POSTAGE PREPAID.

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVI. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1875. NO. 40.

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
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15 " " "	- - - - -	14.00
20 " " "	- - - - -	18.00

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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	17.93	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
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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 OCT. 1875.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 7th day, 0h. 54m. p. m., S. E., below horizon.
Full Moon, 14th day, 7h. 2m., p. m., S. E.
Third Quarter, 21st day, 10h. 1m. a. m., S.W.
New Moon, 29th day, 1h. 0m., a. m., North, below horizon.

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

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.

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.

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 dispatch.

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 Assets, - - - $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, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
R. R. FITZGERALD, Agent
Ch'town, July 27, 1874.—6m

From
MONTREAL TO CASCUMPEC

THE Subscriber offers for sale on arrival—
500 bbls FLOUR,
100 bbls BREAD,
30 bus. Timothy SEED,
100 bus. Seed WHEAT, (a good article.)
10 doz. BUCKETS,
10 doz. BROOMS,
600 lbs. CLOVER SEED,
50 boxes assorted CRACKERS,
100 kegs NAILS, all sizes,
2 tons Rope, from 8th to 4 inch
6 cases HATS and CAPS,
10 do PAINTS,
20 do HAY RAKES,
20 doz. Haying TOOLS,
20 doz. SHOVELS, HOES, &c.,
10 casks Paint OIL,
5 tons PAINT,
25 cases BOOTS and SHOES.

From England
Putty, Paint, Glass, Olive Oil, Iron, Steel,
12 cases shelf HARDWARE,
6000 bus. SALT,

From United States.
BUCKETS, BROOMS, FISHING GEAR, OIL CLOTHING, HOOKS, LINES & TWINES,—

Which, when received, will complete one of the best stock of Goods in Alberton, and will be sold

Cheap for Cash,
or approved credit.
G. W. HOWLAN.
May 10, 1875.—tf

Prince Edward Island Railway.

THROUGH TICKETS!
TO
Moncton, St. John, Pictou, Halifax, Montreal, Portland and Boston,

may now be had at the Ticket Office of the P. E. I. Railway, Charlottetown.
W. McKECHNIE, Sup't.
Railway Office, Ch'town, Aug. 27, 1875.

PLAIN JOB AND BOOK PRINTING done at the EXAMINER OFFICE.

POETRY.

ONLY A YEAR.

One year ago,—a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die.

Only a year,—no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair but to die.

One year ago, what loves, what schemes
Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what bright resolves,
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial stone,
Of all that beauty, life and joy,
Remain alone.

One year, one year, one little year,
And so much gone!—
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,
Above that head:
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds
That sing above
Tells us how calmly sleeps below
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
What hast thou seen?
What visions fair, what glorious life,
Where thou hast been!

The veil, the veil—so thin, so strong—
'Twixt us and thee!
The mystic veil, when shall it fall,
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone?
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will!

Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Saviour dear,
We lay in silence at Thy feet
This sad, sad year.

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND;
OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

It is probable the reflections of Dr. Manning would not have assumed the character they did, had he indulged any sanguine hopes of the recovery of his patient. Days, even weeks passed away, and all his skill and kindness availed not. Poor Cora's doom was sealed. Mrs. Bellamy had recovered the use of her hands, and assisted in nursing the dying mulatto. So great and protracted had been her sufferings, that even King was willing that she should die rather than live longer in hopeless anguish. At first Cora clung to life with strong convulsive grasp, and would entreat the doctor, with pitying accents, 'Not to let her die,' but gradually the convulsive grasp relaxed, the wild glance of despair melted into the softness of tears, and she begged her mistress to pray that she might be made willing to die. Holy were the prayers that went up by her bedside for the boon of Christian resignation, and they were not breathed in vain. The same gentle hand that had embraced the flames for her rescue led her, a trembling, but accepted penitent, to the feet of her Saviour.

It seemed as if the blazing element that had consumed the springs of her existence was touched by the beauty of her face. No defacing mark was there, but her cheek remained as smooth and transparent as when it blushed beneath the bridal kiss. Just before she died, she turned her eyes in all their languishing brightness towards her mistress who bent ever to catch her faint low accents.

