

# THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXV.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1874.

NO. 50.

## CLOSING AND ARRIVAL OF MAILS.

AT THE  
POST OFFICE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND,  
AFTER MONDAY, 14th MAY.

| MAILS.                                   | CLOSE.   | DUE.  |
|--|--|---|
| Nova Scotia.                             | Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9 p. m.                            | Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6 p. m.                                  |
| Quebec, New Brunswick and United States. | Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 9 p. m.                           | Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 10-30, p. m.                             |
| Great Britain via Halifax.               | Every alternate Friday, commencing on Friday 15th May at 9 p. m. | About every alternate Saturday, commencing 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.                            | Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 10-30, p. m.                             |
| 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.         | Monday, Thursday, 9 p. m.  | Wednesday, Saturday, 7 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, 7 p. m.  |
| Beleque - Trout, Chapeau, &c.            | Monday, Thursday, 9 p. m.  | Wednesday, Saturday, 7 p. m.  |
| Brackley Point - Covehead, &c.           | Monday, Thursday, 8 a. m.  | Tuesday, Friday, 9 a. m.  |
| Plaisid - 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, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 9th May, 1874.

## ALMANAC FOR DECEMBER, 1874.

MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon, 8th Day, 7h. 54m. p. m., N. W., below horizon.

First Quar., 15th Day, 2h. 12m. a. m., N. E., below horizon.

Full Moon, 22d Day, 10h. 44m. a. m., S. W., below horizon.

Last Quar., 29th Day, 23h. 23m. a. m., W.

| DAY | WEEK      | SUN     | MOON  | HIGH  | WATER |
|-----|-----------|---------|-------|-------|-------|
|     |           | RISE    | SETS  | DAY   | LEATH |
| 1   | Tuesday   | 7 28 10 | 1 26  | 4 49  | 8 42  |
| 2   | Wednesday | 30 10   | 5 50  | 1 35  | 40    |
| 3   | Thursday  | 31 9    | 7 27  | 6 58  | 38    |
| 4   | Friday    | 32 9    | 9 24  | 7 45  | 27    |
| 5   | Saturday  | 33 9    | 11 43 | 8 30  | 36    |
| 6   | Sunday    | 34 8    | 3 8   | 9 39  | 34    |
| 7   | Monday    | 35 8    | 3 40  | 9 48  | 32    |
| 8   | Tuesday   | 36 8    | 4 22  | 10 26 | 32    |
| 9   | Wednesday | 37 8    | 4 54  | 11 4  | 31    |
| 10  | Thursday  | 38 8    | 5 16  | 11 44 | 30    |
| 11  | Friday    | 39 8    | 5 37  | 12 43 | 29    |
| 12  | Saturday  | 40 8    | 5 41  | 0 24  | 28    |
| 13  | Sunday    | 41 8    | 5 55  | 1 5   | 27    |
| 14  | Monday    | 42 8    | 6 11  | 1 48  | 26    |
| 15  | Tuesday   | 43 8    | 6 27  | 2 33  | 25    |
| 16  | Wednesday | 44 8    | 6 43  | 3 26  | 25    |
| 17  | Thursday  | 45 9    | 6 57  | 4 33  | 25    |
| 18  | Friday    | 46 9    | 7 11  | 5 45  | 25    |
| 19  | Saturday  | 47 9    | 7 25  | 6 55  | 25    |
| 20  | Sunday    | 48 9    | 7 39  | 8 3   | 24    |
| 21  | Monday    | 49 9    | 7 53  | 9 3   | 24    |
| 22  | Tuesday   | 50 9    | 8 35  | 9 55  | 24    |
| 23  | Wednesday | 51 9    | 9 22  | 10 43 | 24    |
| 24  | Thursday  | 52 9    | 10 15 | 11 30 | 25    |
| 25  | Friday    | 53 9    | 11 12 | 12 14 | 25    |
| 26  | Saturday  | 54 9    | 12 11 | 0 55  | 25    |
| 27  | Sunday    | 55 9    | 1 11  | 1 35  | 25    |
| 28  | Monday    | 56 9    | 2 11  | 2 14  | 26    |
| 29  | Tuesday   | 57 9    | 3 11  | 3 57  | 27    |
| 30  | Wednesday | 58 9    | 4 11  | 4 46  | 28    |
| 31  | Thursday  | 59 9    | 5 11  | 5 43  | 28    |

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**WILLIAM DODD,**  
Commissioner, Merchant and Auctioneer.  
QUEEN SQUARE,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

**BANGOR HOUSE,**  
PLACED IN SITUATION ON  
North Side King's Square,  
St. John, - - - New Brunswick.  
J. H. RUSSEL, PROPRIETOR.

