The Examiner.

VOL. XXV. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1874. NO. 36.

CLOSING AND ARRIVAL OF MAILS,

AT THE

POST OFFICE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND,

AFTER MONDAY, 11th MAY.

MAILS.	CLOSE.	DUE.
Nova Scotia.	Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9 p. m.	Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6 p. m.
Ontario, Quebec, New Br'nswick and United States.	Mond., Wed., & Frid., 9 p.m.	Mon., Wed., and Friday, 10-30, p. m.
Great Britain via Halifax.	Every alternate Friday, commencing on Friday 15th May at 9 p. m. Supplementary mail every alternate Sunday, 2-50, p.m. commencing Sunday 17th May.	About every alternate Saturday, commmencing Saturday, 16th May, 10 p. m.
Great Britain, via Quebec.	Monday, 9 p. m.	Friday, 10-30, p. m.
Great Britain, via United States.	Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9 p. m.	Mond., Wed., and Friday, 10-30, p. m.
Newfoundland and West Indies.	Same as Great Britain, via Halifax.	Same as Great Britain, via Halifax.
Summerside and intermediate offices.	Daily, Sunday excepted, 9 p. m.	Daily, Sunday excepted, 2 p. m.
Georgetown and intermediate offices	Daily, Sunday excepted, 9 p. m.	Daily, Sunday excepted, 2 p. m.
Western — Tignish, Alberton, &c.	Wednesday, Saturday, 9 p. m.	Tuesday, Friday, 2 p. m.
Eastern—St. Peter's, Souris, &c.	Monday, Thursday, 9 p. m.	Wednesday, Saturday, 7 p.m.
Southern—Murray Harbor Belfast, &c.	Monday, Thursday, 9 p. m.	Wednesday, Saturday, 2 p.m.
Bedeque—Tryon, Crapaud, &c.	Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 9 p. m.	Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 2.30, p. m.
Brackley Point—Covehead, &c.	Monday, Thursday, 8 a. m.	Tuesday, Friday, 9 a. m.
Pisquid—Johnston's River, &c.	Friday, 12-30, p. m.	Friday, 10 a. m.

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

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

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

A. A. MACDONALD, Postmaster.

Post Office, Ch'town, P. E. I., 9th May, 1874.

ALMANAC FOR SEPTEMBER, 1874.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar., 3d Day, 0h. 43m., a.m., S. E.
New Moon, 10th Day, 1h. 58m., p.m., S. W.
First Quar., 18th Day, 7h. 52m., p.m., S.S.W.
Full Moon, 25th Day, 6h. 55m., p.m., 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	Tuesday	5 25	6 34	A 57	A1 52	13 8
2	Wedn'sd'y	27	32	2 20	2 44	5
3	Thursday	28	30	3 26	3 52	2
4	Friday	29	28	4 28	5 21	12 59
5	Saturday	30	26	5 12	6 53	56
6	Sunday	33	24	5 44	8 3	52
7	Monday	35	22	6 9	8 54	49
8	Tuesday	37	21	6 22	9 37	46
9	Wedn'sd'y	37	19	6 44	10 14	42
10	Thursday	38	17	6 59	10 44	40
11	Friday	39	15	7 14	11 14	37
12	Saturday	41	13	7 29	11 43	34
13	Sunday	42	11	7 47	M	30
14	Monday	43	9	8 7	0 12	27
15	Tuesday	44	7	8 30	0 42	24
16	Wedn'sd'y	46	5	9 2	1 17	21
17	Thursday	47	3	9 44	1 54	17
18	Friday	48	1	10 46	2 40	14
19	Saturday	50	5 59	11 44	3 42	11
20	Sunday	51	57	M	5 0	7
21	Monday	53	55	0 56	6 31	4
22	Tuesday	54	53	2 16	7 47	0
23	Wedn'sd'y	54	51	3 39	8 45	11 59
24	Thursday	55	49	5 2	9 31	55
25	Friday	56	48	6 25	10 13	52
26	Saturday	57	46	7 44	10 51	49
27	Sunday	59	44	9 15	11 29	45
28	Monday	6 1	42	10 20	A 9	41
29	Tuesday	1	40	11 59	0 51	39
30	Wedn'sd'y	6 2	5 38	A1 20	1 38	11 38

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. D. SHIRREFF,
Auctioneer, Commission Merchant,
BROKER
AND GENERAL AGENT,
CHATHAM, - NEW BRUNSWICK.
—:o:—
CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
Aug. 3, 1874.—4m

MR. C. BYRNE,
F. V. M. A., &c.
Veterinary Surgeon,
OF
LONDON, GREAT BRITAIN.

BEGS to inform the inhabitants of P. E. I. that he intends to practice in this country, and trusts that by prompt attention and moderate charges to give satisfaction to those who may entrust him with the treatment of their sick animals.

Charlottetown, June 22, 1874.—3mo

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS.
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

JAMES BRENAN,
House, Sign, and Carriage Painter,
Paper Hanger & Glazier
SOURIS WEST.
Orders will receive prompt attention.
July 7, 1873. 1y

H. R. MUHLICS'
Kitchen & Galley,
Furnishing Depot.
ALSO, DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
Ship Work,

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

CREIGHTON STREET,
OPPOSITE UNION HOUSE,
PICTOU, N. S.
Ch'town, June 1, 1874.—1y

VULCAN FOUNDRY
GEORGETOWN.

