POSTAGE PREPAID

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVII. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1876. NO. 7.

The Examiner

Is Printed and Published every Monday Forenoon, BY

William L. Cotton,

OFFICE:

Corner Queen and King Streets.

TERMS—Per Annum, Postage prepaid by Publisher, $1.40 in advance; $1.62 if paid within the year; $2.00 if not paid within the year.

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

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1 w	2 w	3 w	4 w	5 w	6 w	7 w	2 m	3 m	4 m	5 m	6 m	12 m
1 Inch.	0.50	0.62	0.75	1.00	1.20	1.35	1.50	1.65	1.95	2.25	2.55	2.85	5.70
2 do.	1.00	1.25	1.50	1.75	2.00	2.25	2.50	2.75	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	9.50
3 do.	1.50	1.87	2.25	2.62	3.00	3.37	4.00	4.46	5.87	6.62	7.37	8.12	16.24
4 do.	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	19.00
5 do.	2.50	3.12	3.75	4.37	5.00	5.62	6.25	6.87	8.11	9.35	10.59	11.83	23.66
6 do.	3.00	3.75	4.50	5.25	6.00	6.75	7.50	8.25	9.75	11.25	12.75	14.25	28.50
7 do.	3.50	4.37	5.25	6.12	7.00	7.87	8.75	9.62	11.38	13.14	14.90	16.66	33.32
8 do.	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	13.00	15.00	17.00	19.00	38.00
9 do.	4.50	5.62	6.75	7.87	9.00	10.12	11.25	12.37	15.65	17.93	20.21	22.49	44.98
10 do.	5.00	6.24	7.50	8.74	10.00	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 FEBRUARY, 1876.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 2d day, 9h. 41m. p. m., S. W.
Full Moon, 9th day, 1h. 34m., p. m., S.S.W.
Last Quarter, 17th day, 12h. 42m. a. m., N., below horizon.
New Moon, 25th day, 2h. 8m., a. m., N. E., below horizon.

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

PRICES CURRENT.

Ch'town, Feb. 8, 1876.

BREADSTUFFS.	
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	0.03 to 0.3½
Flour, per bbl	5.50 to 7.00
Flour, per 100 lbs	3.00 to 3.25
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs	2.70 to 3.50
FISH.	
Codfish per qtl	3.50 to 5.00
Herring per bbl	4.87 to 6.49
Mackerel per doz.	0.48 to 0.72
BOARDS.	
Hemlock, 100 feet.	0.81 to 0.94
Pine do	1.62 to 2.40
Spruce do	0.97 to 1.30
Shingles, per M,	2.11 to 2.48
POULTRY.	
Chickens, per pair	$0.50 to 0.70
Ducks, (each)	0.24 to 0.35
Fowls, (each)	0.25 to 0.40
Partridges, (each)	0.25 to 0.30
Turkeys, (each)	0.80 to 1.75
Geese (each)	0.50 to 0.60
MEAT.	
Beef, (small pieces) per lb	$0.08 to 0.14
Beef, per lb (by the quarter)	0.06 to 0.10
Ham, per lb	0.10 to 0.12
Lamb, per quarter	0.00 to 0.00
Lamb, per lb	0.06 to 0.09
Mutton, per lb	0.07 to 0.12
Pork, (small pieces) per lb	0.08 to 0.12
Pork, per lb (by the carcass)	0.05½ to 0.07½
Veal, per lb	0.04 to 0.08
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Apples per bushel	0.80 to 1.00
Barley per bushel	0.00 to 0.75
Butter (fresh) per lb	0.20 to 0.25
Butter per lb by the tub	0.16 to 0.19
Calfskins, per lb	0.06 to 0.12
Cheese (new milk) per lb	0.14 to 0.16
Cheese, per lb	0.05 to 0.08
Clover seed, per lb	0.00 to 0.00
Eggs, per doz.	0.30 to 0.40
Green Peas,	
Hay, per ton	8.00 to 10.00
Hides, per lb.	0.04 to 0.05
Honey, per lb.	0.25 to 0.32
Homespun, (men's wear) per yd.	0.65 to 1.00
Homespun, (women's do) per yd	0.35 to 0.48
Homespun Flannel, per yard	0.31 to 0.46
Lard, per lb	0.12 to 0.16
Oats, per bushel	0.36 to 0.40
Potatoes, per bushel	0.25 to 0.32
Pearl Barley, per lb	0.03 to 0.04
Sheepskins	0.50 to 0.70
Straw, per ton	4.50 to 2.50
Tallow per lb	0.07 to 0.10
Turnips, per bush	0.00 to 0.16
Wool, per lb	0.17 to 0.25

CARTER'S RAILWAY HOTEL!

