Senate News Room

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THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVI. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1875. NO. 36.

The Examiner

Is Printed and Published every Monday Forenoon, BY

William L. Cotton,

OFFICE:

Corner Queen and King Streets.

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

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1 W	2 W	3 W	4 W	5 W	6 W	7 W	2 M	3 M	4 M	5 M	6 M	12 M
1 Inch.	0.50	0.62	0.75	1.00	1.20	1.35	1.50	1.65	1.95	2.25	2.55	2.85	5.70
2 do.	1.00	1.25	1.50	1.87	2.25	2.62	3.00	3.37	4.00	4.46	5.87	7.37	8.12	16.24
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	4.50	5.62	6.75	7.87	9.00	10.12	11.25	12.37	13.50	15.00	17.00	19.00	38.00
9 do.	4.50	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
10 do.	5.00	6.24	7.50	8.74	10.00	11.24	12.50	13.74	15.00	17.50	20.00	22.49	44.98
11 do.	5.62	6.75	7.87	9.00	10.12	11.25	12.37	13.50	15.00	17.00	19.00	38.00
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 SEP'T. 1875.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 7th day, 5h. 25m. p. m., South.
Full Moon, 15th day, 8h. 29., N. W., below horizon.
Third Quarter, 22nd day, 2h. 48m. a. m., S.E.
New Moon, 29th day, 8h. 43m., a. m., N. E.

DAY M	DAY WEEK	SUN rise	SUN sets	MOON sets	HIGH water	DAY'S len'th
		H M	H M	H M	H M	H M
1	Wedn'sd'y	5 25	6 34	A 7 41	11 44	13 9
2	Thursday	27	32	7 56	M0 14	5
3	Friday	28	30	8 12	0 45	2
4	Saturday	29	28	8 29	1 91	12 59
5	Sunday	30	26	8 52	2 7	56
6	Monday	32	24	9 16	2 41	52
7	Tuesday	33	22	9 49	3 40	49
8	Wedn'sd'y	34	20	10 29	4 53	46
9	Thursday	36	18	11 21	6 16	42
10	Friday	37	17	11 59	7 31	40
11	Saturday	38	15	M1 30	8 29	37
12	Sunday	39	13	2 43	9 14	34
13	Monday	41	11	3 58	9 55	30
14	Tuesday	42	9	5 19	10 31	27
15	Wedn'sd'y	43	7	6 31	11 9	24
16	Thursday	44	5	7 48	11 40	21
17	Friday	46	3	9 10	A 18	17
18	Saturday	47	1	10 35	0 58	14
19	Sunday	48 5	59	11 59	1 45	11
20	Monday	50	57	A 25	2 42	7
21	Tuesday	51	55	2 39	3 57	4
22	Wedn'sd'y	52	53	3 37	5 32	0
23	Thursday	53	51	4 22	7 0	11 59
24	Friday	54	49	4 51	8 8	55
25	Saturday	55	47	5 13	8 56	52
26	Sunday	56	45	5 33	9 36	49
27	Monday	58	43	5 49	10 12	45
28	Tuesday	6 0	41	6 4	11 43	41
29	Wedn'sd'y	1	40	6 18	11 11	39
30	Thursday	2 5	38			11 36

BUSINESS CARDS.

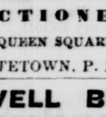
WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant and
AUCTIONEER
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

CARVELL BROS.,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS.
Lower Queen S. 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.
—:o:—
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.

HERMANS & SON,



Bell-Hangers, Gun and Tin-smiths,
QUEEN STREET,
OPPOSITE WATSON'S DRUG STORE,
BEG to return their thanks to the general public for the liberal patronage extended to them since their commencement in business, and ask for a continuance of the same. They keep constantly on hand:—
A NEAT ASSORTMENT OF
TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS
&c. &c. &c.
All orders in the above business will be punctually attended to.
Having lately made large purchases in the Cheapest Markets, intended for House Builders, such as
Gas Fitting, Water Closets, Bell Fitting, &c., &c.,
We are prepared to sell them at Rates as Low as can be had in the city, and will fit them up in a good workmanlike style.
To a generous public we would say, that all orders in this branch of our business will be attended to with despatch.
A lot of First-class WATER COOLERS on hand. Sayer's Crystal Blue sold cheaper than ever. [Nov. 11, 1871.]

