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The Examiner.

VOL. XXVII. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1876. NO. 8.

The Examiner

Is Printed and Published every Monday Forenoon, BY

William L. Cotton,

OFFICE:

Corner Queen and King Streets.

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CLUB RATES.

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

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

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1 w	2 w	3 w	4 w	5 w	6 w	7 w	2 m	3 m	4 m	5 m	6 m	12 m
1 Inch.	0.50	0.62	0.75	1.00	1.20	1.35	1.50	1.65	1.95	2.25	2.55	2.85	5.70
2 do.	1.00	1.25	1.50	1.75	2.00	2.25	2.50	2.75	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	9.50
3 do.	1.50	1.87	2.25	2.62	3.00	3.37	4.00	4.46	5.87	6.62	7.37	8.12	16.24
4 do.	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	19.00
5 do.	2.50	3.12	3.75	4.37	5.00	5.62	6.25	6.87	8.11	9.35	10.59	11.83	23.66
6 do.	3.00	3.75	4.50	5.25	6.00	6.75	7.50	8.25	9.75	11.25	12.75	14.25	28.50
7 do.	3.50	4.37	5.25	6.12	7.00	7.87	8.75	9.62	11.38	13.14	14.90	16.66	33.32
8 do.	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	13.00	15.00	17.00	19.00	38.00
9 do.	4.50	5.62	6.75	7.87	9.00	10.12	11.25	12.37	15.65	17.98	20.21	22.49	44.98
10 do.	5.00	6.24	7.50	8.74	10.00	11.24	12.50	13.74	16.22	18.70	21.18	23.66	47.32
11 do.	5.50	6.87	8.25	9.62	11.00	12.37	13.75	15.12	17.85	20.58	23.31	26.04	52.08
12 do.	6.00	7.50	9.00	10.50	12.00	13.50	15.00	16.50	19.50	22.50	25.50	28.50	57.00

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

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

ALMANAC FOR FEBRUARY, 1876.

MOON'S CHANGES.

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

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

PRICES CURRENT.

Ch'town, Feb. 15, 1876.

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

CARTER'S RAILWAY HOTEL!

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

Reasonable Rates,

the Proprietor solicits the patronage of the travelling public.

JOHN CARTER.

Tignish Station, Dec. 6, 1875.—3m

REVERE HOUSE,

ADJOINING THE POST OFFICE,

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

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

Transient and Permanent Boarders.

Charges moderate. Good Stabling on the premises.

RICHARD GLADNEY, Proprietor.

Alberton, Sept. 13, 1875.

BUSINESS CARDS.

COOMBS & WORTH,

JOB PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS

51 WATER STREET.

Charlottetown, - - - P. E. Island.

Jan.17'76 1y

E. G. NELSON,

IMPORTER & REPAIRER OF

SEWING MACHINES.

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

Oct. 25, 1875.—1y

MacKENZIE & STUMBLES,

Auctioneers, Commission Merchants,

AND

GENERAL AGENTS,

77 North Side Queen Square,

Charlottetown, - - P. E. Island.

October 18, 1875.—1y

WILLIAM DODD,

Commission Merchant and AUCTIONEER

QUEEN SQUARE,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND

CARVELL BROS.,

AUCTIONEERS,

Commission Merchants,

AND

GENERAL AGENTS.

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

F. M. CAMPBELL,

General Merchant

COMMISSION AGENT,

AUCTIONEER & BROKER

TRINITY CORNER, GEORGETOWN, P. E. I.

AGENT FOR THE

Standard Life Insurance Co.

Sept. 1, 1873. 1y

HASZARD BROS.,

Commission Merchants & Auctioneers,

FORWARDING, MANUFACTURERS,

AND

General Agents,

61 WATER STREET.

Opposite Merchants Bank,

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

J. E. HASZARD, | HORACE HASZARD.

REFERENCES:

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

INSURANCE.

MARINE

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

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

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

F. W. HALES, Secretay.

Ch'town, March 22, 1875—1y

ST. LAWRENCE

Marine Insurance Co.

OF

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

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

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

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

Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange Building.

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

IMPERIAL

Fire Insurance Company

OF LONDON.

Subscribed & Invested Capital,

£1,965,000 Stg.

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

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

FENTON T. NEWBERY, AGENT.

Jan. 18, 1874. 1y

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE

INSURANCE COMPANY

FIRE AND LIFE.