STOVES, wholesale and retail. WINDLASS and MACHINERY CASTINGS in general always on hand, or supplied at the shortest notice.

Cash Paid
FOR ALL KINDS of OLD & SCRAP IRON.
J. A. RUTHERFORD & Co.,
June 2, 1873.—1y Georgetown

St. Lawrence Marine Insurance Co. of P. E. Island.

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

Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange Building.

FREDERICK W. HYNDMAN,
Ch'town, March 16, 1874.—1y *Secretary*

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

ARCHIBALD LADNER,
Commission Merchant,
AUCTIONEER,
Insurance and General Agent,
37 Queen Street,
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. Island.

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

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

JOSEPH CREAMER,
Physician & Surgeon,
CITY HOTEL,
CHARLOTTETOWN,

Patients attended to at all hours; and consultations given to poor gratuitously on MONDAYS, from 1 to 4, p. m.
April 20, 1874.—tf.

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

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 constanty on hand

A neat Asortment 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 Fittings, &c., &c.,

I am 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

IMPORTANT TO THE PUBLIC.

ROBERT ORR & CO.

Beg to inform the Citizens of Charlottetown, and the inhabitants of Prince Edward Island that they have rented the Building on

QUEEN STREET,

(Next door to Messrs. OWEN CONNELLY & Co's), for the purpose of carrying on a

WHOLESALE & RETAIL
DRY GOODS BUSINESS

And trust by purchasing their Goods in the best markets and selling them very low, to merit a share of the public patronage.

N. B. Wholesale Buyers, Farmers, and others will learn something worth knowing by examinine

ORR & CO'S

STOCK, before purchasing elsewhere.
Charlottetown, May 18 1874. 1y

POETRY.

THE OLD CANOE.

The stern, half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in the living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay
Hiding its moulding dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of the loveliest hue,
Spring up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light winds play with the boat at will
And lazily in and out again,
It floats the length of the rusty chain,
Like the watery march of the hands of Time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
And the shore is kissed each time anew
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away fromthe pebbly strand
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a sober tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things;
But I love to thinkof the hours that sped,
As I rocked where the whirls their white sprays shed,
E'er the blossom waved or the green grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

LITERATURE.

KATHARINE.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S TRIALS.

CHAPTER IV. *Continued.*

At last, to Kate's great joy, her uncle came up from Birmingham, and the day of their return was fixed. Mary had become so weak that a new and terrible fear that she would die in London had taken possesion of Katharine, and unable to rouse her aunt to a sense of her child's danger, she had ventured to write to Mr. Grove, who came up at once, and made arrangements for their departure upon the third day after his arrival. He would willingly have fixed it earlier, but his wife and Jane declared it to be impossible, as sundry dresses, bonnets, and caps, ordered at various places, would not be ready. He had some business of his own likewise to transact—a large sum of money to receive—and as this could not be arranged in a day, he yielded with less reluctance to his wife's excuses and pleas for delay, and arranged to be at the banker's early upon the previous morning to his leaving London.

This he did; and when Jane, taking advantage of his after-dinner mood, coaxed him to treat her and her mother "to the theatre this last night," he gave the pocketsbook containing the notes he had received in the morning to Kate, laughingly bidding her to put it under her pillow. This conversation took place in the passage, and as Kate ran back up-stairs, after seeing her uncle, aunt, and Jane off, she thought that she observed a strange, ill-looking man turn sharply into the back parlor, as if he had been listening. The circumstance made no impression upon her at the time, and she ran on, scarcely heeding the repeated calls of "Miss Nugent! Miss Nugent!" which echoed after her up stairs.

"Yes! Who calls me?—what do you want? she answered, as the voice made itself heard at last.

"I do," replied the landlady; "Mr. Wilson's man is here with the sleeping draught for your cousin, and he wants to see you."

Downstairs ran Katharine quickly. The passage was dark, and as she passed the corner where the hat-stand stood, she fancied that she felt a hand snatch at hers. She paused for a moment, then went on to the open door, upon the step of which was the doctor's servant.

'Mr Wilson's sent the sleeping draught, Miss, and this note, and bade me give it into your own hands and wait for an answer."

There was still light enough at the parlour window to read the note, and to save time Katharine asked leave of the landlady to enter the room for the purpose. The epistle ran thus:—

'DEAR MISS NUGENT,—I have sent your cousins night-draft, which has been made a little stronger than usual in order to ensure her a good night's rest previous to her journey to-morrow. If you give it early, she will, I hope, fall asleep at once, which will, I trust, enable you to get some rest yourself, about which I am very anxious, remembering how much depends upon your health and strength. I will call early to-morrow morning, if you will inform my servant what time you start.—Yours truly,

E. WILSON."

'Be as good as to tell Mr. Wilson," said Katharine, returning to the man, "that we shall leave here at twelve o'clock, and that I will give the medicine as he directs.'

The servant turned away, and as Katharine went down the passage towards the stairs, her foot caught in something which lay in her path, and in the struggle to recover her balance she dropped the doctor's note. The passage was quite dark, and though she felt about carefully, she could not succeed in finding the twisted little billet; so that at last, vexed with herself for her heedlessness, she relinquished the search and went up stairs.