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.*

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

PHENIX
INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Cash Asses, - - - $2,015,383.84.

The above Offices being of UNDOUBTED STANDING, guarantee 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, Charlotte town, P. E. I.
R. R. FITZGERALD, Agent
Ch'town, July 27, 1874.—6m

SEA-SIDE HOTEL.
Formerly "Ocean House."
Rustico Beach, P. E. I.,
Having been bought and thoroughly refitted and refurnished
In First-class Style!
BY THE SUBSCRIBERS, WILL BE
RE-OPENED FOR THE SEASON,
FROM
1ST JUNE TILL 1ST OF OCTOBER NEXT.
Every Attention Given to Guests!
TERMS MODERATE.
As a summer resort the "Sea-side," is unrivalled.
A Salubrious and Bracing Atmosphere.
Excellent Surf Bathing!
A Magnificent View of the Bay and Ocean.
Best Fishing Grounds on North Shore, with boats for fishing and pleasure constantly on hand.
Coaches connect with every Train to and from Charlottetown and Summerside, at the Hunter River Station, as below:
PRESENT TIME TABLE.—Trains leave Charlottetown at 6 30 a. m., and 2 p. m Returning leave Hunter River at 7.55 a. m., and 8.25 p. m. Leaves Summerside at 6 a. m., and 6 and 6.30 p. m. Returning leave Hunter River at 7.55 a. m., and 3.40 p. m.
Any change in Time will be duly advertised.
JOHN NEWSON,
W. A. HUTCHESON,
May 17, 1875.

"At Egmont Bay."
THE Subscriber is prepared to take contracts for any quantity, or act as agent for parties in want of the following:
CEDAR OR JUNIPER FENCE POSTS, PAILINGS, SILLS, ASH AND SOFTWOOD, STAVES, HOOPS, &c., &c., &c.
Now is the time.
U. C. TRUDELLE
Egmont Bay, Dec. 21, 1874

POETRY.

GLAD DAYS.

[Written for The Examiner.]

The sunshine sits on the emerald hills,
With a pleasant, smiling face;
Its golden fingers are beckoning me.
To come near its shining place.

And all along by the feet of the hills,
Where the lithe young alder dips,
The brooks are singing; I hear them call
Where the mosses wet their lips.

They sing and dance, and they smile to the sky,
Through the parted boughs o'erhead,
And catch, in play, at the long, swinging vines,
That the banks above them shed.

They kiss the hands of the quivering vines,
And essay to bear them on
To where the ripples are rolling in waves,
Where they learn a grander song.

They toss the spray in the floweret's face,
And away they run in glee;
They'll laugh and smile, and they'll dance in the sun,
Till they meet the lonesome sea.

The flowers bright, on the shadowy floor
Of the forest lone and grand,
Are wreathed and twined, with the wonderful skill
Of a good and loving hand.

They are calling me to partake of their wealth—
To be rich with scented bloom;
To come and bathe in the calm of the woods;
With the soul to drink perfume.

I hear that singer high up in the bough—
I have heard him there before;
But clear and bright, 'mong the rest of his notes,
Is a new one, o'er and o'er.

And now he pealeth it gaily and high,
Then he warbles, low and sweet;
Now turns and wreathes it about, in his song,
And tosses at our feet

A garland bright, which he gleaned from the air—
From the waving fields of sound—
That grow and ripen, unheard by us all,
And by these small singers found.

For there's music ringing along the air,
To our dull ears all unknown;
A bird skims by, and his exquisite ear
Takes the gold of every tune.

Perhaps he lived in that far away land,
From the colder world apart,
That new sweet note he hath twined with his song,
And it ripened in his heart.