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

Reasonable Rates,

the Proprietor solicits the patronage of the travelling public.

JOHN CARTER.

Tignish Station, Dec. 6, 1875.—3m

REVERE HOUSE,

ADJOINING THE POST OFFICE,

ALBERTON, - - - - P. E. I.

The subscriber has fitted up the above House in good style, and wishes to inform his friends, and the public generally that he is prepared to accommodate

Transient and Permanent Boarders.

Charges moderate. Good Stabling on the premises.

RICHARD GLADNEY, Proprietor.

Alberton, Sept. 12, 1875.

BUSINESS CARDS.

COOMBS & WORTH,

JOB PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS

51 WATER STREET.

Charlottetown, - - - P. E. Island.

Jan.1776 1y

E. C. NELSON,

IMPORTER & REPAIRER OF

SEWING MACHINES

ADDRESS:—P. O. Box 303, Charlottetown.

Oct. 25, 1875.—1y

MacKENZIE & STUMBLES,

Auctioneers, Commission Merchants,

AND

GENERAL AGENTS,

77 North Side Queen Square,

Charlottetown, - - P. E. Island.

October 18, 1875.—1y

WILLIAM DODD,

Commission Merchant and AUCTIONEER

QUEEN SQUARE,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND

CARVELL BROS.,

AUCTIONEERS,

Commission Merchants,

AND

GENERAL AGENTS.

Lower Queen St. Charlottetown, P. E. I.

F. M. CAMPBELL,

General Merchant

COMMISSION AGENT,

AUCTIONEER & BROKER

TRINITY CORNER, GEORGETOWN, P. E. I.

AGENT FOR THE

Standard Life Insurance Co.

Sept. 1, 1873. 1y

HASZARD BROS.,

Commission Merchants & Auctioneers,

FORWARDING, MANUFACTURERS,

AND

General Agents,

61 WATER STREET.

Opposite Merchants Bank,

Charlottetown, - - - - P. E. I.

J. E. HASZARD, | HORACE HASZARD.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Greenshields, Son & Co., Montreal,
Messrs. W. & R. Brodie, Quebec,
Messrs. J. S. Farlow & Co., Boston,
Henry Lawson, Esq., Halifax, N. S.
Hon. Daniel Davies, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
May 3, 1875.

INSURANCE.

MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

ROBERT LONGWORTH, Esq., President,
HON. JAS. DUNCAN,
HON. L. C. OWEN,
HON. A. A. MCDONALD,
HON. J. C. POPE,
THOMAS HANDRAHAN, Esq.,
GEORGE R. BEER, Esq.

Risks taken daily at their office, corner Great George and Lower Water Streets.

F. W. HALES, Secretary.

Ch'town, March 22, 1875—1y

ST. LAWRENCE

Marine Insurance Co.

OF

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

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

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

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

Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange Building.

FREDERICK W. HYNDMAN,
Ch'town, March 22, 1875.—1y *Secretary.*

IMPERIAL

Fire Insurance Company

OF LONDON.

Subscribed & Invested Capital,

£1,965,000 Stg.

The above Office being of UNDOUBTED STANDING, guarantees perfect security and Prompt Payment of Losses.

DETACHED DWELLINGS insured for One, Two, or Three Years on SPECIALLY ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.

FENTON T. NEWBERY, AGENT.

Jan. 18, 1874. 1y

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE

INSURANCE COMPANY

FIRE AND LIFE.

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

FAIR RATES

Prompt & Liberal Settlements.

Insurance against Fire effected upon Private Residences, Household Furniture and Farm Properties, for

One, Three or more years,

At Reduced Rates.

Office—Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

R. R. FITZGERALD, Agent

Ch'town, July 27, 1874.—6m

POETRY.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG.

Hush, my soul! cease thy repining,
  Wipe the useless tear away.
Grief and memory intervening,
  Make a wreath too dark to lay
On the graves of those who've perished.
Deeply loved and fondly cherished
  From thy childhood's orphaned day.

Sing no more of earth's dark sorrows,
  Of its puny, fretful cares;
Think of all the bright to-morrows
  Which the heavenly future bears;
Think upon the olden story
Of our Jesus, King of glory,
  Who Himself our burden shares.

Sing, O soul, the simple beauty
  Of their lives who cherished thine,
One in loving, patient duty,
  Working out the will divine.
Tempest-tossed on life's dim ocean,
Weary of its ceaseless motion,
  Still they saw God's great stars shine.