The room in which the cousins slept was a large, dingy chamber, built out at the back of the house, over what had formerly been a warehouse. It was connected with the rest of the building by a long passage, which led from the one communicating with the drawing-room floor. There was an unused staircase going down to the old warehouse, the door upon the top of which was fastened outward, so that any one coming from the lower rooms might gain easy access to the bed-chamber, whose occupants had no protection against intrusion. The one window of the apartment looked out upon the back of a large untenanted mansion, the little yard of the lodging house having been nearly built over by the ware-rooms, which now served for lumber, and into which the common entrance was through a door in the back parlor.

This lonely chamber had been chosen by Mary in preference to that at first allotted to her, on account of its size and remoteness from the family, and into this room, littered as it was with the morrow's packages, Kate ran up with the draught. The apartment was already dusk, although the light had not yet died away in the other rooms, and the great dark-green moreen bed upon which Mary lay seemed to fill it.

'Oh, Kate, is that you?' exclaimed the invalid, when her cousin entered; 'I am so glad you are come; I have been so nervous. I have been asleep, I suppose, and have had such strange fancies or dreams. Do light a candle.

Kate obeyed.

'How glad I shall be when we reach home,' said Mary, glancing timidly round. 'I cannot tell why, but I have taken such a dislike to this room; do you know it, I fancied just now that I saw that door upon the other side of the bed open? Try it, Katie.'

'It is quite fast,' replied Katharine, doing as she was requested. 'You must have been dreaming; nobody would come up these dark stairs for amusement, and if they wanted anything they would come through the passage. Besides, don't you remember, Mary, the landlady said that no one used the old warehouse now except for lumber?'

'Oh yes, it's very silly, I know, but one gets strange fancies sometimes, and I have always had misgivings about this journey. I wish we were at home!'

'So do I; and this time to-morrow we shall be a long way on our road; so think of that Mary, and don't have any more dreams. Here comes tea, and after that you must go early to bed, and get a good night's sleep. Your fancies have made you look very ill.'

'Have they? But I do not wonder; I feel worse to-night than I have felt before, so bewildered and strange. I shall be glad to go to-bed. I do not care about any tea. I would rather lie here until you have had yours, and then prepare for bed.'

With more than even her usual tenderness and care, Katharine did her duty of tire-woman that night, for Mary was faint and low, seeming scarcely able to sustain her own weight, while undergoing the fatigue of being undressed. She was restless, too, tossing from side to side of the large bed, and craving to have the light hidden from her eyes, so that it was long after the night draught had been given, before she fell asleep.

Her manner had alarmed Kate; therefore, instead of going to bed as she had intended, she determined to coil herself up in the great easy-chair by the bed-side, and thus pass the first hours of the night. 'If she sleeps quietly,' she thought, 'I can go to bed then; if not, I shall be ready to give her anything she wants, and she has a trying day before her to-morrow.'

Quietly as a shadow Kate moved about, making the last arrangements for the night The little table with its medicines, glasses, and watch, was placed beside her chair, the rushlight hidden behind the thick green curtains so as to throw its rays obliquely upon the sleeper's figure, giving Katherine light to see her without disturbing the patient; and then when all was done Kate unhooked her dress, wrapped herself in a thick warm shawl and lay back in the arm chair.

Her thoughts were sad and busy; that was the first whole night for which she had ever prepared to sit up, since that dreadful one when she had watched her mother's death-bed on board the East Indiaman; and as she sat gazing at the flickering shadow cast by the rushlight shade upon the ceiling, and counted over and over again the little round windows of light which seemed cut out of its sides, the past and present blended into one, and she fell asleep dreaming strangely.

She dreamed that she was in India; a hot burning day without a cloud or a breeze. Her mother was beside her, repeating earnestly the same words she had spoken in the cabin of the "Thunderer," and to as little purpose, for she could not understand them, her eyes were watching a large black snake. Her mother did not appear to see the reptile, and to Katharine's surprise when she turned round to speak to her, Mrs. Eyre's countenance was gone, and in its place was Mary's. Then somehow the scene changed; Mary and herself were walking through a dark forest, their arms twined round each other, less though, it seemed, in love than fear, for the black snake glided along through the brushwood beside them, and every now and then darted his hideous head through the long grass. All at once Mrs. Eyre joined them, and clinging together they pursued their terrified walk, until they came to a lofty group of trees, some of whose long branches stooped to the ground. The snake was nowhere to be seen, and Mrs Eyre springing forward, eagerly beckoned Kate and Mary to ascend the trees; but her face was changed again, and now Kate thought it wore the evil look the snake's had when first she saw it writhing round the bamboo. The sight frightened her, and she refused to go on, but Mary passed her quickly, and in a moment was lost to sight amid the heavy foliage. Thus encouraged, Kate was about to follow, when to her horror, for she felt spellbound, she saw the black snake glide past, throw up his crest in triumph, and coil his hideous body round the tree. Kate tried to scream—to warn her cousin—but in vain, she could not speak; only listen in agony to Mary's frantic efforts to escape, and the reptile's quick pursuit crashing through the sere branches. In her convulsive struggles to reach Mary, the dreamer awoke, panting with terror.