I know the sounds that he sings, and the words—
I can almost grasp them, too—
They come so near, that a gossamer veil
But divides the distance through.

And all above is the sky with its blue—
Is the sky that shines so fair;
From overhead to its bordering green
It is filled with a glad ning air.

From where the green woods are bordering it,
To its dome of deeper blue,
It looks as if it were spread to-day—
It doth shine so bright and new.

Such days as these make us glad that we live—
Make us bless the Giver good
For sky and earth, for the birds and the brooks,
For the flower-scented wood.

CHRISTINA.

September 1, 1875.

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND;
OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

One evening, they were sitting under a little stoup in front of the cabin, at that twilight hour when the labours of the day are over, but the exercises of the evening not yet commenced,—that hour of sweet tranquility and rest. The river rolled before them, reflecting in its sparkling waters the gorgeous tints of departing days; the crimson shading off into a deepening orange melting into flakes of glittering silver. Lazily the old ferry-boat lay against the bank, the long poles thrown across the wet planks and a red handkerchief of Milly's fastened to the lantern-post, fluttering like a banner in the breeze. It was a device of Marcus, who had been giving a pleasure-trip to Milly and Katy, who had converted the red turban of the former into a flag of triumph.

Marcus looked at his father, and exulted to see that the vacant and haggard aspect of inebriation had given place to a calm and intelligent expression. His complexion was clear of that purple hue with which the god of the grape marks the face of his votaries. He was dressed with neatness and respectability, for Milly always took great care of her master's person; and one of her greatest sorrows, during his fits of intoxication, was the personal neglect they induced. The soiled linen, the unshaven beard, and matted locks were sore afflictions to her pride, for she said, 'If a man was born a gentleman, and likely-looking besides, it was a crying sin to make himself into a live brute.'

A gentleman was seen winding through the path that skirted the river's edge. He was mounted on horseback, and rode leisurly along, looking earnestly on the family trio.

'It is Mr. Bellamy!' exclaimed Marcus, leaping from the steps to the ground. Katy flew after him, and Warland, walking with slow steps, went forward to greet the friend who thus proved himself true to his promise. Had *he* been true? This self-interrogation brought a blush of shame to his cheek, as he felt the cordial grasp of Mr. Bellamy's hand, but he did not shrink from his kindly-beaming glance, for he resolved to tell him of his shameful lapse, even at the risk of forfeiting all his good-will. Mr. Bellamy seemed gratified at his reception and at the appearance of family comfort that met his eye. He pressed the hand of Marcus with parental kindness, and taking the smiling, blushing Katy in his arms, bore her in triumph to the cabin. Milly came to the door of the kitchen, dropping low and emphatic curtsies, and Uncle Simon hobbled out to take care of his horse.

'Well, my friend,' said he sitting down on the wooden bench in the stoup, 'the world seems to have gone better with you since I saw you last. I am glad my little friends here have not forgotten me, for I have often thought of them.'

'Forgotten!' repeated Marcus; 'how could we forget friends so kind as you and Mr. Bellamy?'

'Why didn't she come too?' whispered Katy.

'She could not leave home just now; but you shall see her one of these days. She put some presents in my valise for you and Marcus, which I will show you presently.'

Katy was burning with impatience to know what the rich and beautiful lady had sent her, but Marcus, gratefully to be remembered in any way, scarcely cared to know in what manner. A withered leaf sent to him by her hand would be cherished as a sacred relic; still, when Mr. Bellamy opened his valise and displayed the elegant books his wife deposited there for Marcus, and the nice frocks for Kitty, he felt a glow of gratitude and delight words would have vainly endeavoured to express. A dress for Aunt Milly and a gorgeous handkerchief for her head were hailed with equal enthusiasm.