When the waves and storm were breasted,
  All the earthly working done,
Hand in hand they calmly rested,
  Waiting till the rising sun
Of Heaven's bright eternal morning,
Should, o'er earthly shadows dawning,
  Prove the new, glad day begun.

First she passed, the gentle-hearted,
  Through the portals of the dawn—
Like a pleasant dream departed,
  Like a sigh her soul was gone.
We could almost see the bending
Angel forms, her soul attending,
  Waiting near to bear her on.

Like the last lone leaflet clinging,
  To a gray and wind-swept tree,
Yet, with wind and breezes singing
  Songs of praise and majesty.
He, the strong soul, sat communing
With the Lord, his heart attuning
  To the melodies to be.

How he thought of her sweet singing
  With the dear friends gone before!
Heard in dreams their voices ringing
  On the everlasting shore.
Soon, he cried, through death's white slumber,
I shall pass to join the number;
  We shall meet to part no more.

Soon, indeed, his spirit springing
  From the burden of his years,
Saw the messenger, swift winging
  Through the border land of tears;
Saw—ah, who can tell the story?
Not for earthly eyes the glory,
  That o'ershines the soul's last fears.

But his smile—the light of Heaven,
  Shining through the mystic veil;
This to us for comfort given,
  Like an angel's sweet "All Hail!"
And his words, like music falling
Sweetly, on a night appalling:
  "All is right—all is well."

  Oh, 'tis an olden story;
    Oh, 'tis an old, dear song!
  Old as the grace and glory
    That to The Cross belong.

  And ne'er a saint goes over
    Into the holy land
  But those who sadly hover
    Weeping upon the strand,

  Hear, through night's sad wonder.
    Over the river's swell,
  Thank God for the song triumphant:
    All—all is right, all is well!

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND;

OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER XIV.

If almost unexampled successes could produce elation and vain-glory, Marcus Warland was in danger of inordinate self-esteem. Circumstances had favoured in a remarkable manner his opening career. Theft, forgery and murder seemed to have made the scene of his labours their headquarters, so that the young champion of the majesty of the law might test the keenness and strength of the weapons with which he armed himself for his defence. He had that open-seasame to the caverns of mind—that golden key to the chamber of the heart—eloquence, native eloquence, the gift of God not man.

'His was the glorious burst of winged words,' that bear on their rush the lightening throng. His was the burning glance that, like a living coal from the altar, kindled the spirits of his listners, and his the persuasive lip that distilled the honey of Hybal's scented fields. He knew his power, and was conscious that the time was fast approaching when he could offer to Florence a name of which even her proud uncle would be proud.

It was while seated, one afternoon, in his office, trying to clench some fact which would bear strongly on the case, a large packet was brought to him.

'From whom?'

It was not known. The messenger was gone, without waiting for a reply. He recognised the hand-writing of Delaval on the covering, and hastily broke the numerous seals by which it was secured. There was an inner covering, but between that and the outer envelope was a note, subscribed by the hand of Florence, which he eagerly unfolded. It contained but these few lines:

'Marcus Warland—Blushing for the infatuation from which I am now henceforth and for ever, free, I return your written and given pledges, and demand the immediate restoration of my own.

Florence Delaval.