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

FAIR RATES

Prompt & Liberal Settlements.

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

One, Three or more years,

At Reduced Rates.

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

R. R. FITZGERALD, Agent

Ch'town, July 27, 1874.—6m

POETRY.

SUNRISE ON THE HILL.

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me;—bathed in light,
They gathered mid-way round the wooden height,
And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine, blasted, bare, and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shades,
Or glistened in the white cascade;
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,—
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach,
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,
Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND;

OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER XIV.

'Oh! what have I done? How rash, how wrong I have been!' cried Katy, recoiling from the indignant fire that blazed in the eyes of Marcus, as, hurling the letter to the ground, he sprung up and was hurrying from her. 'Stop Marcus. Don't leave me. Only tell me what he means. What have you done that he should use such dreadful language? I know you cannot have done anything wrong, never. I hate him for saying so. I never shall love him any more. You don't look at me Marcus. You won't speak to me. Alas! I have done very wrong, but I meant to do right.'

Marcus turned at that beseeching voice, and an expression of pity softened the fierce splendour of his countenance. He came back and sat down by her on the little shaded bench.

'Heaven knows what I have done, Katy. I do not. I will tell you all I know.' He then related the history of Rosa, the return of his letters, the chain and locket, as well as the subsequent letter of explanation. That a circumstance capable of so simple and honourable on explanation should have caused such an insulting termination of friendship and love, seemed incomprehensible to both, and as unpardonable as incomprehensible. Katy had a good deal of honest pride concealed under her gentle, loving exterior. She loved her brother, and an injury inflicted on him stung her to the quick of her heart. Before she saw him, Delaval's letter had made her unspeakably wretched, from its mysterious accussations of Marcus. They filled her with a vague horror. That Delaval should accuse him without cause, she tried not to believe; that Marcus had given him cause, she could not believe. Now, when she heard the only possible reason that could be assigned, indignation lifted her above the weakness of sorrow. She was very beautiful in her anger. It gave such life and spirit to her face.

'That dear Rosa! she cried, 'how I love her. She did what I longed to do—nursed you on your sick bed, and soothed you back to health and life. To grudge her the possession of a simple locket, and one of those beautiful locks of yours, and think it an insult to them, seems shocking. To take it away from the poor girl, how wicked! She must look as Cora did. And you do not know where she is, and whether you will ever see her again.'

Katy was so excited by the wrongs of Rosa, she forgot her own. She hated the proud and jealous Florence, and wondered sisters could influence brothers so much. She wished she had never known Delaval, never thought of love, or allowed a 'stranger to intermeddle with her joy.'

'Let us go to our father,' said Marcus. 'I shall not feel safe from my own passions till I stand by his sick bed.'

'I will follow,' said Katy. 'I see Mrs. Bellamy beckoning me from her room.'

Marcus went alone to his father's apartment. He found him awake, and refreshed by his repose. Taking Aunt Milly's place and telling her to go and rest, he seated himself by the bed's head, so that his father could not look into his face. Warland took his son's hand, and drew him gently towards him.

'I want to see you, my son,' he said, 'as well as to feel the balm of your presence. What a feverish hand is this!' Then looking fixedly upon him, 'Marcus, you are greatly moved. If it is the thought of my my danger, you must not let it unman you thus. Submission to our God is easy. You will find it so, my son.

Marcus was too true, too ingenuous to allow his father to impute to filial sorrow the cloud with warring passions had left upon his brow.

'Father, submission to God may be learned. Whatever blow he may inflict, though it should rend my heart in twain, I trust I can say, His holy will be done. But when we suffer from the inconsistancy, and injustice, and insults of men, oh! father, teach me how to curb my rebel possions; tell me what I ought to do?'

'Ah! my son, has it come so soon this bitter knowledge of the injustice of man? Yet, this is the natural consequence of your growing fame. It is only in the sunshine the shadow is seen.'

'No, sir, it is not envy. But let me tell you all. Your wisdom shall guide me, and I feel that your sympathy will console. Father, if you were not lying here on this sick bed, my hand would be grasping the avenging steel. It burns for redress. This is the fever that makes my pulse throb so quick, and fills my veins with a boiling fluid.'

