inches. The hand pumps were instantly set to work, and in less than a quarter of an hour they were gratified to find it decreased to 2 feet 4 inches, and before one o'clock, a.m., the compartment was completely dry and the fissures by which the sea was rushing in were thoroughly plugged and made water-tight. It was noticed by those who were near the Captain that as soon as he learnt that so great a quantity of water was in the forehold he put the vessel at considerable speed in the direction of the shore, and they supposed he would try to get the ship beached or close to the land, when however it was clear that the pumps were gaining headway over the leaks, she was brought to. Meanwhile, the captain had organized a party of the crew to remove the cargo from the fore compartment and place it aft and amidships; by so doing the bow was raised several feet, and the danger of the waves washing up against the injured portion of the hull avoided The cargo was but very slightly damaged - more from the crowbars of the men than from any other cause. Capt. Wylie came round frequently, and advised the passengers to go to their cabins and dress themselves thoroughly. Another portion of the crew were told off to provision and lower the boats. It must be remembered when considering the depth of water in the forehold, that it is necesarily, much narrower than any portion of the ship, and consequently, extends much higher up the side than any other portion where there is more beam. Before daylight on Friday morning everything was secured, the natural alarms of the passengers subsided, and a most povidential escape from wholesale and awful death recorded. On the afternoon of Thursday a large bergh had been passed, and the next day, Friday, when the Moravian had got into the gulf some fifty berges and floes could be counted from the deck. The statements of the eye-witnesses of this disaster conclusively prove that captain, officers and men had done everything that lay in their power to prevent the collision, and that when it was impossible to avert it they acted with the *sang froid* and decision peculiar to brave men in the hour of danger. The quiet endurance of the awestruck passengers and the wonderful control they exercised over their feelings, and abstinence from anything like cowardice or unseemly disorder is in the highest degree praiseworthy. To contemplate for a moment the awful possibilities of such an acdent at this far out spot in a fathomless sea in close proximity to the pitiless slipperiness of the icy enemy, a ship to all appearance wounded to death and fast filling, makes the discipline observed the more remarkable. Among the passengers on board were the Hon. Geo Brown, Hon. Mr. Sprague, Chief Justice Hagarty and Armstrong Capt. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie, and over 250 others.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

A boy, in a wild state, about twelve years old, and unable to talk, has been captured by some hunters in Northern Texas.

A musket which Aaron Burr captured while serving under Benedict Arnold at the attempted storming of Quebec, on the night of Dec. 31, 1775, is on exhibition in Oswego. The gun is of the Queen Anne pattern, and weighs 27 pounds.

China dates of August 17th received at San Francisco have the following:—Efforts to obtain an explanation of and redress for the murder of Mr. Blacklock, an English Assistant in the Foo Choo Customs service, have utterly failed. The British Minister, Wade, has gone to Pekin to deliver the British ultimatum in the Margary case, and if his demands are not acceded to in six hours will withdraw his legation and declare open hostitities with China.

The Bosina insurgents are said to have been inspired to renewed resistance against the Turkish attempt to put them down by the recollection of an old prophecy which is accepted by the people as an article of faith. It is to the effect that in the fifth century after the capture of the last king of Bosnia by the Turks, the rising of the Christian Slave against the Mahommedan masters would be successful. That last king Steven Tomasevie, was beheaded on the plain of Blajaj on the 30th June, 1863, and it was on the aniversary of that occasion that the present insurrection was begun. At present the prophesy does not appear to have much chance of been realized.

The Sacrifice of Human Life.—The Chicago *Tribune* shows by statistics that the sacrifice of human life during the past six months have been simply appaling. In making up the record the writer has made use only of the great disasters which have been reported by telegraph. In the Fiji Islands alone 50,000 people have perished by measles. The total lists foots up as follows:

Epidemics	50,000
Earthquakes	20 000
Famine	20,000
Floods	2 203
Marine disasters	1,306
Tornadoes	944
Fires	744
Explosions	207
Snow slides	56
Railroad accidents	43
Total	96,503

Large as these figures seem, it must be remembered that they represent but a small per centage of the destruction of human life from other than natural causes. They do not include the thousatds of minor disasters constantly occurring all over the world. If there were added to these the immense number taken off by suicide, murder, war, and a massacre, and other violent forms of death, which it is impossible to estimate, the result would be frightful to contemplate.