**WILLIAM JAMES HENRY,**  
AUCTIONEER, GENERAL BROKER,  
AND COMMISSION AGENT.  
DEALER IN CHOICE  
FAMILY GROCERIES, TOBACCO & FANCY GOODS.  
PRINCE ST., COR. OF BOSTWICK ST.,  
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. ly

**St. Lawrence Marine Insurance Co. of P. E. Island.**  
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:  
ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, Esq., President.  
JOHN F. ROBERTSON, Esq.,  
ALEXANDER BROWN, Esq.,  
RALPH B. PEASE, Esq.,  
P. W. HYNDMAN, Esq.,  
THOMAS MORRIS, Esq.,  
W. STEWART, Esq.  
Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange Building.  
FREDERICK W. HYNDMAN,  
Charlottetown, March 16, 1874. -ly Secretary.

**CARRIAGE FACTORY.**  
THE Subscribers, having taken the Factory formerly occupied by PROUD & McCORMACK, are prepared to conduct the business of CARRIAGE BUILDING in all its departments.  
Carriages and Sleighs made to order. Repairs done with neatness and dispatch. All orders filled when promised.  
YOUNGER, OFFER & CO.  
Oct. 19, 1874. -ly

**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.  
W. R. FITZGERALD, Agent.  
Wm. DUNLOP, Special Agent  
Charlottetown, July 27, 1874. -6m

**FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.**  
**IMPERIAL**  
Fire Insurance Company  
OF LONDON.  
Subscribed and Invested Capital £1,965,000 Sterling.

**MONTREAL**  
Marine Assurance Company.  
Capital and Cash Assets over \$1,000,000  
The above OFFICES being of UNQUESTIONED STANDING, guarantee perfect security and prompt payment of losses.  
FENTON T. NEWBERRY,  
Agent for Prince Edward Island  
Charlottetown, Jan. 10, 1874. ly

**Manhood Restored.**  
A victim of youthful imprudence, causing premature decay, nervous debility, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has found a simple self-cure which he will send free to his fellow sufferers. Address  
J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau street, New York.  
Oct 6m

## POETRY.

### COTTAGE MUSIC.

[From the Leisure Hour.]

When the cottage door is open, and the air is bright and clear,  
Then the sound of children's laughter echoes on the listening ear,  
And the fall of little footsteps, pattering on the rustic floor,  
Gently lures the tired woodman to his peaceful home once more.  
O! the music of young voices, O! the tuneful little feet,  
How they rise and fall together, keeping time and cadence sweet;  
Like the evening moving planets, making harmony above,  
So the happy notes of childhood vibrate on the chords of love.  
On the settle sits the granddaddy with eyes so old and dim,  
That the little sunny faces seem like fading dreams to him;  
But he hears their merry voices, and it almost makes him young,  
As he tries to catch the meaning of each little prattling tongue.  
O! the merry laughing voices, how melodiously they flow,  
Bringing to the old man's memory happy days of long ago.  
When he, too, could shout with gladness, when he, too, was bright and bold,  
Long before his children's children told him how the world grew old.  
And the music of young voices, long as this fair earth shall last,  
Will re-echo the joyous present with the half-forgotten past;  
And the ring of little footsteps, pattering on the cottage floor,  
Will be heard, the wide world over, till there shall be time no more.

## LITERATURE.

### KATHARINE.

#### A TALE OF WOMAN'S TRIALS.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

There was a sorrowful silence, for Kate, the only one who longed to speak and contradict at once the mistaken idea which had taken possession of her uncle's mind, dared not. The words trembled upon her lips, but when she saw the consolation which now, in his earnest attention, the hope of Edward's reciprocated affection effected him, offering, as it did, the only sure means by which her wrongs could be redressed, she could not speak the sentence which most overthrew it. And so, contenting herself with gently but firmly withholding the hand which Edward would have taken, and trusting to his sense of honor and right feeling to assist his father's precarious state as sufficient explanation of her present manner, Katharine remained silent.