Then Marcus related the history of his engagement from Florence and Delaval without any reservation, the struggle he felt on the morning of the trial, his self-conquest, and determination to devote himself henceforth to the highest and holiest duties. He repeated the contents of Delaval's letter to Katy, which she had not shown to her father, declaring his conviction that her happiness was destroyed, as well as his own. Mr. Warland listened with breathless attention, and when Marcus had concluded, laid his hand impressively on his, and said,—

'And you believe that Rosa is the cause of all this?'

'The innocent one, father. What else could the return of the locket to me imply.'

'Marcus, I feel constrained to reveal to you what I promised to keep secret while you lay sick and wounded. Had you no suspicions that Rosa was other than she seemed?'

'None, father, none.'

'Yet Rosa and Florence are one.'

'Good heavens, father, it is not possible!'

'It is even so. Before she entered your sick-room, she sent for me, telling me her real name, and placing herself under my protection. She told me, the knowledge that I was with you emboldened her to take the step she had done. She dared not expose herself to the censure of the world by appearing in her true character: but maddened at the intelligence of your danger, she had braved everything but contumely to be near and minister to your sufferings. How tenderly, how faithfully she ministered to them, with what virgin delicacy and modesty she maintained her character as a lady, while she preserved her disguise as a servant, your own memory can bare witness.'

Marcus listened to this astounding revelation, like one awakening from a nightmare. He could not realize its truth. Yet when he recalled the form of Rosa the contour of her chin and neck, a certain graceful motion of the head peculiar to Florence, he wondered at his own stupidity. Then he recollected the darkned chamber, the Mulatto dye, the colored handkerchief that bound up her magnificent tresses, the deep green shade that covered her brilliant eyes and the upper part of her face, and the simple calico frock and white apron that clothed her beautiful figure, and the disguise did seem impenetrable.

'Could Florence do all this for me and then cast me from her?' he exclaimed. 'How unfathomable is the mystery of her conduct!'

'Believe me, Marcus, some secret enemy has been at work, and is probably still busy in undermining your interests. She who could prove her love as Florence Delavel has done, is no light, capricious damsel, actuated merely by impulse or passion. She has a depth and truth of character I have never seen in one so young. You have often told me, Marcus, that you had never known me fail in my estimate of man or woman. I am willing to stake my life—ah, that is of little value, it is fast waning away,—I will only say, nothing could shake my confidence in the strength and purity of her affection in her self-sacrificing and generous nature.'

'Bless you, father—not once, but ten thousand times—for this undoubting trust. You make me blush for my own injustice, as much as I do for my blindness and stupidity, in not recognizing L'Eclair through any disguise. But surely I must have known her sweet and silver voice. The ear cannot be deceived?'

Mr. Warland smiled. 'Florence has all a woman's wit. I saw her myself put cotton between her rosy lips, to thicken that sweet and silver voice. She closed every avenue to detection, and her disguise was so perfect I do not wonder that you never penetrated it.'

'Had you ever seen her in the splendor of her beauty, father, you *would* wonder that I did not discover some gleam that would show her identity.'

'I saw her once,' said Mr. Warland, 'without her disguise. It was one evening when you were sleeping under the influence of a powerful anodyne. She took me into another room, and stepping into an adjoining closet, soon returned, another, and yet the same. She had washed the stain from her face and hands, unbound the handkerchief from her rich curling hair, and taken the shade from her dazzling eyes. I never saw such a transformation. Coming towards me, and placing her hands with endearing frankness in mine, she said, 'I wanted you to see me as I am for one moment. I am dark by nature, but not quite a Mulatto. Do you think it strange that Marcus does not recognize me?' Marcus, my dear boy, I cannot tell you how strangely I was affected at that moment. To look at this magnificent creature, and think it was for love of you, my son, that she assumed the guise of a menial, braved the displeasure of her friends, and the risk of discovery, was enough to move the heart of any man. I yearned to take her in my arms to my heart and tell her that I lover as a daughter. And I did, Marcus. I shall never see her again, but bear to her my parting blessing. As sure as there is a moon in yonder heavens she loves you, and an enemy is trying to sever her from you.'

A sudden faintness came over him, and he sank back on the pillow. Marcus, in alarm, presented a cordial to his lips, which soon revived him.

'This has been too much for you, father,' said Marcus, with bitter self-reproach. 'I am killing you by my selfishness. Do not speak again.'

'One word more, Marcus. This enemy I believe—but—you will discover him.'

