POSTAGE PREPAID.

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVI. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1875. NO. 41.

The Examiner

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Corner Queen and King Streets.

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CLUB RATES:

THE EXAMINER will be forwarded to Clubs at the following rates per year—payment strictly in advance:—

5 copies, one address, - - - - - $ 6.00
10 " " " - - - - - 10.00
15 " " " - - - - - 14.00
20 " " " - - - - - 18.00

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1 w	2 w	3 w	4 w	5 w	6 w	7 w	2 m	3 m	4 m	5 m	6 m	12 m
1 Inch.	0.50	0.62	0.75	1.00	1.20	1.35	1.50	1.65	1.95	2.25	2.55	2.85	5.70
2 do.	1.00	1.25	1.50	1.75	2.00	2.25	2.50	2.75	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	9.50
3 do.	1.50	1.87	2.25	2.62	3.00	3.37	4.00	4.46	5.87	6.62	7.37	8.12	16.24
4 do.	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	19.00
5 do.	2.50	3.12	3.75	4.37	5.00	5.62	6.25	6.87	8.11	9.35	10.59	11.83	23.66
6 do.	3.00	3.75	4.50	5.25	6.00	6.75	7.50	8.25	9.75	11.25	12.75	14.25	28.50
7 do.	3.50	4.37	5.25	6.12	7.00	7.87	8.75	9.62	11.38	13.14	14.90	16.66	33.32
8 do.	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	13.00	15.00	17.00	19.00	38.00
9 do.	4.50	5.62	6.75	7.87	9.00	10.12	11.25	12.37	15.65	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
12 do.	6.00	7.50	9.00	10.50	12.00	13.50	15.00	16.50	19.50	22.50	25.50	28.50	57.00

Transient Advertisements must be paid for in advance, in all cases, in order to secure insertion.

EXCEPTIONS TO THE ABOVE.—Commission Merchants and Auctioneers are allowed a discount of 20 per cent. on advertising accounts exceeding $32 per annum.

ALMANAC FOR OCT. 1875.

MOON'S CHANGES.

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

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

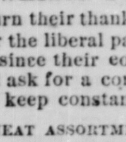
CARVELL BROS.,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS.
Lower Queen St. Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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

HASZARD BROS.,
Commission Merchants & Auctioneers,
FORWARDING, MANUFACTURERS,
AND
General Agents,
61 WATER STREET.
Opposite Merchants Bank,
Charlottetown, - - - - P. E. I.
J. E. HASZARD, | HORACE HASZARD.

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 apital, - - $300,000.
Subscribed Capital, - - 143,950.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, *President.*
JOHN F. ROBERTSON,
ARTEMAS LORD,
P. W. HYNDMAN,
RALPH B. PEAKE,
THOMAS MORRIS,
GEORGE D. LONGWORTH.

Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange Building.
FREDERICK W. HYNDMAN,
Ch'town, March 22, 1875.—1y *Secretary.*

FIRE INSURANCE.

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

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

The above Offices being of UNDOUBTED STANDING, guarantee perfect security and Prompt Payment of Losses.
DETACHED DWELLINGS insured for One, Two, or Three Years on SPECIALLY ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.

FENTON T. NEWBERY,
AGENT.
Jan. 18, 1874. 1y

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

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

FAIR RATES.
Prompt & Liberal Settlements.

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

From
MONTREAL TO CASCUMPEC.

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

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

From United States.
BUCKETS, BROOMS, FISHING GEAR, OIL CLOTHING, HOOKS, LINES & TWINES,—
Which, when received, will complete one of the best stock of Goods in Alberton, and will be sold
Cheap for Cash,
or approved credit.
G. W. HOWLAN.
May 10, 1875.—tf

Prince Edward Island Railway.

THROUGH TICKETS!
TO
Moncton, St. John, Pictou, Halifax,
Montreal, Portland and Boston,
may now be had at the Ticket Office of the P. E. I. Railway, Charlottetown.
W. McKECHNIE, Sup't.
Railway Office, Ch'town, Aug. 27, 1875.

GET YOUR HANDBILLS AND Posters printed at the Examiner office.

POETRY.