'Let me kiss once more the dear hands that suffered for me,' said the expiring mulatto; and her weeping mistress softly pressed her hand on the cold lips, once red and bright as the coral of the ocean.

There is a plain white slab in a green enclosure on Hickory Hill, sacred to the memory of Cora. There are sweet flowers and shrubs blooming around it. The mourning bridegroom of an hour planted a weeping willow by its side, and many a night, when the moon was shining on her grave, the tall, dark form of Hannibal would wander to the spot, certain that he met there the spirit of Cora, and that she looked kindly upon him. Indeed, all the negroes on the plantation saw her ghost, and it was always dressed like a bride, in white muslin, white roses, and white kid gloves.

One incident connected with the history of the doomed bride should not be omitted here.

A short time after her death, Hannibal fell sick, and Dr. Manning was summoned to his bedside. He had attended him the previous year during his illness, and Hannibal had a grateful remembrance of his kindness and an unbounded admiration for his skill.

One night, when the General's fever was unusually high, and he began to have some fears for his own safety, he requested to be left entirely alone with the doctor.

'Doctor,' said he, 'do you think I going to die this time.

'I hope not, General; you don't look a dying man yet.'

'But I may die for all that, and I wants to tell you something, if you please, doctor, cause I knows I ought to confess it. 'Spose a man wants to kill a man and don't do it, 'taint murder is it doctor?'

'If he would do it if he could, he commits murder in his heart, General.'

'Oh goodness,' cried Hannibal, rolling his hot head from side to side on the bolster. 'Oh goodness, I would a killed King if I could, 'fore poor Cora got burned to cinders; I didn't think of anything else doctor.'

'But you have repented since,' said the doctor, trying to soothe the excited conscience of his patient; 'you would not do it now?'

'O no, no; I so sorry for him, I wouldn't hurt his little finger for him. I repented ever since. I keep repenting as long as I live.'

'Then I doubt not you are forgiven by Him you have offended. But keep quiet, General, or I shall never be able to cure you.'

'I quiet now, I confess it; I make clean breast this time,' said the negro, submitting to the will of his medical adviser whom he had invested for the time with sacerdotal power.

Hannibal recovered, and became the devoted friend of the widowed King.

CHAPTER VI.

"She had hair as deeply black
As the cloud of thunder:
She had brows so beautiful,
And dark eyes flashing under.
Bright and witty Southern girl!
Beside a mountain's water;
I found her, whom a king himself
Would proudly call his daughter."

The life of a youth in college is full of monotony. One day is an epitome of the year. If he be ardent and ambitious, if his lip thirst for the dews of Castally, and his spirit for the groves of Academus, he may, like Marcus, forget the realities of his condition in the classic life of his mind. Such was his thirst for knowledge, and the rapture with which he imbibed it, that it was a perennial spring flowing inward and giving perpetual freshness and greenness to the intellectual and moral region. He loved to embosom himself in the thick oaken wood that surrounded the University, and while he felt the verdure of its eternal youth in his own soul, he drank in the almost divine philosophy of Plato and wandered with him in shades deep and luxuriant as his own. If in his rambles he had met some bubbling spring, he found inspiration in its waters, by associating them with the fountains of Parnassus, and the virgin Castalidas who drank of their waves.

Had Marcus isolated himself from his fellow-students during their hours of recreation, they might have envied his superiority; but he mingled in their sports with such hearty good-will that he soon exercised over them the same rare personal influence he had done on others. Though his fellowship with all was kind and courteous, there was only one with whom he had intimate and unreserved communion. This was a youth by the name of George Delaval, who, after Marcus had been in college a few weeks, evidently sought him out by that principle of elective affinity by which things entirely different are attracted towards each other. Delaval was a gay, dashing, don't-care-for-anything kind of a young man, generous to prodigality, proud, and sometimes overbearing, but with a flow of animal spirits that made him exceedingly popular as a social companion. That he was very wealthy there was no doubt, for he spent his money like grains of sand, regardless where it fell. Knowing his reputed riches, and proud though reckless character, Marcus would never have manifested a desire for his acquaintance; but when Delaval showed him the flattering distinction of seeking his society on many occesions, Marcus, with the natural frankness and geniality of youth, opened his heart to his advances, and soon conceived for him a warm attachment. He had never forgot the brunette of the fountain, and in a moment of confidence he described the meeting to Delaval, and his extreme desire to ascertain the name of the dark little enchantress. Delavel seemed excessively amused by the description and the impression she had made on the imagination of Marcus.