Closing his eyes, he pressed the hand of his son, who, struck by his words, felt as if thick scales were falling from his eyes, and thick clouds rolling away from his strangely darkened understanding. Marcus did not forget to repeat to his sister the conversation he had with his father, and Katy slept that night with a somewhat lightened heart.

Mr. Warland gradually grew weaker, till even Dr. Manning, the all-hopeful physician, gave up hope. But his disease seemed scarcely to diminish the strength of his lungs, and his mind was clear and calm to the last.

'There is retribution in this world as well as in the next,' he said. 'I am dying the victim of my early excesses. Nature, sooner or later, avenges her violated laws, and assists the judgment of the Almighty.'

Seeing Milly, who was standing by the bedside, he held out his hand to her with great emotion.

'The blessing of God and that of a dying man rest upon you, faithful friend and affectionate guardian of my orphan children. When bereft of a mother, and neglected by a father, with none to cherish and protect, you fostered them in your arms of love, and shielded them from poverty and wrong. To their gratitude and kindness I commend you; to the care of God I commit you.'

'Oh, master,' sobbed the weeping negro, 'you allos good to Milley.'

'Was I good,' said the contrite man, 'when I would have sold you, in the face of my solemn vow, had not my boy stepped between me and my sin and shame?'

'Don't speak of it, master—don't. I forgot all that, long time ago—the Lord be praised, I have.'

'I love to speak of it,' replied her master, with deep humility. It magnifies the mercy that has saved me—the love that has forgiven.'

The day before he died, he called Marcus to him, and said: 'I have one request to make. It matters little where our dust is laid, when the spark that animates it is fled. Yet we all have our wishes on this solemn subject. Your mother is laid in the tomb of her fathers, far away from here. They came, obedient to her dying prayer, and bore her where I may not follow. But there is one spot, one sweet and quiet spot, where I would fain sleep in my last repose. We have often sat together there, while the pensive voice of the fountain murmured in our ears. Bury me, my son, near the Long Moss Spring, where the river's roar and the fountain's gush shall be my requiem. When you told me of poor Simon's lonely grave, I thought how pleasant it would be to bear him company.

'Even so, father,' cried Marcus, 'it shall be as your soul desires. Your children will one day come and lie down by your side. It always seemed to me that the sleep of the grave would be sweet, near the sound of those lulling waters.'

Mr. Warland died. But so triumphant was his faith, so peaceful his departure, that death was disarmed of its terrors and grief of its sting. Nature mourned, but religion consoled.

They carried his remains to the lovely spot his dying lips had designated. Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy accompanied their adopted children. It was the desire of Hannibal to go with Milly and those two faithful friends, and we may add benefactors, of both families, followed him they loved to his quiet grave.

With indiscribable emotions Mr. and Mrs. bellamy beheld a scene, consecrated in their remembrance by the most dear and interesting associations. To the apparently accidental circumstances of lingering one night under that humble roof, they were indebted for years of happiness. They had been happy in the friendship and companionship of the good and gifted man, who was then lost to society, a slave to one evil passion—happy in the love and gratitude of the lovely girl, the noble young man, who but for them might have remained in the obscurity of a ferryman's cabin. They looked at Marcus and recalled their last thought—a spirit like his would have forced its way to distinction, though mountains and rocks opposed its path. It would have fulfilled its glorious destiny. Theirs was the honour and the joy of assisting its upward progress.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

From the Canadian News, London, G. B.