GILLYFLOWERS.

Old fashioned, yes, I know they are,
Long exiled from the gay partarre,
And banished from the bowers;
But not the fairest foreign bloom
Can match in beauty or perfume
Those bonny English flowers.

Their velvet petals, fold on fold,
In every shade of flaming gold,
And richest, deepest brown;
Lie close with little leaves between,
Of slender shape and tender green,
And soft as softest down.

On Sabbath mornings long ago,
When melody began to flow
From out the belfry tower,
I used to break from childish talk,
To pluck beside the garden walk,
My mother's Sunday flower.

In Spring she loved the snow-drop white,
In Summer time carnations bright,
Or roses newly blown;
But this the flower she cherished most,
And from the goodly garden host,
She chose it for her own.

Ah, mother dear! the brown flowers wave
In sunshine o'er thy quiet grave,
This morning far away;
And I sit lonely here the while,
Scarce knowing if to sigh or smile
Upon their sister spray.

I well could sigh, for grief is strong,
I well could smile, for love lives long,
And conquers even death;
But if I smile, or if I sigh,
God knoweth well the reason why,
And gives me broader faith.

Firm faith to feel all good is meant,
Sure hope to fill with deep content
My most despairing hours;
And oftentimes he deign to shed
Sweet sunshine o'er the path I tread,
As on to-day these flowers.

And chose he not a bearer meet,
To bring for me those blossoms sweet,
A loving little child?
And child and bonny blossoms come,
Like messages of love and home,
O'er waters waste and wild.

—All the Year Round.

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND;
OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

It was a great mortification to Marcus that he could not answer the letter of the young incognita. He knew not to whom or where to address a reply; and baffled on every side, he chafed with impatience under a mystery which he could not unravel. But though he could not address his excited thoughts to her who was now the inspiration of his ambitious hopes, he threw them on paper, in the solitude of his room, in glowing prose, or reckless numbers. One evening, after a most magnificent thunder-shower, he seized his pen and wrote the following lines:

Oh! not for me the sunny ray
That gilds the day-god's noonday throne,
Nor yet the moonbeam's silvery play,
On quietbower and streamlet lone.

Be mine the *lightning's* arrowy gleam,
Though death be lurking in its dart;
I'd lurk beneath the scorching beam,
And bind it burning to my heart.

I'll climb the mountain steep of fame
And round my brow its laurels twine;
'Tis but to grasp the electric flame,
And make its radiant glories mine.

I care not if the bolt consume
The daring hands that mock its power,
Love shall the sacrifice illume,
And triumph crown life's latest hour.

Throwing down his pen and extinguishing his light, he sat in the window till a late hour, watching the play of the electricity on the retreating vapours, flashing from cloud to cloud like fiery shuttlecocks tossed by invisible hands acorss the firmament. It was not till after his hurried return from prayers the following morning, that he rememembered the impassioned strains he had left upon the table. He looked for them, but they were gone. He turned every book upside down and fluttered every leaf, but in vain. He emptied his portfolio, but with no better success. The same invisible hand that had borne him the mysterious letter, had probably spirited away his bold stanzas. For one moment he was tempted to believe in the supernatural, and that the dark, bright nymph of the fountain was really embodied lightning, who made the clouds her chariot, and whose steeds were the wings of the wind.

It was not till after his return from Bellamy Place, where he passed the summer vacation, that he heard again from the incognita. In the delight of meeting once more his beloved benefactors, his lovely sister and faithful nurse, he had thought less of his romantic corespondent; and even on his return her image was secondary in his mind. He was not to visit Bellamy Place again till his graduation, when Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy, accompanied by Katy, were to come themselves, to escort him home. Marcus had not forgotten the ruby ring, the parting gift of his benefactress; and not a day passed that he did not gaze upon its sparkling crimson, and renew the vow he had breathed in the ferryman's hut and on the margin of the Long Moss Spring.