After supper, at which Milly flourished with more than her usual aristocracy, for she had a splendid dish of fish to set before him, beside fried eggs and bacon, when the pipes were lighted and the blue smoke began to give an Indian summer atmosphere to the cabin, Mr. Bellamy reverted to the conversation he had had six months before, and asked Warland if he remembered it. Marcus, believing that his father would prefer the absence of the children, took Katy's hand, who still hugged her presents to her bosom, and carrying his books in his arms, went to the kitchen, where he exhibited the beautiful engravings they contained to the wonder and enraptured eyes of Milly and Simon. Warland did not deceive Mr. Bellamy; he related the scene so disgraceful to himself, so honorable to his son, which has already been recorded, and the thought changed he believed wrought within himself in consequence of his boy's conduct.

'Yes, Mr. Bellamy, you see before you a fallen man, utterly unworthy of your confidence; still so dreadful was the shock I received that night, so terrible the revulsion of my feelings, I have since loathed the very thoughts of drink; I think I could see it without being tempted, but I may be deceived. I do not ask any favor for myself—I ought not to receive any—but for my children. Sir, anything you could do for them would be a blessing worthy of eternal gratitude. My boy is a noble child, he was born for something better than the miserable destiny to which I have doomed him.'

'You judge to hardly of yourself. I am encouraged and strengthened in all my hopes with regard to you. One lapse, so sincerely repented of, is less than I dared to expect. No, no, Warland, I am not going to give you up so readily; your countenance is the seal of your reformation. I never saw a man improved so much in six months; I scarcely recognised you. I am not afraid to trust you. I am more afraid that you will reject the situation I am about to offer, as beneath your merits and ambition.'

Warland turned an inquiring glance upon his friend—'There is no situation that you would offer me that I should consider too low for acceptance, if it brought my children within the pale of civilized life.'

'I have a large plantation,' said Mr. Bellamy, 'and a great number of negroes, that require superintendence in their labour. I have always found it difficult to obtain an overseer qualified for the office—one who can combine the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. The one whom I now employ will be dismissed in a short time. Will you supply his place? You can bring your talents and education to bear upon the office; for the slaves do homage to mind, and know, as if by intution, the man whom knowledge has enlightened and polished, from the unlettered poor. You shall have a salary sufficient for the support of your family. Marcus I intend to send immediately to school; and my wife, who has been entreating me to adopt a little girl, will take little Katy under her own immediate charge. I wish I could offer you a situation more congenial; but I think it better than the one you now occupy. It is rather as an assistant overseer I want to engage you, for I devote a great deal of my own time to superintending my plantation, and watching over the interests of my slaves.'

'Most gladly, most gratefully would I accept the position,' replied Warland, deeply sensible of the kindness of his new friend, 'could I believe myself qualified for its duties: but ought I, who have so lately manifested such a melancholy instance of the want of self-government, to assume the control of others? Ought I to take advantage of your benevolence, and perhaps expose you to disappointment and loss?'

'I am willing to expose myself to all the risk; but you must not give me more credit than is due. Mrs. Bellamy has been a quickening spirit to me, and planned the whole, leaving me nothing but a willing co-operation in her designs. Your boy has perfectly bewitched her. She looks upon him as a young eaglet, whose yet unfledged wings will one day bear him to a sunbright eyrie. I think myself he was born for distinction and that he will attain it. Will you lay the first stepping-stone for him?'

'I cannot refuse. I will do all I can to deserve your confidence. The time has been when such an offer would have been considered by me an unpardonable insult; now, I feel ennobled by it. Let me call my son, and communicate to him his brightening prospects.'

Marcus, while he felt the most intense gratitude to Mr. Bellamy, could not help shrinking from the idea of his father's becoming an overseer. He had been thinking so long of seeing him reinstated in his former standing in society as a gentleman and a scholar, that any position short of that seemed inferior to his merits, and below his ambition. Mr. Bellamy read all this in the boy's expressive countenance, and he liked him better for his noble pride.

'Your father will be my friend, my boy,' said he. 'I mean he shall dignify his office, and raise it to a higher stand than it usually occupies; and I consider it only a preparatory step to his future advancement. Had I made him a gratuitous proposition, he would have rejected it at once. I could think of nothing better than this at present.'