WHEN a few years since the late Lord Lytton, in a speech of remarkable ability, characterized by statesmanslike views, and delivered with great eloquence which has seldom been surpassed in the British House of Commons, proposed the confederation of the North American Provinces, he pointed out the great moral effect which would be produced by an unbroken communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, through British territory. The proposed consideration would, he said, compare favourably with the great and growing power of the United States. The Legislature of this country ratified the scheme, and public opinion endorsed it as a bold, comprehensive, and farsighted measure. An important part of this scheme was that a means of communication should exist between British ports on the Atlantic and British ports on the Pacific; that throughout British territory there should exist on contenuous and uniform line to railway communication, which should open up the vast resources of undeveloped wealth, encourage settlement in districts remote from civilization—which should do, in fact, for British North America what the Central Pacific and Union Pacific have accomplished for the United States. Such a railway, if completed, would not only form a means of direct communication between the British North American Provinces, but would also establish a route by which we might hope to secure that preponderance of our trade with China and Japan, which is so seriously threatened by the active competition of the United States overland route between San Francisco and New York. The Imperial Government has, according to its custom, faithfully carried out its portion of the arrangement. It has given its guarantee to a part of the capital required for the line between Halifax and Quebec, forming the first stage of an independent route through British territory, and very recently gave its further guarantee in conjunction with Canada for a loan raised in this country for the purpose, it was assumed, of Imperial policy. If we have to judge by the minute which has just been issued by the Government of Canada, this great scheme of the Pacific Railway—worthy of Imperial Government—it is to be abandoned, and, in its place, series of detatched and unimportant works are to be carried out for the benefit of local interests. This decision, if indeed it has been arrived at, is one which *must seriously impair the public credit of Canada.* A short time since we were somewhat startled at reading in one of our Canadian contemporaries the report of a speech made by Sir John Macdonald, in which he prophesied this retrograde policy on the part of the Government. Knowing that our Canadian contemporaries are apt to express their views in somewhat too strong terms, we could hardly bring ourselves to believe that there was not some slight exaggerations in the statements which the late Premier is reported to have made use of. The minute of council to which we have referred has proved Sir John MacDonald to be a true prophet. As far as the policy of the Government is concerned, we cannot believe that the people of Canada will tamely submit to the abandonment of a work which could make their country a great highway for the commerce of the East. If the Pacific Railway is not constructed, the Government and people of Canada will lay themselves open, and justly so to the charge of having scandalously violated a public duty, solemnly undertaken, and on the faith of which British Columbia consented to form a portion of the Dominion. Without a means of communication of this kind, it is idle to suppose that British Columbia, will consent to remain a nominal member of a confederation in which it can have no possible interest and sympathy. Insolated and cut off from a connection with the Atlantic, the people of British Columbia, at present loyal and devoted to the British rule, will become subject to all kinds of attempts, on the part of their neighbours on the Pacific coast, to induce them to join the growing confederacy of the United States, and England would thus lose an important position on the Pacific, and one indispensable for the safety and growth of her Eastern trade. Fortunately there is a broad distinction between documents of this kind and their practical effects. The public opinion of the country will, no doubt, be very generally expressed on the subject, and it will greatly surprise us if the verdict should be favorable to this proposed reversal of a great and well-considered policy.

PROTECTION.

IN commenting upon the discussions and resolutions of the Dominion Board of Trade, the Toronto *Monetary Times* makes the following appropriate remarks upon the subject of Protection:—

On the subject of a so-called national policy, the advocates of protective duties defended a strong and pronounced policy for the encouragement of home manufactures.

In speaking, however, of English manufactures having grown up under a protective system, *it is forgotten that English protection was a protection to agriculture. It was the English farmer—not the English manufacturer—that was protected.* When the Corn Laws were abolished it was predicted it was the farmer that would be ruined by foreign competition, not the manufacturer. The manufacturer of England grew up without protection, and the farmers, after protection was abolished, were as prosperous as ever, because the nation to which they belonged had an access of population over its producing power. It is clear from this that the theories of economists, which may have a wide application in England, are not suitable to the circumstances of a young country with a population inadequate to its resources, and a lack of capital to give its manufactories from the outset a permanent basis. The comparisons made to English Free Trade and protection have never put the case of Canada in a true light. Canadian manufacturers want their own market secured to themselves; not a larger market as is often urged. They will, we think, be satisfied with the enjoyment of their own, provided they get the control of it.

The policy of a Government consists not only in what it does, but in what it prevents. And we venture the assertion that manufacturering interests would spring up and flourish among us in addition to those which now struggle for their rights, if our relations with the United States were compensatory without showing any spirit of retaliation. This the Government might bring about. The subject, however, is almost inexhaustable and we cannot pursue it further. One thing, however, may be said in conclusion that *neither protection nor the want of it will prevent manufacturers having bad years as well as good, nor from suffering the consequences of bad management and over production.*

The British Quarterly Review for January, republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay Street, New York, contains as follows:

1. Herbert Spencer's Sociology.
2. Among the Prophets.
3. The Hindu Woman, real and ideal.
4. Servia.
5. The Stock Exchange and Foreign Loans.
6. Disestablishment in New England.
7. Political Questions in Italy.
8. Contemporary Literature.