Presently the heavy stillness of the room was broken by the entrance of Jane, who, startled from her sleep by one of those strange presentiments which so often precede affliction, had risen unaided, and now came fearfully into the chamber. The first signs showed her the change which had taken place during the night and the bright color faded from her cheek. Selfish alike in everything—in her undivided neglect of her father's illness, and her wild burst of sorrow now—Jane flung herself upon the bed, and wept aloud, never heeding how painful and injurious to him was the unwonted display of feeling.

"Jane, pray control yourself," said Kate, endeavoring to raise her, "you are distressing my uncle sadly."

"Nay, let her be," said Mr. Grove faintly. "I haven't seen much of her lately, and she may say now."

"Oh, father, shrieked the ungentlewoman, stung by the reproach, "don't be angry now!"

"No, Jane, for all your faults to me, I forgive you, my poor girl; but mend while you can, and don't put off repentance like I have done."

The sound of Jane's passionate weeping disturbed Mrs. Grove, who loathed dramatically, and then, frightened by the commotion, rose hastily, and came forward. Her husband's eyes were closed as if in sleep, but as her step he raised them, and smiled faintly, but might be said to wander, some was evidently deserting his throne, and although restoratives were quickly applied, the exhausted frame refused to answer to them, and with inexpressible awe the mourners beheld that fearful terror creep on, when which they knew the sufferer would never awake.

Still, notwithstanding her conviction of her own powerlessness to achieve any good, Kate never desisted her post. The very little she was permitted to do, she did over and over again, no remonstrances, no entreaties from Edward that a nurse might take her place, no assurances from the medical man that her uncle was perfectly unconscious to all outward things, and that he would never awake again to know or misbehave, had any effect. While life remained, nothing could induce her to leave him, and when, after two wretched days, the scene closed, she went silently and manfully to her room, weeping as if the relative now lost had been her truest, most trusted friend.

But the indulgence of this grief, quiet and unobtrusive as it was, was soon denied to Katharine, whose active services were far too valuable to her aunt and cousin to be allowed to remain unemployed. When their pleasure or convenience was concerned, they never seemed to think of her fatigue—the long nights and days of watching she had passed, the toilsome duties which her unselfishness had spared them; but, assuming that her grief must be the greatest, because to them the lost relative was nearest, they almost resented her sorrow as presumption.

So, tired and sad, poor Kate was kept upstairs, employed, as she had been more than two years before, making and trimming in the latest fashion, those sombre garments which—so much care is taken to form them becomingly—seem to mock the sorrow they tended to express. In vain did Edward, indignant at his mother and sister's selfish ingratitude, remonstrate against a seclusion which he was sneeringly told was all that his favorite was fit for. In vain did Maurice Du Val, who dared not urge his point too strongly, lest he should confirm the suspicions he fancied were already awakened, try to purchase a glimpse of Kate by presents of costly dresses, and apparel of all sorts, which, being already made, ought to have exonerated her from labor.

Nothing was allowed to prevail, especially as Jane and her mother had at last begun to suspect that the attentions of the handsome wealthy visitor were more for the sake of their ill-treated dependent than themselves.

When this knowledge first began to dawn upon them, nothing could exceed the rage and mortification of Mrs. Grove and her daughter, and nothing but their unwilling-

ness to follow Katharine to suppose that she could be an object of interest to any human being, protected her from their vituperation.

They consorted themselves, however, as best they could, by the exercise of their power over the poor helpless girl, and by carrying out their resolution to prevent a meeting between her and Mr. Du Val.

But if they hoped so to divert Maurice from his purpose, or, not allowing him to see Kate, to win him for Jane, they erred strangely.

The more obstacles were thrown in his way, the more he saw the determination to thwart him, the more resolved he became—not openly though, not so that those people could detect and underplot him, but secretly, quietly—in the depths of his own heart.