'Do not think me ungrateful, sir,' said Marcus; we cannot fail to be happy near you and Mrs. Bellamy. It ought to be the business of our whole lives to endeavour to repay your kindness. Words can never do it, I know; but I hope some day my actions will speak my heart.'

The boy spoke with an earnest grace and a kindling blush. Every strong emotion sent a glowing herald to his cheek, and a radiant messenger to his eye, bearing witness to its reality and truth.

When Milly learned, through Marcus, the change in his father's situation, her family pride was at first wounded, for, if there is anything an African despises, it is a common overseer. But when she heard that little Katy was to be taken into the household of that 'sweet Mrs. Bellamy,' and that she herself was to go with her and take care of her; that master Marcus was to be sent to a fine school, when he would prepare for college, and associate with gentlemen's sons, she was in a fever of joyful excitement. She had arrayed little Katy in one of the pretty frocks Mrs. Bellamy had sent her, and it so adorned the child, that seeing her, self in the mirror of Aunt Milly's admiring eyes, she blushed at her own loveliness.

'Katy will be a lady, and ride in a fine carriage,' said Milly, turning her round and round, and smoothing down the folds of her short, redundant skirt: 'she no wear homespun no more; she live among the quality folks.'

'Katy will be a good girl,' said Marcus, putting his arms round the beautiful child; 'and she will love the dear lady who is so good to us all. She will not be vain, nor proud, because she may wear a finer dress, for that would spoil all her sweetness.'

'Jist hear him,' said Milly, giving Simon a punch in his side; 'he allos sets everybody right, and make 'em feel 'shamed. He was born for a preacher.'

Simon answered not, for his heart was full. The thought of being parted from his friend filled him with unuttered sorrow; and when the children saw his dark, wrinkled cheeks irrigated with tears, sympathizing drops filled their before glad eyes. Aunt Milly began to rock, like a storm-blown tree.

'She'd never thought about it What would they do without Simon, and what would Simon do without them? Poor ole Simon! Poor ole Milly!'

This was really a dark cloud to their new-born happiness. They all loved the old soldier, as they called him, and mourned to think they must leave him behind.

Milly promised to write to him by proxy; Marcus to come and see him as soon as possible; and Katy never to leave him at all. Still poor Simon sat with his head bowed on his hands, his breast heaving with stifled sobs. He spoke not, for his grief was very great.'

CHAPTER IV.

No fairer richer picture of southern life could be drawn than from the plantation of Mr. Bellamy. Far as the eye could reach, his magnificent cotton and corn-fields rolled in snowy opulence or waved in golden splendour in the undulating gale. The house was situated on a gradual eminence, which was crowned with a beautiful grove of young hickories, and was in consequence known by the name of Hickory Hill. It was also called Bellamy Place by those familiar with the name of its munificent master. Occupying so commanding a site, with its broad, spreading wings and lofty piazza that extended the whole length of the building, it was a kind of landmark to the traveller who might be journeyed through the pine woods that girdled the boundaries of his domain. At night, when its myriad windows reflected the hospitable radiance glowing within, and the pine torches blazed from the tall posts without, it resembled a light-house, flashing its beacon luster on the eye of its stranger, perchance in danger of being lost in that unknown sea of verdure on each side of the mansion-house a long row of neat, white, cabins, individualized by some favourite tree or vine, or plant, showed that the master, who had so amply provided for his own comfort, had not forgotten the accommodation of his slaves. Behind each of these cabins were a small garden, belonging to the negro who occupied it, which was as much his exclusive property as the fields he assisted to cultivate were his master's. They all had time allowed them to till these peculiar lots, as the luxuriant melon vines and flourishing vegetables indicated, and every Saturday afternoon they carried their produce to market, as well as the poultry and eggs they themselves had raised. It is true, they were slaves but their chains never clanked. Each separate link was kept moist and bright with the oil of kindness, applied with a downy touch. Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy were actuated by high and holy principles. They felt deeply and seriously the responsibilities resting upon them. They were each the inheritors of a large fortune, consisting, as it usually does at the South, of negro families. None had been purchased except where marriages had been formed, and the wife or husband pleaded in behalf of their chosen partners, and Mr. Bellamy had never violated the promise made to his dying father, that he would not separate the families that had grown up around him, or sell one assessible to gratitude and kindness. He respected the holy ties of nature, and believed that the domestic affections glowed as warmly and purely in the dark bosom of the African as the fairer European's. No severed, bleeding heart ever accused him before God of its widowhood and desolation; no cry of maternal anguish; no sable Rachel, 'weeping for her children,' would raise up in judgment against him, at the tribunal of sovereign justice. Did all southern planters imitate his noble example, the foulest blot that darkens the page of slavery would be effected, its deepest reproach wiped away. Those who fatten on the sale of human blood would be obliged to stop their languishing traffic and resort to some more honorable and Christian occupation.