He read this brief, but explicit note, several times before he opened the second envelope. He felt every word burning in the central fires of his heart. His hands were cold, his face colourless, but without a single exclamation he tore away the covering from his letters, and the golden chain the locket with the golden hair, and the ruby ring fell at his feet. He took up the chain and recognised his parting gift to the gentle Rosa. He was bewildered, amazed. How come it in the possession of Florence? The identity of Florence with the young Mulatto had never entered his mind before, and it was not strange that it did not occur to him at this moment. But there was a thought, a flashing one, that seemed to throw light on the inexplicable insult he had just received. Florence, by some means, had come in contact with Rosa, and learned the history of his token of gratitude, so poor, so small, for a devotion so entire, a debt so large. She had taken it from her, that she might send it to him, as an explanation of her renunciation of him. Yes! it was evident that the proud, high-souled Florence was jealous of the poor, too sensitive mulatto, who had humbly craved a lock of his hair, that hair which she had so often smoothed with her soft hand, when it lay moistened with the dew of sufferings. The heiress of Wood Lawn considered it a violation of her rights, and she had discarded the lover whose gratitude to a menial resembled the demonstration of love. The mystery was thus explained: but how had the mighty fallen; how had the fine gold become dim! Florence suspected him of the basest treachery; the most degrading inconsistency;—suspected him, Marcus Warland—him whom she knew so well. The pallor of his face became suffused with deepening crimson; his icy fingers tingled with a burning sensation. Too nobly self-reliant himself to admit of the existence of jealousy, he could not tolerate its dominion over another—and that other one whom he believed lifted high above the little foibles of her sex. He sat down, and leaning his head on his hands, tried to think calmly of the rashness and injustice of which Florence had been guilty, and his meditations terminated in a feeling of tenderness and compassion for her strange delusion. He blamed, he pitied, but he loved her still. A few words of explanation from his pen would dissipate the error, and restore her lost confidence. With a lofty consciousness of his own unwavering constancy, and a generous forgiveness of the rash impulse, for which he doubted not she was even now upbraiding herself, he took his pen, and wrote as they only write, who, as a beautiful writer has observed, 'dip their pen in their own hearts.' He gave a brief history of his obligations to Rosa, and the circumstances under which he gave her the token she had so mysteriously obtained. He dwelt on the beautiful and holy confidence of their past intercourse; the purity and depth of her love; and besought her to beware of the influence of that serpent passion, which poisoneth like an asp, and stingeth like an adder. After a simple statement of facts, and an eloquent appeal to her truth and sensibility, he asked her if she adhered to her renunciation, and repeated her demands. The latter was written, sealed, put in the mail, and Marcus tried to forget it, and give his sole attention to the human life that hung on the result of his investigations. He locked the packet and the locket in his cabinet, that he might not be reminded of the weakness of L'Eclair. He saw the ruby ring sparkling on the floor, and stooping down and picking it up, placed that also with the offending chain. As he did so, his eyes fell on the ruby gem which Mrs. Bellamy had put on his finger when he was about to be exposed to the temptations of a college-life. He went back still further and thought of the moment when she had kissed his brow in the little cabin on the banks of the Chattahoochee. From that moment to the present hour, her love which had known no variableness nor change, had been round and about him as a shield and a charm.

'No voluntary act of mine,' thought the young man, raising the sacred talisman to his lips, has ever paled the lustre of this glowing gem, or caused the blush of shame on the cheek of my beloved benefactress. Oh! misguided L'Eclair! I could mourn in dust and ashes over thy broken trust and my own vanished dream of perfection.'

At length the letter arrived. With an agitated hand he baoke the seal. His own unopened letter dropped from the envelope—his own heart thrown back into his face! Never had the countenance of Marcus worn such an expression before. Never but once had such a whirlwind of passion raged in his bosom; and that was when the black-bearded speculator raised his whip over his head, while he was defending Milly from his lawless clutches. Tearing the letter into a thousand pieces, he threw the fragments from the window to the four winds of heaven, and exclaimed, 'Thus do I render from my bosom every trace of my boyhood's folly and youth's delusion! Truth, justice, humanity, I am henceforth yours. To you I devote the strength of my manhood, my powers of mind, body, and soul. On your sacred altars I pour the oblation of my heart's blood, I lay the offering of my crucified affections.'

It seemed that all the elements which formed the being of Marcus were to pass through the refiner's fire. About a week afterwards a letter from Katy arrived, announcing the dangerous illness of their father. In less than an hour he was on his way to Hickory Hill, over whose shades a shade deeper than the forest gloom was now hovering.

