

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVI.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MONDAY, JUNE 7, 1875.

NO. 23

RAILWAY TIME TABLE

Trains between Charlottetown, Summerside, Alberton, and Tignish, Daily, Sundays excepted.

GOING WEST.			GOING EAST.		
STATIONS.	NO. 1.	NO. 3.	STATIONS.	NO. 2.	NO. 4.
Charlottetown	Depart	6.30	2.00 p. m.	Tignish	11.00 a. m.
Royalton	Do.	6.50	2.25 "	Alberton	1.00 p. m.
North Wiltshire	Do.	7.10	3.20 "	O'Leary Road	2.05 "
Hunter River	Do.	7.35	3.40 "	Port Hill	3.30 "
Elliot's	Do.	8.20	4.15 "	Wellington	4.10 "
Kensington	Do.	9.10	5.15 "	Summerside	5.00 "
Summerside	Arrive	9.45	6.00 "	Do.	6.00 "
Do.	Depart	9.10	6.25 "	Kensington	6.35 "
Wellington	Do.	9.45	7.30 "	Elliot's	7.55 "
Port Hill	Do.	10.10	8.10 "	Hunter River	8.25 "
O'Leary Road	Do.	10.30	9.20 "	North Wiltshire	8.40 "
Alberton	Do.	10.50	10.20 "	Royalton	9.05 "
Tignish	Arrive	11.15	11.15 "	Charlottetown	9.55 "

Note.—No. 1 Train from Charlottetown crosses at Hunter River No. 2 Train from S' Side. No. 2 Train from Summerside connects at Royalton Junction with No. 2 Train from Charlottetown for Georgetown and Souris.

Trains between Charlottetown, Mount Stewart, Cardigan and Geo'town, Daily, Sundays excepted.

GOING WEST.			GOING EAST.		
STATIONS.	NO. 1.	NO. 3.	STATIONS.	NO. 2.	NO. 4.
Georgetown	Depart	8.40	4.30 p. m.	Charlottetown	8.45
Cardigan	Do.	9.10	4.40 "	Royalton	9.10
Mount Stewart	Arrive	10.30	6.10 "	Mount Stewart	10.30
Do.	Depart	10.35	6.20 "	Do.	11.00
Royalton	Do.	12.05	7.55 "	St. Peter's	11.45
Charlottetown	Arr	12.30	8.00 "	Georgetown	12.35

Note.—No. 1 Train from Georgetown crosses at Mount Stewart No. 2 Train from Charlottetown to Georgetown; and at Charlottetown with No. 3 for S' Side and Tignish. Intermediate Platform Stations will be called at when required to put down or take up passengers.—Trains will be run by Charlottetown Railway Station Time.

Between Charlottetown, Mount Stewart, Morell, St. Peter's and Souris, Daily, Sundays excepted.

GOING WEST.			GOING EAST.		
STATIONS.	NO. 1.	NO. 3.	STATIONS.	NO. 2.	NO. 4.
Souris	Depart	7.00 a. m.	Charlottetown	8.45	8.45
Harmony	Do.	7.20 "	Royalton	9.10	9.10
St. Peter's	Do.	8.50 "	Mount Stewart	10.30	10.30
Morell	Do.	9.40 "	Do.	11.00	11.00
Mount Stewart	Arrive	10.30	Morell	11.45	11.45
Do.	Depart	10.35	St. Peter's	12.35	12.35
Royalton	Do.	12.05	Harmony	2.00	2.00
Charlottetown	Arrive	12.30	Souris	2.30	2.30

Note.—No. 1 Train from Souris connects at Mount Stewart with No. 2 Train from Charlottetown to Georgetown; and at Charlottetown with No. 3 for S' Side and Tignish. Intermediate Platform Stations will be called at when required to put down or take up passengers.—Trains will be run by Charlottetown Railway Station Time.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

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

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

VULCAN FOUNDRY,
GEORGETOWN.
STOVES, wholesale and retail. WINDLASS
AND MACHINERY CASTINGS in general
always on hand, or supplied at the shortest notice.
Cash Paid

JAMES BRENNAN,
House, Sign, and Carriage Painter,
Paper Hanger & Glazier,
SOURIS WEST.