The morning after his arrival, as he approached the table, where many a ponderous tome was laid, he percieved the fragrance of roses in the atmosphere, and looking dawn beheld the same delicate tissue directed to him by the same fair hand. This time the device on the seal was an eagle grasping a thunderbolt in its talons, the motto, *Je vaincre ou je meurs.*

'I wrote for the amusement of an idle hour,' resumed the singular sprite. 'I wrote because the bold promptings of your ambition corresponded so well to the eagle flights of my own wild spirit. I did not think you were weak enough to prate about love, that silly jest of the school-boy, that time-worn theme of the brain-sick bard. You have taught me my folly in supposing you above the rest of your kind. Climb the mountain steep, twine the laurels round your brow, but beware of the electric flame your rash hands would vainly grasp. Farewell; this is the last time the nymph of the fountain will breath her accent in your ear. The wild impulse that guided her pen may be deemed bold and unfeminine by those who understand her not; but the verses are at least characteristic:

" Attempt to grasp the lightning's chain
And bind it burning round thy brain,
The fiery garland will not prove
More evanescent than thy love.

Man's vows upon the sand are traced,
By every passing wind effaced;
That wind doth not more idly rove,
More coldly sport, than human love.

Oh! rather be the waves my stay,
The cloud on which the lightnings play,
The summer gales that idly rove,
And coldly change, than human love.

LIGHTNING."

This was indeed her last communication. In vain he poured out his his heart in flowing numbers and in flashing sentences; no fairy messenger bore them to her who inspired; no rose-scented epistle hereafter diffused around his room the balmy breath of Paradise.

The time drew near when the honours of graduation were to be distributed and when it was announced that Marcus had won the first, the intellgence was received with acclamation. The second was awarded to Delaval, whose popularity was manifested in a similar manner. Marcus was not elated by his success—a success so easily attained. He felt within him capabilities to win so much more exalted honours, that this seemed but boy's sport to him. Still, when Mr. and Mrs. Bellemy arrived, and warmly congratulated him and Katy, a most lovely and interesting girl of seventeen years, with a cheek fair as a magnolia's waxen petals, and eyes whose modest violets still sought the ground, but looked up to him with such rejoicing pride, he could not but exult a little for their sakes in the distinction allotted him.

Delaval, too generous to cherish envy, was perfectly satisfied with the position assigned to himself, and certainly divided with Marcus the laurels of the day.

The night before commencement, while Delaval was sitting with Marcus and his friends, enlivening them with his gay and graceful nonsense, he was called out by a servant. Returning to make his apology for departing, he said to Marcus at the door:

'Some friends of mine are arrived. Distant acquaintances perhaps, still they claim some politeness from me before the *Professors illustrissimi, doctissimi,* who are to sit sublimely around us, with their black robes and solemn faces.'

Marcus, whose part being first in honour, was last in time, felt at leisure to survey the throng that had gathered in the hall, till it was crowded to overflowing. Amid the brilliant array of beauty that beamed upon his gaze, the pure, sweet face of his sister shone with transcendent loveliness. Dressed in unadorned white, the fitting attire of virgin innocence, she sought no eye but her brother's, though many an admiring glance was levelled at her.

'She is not here,' said Marcus to himself, 'that strange, capricious being, who for a while made me her plaything. I am glad of it. She might perchance talk to me even as she wrote, to beguile an idle hour; and if I presume to measure with her her own bright weapons, she would curl her saucy lips, wave her haughty hand, and remind me of the reverence due to her imperial little highness.'