'I dare say she is some bold little vixen, that would flirt her riding-whip over your shoulders with as much grace as she splashed about the water, if she had a chance,' said Delaval. 'I don't think I should like her at all. I have no taste for these dark beauties; give me one of your fair, blue-eyed gentle lassies, that steal upon you as insensibly as the dawning light. I have no idea of ever being taken by storm.

Marcus could not help thinking of his gentle, violet-eyed Katy, while listening to the description of Delaval, whose flashing black eyes mocked the lustre and the hue of jet. He frequently regretted afterward that he had mentioned the young incognita to his friend, for Mademoiselle Lightning became his standing jest, and Marcus felt as if he had wronged her by exposing her to such light ridicule. He might never see her again—indeed he feared he should not; but her image was traced on his memory in characters as vivid and thrilling as the lightning whose name she had sportively assumed.

One evening, as he sat in the recitation room, waiting for his turn to be called up by the learned professor, and was carelessly turning over the leaves of a book he had carried with him, a letter dropped to the floor. He took it up, supposing it one from his sister that he had accidentally left there, for he perceived that the direction was in a fair, feminine hand; but upon nearer inspection he saw that a stranger must have traced it, and the paper was of a most delicate, transparent tissue, scented with the attar of roses. He looked at the seal, whose device was a kneeling figure, with lightning darting from a cloud into its breast, the motto, *La Lampeggia degli occhi.* With kindling curiosity he opened the envelope, and glancing at the signature, beheld the single word, 'Lightning.' With a burning blush he folded it hastily and concealed it again within the leaves of his book, reserving its perusal for the solitude of the thicket. Delaval, who had observed the fallen note, the deep blush, and hurried concealment of the paper, rallied him the moment he had left the recitation-room, and insisted upon seeing the mysterious envelope.

'Acknowledge, Delaval,' said he, 'that it is a practical joke of your own, and I will forgive you? You must have written this yourself to impose on my credulity, though I acknowledge you are a greater master of penmanship than I ever imagined you.' Marcus here exhibited the beautiful and fairylike superscription of the letter, and again repeated to Delaval his awakened suspicion.

'No, Warland' replied Delaval, in a more serious tone than he generally used, 'I never wrote that letter. I may sport in words to amuse a passing moment, but I think you ought to know me better than te suppose I would be guilty of such a silly girl's trick as you accuse me of.'

'Nay, be not angry,' said Marcus. 'We college boys do so many foolish things we ought never to be offended at any charge. It is certainly very mysterious, very surprising. I never mentioned her to any one but yourself. How it came within the leaves of my book I cannot divine; unless,' he added, 'if you did not write the letter you acted the part of the carrier-dove, and dropped it from your wings into my book. I am sure it is a very innocent jest, and I forgive you for it.'

'I will accept your forgiveness when I have earned it Warland, by playing the foolish part you seem fit to have assigned me,' answered Delaval, in a somewhat haughty and offended tone; 'you must think yourself of more consequence than you are authorized, to imagine that I should trouble myself about such a wild-goose fancy. Is it what you would expect from me Warland?'

'No, Delaval,' answered Marcus, with a candid blush; 'I must again ask you to excuse my charging you with an office so idle on the plea of my extreme bewilderment. I am convinced now that you have had nothing to do with it; then, who could have been the bearer?'

'Well, Warland, if you are a brilliant scholar and a blithe companion, you are withal the most stupid fellow I ever beheld, to prate about the why and how the letter of a young lady came into your possession without having interest enough to peruse its contents. If I were the favored mortal, I should have torn the paper into inch pieces before this, in my fiery impatience.'