The rushlight had burned half way, and through the door of the shade, which had fallen open, cast a bright light upon the bed. It was evidently very late, and without "thinking," and thus arriving at the conclusion, Kate felt every one in the house must be in bed.

For a few seconds she could not shake off the horror of her dream, and just when the feeling was subsiding, a strange, sound like the creaking she had heard in her sleep, arrested her attention. It seemed to come from the opposite side of the room; that side where the door out upon the staircase was, parallel to that where she lay, and which was in deep shadow. At first she thought it was fancy, a continuation of her dream, but just as she was putting her foot to the ground, preparatory to rising, the noise increased, and she heard the outer bolt draw back. For a moment after, all was still, no sound was to be heard save Mary's short, quick breathing, though Kate listened intently, and her heart beat with fright. There was no bell in the room, and even if there had been, Kate was too terrified to go to it. At last slowly and noiselessly the door opened, and a tall dark figure stood in the doorway. It paused an instant, then came stealthily forward and approached the bed; the light falling full upon its face.

Kate's eyes were fascinated—her senses seemed paralysed—and she had not power to speak, even when she saw the man bend over the bed, and raise the pillow gently as if in search of something. The action awoke Mary, who was supposing it was her father come to wish her good-night, raised herself upon the pillow, and was about to speak, when a sudden change in the man's position brought his countenance before her, and to Kate's terror she uttered in a grasping sob, the name "M'Evoy!"

Her cousin's scream unlocked Kate's faculties at once, and bounding forward she sprang upon the robber with the courage of a young panther. The attack came so suddenly, that it threw him off his guard, and for a moment Kate really thought she had secured him, and called aloud to Mary to get up, open the passage door, and cry for help.

But the strength of a young girl was as nothing, compared to that of the desperate man with whom she grappled, and although her struggles hampered and fettered, yet they were wholly powerless to conquer him.

For the space of a minute the contest lasted, M'Evoy shaking his assailant's slender figure as if it had been a willow, and she clinging as bravely as if she had possessed the strength of a giant. At last Mary, whose alarm nerved Kate to tenfold exertions, cried imploringly, "M'Evoy! mercy! take what you want, and let my cousin go!"

"M'Evoy!" exclaimed Kate breathlessly, now first recognising the name, and gazing up into the ruffian's face with an expression of destestation. "Oh, Mary! rouse yourself; go out into the passage! call for help! call, call!"

"Silence!" cried the man savagely, if either of you utter a word, you die!" and with a violent swing, he flung off Kate's grasp, pinioned her with his strong left arm, and with the other drew from his pocket a small glittering knife. Kate shivered, as the steel flashed in the light, but her courage and hatred were roused by the presence of her cousin's deadly enemy, and regardless of his threats she continued to urge Mary to summon assistance.

"Do at your peril!" muttered he sternly, possessing himself of the pocketsbook which had fallen from Kate's dress in the struggle. "You know me, Miss Jollis, and that what I say, I'll do, and if either of you raise your voice above a whisper while I stay here, your cousin Henry shall swing before the Tilbooth!"

A bitter groan was all Mary's answer, as she sunk back upon the pillow.

"Wretch!" cried Kate, striving to get free, "you have killed her. You shall be hanged for this!"

"Not with your help, young lady; I'll take care of you. There's plenty of ways of quieting noisy birds like you!"

"Let me go, let me go," exclaimed Kate, half frantic at the sound of her cousin's groans; "or I will scream so that all the house shall hear me!"

"Will you?' replied M'Evoy, with a furious oath; "then here's wh t'll silence you!" and he held up the keen narrow blade; "but I ain't no murderer, and if you'll come along quietly, you may, if not——" and with a menacing gesture he pointed a weapon downwards upon his victim, moving to the door the while.

"Where are you going? where are you taking me? screamed the poor girl, fearfully.

"Where you'll tell no tales"

"Oh, Mary! Mary! save me! call for help!—save me! save me!" cried Kate, frenzied with terror, and struggling like a mad creature in the man's vice-like hold.

"Be silent, or I'll silence you for ever! Come along peaceably, if you're wise!"

As he spoke, Kate fell through his grasp upon her knees! and before he could recover his surprise, she was up and bounding across the room towards the passage-door—but just as she reached it, her foot caught against a chair, and she fell heavily.

In an instant she was again a prisoner; and with a fierce denunciation the ruffian struck her a violent blow, and again dragged her to the door. But at this sight Mary, whose terror seemed hitherto to have deprived her of sense, crept from the bed; and staggering towards them, fell almost frantic at the man's feet, crying, in a low weak voice—

"Spare her! spare her! I am dying, M'Evoy—do not take her her from me!"

"A likely thing!—and leave her here to hang me! No young, lady I'm not so green as that!'

"She will never speak, and I never will!" replied Mary, earnestly.

"No you'll never, I know that, else I should have invited you to be one of the party; but you'll be out of the way long before you could do me my mischief,—and if you weren't, you wouldn't hang your cousin for the pleasure of a bit of spite against me; so you're all safe."

"And so is Kate—so is Kate!' pleaded Mary clasping her hands, and, in her painful exhaustion, almost supporting herself against the robber's knees.