Why did Marcus arrest these rather ungraceful thoughts, and bend forward with a quickened pulse and a heightened colour? The crowd fell back from the door, and leaning on the arm of a very dignified gentleman, appeared the brunette of the fountain—the capricious incognita—the fairy of the pen. He recognised at one glance, the dark resplendent countenance of the embodied Lightning, and so great was his excitement that had it been his turn to speak, he could not have uttered one syllable. She looked taller and less slight, though not above the medium height, and her whole costume exhibited the exhuberance of wealth and the redundance of fashion. There was a sparkling of jewelry about her neck and arms that reminded one of the starry adornments of evening, and a glitter of black, shining ringlets on her cheeks and shoulders that threw back the sunbeam that followed in her track as she moved from the door. Delaval had just risen to make the salutatory address as this brilliant vision passed along, and had scarcely made his low obeisance to the various dignitaries of the college when she took her seat. Marcus noticed that her eye was eagerly turned towards the speaker, and that she said something to her dignified companion, which also directed his attention to Delaval, and that they both listened with marked attention to his animated elocution. The only thing that gave to the face of Delaval the character of beauty, was a pair of very expressive black eyes; and he did not excel in those light graces of oratory which captivate the stranger's eye. His oration, though written in pure and beautiful Latin, Marcus hardly supposed Mademoiselle Lightning could understand. Yet, it was evident she was pleased with his appearance, interested in his oratory, and when he concluded, an approving smile irradiated her countenance. Had she seen and recognised himself? Once he thought he felt her eyebeams burning on his own, and that a mocking smile flitted across her lips. Then she turned to the window near which she was seated, and played with the leaves that fluttered against her ringlets. Marcus by this time had recovered from the dazzling effect of this apparation, and resolved not to oppress her by the fixedness of his gaze. Should she meet him with haughtiness and repulsion, he could be as haughty and repelling as herself. He was not blinded by her wealth nor awed by her state, nor would he be wounded by her caprice. What kind of recognition Marcus expected it would be difficult to tell. He could not be envious of the interest the very spirited and manly oration of Delaval had elicited from her. He was incapable of the meanness of envy. Was it jealousy? Very lofty and noble minds are sometimes misguided by its influence, and injustice is sure to follow in its train. When the exercises were suspended at noon he lost sight of her, while he sought his sister, who sat in another part of the hall. But while walking through the grove towards the president's house, where Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy were invited to dine, he saw his incognita considerably in advance, in company with her tall guardian, and Delaval was walking on the other side of her, evidently engaged in earnest conversation. How eagerly had he sought an introduction! how favorably had he been received! Remember what he had said for his indifference to dark beauties, and his admiration for blondes, he could not help thinking that his own fair sister would be more likely to captivate his imagination than this dark-haired maiden.

During dinner he heard merry remarks made upon the bright young stranger, but no one seemed to know her name or locality. He also heard many encomiums passed on the talents and elocution of Delaval, which, in spite of the little twinge of jealousy he had caused, gave him sincere and heartfelt pleasure.

The break in the direct cable is at the entrance of Placentia Bay, fifty miles from Cape Race.

THE RECENT BANK FAILURE.

The suspension of the Mechanics' Bank followed so rapidly on the heels of the Jacques Cartier Bank suspension, together with the revelations connected therewith must tend largely toward shaking public confidence in all our banks if not in our banking system. Heretofore the public placed implicit confidence in the monthly statements upon oath of the affairs of the banks, as publish in the *Canada Gazette.* Both in the case of the Jacques Cartier and of the Mechanics' Bank, these statements were discovered to be worthless—mere blinds to delude an unsuspecting public. The large reserves of specie and Government securities which the monthly statements showed to be in the vaults were found to be little better than mythic. In the case of the Mechanics' even the paid-up capital stock proved to be not paid-up unless by paper of little more value, it may be, than the worthless stock itself. In a word, the statements have been demonstrated to be palpable and gross frauds, and what gives poignancy to the disgraceful disclosures is the connection with those frauds of the names of some of our leading financial men—names even historic in the commercial annals of our city. With the discovery made too late by those who have lost, in some instances, there all, that great names are no guarantee either for the honesty of the boards of directors or for the solvency of the institutions managed by them, what confidence can people be expected to place in other boards and other institutions?

What are the principal lessons taught by the exposures of the last few weeks or of the past few days? The necessity for the prompt punishment of all those connected with the fraudulent transactions which have been revealed. This is necessary as an example to evil doers, and as a means whereby to wipe away the reproach from our commercial and financial community. So far as may be practicable, let the spoilers be compelled to disgorge their ill-gotten gains for the benefit of the widows, orphans and others who have been lured into a trap and despoiled of what little they possessed. Let the Government move in the matter, and let the deluded small shareholders call upon the Courts of law to assist them in procuring redress. In this they may safely rely upon having with them the sympathy of every honest man in the Dominion.