Orders will receive prompt attention.
July 7, 1875.

F. M. CAMPBELL,
General Merchant
COMMISSION AGENT,
AUCTIONEER & BROKER
TRINITY CORNER, GEORGETOWN, P. E. I.
AGENT FOR THE
Standard Life Insurance Co.
Sept. 1, 1875. ly

CARRIAGE FACTORY,
THE Subscribers, having taken the Factory
formerly occupied by Pooty & Mc
Cormack, 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.
YOUNKER, OFFER & CO
Oct. 19, 1874—ly

H. R. MULLIC'S
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.

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

INSURANCE.

MARINE
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
ROBERT LONGWORTH, Esq., President.
HON. JAS. DICKSON,
HON. L. C. OWEN,
HON. A. A. McDONALD,
HON. J. C. POPE,
THOMAS HANDELMAN, Esq.,
GEORGE R. BEEB, Esq.,
Risks taken daily at their office, corner
Great George and Lower Water Streets.
F. W. HALEB, Secretary.
Ch'town, March 22, 1875.—ly

ST. LAWRENCE
Marine Insurance Co.
OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
Authorized Capital, — \$300,000.
Subscribed Capital, — 143,050.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, President.
JOHN F. ROBERTSON,
ARTHURS LORD,
P. W. HANDELMAN,
RALPH B. PEAKE,
THOMAS MORRIS,
GEORGE D. LONGWORTH.
Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange
Building.
FREDERICK W. HYNDMAN,
Ch'town, March 22, 1875.—ly Secretary.

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

Invested Funds, 1st Jan'y., 1874, \$21,628,356
Deposited with Receiver-Gen-
eral 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, Charlotte
town, P. E. I.
R. R. FITZGERALD, Agent.
Ch'town, July 27, 1874.—6m

FIRE INSURANCE!

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

PHENIX
INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Cash Assets, — — — \$2,015,383.34.

The above Offices being of UNDOUBT-
ED STANDING, guarantee perfect
security and Prompt Payment
of Losses.
DETACHED DWELLINGS insured for
One, Two, or Three Years on SPE-
CIAL ADVANTAGEOUS
TERMS.

FENTON T. NEWBERY,
AGENT.
Jan. 18, 1874. ly

POETRY.

FAITH.

The Orator spoke, and the crowd was hushed;
Men held their breaths as the quick words dashed;
Stare eyes grew tearful, cold hearts grew hot;
Though the hours sped by they heeded them not,
And they swore not their faiths if they lived not
The tyrant dead and their country free.

The Orator ceases—the curtain falls,
The echoes die through the teatless walls—
They fought in vain for the tyrant's sword,
Stayed not the sweep of the tyrant's sword,
And the riveted chain clank'd on as before,
And the Orator's words are remembered no more.
Scanty his glory, scanty his fame,
He lives in story only a name.

The Post sang, and the earth grew still,
And they mused his words at their own sweet
will,
And they asked his name that it might be en-
r'd
With the names of earth's greatest in letters of
gold—
And his pale cheek flushed and his heart beat
high,
And he said—'Nor my name nor my song shall
die.'

He sang, and earth's voice, silent so long,
Grew reverent louder and drowned his song,
As the tide of time through the centuries roll'd,
The rust ate in time the letters of gold,
And never songs seemed sweeter to men,
And the Post's songs are not heard again,
Save by a few, with less heart than he,
Who grieve for his thoughts in a tongue that is
dead.

Scanty his glory, scanty his fame,
He lives in story scarce but a name.

LITERATURE.

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

CHAPTER X.

When the sun had set, and the shades of
twilight had begun to deepen over the sea,
and upon the neighboring coast of Cuba,
Captain de Silva left the deck, where he
had till then remained, and summoned
Ulric to his hammock.

'Not yet, Captain, if you please!' re-
plied Ulric; and he took much pains to
suppress the involuntary trembling of his
voice, for the decisive moment seemed
very near. 'The night is so fine and mild,
that I will remain here if you will allow it
senior!'

'You are a fool!' cried the captain,
laughing. 'If you spend half the night
in watching, you will not be equal to do
much work in the morning. But do as
you please—only don't disturb my sleep
when you are tired of watching and come
into the cabin. Good-night.'