Could Mr. Bellamy have believed that the happiness and best intrests of his slaves would be secured by presenting them the gift of freedom, he would have done it. But he felt, that by turning hundreds of the helpless beings adrift upon the world, he would be rather exposing them to want and temptation, than administering to their well being.

'I didn't purchase them,' thus reasoned he with his own conscience. 'I did not wrest them from their native land, benighted and degraded as it is. I received them as a trust; and a heavy one it is. If I give them freedom, it will be like a diamond crown on the head of an infant. It will weigh it down, without its being conscious of its splendid value. No! though I would give all that I am worth, or ever expect to be worth, to be free from this mortal encumbrance, I cannot shake it off without doing violence to my own sense of duty. I will endeavor to perform the work appointed by my great Task-master in such a manner, that when I am called to render up my account at the great day of reckoning, I can bare my heart to the blazing eye of Almighty truth, and say, 'Hear am I, and the beings intrusted to my charge.''

It was a lovely summer evening,—in the South, as soon as the sun has passed the zenith, the evening is supposed to begin,—and the windows of Bellamy Place were all open to admit the balmy air, that flowed in redolent with a thousand perfumes exhaled from the wreathing vines and flowering shrubs. The lovely mistress of this charming spot had beautified it with all the wealth of flora, and all the wild garlands of the forest. Every thing seemed to flourish under her gentle care, every thing took root and grew in her genial soil. The very air of heaven seemed to love her, for it always stole in blandly and fragrantly, even on the sultriest days to kiss her benign brow. This sweet evening she was sitting in a crimson-covered rocking chair, reading the pages of a book, that seemed 'her inmost soul to find,' while a young girl of about fourteen stood by her side, twisting the flowers of the white jasmine in her dark and braided locks.

To be continued.

A THRILLING AFFAIR.

LAST Saturday, about sundown, four miles east of this place, on Biloxi Bay, occurred a scene calculated to send a thrill through every human heart, and to make even the boldest tremble. Two little girls, daughters of Mr. Elam R. Blackwell, living on the back bay of Biloxi, while bathing in the bay, immediately in front of his dwelling were attacked by an enormous alligator. The eldest a girl of about seven years of age was holding the youngest, an infant of two years in her hands and was quietly enjoying her bath, when suddenly her little sister was snatched from her and borne swiftly from the shore. Terrified beyond measure and unable to render any assistance to her unfortunate sister, the eldest girl uttered a scream, which was quickly caught by the ear of the father, who happened, accidently, to be passing within thirty or forty yards of the spot where his daughters were bathing. Realizing instantly, from the tone of voice, that his children were in some peril, but unable to conjecture its exact nature, Mr. Blackwell, who is an active an athletic men, rushed rapidly to their assistance, and arrived at the spot just in time to discover his little daughter being borne out into the bay by an alligator. Comprehending the scene at once, and nerved to almost superhuman effort by the desperate situation of his child, the agonized father leaped madly into the water in the pursuit of the would-be destroyer of his daughter, which was some twenty-five or thirty yards from the shore. The water, for a distance of forty or fifty yards out into the bay from the point where the children were bathing, ranges in depth from one and a half to two feet and then suddenly attains a depth of forty or fifty feet, and both the animal (which by this time had discovered the pursuit) and the father seemed to realize that the deep water immediately in front of them once reached, pursuit and recovery would be alike impossible: both, therefore redoubled their efforts, the one to reach the point, the other to prevent it. In this struggle, although sinking to his waist in the soft mud at the bottom at each bound, the father was successful. He succeeded in grasping his child by the arm about ten feet from deep water. The alligator, which all the while held the child's foot in its mouth, perceiving itself overtaken, and alarmed and confused by the boldness of the assailant, released its hold and made its way rapidly into deep water in front of it. The father, completely exhausted, raised his child out of the water, and perceived that it still lived, by a desperate effort succeeded in regaining the shore and depositing the child safely in the arms of its mother. The little girl is unhurt with the exception of a couple of bruises on its foot made by the teeth of the monster.—*Hansborol* (Miss.) *Democrat.*