'Its contents are sacred, whatever they may be, from boyish levity. You will excuse me for reading them alone.' The accents of grave rebuke that fell from the lips of Marcus were drowned in the gush of laughter, that followed them, from his wild companion. Plunging into the thickest part of the grove, and feeling himself alone with nature, he unfolded again the mysterious letter, and no longer doubted its genuineness.

'Master Marcus Warland,—as the lightning darteth from the east, and shineth unto the west, and thou knowest not whence it cometh not whither it goeth,' began his unknown correspondent, 'so do the electric rays of thought, flashing from one mind to another, instantaneously traverse intervening space, though mountains may rise, and oceans roll between. Compare me not, I pray thee, to the destroying bolt, that furrows the black storm-cloud with its burning ploughshare, but to those lambent fires that sport harmlessly round the evening horizon, brilliant but innocuous. Thou art ambitious. Well, be it so. Ambition is a glorious passion in a man. Foolish girl that I am—I am ambitious too. Were I a boy, I would climb the Jura peaks of literature, nor stop till I reached the sun-clad summit of Mont Blanc. No yawning chasms beneath could appal me—no glacial heights above deter me from ascending. Thou wilt win the highest honours offered to the candidate of classic fame. Aspiring youth!—who can dare all, and attain all. Such is thine own bold language. But knowest thou not, that there are some things beyond the reach of human ambition, all lofty and glorious as it is? Canst thou catch the lightning's chain, and imprison it in thy grasp, even when it plays around thy fingers, and scintillates before thine eyes? Thou wonderest why I addrest thee. Thou wonderest how these random rays have have glanced into the pages of thy book. Seek not to know, for thou canst not discover. As well mightest thou attempt to separate the drops I scattered over thy hyacinthine locks from the waters of the fountain; as well mightest thou seek to stay the vanishing tints of the rainbow, when the cloud fades away, as to tell whence I come, and whither I go. Press on, Marcus Warland, with thine eye steadfastly fix on those victorious honours thou so proudly claimest; and though perchance invisable to thee, I shall be there to greet thee when they twine the laurel garland round thy brow.

LIGHTNING.'

Spellbound over the magic lines, which he again and again perused, the boy sat, unconscious of the sinking of the sun or the gathering of the night-shades. The letter was from her, the electric girl of the fountain for to no one but her had he uttered the presumptuous words, 'He could dare all, and attain all.' To no one but her had he boasted of the prize he was resolved to win. She had remembered him—she had winged her thoughts to him, how he knew not—either by the sunbeams of heaven or the spirits of the air, or by some invisible wire strung from her heart to his. A manteling glow of delight suffused his whole being. There was a romance, a mystery in the matter that charmed and excited him. She was henceforth the Egeria of her destiny, who was to lead him on to glory and renown. He placed the latter in his bosom, where it was warmed by the pulsation of his heart; and warned by the loud ringing of the bell, returned to his lodgings.

'Well, do you think I am the father of that precious morceau now?' asked Delaval, in a mocking voice.

'No, I do not, Delaval. It is impossible you should have written it.'

'You will of course indulge me with a perusal?' added Delaval, holding out his hand with a careless confidence that the request would be granted.

'Though there is nothing in the letter that the best might not have penned, the lines traced by a female hand, when the motive seems as pure as actuates the writer of these, should be sacred from the gaze of curiosity. Even if it be mere girlish whim, as doubtless it is, in my keeping it should be considered sacred.'

'You are right Warland. You have the true spirit of a knight. Why, what an admirable Crichton you are! The vaunted Scot revives again in you!'

'I have no desire to emulate his fame, said Marcus, 'to have the bail-fire of envy scorching my two clustering laurels, and to perish at last by the dagger of the midnight assassin.'

'You are a second Crichton,' persisted Delaval, 'and I have no doubt you will be poinarded one of these days. You had better wear a coat of mail under your garments.'

'I will, if it will shield me from the shafts of ridicule,' answered Marcus, with rising anger.'