The urgent necessity for what we have persistently advocated, namely, a thoroughly reliable system of Government inspection for the banks, has been very clearly demonstrated by the recent events referred to. Such inspection is now a matter which should concern our really solvent, honestly managed banks even more, if possible, than the general public. It is needed as a way whereby confidence may be restored; for without the public confidence banking, under our system, would be impossible. To put the matter very plainly, if people refuse any longer to invest their savings in bank stock, place their money in banks for safe keeping, or accept as money, bank notes or promises to pay money, it is obvious that banking, as a business, must cease. Our banks live upon the confidence and credit accorded them by the public; and such being the case, it is behoovable that all our banking institutions whose business does not require concealment, should unite with us in demanding Government inspection. In this way alone can confidence be fully restored, a consummation to obtain which the banks could well afford to bear the charges incident to the inspection indicated.—*Montreal Evening Star.*

The latest news from Stanley, in Africa, is to the effect that he reached the shore of Lake Victoria, Nyanza, early in March. He lost twenty men in a battle. Pocock and Barker, two white companions, died from fever. He was surveying the lake in the middle of May.

Enterprising Japs.—The Japanese are shipping bricks to California, and can sell them cheaper than those made in the State—notwithstanding there is an ad valorem duty of 20 per cent on them. The Japanese brick is $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches long $4\frac{1}{2}$ wide, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ thick.

There are rumors of an impending Ministerial crisis in the Turkish Cabinet because of dissensions upon questions of war. The complication of matters is increasing. 500 Turkish troops entered Servia on Monday and killed some frontier guards but retired upon the approach of the Servian reinforcements. The proceedings caused very bitter feeling among the Servians. In the engagement on Tuesday the Turks lost 320 men and insurgents 128.

FAILURE OF A RELIGIOUS DAILY.—Mr. John Dougall has found that the publication of a religious daily newspaper in New York city is not a profitable investment. On Wednesday morning his paper, the New York "Daily Witness," announced that it will discontinue publication with the close of the present week. Between $75,000 and $100,000 have been sunk in the effort to establish the 'Witness,' and the paper is now in its forth year. The publisher has been indefatigable in his endeavour to build up a religious daily newspaper in New York, and his failure shows that the various religious weeklies fill the field so well that there is no room for dailies. It is understood that the 'Weekly Witness' will not be discontinued.

The Archduke Maximilian Luitpold, of Bavaria, was recently on his way from Munich to Vienna to visit his daughter. In the same compartment in the train with himself was a talkative Austrian tradesman, who soon got into conversation with his quiet-looking companion. After talking over matters and things for some time and getting ample information about his business, his family, his destination, &c., he asked, 'and pray, sir, where are you going?' 'To Vienna.' 'On business?' 'No; to visit my daughter, who is married to an Austrian. 'Is your son-in-law in good business?' 'Well—tolerably good—but troublesome at times.' 'What is he?' 'The Emperor!' At this answer the poor man became covered with confusion, nor could all the laughing protestations of the good-natured Archduke avail to resume him, and he darted out of the carriage at the very next stopping place.

HEN BUSINESS IN FRANCE.—The *Cultivateur du Midi* gives us some interesting facts respecting the produce of the French barnyards. France rears annually about 40,000,000 hens, worth about £4,000,000 sterling. The sale of these hens produces in course of traffic another profit of nearly £100,000,000. Five million cocks sold each year produce a profit of £250,000. The forty million of hens produce annually 100,000,000 chickens at least. Allowing for those destined to replace the hens which have been used as food and those lost by accident there remains every year 80,000,000 of chickens, which sold at $1\frac{1}{2}$ francs each, give a third profit of nearly £4,250,000. Add capons and pourlards for £250,000 more. Then the forty thousand chickens lay each a hundred eggs a year—that gives a total of 4,000,000,000 of eggs, representing a money value of £8,500,000. Here, then is a national iudustry worth £16,000,000. This gigantic commercial movement rests upon the humblest produce of the farm. Says our French contemperary very ruly, '*Ce n'est, certes pas a didaigner.*'

EXTRACTS OF A LECTURE ON THE WRITINGS AND TIMES OF LORD BYRON.

BY A. CURRIE.