At a small church in England recently, upon the reverend 'gentleman' announcing his text, a respectably attired female entered the church, causing the hearers to look round to see who the latest arrival was, whereupon the reverend 'gentlemen" said: "Now my friends, just look at me. Let me have your attention, for those who come in late are not worth looking at."

The Edinburgh Review for July has been re-published by THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., 41 Barclay Street, New York. The contents are as follows:

I. Life and Works of Thovaldson.
II. Sir H. S. Maine on Early Institutions.
III. Mercius.
IV. The Education of the children of the State.
V. The Works of Thomas Love Peacock.
VI. The Physiological Influence of Alchol.
VII. Geikie's Life of Murchison.
VIII. The Early Kings of Norway.
IX. Lucrezia Borgia.
X. England and Russia in the East.

A Hindoo religious society has been formed in Lucknow, India, called the *Arya Dhama Subha*. Its purpose is according to the statement of its president, 'the reading and explanation of the sacred books of the Hindoo religion, the publication of a Hindoo religious journal, and the promotion of the social and religious welfare of all classes of Hindoos.' The leading native paper of that city recently warned the Hindoos of the danger of allowing their children to attend the Mission Sunday-schools and urged them to take them away or to counteract its effects by special religious training in their own faith at home. The Mohammedans of Lucknow have also formed a society called the *Anjumam in Islam*, which intends to employ itinerant preachers to oppose the arguments of Christian Missionaries. A Mohammedan journal to further the same purpose is talked of by the Mohammedans of Lucknow.

It was Edward Jenkins that did the honours of Scotland for Alexander Mackenzie. It was Edward Jenkins that presented him with the freedom of Dundee, and it was Edward Jenkins that shadowed him throughout his whole trip. The consequence was what any one with ordinary foresight would have anticipated. The English statesmen left Mr. Mackenzie to the care of his protege. Neither the Government nor the Opposition took the slightest notice of him. The courtesies that they were compelled to pay to the Premier of Canada they paid—nothing more.—Mackenzie, by identifying himself with Jenkinsism, forfeited all the respect that was due to his office. And not only that but he involved the Hon. George Brown in his downfall. There can be no doubt that it was the intention of the Queen to confer the honor of Knighthood upon Mr. Brown. There can be no doubt that Mr. Brown expected it. But both Brown and Mackenzie come back as they went just through Mr. Vanslyperkins devotion to his dog In England, Jenkins is regarded by both parties, as a political outlaw. And his friends, Mackenzie and Brown, have been treated as such. And Canadians, as a rule, do no feel very sorry over it.—*London Herald.*