Ulric breathed deep when he heard the
captain's heavy steps below in the cabin.
The most difficult point was now gained,
and he could without observation remain
on deck. He did not much fear the watch
for he knew that they were usually only
half awake at their post. He walked with
slow and apparently careless steps towards
the stern of the vessel and seating himself
near the cabin of the anchor, looked first
down into the waves below, then up towards
heaven, where the bright and glittering
stars were rising in all their magnificence.
The watch did not trouble themselves about
him. Ulric remained sitting there till to-
wards midnight.

The young man clasped his hands, and
prayed to God to grant him protection and
assistance in the dangerous scheme which
he was about to undertake; then, taking
fast hold of the cable of the anchor, he
gently and carefully slid himself down into
the water. Extending his arms, he struck
the water vigorously, and swam towards
the English ship, which at some distance
rose like a great dark mountain out of
the waves. No one had observed his flight.
The watch on the 'Carolina' either contin-
ued to sleep, or were looking over on the
opposite side of the ship towards the shore.
There was, therefore, nothing to be feared
from them even if they had seen the bright
track which Ulric left behind him like a
glittering furrow.

Ulric had at first exerted his strength
too much in order as soon as possible to
place some distance between him and the
ship from which he had fled. He now be-
gan to grow weary, and the therefore threw
himself upon his back and only made a
stroke from time to time. He soon re-
covered his strength and breath, and again
he quickly dashed through the waves.
Now he reaches the English vessel, climbs up
by the cable of the anchor, calls for
assistance, and is drawn by the watch, with
little trouble, on board.

'Save me! hide me!' he exclaimed.
The sailors now gathered compassionately
around him, and asked who he was and
whence he came, and whom he feared, and
similar questions. Ulric understood their
language, and could reply to them. He
related his story in a few words, and im-
mediately received a promise of protection
from the brave people in whom he had
confided. They took him to their captain,
who confirmed the promises of his men,
and a few days afterwards Ulric was on his
way to England, whither Captain Stevenson
was returning with a cargo of sugar and
tobacco. Gratefully did Ulric now thank
the Gracious God who had thus preserved
him in his dangerous flight; for it was al-
most a miracle that he had escaped the
jaws of the voracious sharks—those ever-
watchful hyenas of the seas.

The return to England of our hero, and
his further adventures, after having been
tried in such a severe school of adversity,
we shall reserve for another chapter or two,
trusting that we shall not weary the read-
er's patience.

CHAPTER XI.

'When Ulric arrived in Dover, he soon
found, through the worthy Captain Stephen-
son, an opportunity of sailing to Hamburg,
He embarked on board a collier, and, after
a sale of a few days, safely reached the
mouth of the Elbe. How his heart beat
when, after so many trials, which he had
borne with fortitude and patience, he en-
tered the noble German river at Cux-
haven.

"AT WORK AGAIN."

The recent illustration in the Canadian
Illustrated News, representing Sir John A.
Macdonald in his law office, pursuing his
profession as a lawyer, and Canada and Col-
umbia mourning over the event, carried
with it a moral of significance, and one
in which assuredly the people of Canada
may feel a degree of honest pride. For
thirty years Sir John has been a prominent
figure in Canadian politics. When he en-
tered public life, then a young man, he had
already achieved a position at the Bar, and
secured a practice to which few men attain
even after years of professional life. His
almost instantaneous leap into the front
rank of Canadian public men compelled
him to devote to the service of the public
what is less unselfish man would have re-
served for the task of money making. Dur-
ing twenty years he practically controlled
the destinies of Canada, twenty years, event-
ful in the history of this young nation—dur-
ing which it has progressed with wonderful
rapidity—twenty years during which the
great public works which have done so
much to develop the resources of Canada,
have been brought into existence; twenty
years, within which the scattered Provinces
of British America have been united under
one Government, and become one Dominion
extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific;
twenty years, offering abundant opportuni-
ties to the man who was willing to prosti-
tute his official position for his personal
gain to amass wealth; and he retired to day
to commence life anew at his lawyer's desk,
and in the courts of his country, with a
name ununsullied by even a charge of having
thought of himself and his own personal
advantage when laboring for Canada; a
poor man then when at the outside of his
willful career the people of Kingston en-
trusted their mandate to him. Whatever
diversity of opinion may prevail as to the
policy of Sir John Macdonald, surely in
presence of such a fact, we may all, without
reference to party differences, feel proud
of the veteran statesman who has passed
through such a career, with his honour un-
stained by the reproach which attaches to
too many American public men, of having
used his office for his personal gain,
at his profession. That he will find serving
his clients more profitable than serving his
country, we have no doubt; and we have
equally little doubt that he will soon see
himself surrounded by a clientele such as
few professional men in Canada can boast
of.—*Montreal Gazette.*