Meanwhile, the positions of all became more perplexing. Spite to Kate for her subjugation of Edward and Du Val, the wish to punish the former for his choice, by tormenting him with duties of her loved, and the desire to revenge themselves upon the latter by arousing Edward's jealousy, were far too valuable a person to offend, and while a lingering love was left that his fancy for Katharine might wear away, leaving him open to the fascinations of her cousin, the mischief they would willingly have made between him and Edward must be foreborne. For well they knew that the manufacturer, who either liked their new acquaintance, or approved of his visits, and whose many engagements, and genuine sorrow for his father, occupied his mind too much to allow him to detect the falsehood of his mother's insinuation that Mr. Du Val was a sutor to Jane, only needed to suspect that Kate was the great attraction.

And all this time, while the plotting and treachery was going on, the preparations for the funeral went on too. At last, after three weeks delay—for business was still paramount with Edward, and his father's death had laid much upon him—the day for returning with the body to Birmingham was fixed. To Jane's bitter mortification Mr. Du Val received the intelligence with the utmost indifference. He had long before made up his mind how to act when this time arrived, and having now to interest in preparing people he so thoroughly despised, he took no pains to disguise his coldness.

Pained and exasperated beyond her own control, and having lost all incentive to prudence, Jane's wish to revenge her mortification upon her brother and Kate again overpowered her in her mind. If she could do this, Katharine by exposing her to Edward's suspicions, and estrange him from her, even at the expense of his own happiness, by making him believe her unworthy his confidence, she felt that her own humiliation would be revenged.

An opportunity for commencing the cruel scheme soon offered itself. Upon the last morning but one, before that on which they were to leave London, Edward, who had just arrived from the city, said to his sister—

"Will you ask Katharine if I may see her? It is of no use making objections about her being so busy, for I may as well say it at once, that I do not intend to accept them any longer, or allow her to be made a slave. I have borne it long enough, and as you seem to have forgotten the position she will soon occupy, it is high time I should remind you."

"Position? she will occupy? Well! considering all things, and how busy you were about her once, that's the last thing I should have expected to hear. But there's no counting for men, certainly!"

"Very likely not, nor woman either, but that's nothing to the purpose. I wish to see Katharine, and I will thank you to tell her so."

"And suppose I refuse?"

"It will make no difference; I shall send the servant, and he will bid her come to the bell."

"Well, don't be so impatient, perhaps she'll be engaged."

"If she is, it's with some of your tomfohery; but have a care, Jane! Kate bears it all very patiently now; but does not your mind misgive you how she will look upon you when the tables are turned, and you are her dependent?"

"You must be mad, Edward, to talk such nonsense. Me her dependant! I'd strike first!"

"Very well, you may take your choice, I shall not interfere. Kate will do as she likes."

"I don't! and pray in what capacity?"

"As my wife; if one so good and superior to me in a thing will condescend to accept a rough, uneducated fellow like me!"

"You will be—condemned! repeated Jane, with a scornful laugh. "Well, you are humble enough, I must own. Your wife! I should have thought you'd have looked higher than Mr. Du Val's rejected!"

"You mean? Speak! tell me the truth at once; what do you mean? I know your wicked tongue, and how you envy Kate; but if you dare to lie against her good name, I'll make you rue the day you did it!"

"Will you? you're mighty brave; but I say nothing, only you look sharp after my lady, that's all!"

And with a sneering, malicious laugh, which burned like fire upon the young man's brain, he left the room.

His first impulse was to follow and compel her, at any cost, to contradict the horrible insinuation she had uttered; but before he reached the door, a hundred little circumstances, remembered only now, rushed upon his memory, and obliged him to bewilder to the spot. In the new light which his sister's cruel words supplied, how much which he had never noticed before as worthy of a thought, became invested with a new and frightful significance. Mr. Du Val's constant visits, which it was now too evident were not, as Mrs. Grove suggested, intended for Jane, his Jewish presence, of which Edward knew not the half; the unaccountable interest he had taken in the proceedings of the whole family, the strange and unusual attention he had paid to Mr. Grove were all now explained; and the strong bad man bent his brow, and shivered from head to foot, as the full bitterness of the knowledge dawned upon him. He could have borne to see Kate in any other way. If she had refused him because of his position, his unscrupulousness, or her own want of affection, he could have borne—so strong, and true, and honest, was his love—in perfect, though sorrowful submission. But to have her thus stolen away, and made by this false stranger a subject for such evil tongues as Jane's, was more than he could bear; and bending his head low between his hands, he groaned in agony. But even now, so perfect and royal was his faith, that not one feeling of anger and contempt—not one impulse of revenge against Kate, for his own ruined hopes, entered his mind.