When Marcus was about half-way on his sad and solitary journey, he met a very elegant equipage, which was accompanied by a gentleman on horseback. So absorbed was he by his meditations, he came upon them before he was aware of their approach; but at one glance he recognised the coal-black eyes of Delaval, on whose brow a cloud as black was resting. No sign of greeting was exchanged between the two haughty equestrians. Marcus felt the darkness gathering over his own face. Leaning back in the carriage, with listless langour, her arms folded in a lace shawl, he had a glimpse of Florence. Raising her eyes dreamily, as the shadow of the horseman fell on the carriage window, she beheld Marcus Warland, and a quick vibration of light, cold and dazzling as the night-gleam of the aurora borealis, passed over the features. They passed each other thus—they, whose hearts at their last parting throbbed against each other with mutual pulsations, whose lips exchanged the most sacred pledge of love and faith. How estranged, how altered now! Could that pale, cold, icy-looking girl be the bright, impassioned L'Eclair?—that haughty, stormy browed young man, the warm-hearted and impulsive Delaval? Was he indeed Marcus Warland? and was he hastening to perhaps a dying parent? This last interrogation subdued his rebellious thoughts. Death! the great peace-maker—Death! the stern rebuker of passion. As its shadow glided on before him, chill and mournful, all present interests were lost in its awful eclipse. A few short years, and those resplendent eyes, whose altered glance had just now filled him with such anguish and indignation, would be rayless and closed; those once love-breathing, now disdainful lips, clay-cold and wan. Youth, beauty, and love—what were they but a dream? What was life itself but a dream—the dream of a feverish, troubled sleep, from which the soul would awake in the morning-light of an eternal day? Continuing his journey through the night, Marcus rode on under a midnight moon, his spirit bathed in its serene and solemn splendour. A thousand times had he gazed on its unearthly beauty and felt the dominant passion of the hour glorified by its influence. A thousand times had the tide of his heart swelled to overflowing, beneath its sweet, celestial attraction. Sometimes when he saw it riding at anchor on the azure waves of heaven, like a ship with silver sails and majestic motion he beheld an image of his own ambition, so unswerving in its course. Again, when it rose behind an argent cloud, leaning softly over to gaze upon its image in some limpid wave that seemed panting to receive it, he saw a type of love, mirroring itself in some pure transparent heart. Now, as he gazed up to the beautiful mirror of the sun, shining so high and lonely in the dark blue zenith of midnight, it was to him an emblem of faith, reflecting to the pilgrim of time, through the nightshade of sorrow and care, another and heavenlier home. Oh! could Florence but look into the heart she so deeply yet innocently wronged! But here we see through a glass darkly, even in our clearest moments; and when the mirror is shivered by passion, what frightful distortion disfigures the image it reflects.

'My father!' were the only words he uttered, when he arrived at Bellamy Place, and Katy flew into his arms.

'He lives—he is better,' she cried, 'but still weak and suffering. Oh! Marcus, dear dear brother, how I have longed to see you—to be near you once more?'

Katy was always pale, and her eyes had a pensive expression, when unilluminated by a smile; but her paleness was that of the white rose in its bloom, sweet and fair to look upon. Now her cheek had a sickly pallor, and her countenance was very sad. Was it filial anxiety alone that caused this? or was it blended with some secret grief? He thought of the dark-browed Delaval, and felt a conviction that his sister's happiness was wrecked as well as his own. Never had he loved her with such heartaching tenderness.

'My Katy, my darling, my own sweet, precious sister,' he cried, kissing her colourless cheek. Mrs. Bellamy, my more than mother! Her arms too were round him, her mild, benignant countenance emanating unspeakable love. Mr. Bellamy greeting him with all the affection of a father and alll the pride of a man. He was proud of the glorious boy he had reared, for his fame had gone abroad into the land.

'My father!' again repeated Marcus, grasping Mr. Bellamy's hand. 'Is he really better? Is his life in danger?'

'There is danger,' answered Mr. Bellamy, 'but there is hope also; so Doctor Manning says, who never deludes his friends.'

Katy led her brother to the room where their father lay, at whose bedside Milly was seated, in her ancient costume, waving the feathers of mingled green, gold, and purple over the head of her master. He was asleep, and their gentle entrance did not awake him. Milly could scarcely repress a loud cry of joy at beholding him, but she did, though the big drops burst from her eyes and rolled down her face. Holding the faithful creature's hand in his, he stood looking at the altered but placid features of his father. He had been suffering from a lingering disease, which had gradually reduced his strength, without giving him acute pain, and though he was pale and emaciated, there was a peacefulness, there was even a smile on his sleeping countenance that was soothing to look upon.

There is certainly a magnetism in the eye which the spirit feels even through the prison-bars of sleep. Warland awoke, while his son was gazing sadly, silently upon him, and streatched out his feeble arms. Marcus bent to their inclosure, and laid his cheek against his father's.

'My son,' said the invalid,' I bless God for this. I feared we never would meet again in this world.'

'Many happy meetings, I trust, are in store for us yet, my father,' answered Marcus, with a quivering lip. His heart had less hope than his words.

'Yes, Marcus, I trust so too,' cried Warland, raising his eyes to heaven.

The return of his son seemed to renovate his exhausted system, and for a few days he appeared better and stronger, was able to sit up in bed, supported by pillows, and to converse without much apparent fatigue. The presence of Marcus was the balm of Gilead to his soul, and he had a king Physician near.

Mr. Warland slept. Aunt Milly, as usual presided over his slumbers. Marcus took the hand of Katy, and drew it through his arm.

'Let us walk,' said he, going out into the open air. 'You look pale, dear Katy. Such close confinement does not agree with you.'