'Why, what has happened?' returned
Ulric distractedly.
'Away with you—away, I say!' repeated
Mr. Breitenbach, his eye flashing with
wrath and indignation, and a deep glow of
anger suffusing his forehead. 'Add no
more falsehoods to your other villainies.
You are unmasked—your own deeds witness
against you. Go, therefore, or I will
drive you hence by force!'

Though Ulric dearly loved the old gentle-
man who had loaded him with innumerable
benefits, yet the pride of conscious inno-
cence, did not permit him to bear patiently
such insulting treatment. He stood for a
moment deathly pale; his lips quivered,
and the tears flowed down his colorless
cheeks; but he drew up his slender figure to
its full height.

'Farewell, father!' he said, with a trem-
bling voice. 'I leave you, and never shall
you see me again; but here, in the presence
of God, I swear to you that I am innocent
of any crime of which I may have been
accused. Yes, guiltless I am, and most
unfortunate!'

As Ulric uttered these words, he turned
to depart, but old Martin, recovering
from the astonishment into which the sud-
den appearance of the youth had thrown
him, rushed towards Ulric and, seizing his
arm, held him fast.

'Stop!' he exclaimed. 'Stop, dear boy!
Did you not say that you were innocent?
That you were neither a thief nor a liar, or a
wicked or ungrateful youth?'

'Yes, I say so; and God knows that I
speak the truth.'

'Ah, sir, so I have ever maintained,'
cried Martin, glancing at Mr. Breitenbach,
who regarded Ulric with a gloomy con-
temnence. 'Did you not hear? Our darling
boy is quite innocent!'

It seemed at first as if the confidence of
the old servant could also soften Mr. Breiten-
bach. He raised his arms, his look was
mild, and the flush of indignation vanished
from his forehead; but the letter of Mr.
Acosta—from that honorable man, upon
whose testimony Mr. Breitenbach would
have trusted his whole fortune, the recol-
lection of this annihilated every trace of
the favorable impression which old Martin
had produced. The raised arms sunk
again, and Mr. Breitenbach observed cold-
ly, 'The boy lies! Away with you out of
this house—out of my sight!'

'Sir, appearances deceive!' urged old
Martin earnestly, but Mr. Breitenbach
continued unmoved, and Ulric now tore
himself from old Martin, and without again
looking towards his foster-father, left the
room.

Martin hurried after the youth, and over-
taking him, held him so fast that Ulric
could not disengage himself without using
force. And this he would not do, least he
should hurt the old man, who had always
loved him tenderly.

'You shall not shake me off, the affec-
tionate old man said, clasping Ulric close
to his heart. 'I believe that you are quite
innocent, for a face like yours cannot de-
ceive; but you see, dear boy, appearances
were never so strong against any one as
they were against you, therefore, you
must not be angry with our master for re-
pulsing you. Now tell me in heaven's
name, what has happened to you. Tell
me, that I cannot see clearly into the af-
fair, and the truth must be brought to light,
though Martin should be obliged to stake
life and limb upon it.'

Ulric could not resist the importunity of
the excellent man; besides, it concerned
him, not only to vindicate himself, but also
to know of what he was accused. He there-
fore followed Martin into the neighbouring
garden, and related to him all that had
happened—the treachery of his pretended
friend Wilkins, his escape from Captain de
Silva, and how he had been enabled to re-
turn home. Martin listened attentively,
and as the recital continued, his features
brightened into a joyous expression; he
rubbed his hands, winked his eyes, and at
length, when Ulric had ended his story, he
appeared quite satisfied.