Fifty years ago, a great thunder-storm broke over the classic city of Athens. At that moment the spirit of a young man had 'winged his distant flight;' and there, calm in its long last sleep, lay the shrine of that mighty spirit just passed to the shores of the eternal world!

His was the soul that disdained not to condemn the wrong, nor cared whether courts or crowds applauded or hissed. The firm-set lips, now sealed in death, fully indicated that decision of character for which he was so remarkable. That lofty brow betokened powers of mind awful in the extreme; whilst that fearful brain, even amid the ruins of intellect, was in full possession of the noblest power of the soul, even to the last.

Like Hugh Miller, his school-boy days met with many reverses; but Byron had the good fortune of being placed under the guidance of a preceptor who at once saw that that pupil he was to direct could be led by a silken cord rather than by a cable. There is a transitive time at which preceptors of youth, as well as parents, must exercise tenderness and forbearance with youth. Death forbade his tender youth to share a father's guidance, and to this may be ascribed much that is ambigious in the character of the poet. It is not our province to draw a biographical sketch of the poet, but mainly to deal with his writings; and our only regret is, inability to do justice to those wonderful series of inventions which at once exemplifies the master-genius that gave them birth.

The great leveller of all grievances has brought to a period when ambiguity in character fails to mar the transcendency of genius. That this is so, may be seen from the fact that a large meeting was held in London, over which Mr. Disraeli presided, to devise the best means for the erection of a national monument to Lord Byron.

At a very early age Lord Byron had a small collection of poems issued through the press, and upon the success which attended the publication of these, is based that well known expression—'I woke one morning and found myself famous.' They exhibited the index of a mind bright as the sun, clear as the moon, awful as the tempest, and terrible as a whirlwind. The success which attended these youthful aspirations—the reception which Byron met with—has never fallen to the lot of any one so young, this side of the gates of heaven. This was not a transitory excitement, or a brilliant ovation of the moment, like the glow-worm's blaze, but steadily increased with unabated, or rather renewed vigor, like the eagles' flight to her eyrie.

There are a class of men in every age, past and present, who find it difficult to say a good word in favor of any man. Some of the lineal descendents of this class were the hirelings of the great Reviews of the day, when Byron 'descended from the mount' Parnassus—and saw that life was only wanting to his fame—they poured forth such a volume of ribaldry as would crush a man of common powers of mind. But his young spirit was not thus to be crushed, for it only gathered strength from opposition, like the huge avalanche descending the mountain side. On the other hand, it enabled him more fully to give vent to those awful powers of mind, hitherto dormant, and deal out, even though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, the sting of satire imbued in gall. It is somewhere said that the great Scottish poet, Alister McDonald, wrote a satire on his servant-maid, whereupon, it is said, her head turned grey in one night, like the poor 'prisoner of Chillon;' but Byron's satire on the English Bards and S. Reviewers, was sufficient not only to turn the hair grey but to carry with it scalp and all. Truth, wit, and sarcasm are the principal ingredients in this unique satire. His object in writing in such a manner on such a subject was not to show that he could write, but, if possible, to endeavor to make others write better, or at least 'to shame them;' thereby

"Reading the veil of ages long gone by
And view their remnants with poetical eye."

And it is only sufficient to take a retrospective view at those authors and scribblers whom he upbraided, and we ask, after a lapse of fifty years, where are they? Echo answers, Where? Their memory is gone, their names forgotten—clearly indicating, that although held in such estimation in their day, there was nothing of that genuine poetry contained in those authors that would at all secure them a name, and that therefore their names were certain of being overwhelmed in Lethes' wave, where 'cold oblivion bar.' Again, we find the few he endeavored to commemorate, though dead, yet speaking. And even some of those Byron lauds to the skies, did not, in their own estimation, expect to survive half a century. Henry K. White says, 'Fifty years and who will think of Henry?' Fifty years ago Byron did not think so. He well knew that scanty as was the wreathe of the youthful White, there was that severity of beauty in his writings that would live, as the source that gave them birth. Is it not so? While love of song remains, Kirk White, who, had he lived, would have been the compeer of Byron, shall never be forgotten. 'The English Bards' is an unique satire—a youthful critical dissertation on 'the Bards who have been.'