The first article contains an acccount of the principal features of Herbert Spencer's Sociological doctrine, as set forth in his 'Social Statics,' followed by critical remarks on the method employed, and the general characteristics exhibited in its development and exposition.

The object of 'Among the Prophets' is to prove that 'the system through which the Jewish Prophets worked was, in the main, the same as that which the modern dervishes employ.' A description of the public worship of the dervishes, which consists of sacred songs, music and dances, is given, and several pages are devoted to the poems which explain their mystic doctrines.

'The Hindu Woman, real and ideal,' shows the high estimation in which women were held among the Hindus during the Vedic period, and how, as the worship of Brahma gained ground, they were gradually deprived of their privileges and placed lower in the social scale. Some interesting letters from Hindu women of the present time, describing their home-life and occupations, are introduced.

The frequent mention of 'Servia,' in the papers, has called forth an article giving a history and description of that country and its inhabitants, and explaining the backward position in which it is placed at the present time.

The next article is a description of the manner in which business is transacted at the London Stock Exchange, and of the means by which English capitalists were induced to make foreign loans to impecunious countries.

'Disestablishment in New England' is a history of the laws relating to church government in the Colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts. It is to be concluded in the next number.

'Political Questions in Italy' is divided into eight sections, in which are discussed the conditions of her existence, her financial position, political parties, the relation between church and state, relations to the Pope, foreign policy, and alliance with Austrio-Hungary.

More than fifty pages of notices of contemporary literature bring to conclusion the new year number of this review.

The periodicals reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., (41 Barclay Street, N. Y.,) 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, and the postage is prepaid by the publishers.

The physicians of Troy, New York, are much puzzled over the case of a young lady or rather a child of that place who is, as far as they can discover, proof against poison, at least in the form of arsenic. Her parents who had this substance in considerable quantities for the purpose of getting rid of rats, had observed that the poison generally disappeared soon after it was placed near the places which the animals frequented, while, at the same time their number did not appear to diminish. At last to their horror they ascertained that the little girl had been in the habit of eating the bread with which the arsenic had been mixed. They at once summoned a physician who although he saw that the child had taken arsenic, still confessed that she had not suffered any ill effects from its use. To test the truth of the strange affair he gave her more of the poison, first in small, then in large doses. What would poison a grown person, however, in her case, had only the effect of renedering her better in health, as well as more lively and cheerful. We have read of perons who were proof from various kinds of poisons, but this is a very singular instance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The number of paupers in London for the third week in January, was nearly 23,000 less than that of the corresponding week in 1875.

The Queen has appointed General Lord Napier of Magdala, R. E., G. C. B., G.C.S.I., to be Governor of the city and garrison of Gibraltar.

Mr. J. Pope Hennessy is appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Islands of Barbadoes, Grenada, St. Vincent, Tobago, and St. Luca, and their independencies.

The richest mine in the world—the big bonanza—the consolidated Virginia, paid its regular dividend at San Francisco on the first instant, yielding for the year $12,960,000 to the stockholders.

According to the *Almanach de Gotha* the subjects of Queen Victoria, exclusive of those in the British Islands, number 203,000,000. Of these there upwards of 5,000,000 in America, nearly 2,500,000 in Africa, about 176,000 in Europe, and in Asia nearly 193,000,000.

One of the items of news which the last mail brings is that Dr. Kenealy, ex-Q.C., is about to commence a series of religious services for the people, the first to commence on Easter Sunday. Since the Doctor went mad from notoriety he has played many parts, and played none of them very well.

At one of the Liverpool Banks on Tuesday, a well dressed gentleman asked to be supplied with a bank cheque, which, when obtained, he filled up for £123,000,000 sterling, desiring that the amount should be paid him in gold. When remonstrated with he became very violent. It afterwards transpired that he was insane.

A long catalogue of 281 homicides in this city during the last five years, and only 31 convictions, is the way the New York papers sum up the services of the detectives and the courts of that city. Killing seems to be a safer crime to commit than any other in the calendar, as it begets sympathy for the criminal that aids him in his defence.

Tamberlik, the tenor, relates an adventure which occurred to him among Mexican brigands in the neighborhood of Vera Cruz. The brigands captured him, together with $40,000 which he had in his pocket, but, upon persuading him to sing for them, were so well pleased with his performance that they not only restored him his money and liberty, but paid him $2,000 for his performance. Music hath charms, etc.