'Ridicule!' exclaimed Delaval grasping his hand and shaking it vehemently. 'By the shade of Cicero, I never was more serious in my life. You have the prospect of making a great many enemies; but as true as there is a silver moon in yonder sky, you have one true and sincere friend.'

Marcus believed so. It was impossible to doubt the truth of Delaval, when he spoke with seriousness. Marcus was morbidly sensitive to the idea of flattery. He could not bear to be complimented on his personal beauty. He courted the tanning sun and the darkening wind, but his cheek would be fair. He tried to keep down the rich waves of his curling hair, but they would wander around his brow. Some ventured to call him the 'lady of the College as they did Milton in former days, who was also distinguished for the sunny rimples of his flowing locks. Once, as he was passing through the grove, he heard a jesting voice behind the trees, address him by this, to him, unspeakable odious title. The dazzling defiance of the eye, the breathing scorn of the lip warned the offender that man's proudest loftiest spirit dwelt in that youthful bosom; and that he could not be insulted with impunity, as his athletic feats in the gymnasium well showed.

To be continued.

PUBLIC OPINION.

When the atmosphere becomes loaded a thunderstorm ensues. When sanitary conditions are outraged an epidemic is superinduced. When a man neglects the laws of health sickness overtakes him. But when things get bad enough they generally begin to amend. The thunderstorm purifies the air; the epidemic leads to the better observance of sanitary laws; the sick man is forced to conform to hygienic requirements, and so gets to be convalescent. Something analogous to all this has taken place of late years in the political condition of this country. The debasement of political morality culminated in the circumstance which drove the late Dominion Government out of office, and in this article we propose to glance at some of the indications which lead us to conclude that Canada has entered upon a new and better phase of political existence. The independent consideration of a question, and the sincere expression of conclusions derived from such consideration, are the conditions, upon which we accept newspaper articles as approximate expressions of public opinion. In articles of this stamp we are willing to recognise at least a particular phase of prevailing sentiment. The newspaper press leads public opinion only in so far as it gives shape and expression to what is in the public mind. A leader-writer's power is in saying what others are constrained to endorse. To him prevailing opinion, floating unshaped in the public mind, is a palpable influence which acts upon a speaker; and in the case of both the journalist and the orator the prevalent influence generates a power which re-acts upon those who generated it. Your true journalist is a vates acted upon by the afflatus of public sentiment, and his chief strength lies in being *en rapport* with it.

A few years ago, newspaper opinion in this country could not be accepted as public opinion. The majority of newspapers gave a mere reverberation of one or two party organs which, on their part, were under the influence and control of interested politicians rather than of public opinion. "It is not long since every Reformer," says the Wallaceburg *Advocate*, "quoted the *Globe* in proof of his side of the argument, but," it signficantly asks, "is it so today?" We note with pleasure and satisfaction that a process of differentiation is going on in Canadian journalism, and that as a consequence, public opinion is being freed from the thraldom of newspaper Legrees. "Time was," says the London *Advertiser*, "when the utterance of the press at the local capital carried conviction' (and sometimes consternation) far and wide." It adds, "it requires no great acumen to see that a monopoly of influence will not soon again be possessed by the *Leaders*, *Globes* and *Mails* of the future." Mr. Gladstone has recently stated his belief that it is the provincial papers in Great Britain which alone express the unsophistscated thoughts of the people. We suspect that the same is in a great measure true of Canada, and that the improvement which we are glad to note in the tone of our newspaper press is developing more rapidly elsewhere than in Toronto.

Happily for the growth of an enlightened public opinion in this country, "party" and "party government" are fast becoming divested of that mystic authority with which popular political superstitions has so long endued them. Distinctions which originated in fundamental difference of principle have been perpetuated long after the Baldwin Reformer has ranged himself with the whilom defender of the Family Compact and the dyed-in-the-wool Tory with the Clear Grit. In point of fact difference of political principle now exists not so much as between "Grit" and "Tory," but as between these two and those whom they would fain ostracise. Political faiths, like religious ones, when their vitality is gone, often mantain for a time the semblance of life and vigor, but sooner or later their moribund condition becomes apparent. Thus it is with the two political parties which claim a monopoly in the government of this country; they have survived their *raison d'etre*, the life has well-nigh gone out of them, and a recognition of their pretentions is only productive of false positions and sham issues. Whatever government by party may be where real, live dividing principles exists, government by party where only the tradition of dividing principles survives is a state of things conducive neither to good government nor sound legislation. This fact even party organs are beginning to recognize.