'It is not that, brother,' she answered, with a sigh. They walked under the shade of the hickories, and sat down on a little bench Hannibal had made expressly for her.

'What is it then, my sister? Do you carry in your bosom a wounded heart?' He accented unconsciously on the 'you.' Katy looked at him through her long lashes.

'I received about a week ago,' she said, 'a letter from Delaval, so strange, so inexplicable—I know not what to think of it. It has made me very unhappy.'

'Will you show it to me, Katy?'

'I fear—I dread. He speaks of you in such a—manner—I can't comprehend it.'

'I ought to see it. I ought to know how he speaks of me, Katy. Much may depend upon it.'

Katy trembled. Her lips turned as pale as her cheeks. Marcus put his arm around her.

'Fear not, sweet sister,' said he, 'I will do nothing to add to your unhappiness whatever he may say. Could I think of deeds of violence while our father lies languishing on that sick bed?'

'No, indeed. I know you could not. But, oh Marcus! you cannot conceive how wretched I have felt to think that letter should cause me more unhappiness than all my father's sufferings. How wicked, how selfish I am! yet I think it is what he says of you makes me wretched. I wil get the letter,' she added, going into the house, with a step very different from her usual light footfall. She soon returned, and placed it in his outstretched hand. Its brief and incoherent contents were these:

'Katy—I love you better than life, you know I do. From the first moment I saw you to this—this dark and troubled one—you have been the polar star of my soul. Every vision of future happiness has been inspired by you. And now, something dreadful has come between us. Something that I fear will destroy the happiness of all. Your brother, Katy, whom I so loved and trusted, whom I verily believed one of the hierarchs of heaven, so much he seemed lifted above his kind; he, the friend and brother of my soul, has insulted my sister beyond forgiveness or remedy. With unexampled ingratitude, and matchless cruelty, he has repaid a love passing the love of woman. Katy, I love, I adore you. I shall never cause you to do so. But as long as one spark of vitality burns in my being, I must dispise your brother.

George Delaval.

The Boston *Daily News* has gone under, and so have the $200,000 sunk in the effort to establish it.

THE CARLETON TRAGEDY.

A VERDICT OF 'WILFUL MURDER' AGAINST O'NEILL.—MR. FOTHERGIL'S ACCOUNT OF THE MURDER—SOME OF THE PRISONER'S THREATS.

(From the St. John News.)

The second act in the Carleton tragedy has concluded, and a Coroner's inquest on the body of the murdered woman has resulted in a verdict of 'Wilful Murder' against Thomas O'Neill, who on Thursday killed his mother-in-law and made a desparate effort to put an end to his father-in-law's life.

JOHN FOTHERGILL'S ACCOUNT OF THE MURDER OF HIS WIFE.

Mr. Fothergill, who was stabbed by O'Neill immediatly after the latter had killed the old lady, is not out of danger. His story, as told at the inquest, adds new horror to the terrible affair, and none can read the evidence without being thrilled at the coolness with which the fiendish work was performed. At the inquest John Fothergill testifies: The deceased Bridget Fothergill was my wife. About 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, Thomas O'Neill, my son-in-law, threw wide open the door of my room. There was nobody in the room at the time but my wife and myself. As he entered the room he let a big oath out of him. My wife was sitting at the side of the stove mending her apron I was sitting on the table making a coat. O'Neill ran over to where my wife was sitting and stabbed her in the neck. My wife hollered out, and I looked around and said, 'For God's sake, O'Neill what are you doing?' I jumped off the the table to rescue her, and he stabbed me. I got three stabs,—the first on the left arm, the second in the left side, the third in the right arm. I ran out to see and get the policeman for him. O'Neill ran out, and I never saw him again until the policeman brought him in. When O'Neill was stabbing me, my wife ran out on the sidewalk and dropped dead. She lived about a minute from the time she was stabbed. A young man went for a policeman, and O'Neill was arrested and brought to my house. O'Neill said nothing at either time he was in the house. Dr. White dressed my wounds. I don't know any reason for the deed. We gave him no reason. The weapon used by O'Neill appeared to have a cross-handle, was seven or eight inches long and seemed to be a daggar. I saw it plainly. The point of the blade tapered off, and was about a half an inch wide. It did not look like a butcher's knife. I heard that he borrowed a knife from a man named Simonds, who keeps a public house and butcher shop at the Marsh Bridge. He was stopping about there.

THE INQUEST RESUMED—O'NEILL BROUGHT INTO THE JURY ROOM.