'God be thanked! It is all right my
dear,' he exclaimed. 'Your innocence
must be established, and then we shall
see whether truth does not, in the
end, triumph. Only let me manage this
matter for you, Ulric. I now see the whole
plot of roguery as plainly as if I myself had
contrived it; and we will soon have justice
done to all parties. I will only previously
tell you that your fine friend Wilkins is
now here and, and has taken your place
with Mr. Schleicher, for I am very much
mistaken if your friend Wilkins is not
the young man of whom I speak or not the
same infamous scoundrel. Wait patiently
my darling, and we shall soon have the
rogues.'

'Wilkins indeed in Hamburg, with Mr.
Schleicher?' cried Ulric. 'Then it is quite
certain that Schleicher is the contriver of
all that has happened. Leave it to me,
Martin; Wilkins shall be chastised by me
this very day!'

'No, that would avail nothing, Ulric.
Listen to me, and I will relate to you how
they contrived to cast the imputation of
disgraceful conduct upon you, and after-
wards we must consider how we can take
the villains in their own net.'

Old Martin then gave Ulric an account
of the letters and reports which all tended
to show that Ulric had left Valparaiso only
a short time, and had transacted all his
business there, while Ulric listened to him
with the greatest attention.

THE LAKES OF FIRE.

The Sandwich Islands, according to Miss
Bird, who visited them and has published
her travels, contain many wonderful sights.
After reviewing some of them, a contem-
porary says:—But we must pass on to
greater wonders still, and glance at the
still restless fire of Kilanea on Hawaii is-
land, where the lake of fire occupies the
centre of a crater nine miles in circumfer-
ence, and 6,000 feet above the sea. To see
this also our indomitable author under-
took a most painful and fatiguing horse-
back journey; but she was rewarded,
She had heard from eye-witnesses grand
and awful accounts, which she gives us,
of various outbreaks of the volcano—of one
which in which 100 lives and two hundred
houses had been destroyed, in which a
river of fire from 200 to 800 feet wide
and 20 feet deep, with a speed varying from
twenty-five miles an hour; went
surging and roaring throughout its length
like a caternet, with a power and fury per-
fectly indescribable to the sea. 'Once they
traced a river of lava burrowing its
way 1,500 feet below the surface and saw
it emerge, break over a precipice, and fall
hissing into the ocean. Once from their
highest mountain a pillar of fire 200 feet in
diameter lifted itself for three weeks 1,000
feet in the air, making night day for a hun-
dred miles round, and leaving as its monu-
ment a cone a mile in circumference.' But
we will see what Miss Bird herself saw
when she arrived at the brink of the burn-
ing lake:—'I think we all screamed, I
know we all wept, but we were all speech-
less, for a new glory and terror had been
added to the earth. It is the most un-
utterable of wonderful things. The words of
common speech are quite useless. It is
unimaginable, indescribable a sight to re-
member for ever, a sight which at once
took possession of every faculty of sense
and soul, removing one altogether out of
the range of ordinary life. . . . The
prominent object was fire in motion, but
the surface of the double lake was contin-
ually skimming over for a second or two like
a cooled crust of a lustrous grey-white, with
frosted silver, broken by jagged cracks of a
bright rose color. The movement was near-
ly always from the sides to the centre, but
the movement of the centre itself appeared
independent and always took a southerly
direction. Before each outbreak of agita-
tion there was much hissing and a throb-
bing internal roaring, as of imprisoned
gases. Now it seemed furious, demoniacal,
as if no power on earth could bind it, then
playful and sportive, then for a second
languid, but only because it was accumu-
lating fresh force. On our arrival eleven
fire fountains were playing joyously round
the lakes, and sometimes the six of the
nearest lake ran together in the centre to
go wallowing down in one vortex, from
which they reappeared bulging upwards,
till they formed a huge cone thirty feet
high, which plunged downwards in a whirl-
pool only to reappear in exactly the pre-
vious number of fountains in different parts
of the lake, high, leaping, raging, fling-
ing themselves upwards. Sometimes the
whole lake, abandoning its usual centri-
petal motion, as if impelled southward,
took the form of mighty waves, and sur-
ging heavily against the partial barrier with
a sound like the Pacific surf, lashed, tore,
covered it, and threw itself over it in cots-
of living fire. It was all confusion, com-
motion, force, terror, glory, majesty, mys-
tery, and even beauty. And the color!
'Eye hath not seen!' Molten metal has
not that crimson gleam, nor blood that
living light! Had I not seen this I should
never have known that such a color was
possible.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