It is not to be expected that the old way of looking at things to which those who interest themselves in public affairs in this country have become habituated, can be abandoned all at once; but we imagine we perceive a general tendency in public opinion to withdraw from untenable party lines, and to recognize upon a basis better adapted to present exigencies. The *Leader* allows that it "can scarcely be reasonably argued that any need exists for the evils of party bigotry," and the Cornwall *Gazette* declares that 'the public generally have got tired of party *ipse dixits*, and every day they manifest a greater disposition to form their own conclusions.' The Sarnia *Observer* expresses the sentiments of a rapidly growing section of the people of Canada when it claims that 'the virulence of party warfare, which degrades so much of Canadian journalism, might well be dispensed with.' The Halifax *Reporter* objects to party being made 'such a cast-iron organization that a man should be branded as a 'traitor' if he chose to leave one party and join another.' Sentiments like these are so many straws which show the way the wind is blowing, and though party organs like the *Globe* and the *Mail* refuse to bend to the breeze, they only expose themselves to a liability of being snapped by its force. The sanctums of these party journals are places where benign influences find it hard to penetrate, and the frost and the snow linger longest in nooks which are screened from the sunshine.

We have done no more than indicate the indications which lead us to conclude that Canada is entering upon a better phase of political existence, but let this suffice for the present. The respective records of the Reform and Conservative parties preclude the belief that to either of them as a party are we indebted for the change. The real cause appears to be that public sentiment has been awakened, and that the good sense of the community has taken to asserting itself. It is Public Opinion, and not the shibboleth of party, which is going to 'elevate the standard' of political morality in this country.

LOCAL AND OTHER MATTERS.

BRITISH.

The London *Times* says, that England will have to import eleven million quarters wheat this year.

In New Zealand measels are killing off the aborgines in great numbers. The natives are paralyzed with superstitious notions and adopt no curative agents.

The damage by the late storm in Liverpool was immense; nearly every building at Manchester suffered. A large mill fell crushing several buildings and causing great loss of property, but no lives.

AQUATICS—SADLER VS. BOYD FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP AND £400.—The latest mail advices bring the intelligence that Joseph H. Sadler has signed the articles of agreement for the great sculler's race with Robert W. Boyd, and nothing is likely to interfere with the race coming off, on Monday, November 15. This is to be a straightway race in 'best and best' boats on the Thames, the course being from opposite the Star and Garter, at Putney, to the Ship Inn, at Mortlake, and is for £200 a side and the championship of England.

Shortly after information of the movements of the Arctic expedition has been received—the last that will come to hand before the return of the ships—news of the progress of another Arctic exploring vessel reaches the world. The steam-yacht *Pandora*, fitted out by Capt. Allen Young, Lady Franklin and Mr. James Gordon Bennet, is reported as having safely arrived at Disco and having sailed thence to proceed on her voyage. She is smaller than the ships of the British expedition, but as carefully fitted out for her work, which is not to reach the Pole, but to search for the relics of Franklin's expedition, especially the lost journals on which so much store is set. After leaving Greenland, of course, nothing more will be heard of her for many months. That she may return having accomplished her object is the wish of all interested in the exploration of the frozen North, into which three gallant crews are by this time venturing boldly.