In the afternoon, when the jury had answered to their names, Coroner Earle directed that O'Neill be brought from jail into the presence of the jury. Hearing this order, Mrs. Sarah McKenna, a daughter of the murdered woman, who had been summoned as a witness, fainted, and when she recovered her senses she appealed to her friends to request the Coroner not to oblige her to look at O'Neill. The latter was brought in in charge of Policeman Walker, and Constables Power and Buchanan. He He appeared perfectly cool, but that careless look which he wore after his arrest on Thursday, was not to be seen. He was given a seat at the newspaper reporter's table. He was kept handcuffed the whole time.

THE PRISONER'S THREATS, CROCODILE TEARS AND OATHS.

Although perfectly exhausted from grief Mrs. Sarah McKenna was got to the witness stand. She testified as follows:

I have not been to Carleton since the murder happened, and have not seen the dead body of my mother. I live in the city and I am a married woman. I know the prisoner. He called himself Thomas O'Neill He was married to my sister in the City of Boston. I saw him there about five years ago—about a year after they were married. O'Neill came into my house at the Marsh about five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon last. He talked pleasantly and looked nice. After talking to me about my child and patting it on the head, he asked when I had seen Margaret, his wife. I replied that I did not know when or where she was. He said that a woman living next door to my mother, in Carleton, had told him that his wife was stopping with me. In reply to my question, 'Who is the woman?' he said it was Mrs. Keeffe. He argued that Margaret was in my house. I told him to search the house for himself. This he refused to do, but he looked into the front room when I opened the door. He again asked me about his wife, and I said, 'When you were taking her for your wife, you did not consult me.' He complained that he had no one to consult then and he pulled out his handkerchief and pretended to cry. I said, 'Thomas them are crocodile tears;' and when he took the handkerchief down, his eyes were dry. He said he would go to the Poor House. I had said his wife might have been there for all I knew. He left my house at twenty minutes to six o'clock, saying he was going to the Poor House. He returned at 20 minutes past six and I said to him that he could not have been to the Poor House since he left. He said he was, declaring 'so help my Jesus!' as proof. I repeated the statement that he could not have been there. He then pulled a book—a prayer book I imagined—out of his pocket, and kissed it, saying, 'So help my God I was there.' I said to him I would sooner have the word than the oath of the man who would talk that way. He then said,

'SARAH, THERE WILL BE LIVES LOST

over this.' I did not nor do not now know what he had reference to. I said, 'O'Neill, you look out for yours, and I'll look out for mine.' He replied, 'Sarah, don't mind; I dont mean you or your husband.' He then went out. He returned to my house on Thursday afternoon, about half-past two o'clock. I did not hear him coming up stairs. He gave a slight knock and on entering sat down in a chair. He said he was up to Thomas' house the night before; but that Thomas, my brother, was not in at the time. He then asked if Margaret had been to my place since he was last there. I said she had not, and told him that I was about going out. He crossed the floor in front of me and declared that

"THERE WILL BE SALT TEARS DROPPED

for this." He did not explain what he meant. There was no one keeping his wife from him as far as I knew. I did not tell Margaret to leave him. O'Neill then went out and I have not seen him again till now.

The witness it was supposed had finished giving evidence, when she said to the Coroner: "There is one more word I want to say. Just before he left the last time I said 'Go away O'Neill, I never want to have to go to Court for you or any one else.' He expressed a similar hope. And yet here I am the day afterwards in Court for his doings." The witness completely broke down and had to be assisted from the stand.

THE KNIFE THAT DID THE DEED.

John Beamish deposed: I live on the Marsh Road, in the city of St. John. I am a butcher. I have known the prisoner by eye-sight as long as I can remember. I saw him on Thursday afternoon, a little after two o'clock, coming over the Marsh Bridge. I did not see him again till now. My little boy says that a man answering to O'Neill's description borrowed a knife from my shop while I was absent. The man said he only wanted the knife for half an hour to kill a pig in Portland.

A SMART BUTCHER BOY.

John Thomas Beamish, the eight year old boy spoken of by Mr. John Beamish, now appeared in the jury room. It is doubtful if a more intelligent looking boy can be found in this city. He immediately identified O'Neill as the person who took a knife from his (witness's) father's shop. He testified: I never saw the man before Thursday. That afternoon he came into my father's shop. My father was out when he came in. He said he wanted a knife to kill a pig. I told him my father would beat me if I lent a knife to any person. He took a knife and put it in an inside pocket in his coat. The knife he took was my knife. He examined father's knife and seemed not to like it. The knife he took was an ordinary butcher knife, about seven or eight inches long. It was quite dull and had a wooden handle.