To be continued.

## (From the Danbury News.)

### BAILEY IN ENGLAND.

ENGLISH POLITENESS.

Another striking peculiarity of the English nation is their politeness. If they don't hear your remark they say, 'beg pardon' which is much more euphonious than 'what,' and besides, delicately shifts the responsibility of their repetition from your inarticulation to their inattentiveness. The lower class are respectful in their answers, and the middle, like the upper, are courteous if not communicative. No half-dozen people can be in the parlor of a public house, without being acquainted; and in the railway carriages no American need be without pleasant chats and necessary information of the country about him. When an Englishman goes to America he quite frequently finds a different order of things. He sees less intercommunication among the occupants of his car. The common man whom he addresses may be one who believes the Alps might make him after the most careful consideration and the answers will be framed accordingly. Here the people know their place. The poor is not allowed to take precedence of the scholar, nor even assume a level with him, however great or loud his pretensions. But there is a respectfulness that becomes servility, and an independence far from offensiveness.

### GETTING AHEAD IN THE WORLD.

In this connection I must call attention to the curious fallacy which possesses some of these people, in that they limit to America all the possibilities for getting ahead in the world. Once in America and fortunate or political preference is secured. But Great Britain is full of instances of success based alone on merit, unaccompanied by position or wealth. A common newboy is in their cabinet. A common gardener was the architect of the Crystal Palace, and died an Knight. The very owners of this fallacy have shown me scores of wealthy neighbors who, within their remembrance was once confined to less than four dollars a week.

If America has a larger field it has greater competition. Merit and perseverance will win the goal anywhere, or 'burst' it the universe.

### TWO KINDS OF GRACE.

There is an accompaniment to each meal which strikes a stranger most forcibly. It is their way of saying grace. They are the sudden people in this respect that I ever saw, and have a way of firing off their gratitude which is most startling. The text is something like this: 'For what we are about to receive make us truly thankful' and this, by some families, is said in most unexpectedly, and it has come so rapidly and abruptly that I have occasionally missed it entirely, hearing only the word 'about' preceded and followed by a subdued whispering. There being no abatement in the work of the table at the time, tended to make the impression less distinct. The giving of thanks where it is the custom at the end of the meal has frequently opened up a mouthful of food, so swift and unobtrusive has been its coming; and the conversation and happy laughter followed along with scarcely a break in its current, and those who were to finish did so, and everybody felt contented and edified.

This is quite in contrast to our New England fashion of doing grace. I have sat under a grace which froze the gravy, irretrievably damaged the mutton, and imbued the greater part of the guests with the gloomiest forebodings; in which the African and South Sea Islander were looked after and secured from harm, and all the political cabals were taken under the fifth rib, completely dumfounded, and their evil machinations scattered to the four winds of heaven. It was a fine performance, and a good thing for humanity at large, but it made the dinner look sick.

I think like the English extreme the best, but both can be bettered. And never will be.

### THE SWELL WITH A GLASS EYE.

We excel the English in building cars; but they completely distance us in wearing an eye glass. It is not a double glass, understand, but a single disc, with a silver or gold rim, and secured by a cord about the neck, from which it dangles when not in use. It is worn only by the English exquisite, and he generally dons it when he asks a question, or in entering a room where there is anybody to see him. Sometimes it is suddenly put up without any apparent provocation. I imagine that it is worms. The wearer has a baggy costume, parts his hair in the middle, and has in his face an expression of mild idiocy, which is much strengthened by the glass.

He wears it in the depression just between the bridge of the nose and the brow of the eye, he places it there without an effort, and holds it by a slight depression of the brow. He could carry it more easily under his arm, but he prefers wearing it as I describe, where it rides as calmly and peacefully as a babe on its mother's breast, or a wet dog on a clean oil cloth. Imitatively Americans vainly strive to capture the fashion. There was one young man from Malborough Massachusetts, stopping in London last summer, who devoted three whole months, but in vain, to make an eye-glass stay in his eye. I could always tell when he failed, by hearing him howl and swear and kick the furniture. At the end of three months he went home, as both his time and money were exhausted. When his room was cleaned two full quarts of damaged eye-glasses were gathered up.