It is urged that Byron penetrated too much into 'secret things;'

'Beyond the bridge where lime
Of Light and darkness forms an arch sublime.'

While one foot is on 'the dasied sod,' we can trace its steps, but the other, lost amid the 'dust of stars,' perambulates a lighter atmosphere, whilst the ethereal elements it traverses, precludes from 'dim vision' its trodden paths. Miller among the rocks, showing the footprints of the Creator in 'clear lines,' was thought to be 'wise above that which is written, pointing from Nature to Nature's God!—drew too abundantly from that storehouse of intellect, till all was exhausted, but faith and humility. Byron drew from the same storehouse, a too abundant fund of inspiration, until that awful brain became paralyzed, but retaining its noblest powers to the last. Well may we exclaim concerning him, what he fifty years ago said of Kirk White,

''Twas thine own genius gave the final blow.'

It is seldom that great men live to any degree of longevity. The brain requires nourishment, and when too powerful for the constitution, the system must inevitably give way.

In the 'Version of judgment,' saints and angels are represented as freely discoursing, yet the person of the Deity is carefully witheld from view.

It has also been urged that Byron held infidel doctrine. It is easy to make an assertion. Proof is what we want, not assertion. The learning of Porphyry, the ingenuity of Faustus, and the wit of Voltaire, in tampering with revealed religion, is denounced by Byron in severe terms—

'Mortals who sought by dangerous roads,
A path to perpetuity of fame,
On daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder and
the flame of heaven.'

We consider this sufficient testimony in refuting the argument of infidelity, and as conclusive as if he had written 'Watson's Reply to Paine.'

It is also argued that Byron not only held infidel views, but was a believer in total annihilation; in proof of which they mis-quote the stanza:—

'Ay, but to die and go, alas!
Where all have gone and all must go,
To be the nothing that I was
Ere born to life and living woe.'

The first two measures of this stanza is a great reality—an effect by the fall of our first parents from their primitve state—death temporal. 'In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.' 'To be the nothing that I was,' etc, is equally true, but the application is not so general, so to speak; for

'The few that ne'er shall be forgot,
Shall burst the bondage of the grave.'

God foresaw from all eternity all the dwellers of the 'worlds,' from apostate Adam to the 'last man;' but we in our limited knowledge, know nothing of 'who shall be;' and therefore until great men break the barriers that keep them from general gaze we know nothing of them. They are to us the same as they were 'ere born to life and living woe;' and it is equally true that few, alas! of the countless millions, since creation peopled earth, has earned a name that has survived the vicissitudes of a century,—

'In life just gazed at—in the grave forgot.'

It is this thought that preyed on the mind of the poet and elicited from him that sentence so misapplied. He speaks of Christ's sermons on the Mount—the Divine Founder of the christian religion—as surpassing the eloquence of this world; but still some will persist in what they know to be pure nonsense, and demands more arguments. We can give them arguments, but we cannot give them understanding.

It is not honorable to misconstrue the language of an author, when a careful perusal would elicit truth. Byron was possessed, we hesitate not to say, of many eccentricities, but these, it must be borne in mind, were feigned rather than otherwise. After his mother's death we find him with his boxing gloves, engaged in a contest with an acquaintance; but he tells us himself that 'had I known that this would not have been recorded of me, I never should have accomplished it.' And also the wonderful feat of swimming the Straits of the Dardanelles, was performed with a similar motive. But it is true as it is strange, that:—

'Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fixed forever, to detract or praise.'

Byron has been, for the last half century, the victim of misrepresentation. Envy followed him here, and descended after him to the grave. His character was assailed when all that was mortal of the poet had mouldered into insensate dust.

The success which the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' met with, elevated her above measure, and the consequence was the the publication of a work assailing the character of the poet, but the tide of opposition it met with, even among the greatest living poets, by vindicating the character of Byron, so vindicatively assailed, bear ample testimony to the esteem in which his memory is treasured. But the crimes she fain would fasten on the mighty dead, modern misrepresentation would endeavor to lay similar charges at her own door. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has since learnt to know what the sting of calumy can do. She may learn a salutary lesson. It may also serve to show that there are representative characters of a Tilton-Moulton in every age past and present, by whom the innocent are villified and the well-meant basely misrepresented.