It is not often one hears of disaffection or disturbance on board a British ship of war, but the *Daily News* refers to disaffection of rather a serious character in connection with the Triumph, one of the Channel Squadron ships, now at Devonport. Until the appointment of the present commander the men were permitted to congregate on the upper deck for conversation prior to turning in for the night, but now the men have been peremptorily denied the priviledge. The disaffection occasioned by this step increased when it became known that a seaman's leave was stopped for ten days because he wore elastic-side boots, on the ground that it was not uniform. At first the men manifested their disaffection by chalking up in conspicuous parts of the ship uncomplimentary and threatening phrases to the commander and growling in an undertone at him as he walked his rounds. Eventually however, a spit kettle was thrown at him by some of the crew, and he was struck on the leg with considerable violence. The quartermaster was summoned on deck, but he was unable to identify the offender. Swabs and other things have since then been continually thrown about, and a court of inquiry is regarded as certain. The seaman punished for wearing elastic-side boots has his grog stopped, stands two hours by himself on the upper deck daily, and a sentry stands over him whilst he partakes of his ration.

The London *Times* supplies a list of twenty-nine failures in England, within the last three months, and says:—

The liabilities of the twenty nine firms, whose balance sheets summarized, amount to £6,306,656, against assets of £1,493,000, exclusive of £594,000, which is marked "doubtful". At the best, therefore, these statements show on absolute less of something like £5,000,000, and it may well be much more. The Collie group is as might be expected, the worst, firms connected with his ventures having failed for £3,831,000, against which only £839,000, good assets can be set, the £551,000 'doubtful' being worth probably next to nothing, consisting, as it does in great part, of claims against the American Government which, so far as we know, never was admitted by it. It will be well, indeed, if 'good' assets prove good to the amount set down. If we include the probable deficit of a couple of milions on the minor firms estates, and on those named above—which is probably much within the mark, the nominal liabilities of the two discount houses and Fothergill and Hankey alone reaching over ten millions—we shall arrive at £7,000,000 as the net sum of floating capital lost through the recent collapse. It may be found to be actually £10,000,000, to £12,000,000. ($60,000,000), when all the losses of country houses and of firms that have not failed are taken into account; but, estimated at its smallest, this is a very heavy sum for even a wealthy commercial community like ours to lose.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for September, 1875, republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay Street, contains as follows:

1. "The Dilemma." Part V. With plans of the Mustaphabad Residency.
2. 'In My Study Chair.'
3. 'North-west Pembrokeshire.'
4. 'In a Studio.' Conversation No. III.
5. 'Tennyson's Queen Mary.'
6. 'Horatian Lyrics.'
7. 'Lessons from the Recent Summer Manœuvres.'

This number is largely devoted to poetry Tennyson's 'Queen Mary' comes in for a long review, with many quotations, and a dessertation on 'Elegies,' occupying over twenty pages, gives examples from numerous poets. Knapdale, with whose 'Horatian Lyrics' we are becoming familiar, has written a letter to Maga, describing one day in his life. He began to use up his vitality by taking a walk before breakfast; numerous duties and pleasures were attended to during the day, he eat 'junks of sea-trout' for his seven o'clock dinner, and was overtaken, in the midst of his 'post-prandial pipe,' with a horrid nightmare, which ended in verses. He gives us likewise, two lyrics, in one in which every other line ends with 'love,' a style suggestive of,

"I'll tell thee how the maiden wept Mrs Boffin,
When her true love was slain, ma'am;
And how her broken spirit slept, Mrs. Boffin,
And never woke again ma'am."

There is space left, however, for some of the prosiest kind of prose, and we turn from the 'Study Chair,' whose occupant has been giving us a history of all his old school-books, and drop into Mallett's 'Studio' and rest while he and Belton discuss Rafael and Michael Angelo, Shakespeare and Bacon, and the arrangements and guests for a select supper they propose to give. 'North-west Pembrokeshire' is a pleasant spot in which to spend a vacation, and its attractions are here set forth for the benefit of those who are disposed to make an excursion to Wales. Unfortunately, it is rather too late in the season to take advantage of the suggestion this year. 'The Dilemma,' this month, contains further accounts of the mutiny, and that we may have a better understanding of the affair, plans of the residency and its surroundings are given. Can there be any truth in a rumor that has reached us, that this story has been written by Thomas Hardy? At present the hero and heroine are right in the centre 'of the maddening crowd.' During the last four years England has, in imitation of Germany, instituted a system of Autumn Manœuvres, a mimic campaign for the instruction of officers and men in the art of war. The concluding article in this Magazine is a description of these operations.

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.