"Of course, I mean to take care of that, that's what I'am taking her away for!" And again he moved to the door. The action threw Mary forward; and, halfstunned, she lay helplessly upon the ground. Kate thought she was dying: so did the robber—and with a sudden impulse, he bent down. The moment released his prisoner; and in an instant Kate had thrown herself by Mary's side, and was lifting up her head.

"Put her in bed, she'll soon be gone!" said M'Evoy.

"Oh! for a doctor—a doctor!' cried Kate, wildly, forgetting all else in her agony at the thought of losing her cousin. "Cannot you bring one?—for God's sake, do not let her die so! Oh, Mary, Mary! speak to me—speak to me!" And her tears fell like hot rain upon the dying girl's face, who opened her eyes and smiled tenderly.

The man muttered an impatient exclamation, and, roused by the sound Kate, who had almost forgotten him, sprang upon her feet, and seizing his arm, said, hurriedly—"Hear me, sir! You are afraid that if you left me here I should betray you, and by means that you would come to justice—and therefore, for your own safety, you would take me away. You do not fear my cousin, because you see that she is dying, and besides, you trust to love her for Henry Jollis: thus you think you are doubly secure. Now, what she would do for her cousin, I would do for her a thousand times over. Leave me here, and nothing on earth shall ever make me betray you, take me away and nothing but my death shall make you safe—for then, at my cost, I will divulge your crimes! Put to me any oath you choose, and I will take it—only, as you hope for God's mercy hereafter, leave me here now!"

"Nonsense, nonsense, girl; that's all humbug! If I was to do as you ask, you'd get some canting individual to tell you that such oaths are wicked, and that it is a sin to keep them, and so over I should go directly. No, no—safe bind is safe find. I'll take you with me,—and if you ever get loose, why I've myself to blame, that's all; and then up goes Henry Jollis on the gallows—I'll never swing alone!"

Again Mary moaned, and again Kate threw herself on her knees beside her, chafing her hands, and weeping bitterly.

"Speak to me, Mary, one word! darling, darling Mary—one word! Oh, great Heaven! that you should die thus!" And, with a burst of most utter anguish, she bent her head over the chilling brow.

To be continued.

A SCENE IN THE COMMONS.

"G. W. S." (the initials of the well known and able London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*), devotes a recent letter to a sharp discussion in the House of Commons which revealed a few curious features. It will be remembered that in the House of Lords the Marquis of Salisbury, who, although now a member of Mr. Disraeli's Cabinet had, not many years ago, a quarrel with the Conservative leader which it was believed even Time could not heal, caused to be struck out of the Public Worship bill the clause allowing of an appeal from the Bishop to the Archbishop, in matters of ritualistic practice, which the House of Commons had insisted upon retaining by a majority of 23. The bill came back to the commons for concurrence in the Lords' amendment, and on the question of concurrence arose what was no doubt one of the spiciest debates of the session if not one of the most serious, looking to the future state of parties in England. Sir William Harcourt led of with the panegyric upon Mr. Disraeli which awakened no little curiosity, Sir William having been a member of the late Gladstone Administration. "We have a leader of the House of Commons," he said, "who is proud of the House of Commons, and of whom the House of Commons is proud. Well may the Prime Minister be proud of the House of Commons, for it was the scene of his early triumphs and it is still the arena of his later and well-earned glory." Mr. Disraeli, he declared, had always maintained a dignified decency, and was not more admired for his talents than respected for his behaviour in the conduct of the affairs of the first assembly of gentlemen. "If there be any one," pursued Sir William Harcourt, "I will not say who, who should anywhere—I will not say where or when—have designated the deliberately expressed opinion of the House of Commons as 'bluster,' and the voice of its majority as a "bugbear," the right hon. gentleman will not forget that it is by virtue of that blustering majority he is Prime Minister of England." He knows, Sir William went on to say, what belongs to moderation and good breeding, which is the characteristic of English gentlemen and English statesmen, and we "may well leave the vindication of the reputation of this famous assembly to one who will well know how to defend its credit and its dignity against the ill-advised rage of a rash and rancorous tongue, even though it be the tongue of a Cabinet Minister, a Secretary of State, and colleague." If Lord Salisbury had been mentionad by name he could not have been more clearly pointed out. Nor did Sir William Harcourt end here. He proceeded to make an onslaught on Mr. Gladstone, for whom he is not thought to entertain sentiments of the warmest affection. The onslaught took the form of an attack on Mr. Gladstone's belief, or what Sir William Harcourt treated as his belief, in the divine right of Bishops, and in the authority of canon law and such matters, and a distinct statement that Mr. Gladstone thought Archbishop Laud a better authority than the great names of Parker, Whitgift or Grindal. The doctrine of Mr. Gladstone, said Sir William Harcourt, may be the true doctrine, but it is not to be found in the Constitution of England or of the Church of England, or in the traditions of the great historical Whig party, and so on.