### A TRAVELER'S TRUCULENT QUESTION.

There are no wooden houses here, and the fact recently placed an English friend in a rather embarrassing position. He had sojourned in the States several years, and returned to his native land fully primed with valuable information. Several nights after his return, while entertaining a few friends in a private bar-parlor of the White Horse tavern, he ventured on the astounding assertion that he had seen a house moved; and becoming reckless by the horrified expression on the face of his companions, and the utter impossibility of backing safely out, followed up the sensation by boldly announcing that he had seen a three-story tenement going down the middle of the street. Immediately an oppressive and ominous silence fell upon the auditors, and very soon they arose, one by one and with glances of significant pity on the audacious narrator, moodily retired from the room leaving him entirely alone with his seared conscience. The last one to leave took occasion to overhaul his predecessor in the entry and to observe in a gloomy whisper, that "that was the boldest lie he had ever heard." And to this day that returned Englishman is eyed with suspicion.

## THE DAILY LIFE OF THE POPE.

The following fresh account of the daily life of the Pope is given in a Catholic newspaper. Winter and summer in spite of his 82 years, Pius IX rises at half-past five and dresses himself without any assistance. He generally wakes of himself. After some prayers he goes to one of his private chapels, which contain some relics, among others a fragment of the crib, and a large piece of the true cross, the veil of St. Veronica, a portion of the skull of St. John the Baptist, and some of the teeth of St. Peter. He then prepares for his mass, which he says at half-past seven in a smaller and less decorated chapel. He then attends another mass, said by one of his chaplains, after which he gives his benediction to the priest and his assistants and retires. It is then about three-quarters past eight. The breakfast is brought in, which consists of broth and a cup of coffee. Cardinal Antonelli afterwards has a conference with the Pope, excepting on the Tuesdays and Fridays, when his place is taken by Mgr. Marini. Towards ten o'clock he receives his letters and papers. The Pope glances over the *Observatore Romano* and the *Voce della Verita*, but never does he examine the French journals. After this, the private audiences commence. The ceremonial is well known. Men are dressed in black coats with white cravats, and have neither hats nor gloves. They make three genuflections on entering, and then kneel at the feet of the Pope, who raises them when the Pope is seated, the visitor standing or kneeling. Cardinals and princes alone have the right to a *tabouret* in the presence of the Pope. By the order of his physician, the Pope during these last few years has been accustomed, about eleven o'clock, to take a little stroll, in order to keep up his strength, followed by a glass of Bordeaux, which is sent to him by the Sisters of St. Joseph from a vine kept especially for his use. Formerly Pius IX never took anything stronger than the common white wine. At the audiences in the Pope's apartments only men are received. Towards twelve o'clock, or half past, the Pope leaves his room and proceeds to take a walk in the library, or sometimes in the halls and galleries. On his way he meets families, deputations, and persons admitted to public audience. He blesses and indulges the rosaries, medals, and crosses, with which visitors are in general provided. At half-past one he dismisses his attendants, and again goes up to his little chapel, where he remains until two o'clock in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. Then comes the hour of dinner. This repast is invariably composed of a *porridge* and of some poultry, which is served upon a large plate together with some broth and vegetables. He rarely touches either poultry or broth. He takes some of the vegetables, a little Roman *frizzle*, and some fruit. The train bearer and private secretary assist at the repast. In summer, the dinner is followed by a *siesta* of a quarter of an hour. The rosary and the quiet of the office in the Breviary, which the Pope says daily, occupies his time until four o'clock, when he takes another walk—in the winter in the Loggia de Raphael, and in the summer in the garden of the Vatican. The Pope's favourite walk in the gardens is one carpeted with flowers and bordered with orange trees. He likes to rest upon an iron seat at the further end, under the shade of a weeping willow, near a fountain which is called the Fountain of Triton, while through the railings of the neighbouring poultry-yard he throws crumbs of bread and cake to some little pigeons. In the very hot weather Pius IX prefers a neighbouring walk equally suited by the orange trees, but more shady, and at the end of which is a miniature *fontaine* of the *Graviole* order, with the statue of the Virgin and the mischievous fountain. He returns to the house and remains with the persons of his household until the hour of the Angelus, which he always says aloud, followed by a *De Profundis*. Then the private audience begins again, and last until supper time. The Pope takes his third meal about nine o'clock, immediately before retiring for the night. The repast is composed of some broth with two plain boiled meats, seasoned with a little salt, followed by some fruit. The Pope's bed is of iron, without any curtains, with the smallest piece of carpet at the bedside. Once a week his physician and his surgeon pay him a visit to fulfil the duties of their position. The Pope, with a smile, suffers them to feel his pulse, and when they have quite decided that he is without fever, Pius IX, dismisses the doctors with great politeness, and in a friendly way with some of those kindly pleasantries for which he is so remarkable.