The recent illustration in the Canadian
Illustrated News, representing Sir John A.
Macdonald in his law office, pursuing his
profession as a lawyer, and Canada and Col-
umbia mourning over the event, carried
with it a moral of significance, and one
in which assuredly the people of Canada
may feel a degree of honest pride. For
thirty years Sir John has been a prominent
figure in Canadian politics. When he en-
tered public life, then a young man, he had
already achieved a position at the Bar, and
secured a practice to which few men attain
even after years of professional life. His
almost instantaneous leap into the front
rank of Canadian public men compelled
him to devote to the service of the public
what is less unselfish man would have re-
served for the task of money making. Dur-
ing twenty years he practically controlled
the destinies of Canada, twenty years, event-
ful in the history of this young nation—dur-
ing which it has progressed with wonderful
rapidity—twenty years during which the
great public works which have done so
much to develop the resources of Canada,
have been brought into existence; twenty
years, within which the scattered Provinces
of British America have been united under
one Government, and become one Dominion
extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific;
twenty years, offering abundant opportuni-
ties to the man who was willing to prosti-
tute his official position for his personal
gain to amass wealth; and he retired to day
to commence life anew at his lawyer's desk,
and in the courts of his country, with a
name ununsullied by even a charge of having
thought of himself and his own personal
advantage when laboring for Canada; a
poor man then when at the outside of his
willful career the people of Kingston en-
trusted their mandate to him. Whatever
diversity of opinion may prevail as to the
policy of Sir John Macdonald, surely in
presence of such a fact, we may all, without
reference to party differences, feel proud
of the veteran statesman who has passed
through such a career, with his honour un-
stained by the reproach which attaches to
too many American public men, of having
used his office for his personal gain,
at his profession. That he will find serving
his clients more profitable than serving his
country, we have no doubt; and we have
equally little doubt that he will soon see
himself surrounded by a clientele such as
few professional men in Canada can boast
of.—*Montreal Gazette.*

The reprint of *The London Quarterly*
Review for April, by the Leonard Scott Pub-
lished Co., 41 Barclay Street, N. Y., should
not be passed by unnoticed.

The first article is a long and interesting
review of 'Macready's Reminiscences, giv-
ing a sketch of his life and connection with
the stage, which began at the early age of
sixteen years. It is evidently the produc-
tion of a writer who does not derive his
knowledge merely from the book which he
reviews.

Article II. is an exposition of the work
of Indian Mission; the difficulties they met
with and the progress they have made
both in secular and religious education.
'Looking at the results achieved by Indian
mission, it is evident that they suggest
reasons both for disappointment and for
encouragement; but we are of opinion that
the reasons for encouragement decidedly
preponderate.'

Article III. 'Lord Selbume—First Mar-
quess of Lansdowne.' He was Prime
Minister of England during a brief but most
important period, and has been called
'the ablest and most accomplished minister
of the eighteenth century.' These memo-
irs, which describe the period between
1737 and 1763, seems to be similar in char-
acter to the 'Greville Memoirs.'

Article IV. 'National Education in the
United States,' has for its object, the cor-
rection of prevalent English ideas regard-
ing the working of the American Educa-
tional System. The subject is discussed in
all its bearings, but the result of the system is
not considered sufficiently successful to
warrant its adoption by other countries.

Article V. deals at length with the con-
troversy between Mr. Gladstone and Dr.
Newman, Cardinal Manning and Monsignor
Capei.

The notice of 'Livingstone's Last Jour-
nals' (Article VI) differs from previous re-
views of that work by directing attention
to the curious and valuable notes made by
the great traveller on various natural pheno-
mena, which contain many suggestive
facts.