A speech so unexpected and singular might well have puzzled Mr. Disraeli. On Mr. Gladstone it could have but one effect, that of giving added spice to his fiery rhetoric. Mr. Disraeli's principal difficulty was seen to be the awkward position in which Sir William Harcourt had placed him with respect to his colleague, Lord Salisbury, with whom, it is said, he can never be on the most friendly terms. He commenced with a compliment to the ability of Sir William Harcourt, and described his "noble friend" as long a member of the House of Commons, and well known to many of the present members. Then proceeding: "He is not a man who measures his phrases. He is one who is a great master of jibes and flouts, and jeers; but I don't suppose there is any one who is prejudiced against a member of Parliament on account of such qualifications, he is not, perhaps," continued Mr. Disraeli, "superior to the consideration that, by making a speech of that kind, and taunting respectable men like ourselves with being a "blustering majority," he might stimulate the *amour propre* of some individuals to take the very course which he wants and to defeat the bill. Now I hope we shall not fall into that trap. I hope we shall shew my noble friend that we remember some of his manœuvres when he was a simple member of this House, and that we are not to be taunted into taking a very indiscreet step, a step ruinous to all our own wishes and expectations, merely to show that we resent the contemptuous phrases of our colleagues." If the last sentences are properly reported, the Marquis of Salisbury could hardly have failed to take offence at it, for there is no qualification whatever of the terms in which the Marquis's speech in the House of Commons is designated. How the Marquis really felt no one can say; he simply took occasion in the House of Lords to observe that he had not used the words "blustering majority," that had been attributed to him. To Mr. Disraeli he made no reply whatever, nor any allusion, unless it be in a sentence in which he remarked that "the most extraordinary languages had been imputed to him by persons or by a person in the other House of Parliament, who is evidently wholly unacquainted with the matter of which he was speaking." He offered no defence of himself against the charge—undoubtedly a true one—that his amendment was a manœuvre designed to bring about the defeat of the bill by means of a disagreement between the two Houses. He admitted having used the word 'bluster,' but affirmed that so far from applying it to the majority of the House of Commons, he implied it to the argument employed in the Lords, that when there is a difference of opinion between the two houses' it is a privilege of the Commons to insist, and the duty of the Lords to yield. Mr. Gladstone's reply to Sir William Harcourt is said to have been in his finest style, except, perhaps, towards the close, in which he displayed temper by declaring that he had expelled Sir William Harcourt from the Liberal ranks. This is unworthy the Liberal leader.

Parliament adjourned soon afterwards. What the effect of the debate may be remains to be seen. Will the old feud between the Conservative Chieftain and his Tory Lieutenant break out anew? It will be unfortunate if it does, for extreme Tory though he is, the Marques of Salisbury is one of the ablest men in the Cabinet. Sir William Harcourt's assault upon his old leader and colleague is easily enough understood. Sir William is the rising man of the Liberal Party. He is making a bold fight for the first place, to which, while not entirely wedded to the traditions or aims of the Whig party, Mr. Gladstone holds on with a grim tenacity. Whatever may be its consequences, the debate was one of a peculiar character, possessing features sufficient novel to strike public attention everywhere.

AN AWFUL DISEASE—GLANDERS IN ENGLAND.

From the London Saturday Record.

The report of the Veterinary Department of the Privy Council Office shows that glanders increases every year, and further confesses that the official returns are far from giving a true indication of the number of cases. In London it is very widely spread, and some of the Durham collieries seem to have suffered frightfully. In one of them a miner has succumbed to the disease, having been inoculated by washing his hands in a cistern at which an affected animal had drunk. If the disease be allowed to continue unchecked we shall certainly hear of the loss of more human life. Sanitary officials should use their influence with local authorities the regulations of the Contagious Diseases (Animal) Act strictly enforced.

By an Order in Council dated June 30, 1873, farcy and glanders are subject to the same regulations, and the local authority may prohibit the movement of any horse that is glandered, or that has been in the same field, stable, shed, or other premises with a horse affected with glanders or farcy. The order thoroughly carried out would soon have a beneficial effect, but it does not touch the case of glanders in a private stable. If an Inspector knows of the existence of twenty glandered horses, he can only wait until they are brought into the street. He may suspect the disease, and he cannot stop other infected horses from leaving the stable to be sold into healthy studs. Much good may be done by the existing regulation, if enforced, but until the Inspector be armed with powers of entry on to suspected premises glanders will remain and human beings are liable to a loathsome death. Glandered horses, wherever found—in public streets or on private premises—should be subject to compulsory slaughter and the spectators intrusted with these measures should be qualified veterinary surgeons.

VITALITY OF SEEDS.—About the year 1850, a gentleman in Scotland succeeded to an estate which had been in his family over 300 years. On this estate there was a bog or marsh covering over 100 acres, on which his predecessors had unavailingly expended large sums, in the hope of draining it, and thus reclaiming it for agricultural purposes. The bog was in the form of a basin, surrounded by hilly or rising ground of the height of about 30 feet. From one part of this rising ground, there was a rapid descent, after passing the hill, and my friend was advised to cut a drain through the hill at this particular point, and thus, perhaps, get below the bottom of the marsh. This was done at considerable expense, the drain being some 40 feet deep, and rather resembling the bed of a river, than a drain for agricultural purposes.