The reprint of the November number of *Blackwood* has been sent to us by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., of 41 Barclay Street, New York. One of the principal articles, entitled "Modern Science: Materialism," is a criticism upon Prof. Tyndall's late address to the British Association. The writer contends with much earnestness that Science should confine itself to its legitimate province of investigating the physical laws of the universe, and not indulge in vague speculations inconsistent with spiritual worship. "The great conclusions of religion take their rise in a wholly different sphere, and find all their life and strength elsewhere."

"Valentin and his Brother. Part XI." This instalment is a little tedious. We know that Richard Ross is a very selfish man, and would prefer a little more action to an analysis of the state of his mind, when so many recognitions are about to take place. "The Abode of Snow. Part III."—The Valley of the Shadow of Death is the fitting name given to the valley of the Suttlej, up which the narrative leads us. Snow-capped peaks, precipitous slopes, gorges thousands of feet deep; present almost insurmountable obstacles. The path is such only in name. Sometimes the traveller is carried in a *handy*, which consists of a single bamboo nine or ten feet long, with two pieces of carpet slung to it. There are one or two bearers at each end of the pole, and the traveller rests on the carpet at right angles with the pole, a position which has peculiar disadvantages in a narrow pathway having a wall of rock on one side and a precipice on the other. Sometimes he rides on a yak or wild ox, with a man pulling at the reins in front, and another prodding it behind with an alpen-stock. Travelling on roads like those here described would test the endurance even of an Alpine tourist.

The entrance articles are, "Prussian Military Manuvres," by Captain Knollys, of the Royal Artillery, who was present at a late review of the Emperor's army, and comments on various tactical errors, and comes to the conclusion that the English army has little to learn from the Prussian; "Ancient Classics—Latin Literature," a summary of the characteristics of the Latin literature, with some notices of the principal writers, and with many interesting extracts; and a review of Lord Dalling's *Life of Lord Palmerston*, in which the career of Lord Palmerston is treated in a more refreshing temper than is usual with a Tory reviewer.

The periodicals reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., are as follows: *The London Quarterly*, *Edinburgh*, *Westminster*, and *British Quarterly Reviews*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*. Price, \$4 a year for any one, or only \$15 for all.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Patriot.

DEAR SIR—Mr. Ferguson, in his letter to the electors, states that the advice given by the Rev. James Phelan to his parishioners would fall exclusively upon him, as it was well understood that Mr. Munn would receive but very little support from the Catholics of this district. This is singular, as many electors of that denomination were staunch supporters of Mr. Munn, and Mr. Welsh last year. These gentlemen were politically opposed to Mr. Ferguson and why should it be well understood that they would vote against Mr. Munn? The fact (as has been stated) that Mr. Munn called upon the Priest of that parish and solicited the influence or that clergyman to secure his return, may account for what Mr. Ferguson looked upon as a very odd declaration. And perhaps, Mr. Ferguson's declarations may also account for the confidence which he counted upon the support of the Catholic electors.

Mr. Ferguson's account of what happened at the Piquet meeting is not so full as it might be. He did not inform the electors that a Catholic gentleman, when the meeting had been opened but a little while, informed him that although he (the Catholic gentleman above referred to) had induced him to come out and promise to support him, he, in consequence of the school question would be obliged to withdraw his support from Mr. Munn, and would satisfy himself upon that question. Mr. Ferguson says, 'I replied that I would not promise to support any document that I had not seen, and one or two gentlemen around