We may also bear in mind, though it is not our province to touch on this point, that the peculiar idiosyncrasies of the partners of their lives, have embittered the lives of a Hill—a Milton as well as a Byron.

For twenty years he poured forth a complete series of inventions, which, if possible, to-day more than ever commands the admiration of the world. Lofty imagining—great descriptive powers and a deep pathos bordering on melancholy, are the characteristics of Byron. The countries of ancient Lays, Greece, Italy, etc., are depicted by the poet in a manner that Raphael, Bramante, or Angelo, would with the brush fain essay. We are at a loss which to admire most—the painter or the poet. Although his previous writings exhibit powers of imagination, which few ever possessed—and none surpassed—his last great work surpasses, in flat of thought, any other production in the English language, and will live to the latest ages as the proudest monument of his genius.

But half a century has now passed without any public token in recognition of genius so transcendent. We would almost rather, should it still, in after years be said, 'no marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep.' Byron needs no monument. He has raised his own colossal fane; which the storms of time can never destroy. But, as there is a desire implanted in the bosom of man to be remembered when he is laid in the cold grave, whither the paths of glory as well as of shame lead, there is also a desire implanted within us, to pay a tribute to the dust of the distinguished dead; hence we feel assured that not only Europe, but wherever the English language is understood, 'shall add their mite of praise in payment of a long delight,' that they may, as they pass by, recognise in him one of the proudest names in English literature—one of the greatest masters of the English language.

Two or three days ago the United States Government despatched a man of war, the Powhatan, to Port au-Prince in Hayti. It appears that complications have arisen between the Governments of the two Republics, and that the position of the American Minister in Hayti required to be strengthened by a demonstration of American naval force. The difficulty arose in this way. During the summer there was an insurrection, hardly to be considered an extraordinary occurrence, against the Government of President Dominiquez. Several of the insurrectionary officers declined an invitation to submit to a court martial, fled, and in the course of their flight killed two men. They subsequently took refuge with Mr. Bassett, colored, a native of Philadelphia, the American Minister. In the meantime, the court martial sat and condemned the officers without waiting to capture them. The Haytiens accuse Minister Bassett of screening murderers from justice, while he claims he is only affording to political refugees the protection usually afforded by Consulate establishments in countries subject to periodic insurrectionary eruptions. It is hard to say how long the complication will take to unravel, but great wars have sprung from more trifling causes. We hope, however, that the two Republics will settle this little matter and will still be able to maintain harmonious feelings.

DISASTROUS FIRE NEAR ST. JOHN.—Abou one o'clock, 28th ult., the saw mill of Lewis Rivers, Esq., situated at Cedar Point, Boar's Head, was discovered on fire. The mill had been working steadily, and the fire—first seen near the engine room—is supposed to have caught from the saw-dust furnace. The flames soon reached the edge of the roof, and in a very short time had possession of the whole building. There was a quantity of hose attached to the pump and with the aid of this every effort was made to check the fire. The flames continued to spread, and after destroying the mill, reached a workshop containing four box machines, a portion of an engine, besides other valuable machinery. This, too, was consumed, and it was with the greatest difficulty that several houses, erected by Mr. Rivers for his workmen, were saved. The Portland hand engine was sent to the scene by Councillor Hilyard. In addition to the above, about 200,000 laths were destroyed, and 75,000 feet assorted lumber, with 80,000 deal were badly damaged. The total loss will amount to fully $60,000. The insurance on the mill was only $16,000; $1000 on lumber. The mill was 21 years old, but was in a good state of repair. The work of laying a new foundation was only commenced on Saturday night. The fire is a severe blow to Mr. Rivers, who was working hard to make up for losses sustained some time ago. The mill gave employment to 95 persons.

LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS.

1—Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2—If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers the publisher may continue to send them until all arrears are paid up; and the subscribers are held responsible for all numbers sent.

3—If subscribers neglect or refuse to take the periodicals or newspapers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bills. Sending numbers back, or leaving them in the office, is not such notice of discontinuance as the law requires.