The experiment was a perfect success, as the drain set into sandy soil below the level of the bottom of the bog and completely drained it But the peculiar featue of the case, which I wish to present to your notice, is the fact that on the surface of the soil excavated from this drain; and which must of course have formed the bottom of the 30 feet of rising ground by which the bog was surrounded, a quantity of black oak plants sprang up the following season. Now black oak logs had, in that part of the world, been occasionally found in the large bogs; but there was no tradition of any having existed on the property alluded to; neither was there any appearance in the formation of the bog and its surroundings to indicate any different form of land than what had been familiarly known at least three centuries. The acorns from which the black oaks vegetated must, therefore, have laid for centuries 40 feet below the surface of the soil, and yet they immediately vegetated on being exposed to the sun and air.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

The contents of *Blackwood's Magazine* for August, just issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay Street, New York, are as follows:

"The Abode of Snow." This is the first description of a trip to the Himaliyas. The writer takes us from the heat of India to cool breezes of the mountains, and has promised to conduct us to some of the highest peaks of the range.

"The Story of Valentine and his Brother' Part VIII.

"New Books." Essays of Richard Congreve" in which the doctrine of the Religion of Humanity is set forth at some length; "Threading my way—Robert Dale Owen." "The product of one of those curiously uneducated minds which no amount of training can ever suffice to teach;" "Memoir of Mrs. Barbauld," a book of which but little can be said, "as it contains little except a chronicle of modest duty:" and "Songs of Two Worlds," spoken of with moderate praise.

"Alice Lorrine," part VI.

"Seven Village Songs," principally love songs, short and sweet.

'The Civil War in America,' by Comte de Paris. The first chapters of this work have been published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and hence the present communication to *Blackwood*, written by a 'General Officer of the late Confederate Army.' A history intended to occupy seven volumes cannot with fairness be judged by its preliminary chapters; but the General Officer is unable to restrain his indignation at the author's evident sympathy with the cause of the North, and rushes somewhat hastly into print, to denounce him as a partisan writer, and not a historian. Not content with determining prematurely how the Comte de Paris has written a book, he seems also bent upon settling 'why he did it?—a matter with which literary critics seldom trouble themselves.

'Montero's Flight.' A poem in ballad form, describing the death of Marshal Concha, and his aid-de-camp's gallant ride.

'The Agricultural strike.' This account of the troubles beeween English farmers and farm labourers aims at giving an impartial explanation of the position of the parties before the strike, and at the present time. It is an article that places the whole case clearly before us, thereby saving us the trouble of trying to remember and connect the items on the subject that appear from time to time in the newspapers.

THE CLAIMANT AND HIS JEWELLERY.—Messrs. F. Clark. & Co., of Old Bond Street, sold by auction on Tuesday, under instructions from the trustee in bankruptcy "in re Sir Roger C. D. Tichborne," several articles of jewellery, late the property of the Claimant. There was a large attendance, and the competition for some of the articles was brisk. A gold keyless chronometer, the back engraved with the arms of the Tichborne family, sold for £32, a gold fuzee-case, crested, £7 10s; a handsome and elegantly-chased electro-plated epergne service with engraved glass flower vasoes and fruit dishes, $44. The next lot was a silver snuff-box, finely chased and engraved with crest. This box, the auctioneer said, had been in Newgate. It was filled with the Claimant's snuff. On this fact been announced a rush was made for a pinch, and the box was emptied in a few seconds. The box realised £3 3s, and a meerschaum pipe, presented by Guilford Onslow, Esq., fetched 30s. A steel patent Reliance safe, by Tann, engraved with the arms of the Tichborne family, aud presented to Claimant by one of his admirers, sold extremely well. A number of other articles went off at nearly double their value.

While the MACKENZIE Combination is reducing the strength of the Canadian Militia, the British Government deems it advisable to add to its citizen soldiery. The *Army and Navy Gazette* says, it is the intention of War Office to take steps next year for the formation of the additional militia battalions in many of the districts where an increase has been recommended. As regards officers no difficulty is anticipated, there being a sufficiency of eligible candidates. Doubts are expressed as to the rank and file, the Militia being just now rather unpopular with the class from which recruits are drawn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Prince and Princess of Germany have returned to Berlin.

Chancellor Von Moltke, brother of the field Marshal, is dead.

The Chinese are reported to be threatening the Province of Knidja.

Dead grasshoppers are eighteen inches thick on the beech of Lake Manitoba.

The Russians are constructing a military road from Semipaltrusk to the Chinese frontier.

Grand Duke Vladimer, of Russia, was recently married to the Duchess of Mecklenburgh.

It is thought that one hundred thousand men will be added to the army by conscription in Spain.

The German Government has formally notified the powers that it will not interfere in the internal affairs of Spain.

Queen Victoria sent some jewelry to princess Alice at Blackenburgh, and the packet was stolen at Burges on the way.

From Cuba is reported a battle between the Insurgents and the Spanish troops, in which the former suffered severely.

On the 8th August, 1874, at Verviers, at Belgium, the wife of a labouring man gave birth to four infants—three girls and a boy.

Dr. Morley Punshion has been elected by a large majority President of the British Wesleyan Conference for the ensuing year.

It is announced that the strike in Belfast has ended. All the operatives 40,000 in number, have resumed work in the factories at reduced wages.

The mineral products of Nova Scotia for the past year were 1,051,376 tons of coal; 11,852 ounces of gold; 3,500 tons of iron, and 120,000 tons of freestone.