"WELL ASSORTED."—The London *Observer* of August 10th has the following:—"A marriage occurred the other day at Carnarvon under particular romantic circumstances. The bridegroom was a returned convict, and at the time of the wedding was awaiting his trial at the Assizes for theft. The bride had assisted him in his thieving enterprise, and was also waiting to be tried. On the morning of the wedding the two lovers were escorted by the police to the Catholic Chapel, where they were united together in the bonds of matrimony. Immediately after the ceremony the happy pair took their departure to the Assize Court, where they were arraigned before Lord Coleridge, and convicted of the crime laid to their charge. The bridegroom was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and the bride to six months' imprisonment, with hard labor. A wedding under these circumstances no doubt appears at first sight rather a melancholy affair; but, on the other hand, it must be admitted that if a similarity of tastes is the harbinger of a happy union, the imprisoned couple have a better prospect of happiness than many brides and bridegrooms whose weddings are chronicled as 'marriages in high life,' and who instead of being shut up in separate buildings immediately after the ceremony and spared all the trouble and expense of housekeeping, are condemned to dwell together regardless of costs and consequences."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The revisers of the New Testament have carried on their work to the middle of the 4th chapter of the Epistle of the Corinthians.

The French Canadians in New York and New England are said to number 350,000, and it is also said on Canadian authority that the efforts of the Quebec Government to attract them back are meeting with success.

St. Louis Aug. 19.—Mrs. Charles M. Oglesby, living near Walpole, Ill. was found in her house last Monday, with her throat cut from ear to ear, and the razor with which the act was committed was found lying on the floor. The husband, a young man twenty-three years old, was arrested on suspicion.

A further extension of the British Empire is about to be made in Africa by the annexation of territories hitherto known as Fingo Land and No man's land. The districts are situated between latitude 30° and 32°, on the borders of Cape Colony and Natal, and are occupied by a population of about 150-000 of Kaffir tribes.

Le Metis, of Winnipeg, in a lengthy article on 'Emigration to Manitoba,' strongly counsels the French of Lower Canada to come now and settle in the 'Prairie Province,' alleging that no more favorable time could be thought of than the present. It says there will be no grasshoppers next year, and that the farmer is sure to reap in the autumn of 1876 such a crop as will amply repay him for all his outlay.

AMERICAN POLITICS—A NEW PARTY.—The initiative steps to form what is designated as the National Union Party, with General N. P. Banks as Presidential candidate and possibly L. T. C. Lamar, of Mississippi, as Vice-President, have lately been taken. They condemned the enormous frauds on the Government; dishonest public officials; great monoplies and corporations as tending to oppress the people; sudden inflation or contraction of the currency is pronounced dangerous; and they state that the only way to specie resumption is to make the promise of the nation as valuable as that of private notes &c.; no encouragement should be given to sectional enmity.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal of Commerce* says the spy system is being adopted everywhere possible by the United States Government. The latest is the employment of detectives on vessels from Europe, who make it a business to win the confidence of unsuspecting passengers, inveigle them into all kinds of admissions as to their personal effects, which information the detectives use subsequently to their own personal advantage. To further their plans they recommend the passengers how and where to conceal a dutiable article, and then they point out to the searching officer the place where the concealed article is Of course the revenue may be increased by such proceedings and the country made richer, but it is not a healthy way of getting a living, either for the government or the detectives.

The wrong ox has evidently been gored. A New York paper is indignant at the idea of the Spanish Government forbidding the importation of potatoes from the United States. Here is its complaint:—"It makes a great difference to our farmers and shippers, however, some of whom had large orders on hand for shipment to Havana, when the order was promulgated, a few days ago. At this time the shipments to Havana alone should be about 5000 barrels per week, and and this outlet for our produce, is at one dash, closed. With our large crop, this will be a serious matter to this country, and will well-nigh destroy the business of many houses whose chief business is the shipment of potatoes to the West Indies." And yet the country in whose interest this complaint is uttered, never loses an opportunity of obstructing trade which may be supposed to have an interest for his neighbours. It makes a great difference, however, whose ox is gored.

A JAPANESE BATH.—In Japan, even in the lowest inns, the traveller's request for a bath is never met with that stare of blank astonishment which often attends the demand in our own and every other European country. I know in Ireland once I asked for a bath, and they brought me a horse-bucket, and on an other occasion in France, I could get no nearer the article than a horse trough, while in England and Germany the request has more than once led to a serious breach of the peace between myself and the landlord. In Japan on the contrary, there would be much more surprise felt if the traveller did not ask for one.