THE SECRET OF HENS LAYING IN WINTER.—Corn fed hens do not lay in winter for the simple reason there isn't any albumen material in the core. When wheat is fed there is fat enough to supply all that is needed for the yoke, and gluten enough in the white and lime enough to furnish the shell; it does not thus seem difficult to understand why corn fed hens should not lay, as they do not, and why wheat fed hens as they do.

A courageous little urchin named William Bolton, only thirteen years of age, is credited with having saved many lives when the Goliath training ship was burnt. He was the first to get on a tank barge by swimming from the burning ship and he was followed by eight or nine other boys. These wanted to shove off and get on shore, but the little fellow cried, 'No; we can take more than ten; anybody who dared to cast off before we get a load, I'll knock him down.'

M. de Lesseps was recently presented with an address by the English-speaking passengers on board the steamer on which he went to Egypt. It congratulated him on the success which had attended his great undertaking, and also on the step just taken by the British Government in becoming part proprietor of the Suez canal. M. de Lesseps, in his reply, said that he had always looked upon the canal as a work which, while doing special honour to France, would advance the interests of civilization, and put an end to political rivalry of France and England in Egypt. His wishes had now been realized.

The 'Medical Circular' states that a patient, suffering from inflammation in the chest, recently submitted his expectoration to a scientific authority. The practitioner consulted wrote back:—'It is evidently of parastic nature, but with respect to the precise individuality of the entophyte I have not yet decided quite to my satisfaction. My mind still hovers between two conclusions, viz., as to whether it is an aborted specimen of a cyclocotuloid macromalacooidium, or a highly developed cryptococceous megalocyst of a strongylopleuron batracholeucocopridon.'

President Sterns of Amherst (Mass.) College, in a recent lecture before his class, depreciated the present system of education as injurious to the memory. He said that the Hindus transmitted without error the three books of the Vedas, one ef which consisted of 1010 hymns, through the centuries till Solomon's time, about 1000 before Christ, by memory alone, acquiring them from oral instruction a thing which has no parallel at the preesnt day. The multiplicity of subjects now presented to the scholar, he thought rendered the acquisition of retentive memory next to impossible.

Materialization in England has received a hard blow by an exposure in Liverpool. Mr. Herne, a well-known medum, had being giving very satisfactory seances, in which the figures of supposed dead folks appearep in a dim light, as they do on similar occasions in this country. One night the performance had gone on smoothly for a while, when the famous 'John King' walked out of the cabinet. He began a speech about 'Katy King,' his daughter, but had not said much when he was grabbed by two of the nearest spectators. There was a lively struggle, but the medium—for 'John King' was none other than Herne, slightly disguised—was held fast and exposed.

The *Glasgow Citizen* says:—'A commercial treaty between the United States and Canada is talked of, the terms of which, if they were likely to be adopted, might well occasion some uneasiness in this country. It is stated that a member of the American Congress, who was appointed to report on the subject of removing present hindrances to trade between Canada and the United States, recommends the establishment of a customs union, the basis of which is that in all tariff questions the States taking part in it should act as one with reference to both external and internal trade. It has been pointed out that the formation of a union of this kind would be a long stride towards a political union of Canada and the States, and would render possible the adoption by Canada of the prohibitory protective system of the Republic; but, though it is possible that the party in Canada who favour the protective policy may support this project, it cannot enlist the sympathies of any Canadian who desires to maintain the present connection between the mother country and the Dominion.'

It appears that the humorous Californian has a habit of charging a cigar with a small capsule of nitro-glycerine and then presenting the same to his friend by way of a joke. A number of noses have already been blown off and quite an assortment of jokers shot, so that the press tardily suggests the abandonment of the custom, and the substitution for it of some less pointed pleasantry. Foreign observers have noted that American humor was entirely original and possessed a flavor of the soil. So far as this manifestation is concerned it cannot be denied that the characterization is true: but with all its originality, we trust that they will keep it where it is, and not turn back the hands by exporting it eastward. Swift said that nothing was so tender as a modern piece of wit—much of it not surviving transportation from one room to another—and we are quite clear that this practical piece of wit is not vital enough to survive carriage across the continent. The blowing-off of a friend's nose here would be looked upon as a piece of boorishness and ill manners.