THE VERDICT.

Coroner Earle said this was all the evidence he had to offer the jury. The facts were plain and he thought the jury would have no difficulty in arriving at a verdict of wilful murder. After a few moments' consultation the jury returned

A VERDICT OF WILFUL MURDER.

For the first time since his capture, O'Neill looked down-hearted. In vain did he try to seem indifferent. Years filled his eyes, but these, after a slight shudder, were wiped away, and he arose at the beckoning of the constables and was soon within the walls of the jail.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An edition of thirty thousand of Sir John A. MacDonald's and Dr. Tupper's speeches, delivered in Montreal at a banquet, are to be printed in pamphlet form and distributed over the country.

The statement that a disposition or intention to lynch O'Neill was manifested by some people in St. John is entirely incorrect. Our citizens are too orderly and law-abiding for anything like that. When the lynching story appeared in one of our local contemporaries, we did not think it worthy of contradiction, knowing that the people here would look upon it merely as a stretch of imagination. Seeing, however, that the statement had been telegraphed to the papers of Halifax and other cities, we feel that in justice to the community, it should be stated that the idea of lynching was never entertained in connection with the O'Neill or any other case.—*St. John Globe.*

IDIOMATIC PHRASES.—Certain idiomatic phrases used in England are rather puzzling to the uniniated, and the explanations given of them at a recent examination at Madras, as reported by the *Times of India*, show that as a means of baffling candidates they are occasionally invaluable to examiners. For instance, "To set the Thames on Fire," was explained as follows:—"To set fire to the ships that anchor on the river Thames;" "When a battle takes place the navy used to stand on the river and attack the town, so the Thames was filled with navy;" "To fire the cannons in the fleets anchored in the mouth of the river Thames;" "To set sail over the Thames." The phrase, "He rides his hobby to death," was thus explained:—"His horse runs with full gallop," "He is going to die;" "He rides very fast to a great distance, so that his horse Hobby may suffer death." The phrase, "It serves him right," was interpreted, "It is serviceable to him in a right way;" "He can write with it;" "It is much useful to him in performing the office of writing;" "It does him good, he fares on well."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

ANOTHER ASHANTEE WAR.—So Captain Strahan has let us in for another Ashantee war almost before we have settled the account for the last. At the present moment the Ashantees are probably ravaging the Protectorate simply because the Governor of the Gold Coast would not speak out to them, and say "I will have no fighting between you and the Djuabins." Both parties tried to find out whether he would object or what role he would take, but, with a caution which overreached itself, he declined to give an opinion, or rather gave one which might be read two ways. It is acknowledged that not a shot would have been fired had he been but firm. Now he is compelled to act with all the vigor possible. The Ashantees are as strong as ever, and have got plenty of arms and ammunition through French ports, whereas there is not an ounce of lead or a charge of powder among the protected tribes. As for our own immediate resources they are small indeed, and all that Captain Strahan has been able to do was to send a couple of hundred Houssas to the Prah to stop the advance of the large Ashantee Army, whice has driven the Djaubins out of the Protectorate, and has announced a determination to follow them up to the sea. So much for Sir Garnet Wolseley's brilliant triumph and the wisdom of the Colonial Office in selecting Captain Strahan for the for the post of Governor of the Gold Coast. Truly we are only just mobilishing our army in time.—*Vanity Fair.*

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE ON THE ARMY.—The Duke of Cambridge's speech on the army, has attracted a good deal of attention at home and abroad. His Royal Highness contended that it was impossible to place the army in an efficient position without very liberal means being placed at the disposal of the military authorities. Owing to the rise of wages in every direction, the Duke said, men would not come unless they were better paid; and to the assertion that we do not get the proper sort of men for our army, he would reply, "Very well, give us more money and we will try and find those sort of men." The very prosperity of the country made it necessary to be more liberal. They could not maintain the large establishments of other countries because they had not the means. They were not so numerous; they had not the area from which men could be got: and they had not conscription. One reason was, that they were only justified for the defence of a country at home. It was an open question whether we ought to have the ballot for the militia; but a conscription to send troops to India for eight or ten years, or to the colonies, was a thing which was indefensible, if not impossible, and therefore, his Royal Highness hoped in would never be attempted. We must, he was afraid, make up our minds to pay for the men; and the Government had a right to hope the country would justify them in paying such an amount of wages would enable them to secure at all times a sufficiently good and moderately large army.