Otto Meyer, Austrian Consul at Havana, was the victim of a brutal attack and robbery, in New York on Thursday last, and is in a critical condition from his injuries.

LEXINGTON, the grandfather of Fellowcraft, which lately ran four miles in the unequalled time of 7 19¼, made the same distance in 1865 in 7 19¾. Blood will tell.

Mr. Berger, a candidate for the French Assembly in the department of the Loire, has issued an address boldly avowing devotion to Imperialism, and the Bonaparte Dynasty, and advocating a *plebiscite.*

Estimates in regard to bee culture in the United States puts the number of the hives at two millions, the average yield at 20 lbs. for each hive, the average price at 25 cents per pound, and the net revenue at $8,800,000.

On a tombstone in Heyden is the following—in these days a curiosity. "Here lieth the body of William Strutton, of Padrington, buried the 18th of May, 1734, aged 97, who had by his first wife 28 children, and by a second wife 17.

A member of the Merchants's Club, at Manchester, while in the club-room, shot another member named Alexander McLean, killing him instantly. The murderer then killed himself. Both were eminent merchants. The reason of the tragedy is a mystery.

Iceland is living a glorious time in celebrating its millenial anniversary. As there are no hotels in the country, and private accommodation is very limited, the churches have been used as hotels. Mr. Bayard Taylor, in the N. Y. *Tribune*, thinks that this is a good way for utilizing these sacred edifices.

One man at least, comes out of the Beecher-Tilton scandal with an unsullied reputation. His name is Horace Greeley. When Tilton urged him to call at his house during his absence, Mr. Greely declined. He said he did not think it a good habit to visit a wife while her husband was away. These were creditable words.

The German Minister to the United States says the report of the cession of Porto Rico is a monstrous absurbity; that Germany's sole ambition to establish itself on a foundation of lasting peace; and that his Government had no wish to increase their domain, and were specially opposed to an acquisition of an island so remote from Europe.

Some idea of the quantity of tobacco consumed in this country may be had from the following figures. There were no less than 17,395,825 cigars, weighing 204 211 lbs., and cut tobacco 10,451 lbs., 33,876 lbs. plugs, imported through the port of Montreal for the year ending 30th June. The revenue arising therefrom amounted to $12,051,175.

The *Mark Lane Express* says that the bulk of the wheat crop is now safe. Another week of fine weather and the fields will be clear. The damp state of some samples show that we had a narrow escape. Prices are now receding in consequence of the belief that the crop is fully up to the average. Prices are very low in France, and English wheat is still being re-shipped from there.

MAKING THE ACQUAINTANCE OF HIS OWN SON.—The British House of Commons was vastly amused on the evening of July 2², when Mr. Brand, son of the Speaker of the House, took his seat as the member for Stroud. The new member was formally introduced to the Speaker by Sir Erskine Noay, and there was an outbreak of laughter, when the father witha cordial shaking of his son's hand, expressed himself as being happy at making the acquaintance.

Washington despatches report widespread apprehension of Indian depredations along the western frontier settlements, and the War department is receiving urgent appeals for the establishment of military posts at new points. Young Joseph Standley of Carroll County, Kansas, while returning from a party recently early in the morning, saw a light in the chicken house. He slipped into the house, seized a gun, and shot his mother, whom he took for a chicken thief.

A riot occured in Gilson County, Tennessee. Saturday, which resulted in the arrest of sixteen negroes, who, it was alleged, threatened to set fire to the town. During Monday 155 masked white men compelled the Sheriff to open the jail, took the sixteen negroes from prison, and after killing four and mortally wounding two on the confines of the town, rode off with the remaining ten, and are supposed to have killed them, as nothing has been heard of the party since they left.

REJUVENATION.—Information has been received to the effect that the Antiquarian Society of Paris, France, is engaged in raising a subscription for the purpose of old Fort Chambly, Quebec, with the object of keeping it in repair, the Canadian Government of course to retain the right of resuming possession whenever the property may be required for military or other public purposes. This action has been brought about principally by the publication of a French paper of Benjamen Sulle's poem, a translation of which by a lady appeared in *Stewart's Quarterly* magazine, a few years ago.

COMMERCIAL PROGRESS OF BOSTON.—At a recent meeting of merchants in Boston, Mr. Wm. H. Lincoln made a statement showing the increase of trade in Boston since 1870, an outline of which is as follows:—In April 1871, the Cunard steamers commenced to run from Boston weekly. Receipts of corn in 1871, 4 million bushels against 2½ millions in 1870; of wheat 500,000 bushels against 213,000. The elevator was built in 1870. Imports in 1781, 60, 716,000, against 48, 499,000 for 1870; increase 24½ per cent. Exports 19 millions against 12 millions; gain of 57 per cent. Imports in 1872 were 72¼ millions against 63 millions in 1871, and 47½ in 1870; gain 50 per cent in two years. Exports 24¼ millions against 19¼ millions in 1871, and 12 millions in 1870; gain 90 per cent since 1870. Receipts of corn 1¼ millions more than in 1871. In 1873 shipments of pork from Squires 17,000 tons; from North 3600 tons and from Boynton 728 tons. Exports 29 millions. He said a corresponding increase of facilities in Boston there is no reason why business should not continue to increase in a still greater ratio than it has in the past.