Senate News Room

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THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVII. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 10, 1876. NO. 2.

The Examiner

Is Printed and Published every Monday Forenoon, BY

William L. Cotton,

OFFICE:

Corner Queen and King Streets.

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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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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
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 JANUARY 1876.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 4th day, 11h. 11m. a. m., E.
Full Moon, 11th day, 2h. 11m., a. m., N, E., below horizon.
Third Quarter, 18th day, 4h. 37m. a. m., N., below horizon.
New Moon, 26th day, 9h. 29m., a. m., S. E.

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

PRICES CURRENT.

Ch'town, Jan. 4, 1876.

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
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 3.50
BOABDS.	
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	$0.30 to 0.50
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 1.25
Geese (each)	0.50 to 0.60
MEAT.	
Beef, (small pieces) per lb	$0.06 to 0.12
Beef, per lb (by the quarter)	0.05 to 0.08
Ham, per lb	0.10 to 0.12
Lamb, per quarter	0.00 to 0.00
Lamb, per lb	0.05 to 0.09
Mutton, per lb	0.05 to 0.10
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 0.24
Butter per lb by the tub	0.16 to 0.18
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.	0.20 to 0.24
Green Peas,	0.00 to 0.00
Hay, per ton	9.00 to 10 00
Hides, per lb.	0.5 to 0.06
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.	0.38 to 0.40
Potatoes, per bushel	0.25 to 0.32
Pearl Barley, per lb	0.03 to 0.04
Sheepskins	0.40 to 0.60
Straw, per ton	4.50 to 2.50
Tallow per lb	0.08 to 0.10
Turnips, per bush.	0.00 to 0.16
Wool, per lb	0.17 to 0.25

NOW OPEN!

"International Hotel,"

Central Street,

Summerside, P. E. Island.

I wish to inform the public that I have now opened one of the best as well as one of the most commodious Hotels on this Island. I am prepared to accommodate the travelling public with a first-class table, sleeping apartments, and good stabling, sheds, &c., where their horses will be thoroughly attended to.

Also, in connection with the House, are Liquors of the very best quality,— all at moderate prices to suit the times.

A call from the public will be thankfully received.

W. J. S. GLOVER, Proprietor.

May 24, 1875.

SUBSCRIBE for THE EXAMINER One Dollar and Forty Cents a year.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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.*

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

POETRY.

NORAH'S VOW.

Hear what Highland Norah said:
"The earl's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of Nature die,
And none be left but he and I;
For all the gold and all the gear,
For all the lands both far and near,
That ever valor lost or won,
I would not wed the earl's son."

"A maiden's vow," old Callum spoke,
"Is lightly made and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
The lustre drop from glen and brae;
But Norah, ere the bloom be gone,
Will blithely wed the earl's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn;
Ben Cruchan fa' and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foemen turn and fly;
But I, were all those marvels done,
Would never wed the earl's son."

Still in the water lilly's shade
Her wonted nest the wild swan made;
Ben Cruchan stands as fast as ever;
Still downward flows the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the flash of foeman's steel
No Highland brogue ere turned the heel;
But Norah's heart is lost and won—
She's wedded to the earl's son.

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND; OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER XI.—*Continued.*

While she went to the cabin to get the mysterious packet, Marcus indulged his sincere and heartfelt sorrow over the grave of his devoted friend of his desolate years. How short a time it seemed since he, a mere boy, sat at his side, watching him peel the bark from the smooth willows with his wrinkled hands, while he dropped comforting texts of Scripture into the listening ears of Milly, or sang with growing enthusiasm, 'The old ship of Zion, glory hallelujah.'

There was a smooth white stone lying close to the grave, such as formed the basis of the fountain. Marcus knelt down, and taking his penknife, carved the name of the old soldier on its yielding surface; then placing it at the head of the grave, he pressed the earth against it to prevent it from falling. He felt an irresistible desire to consecrate the spot by some act of memory, some token of human friendship. The ferryman's wife returned while he wes engaged in this touching rite of remembrance to the lowly negro, and she thought that she should never again fear to approach it, even in the darkest hour of midnight. In silence she dlaced the packet in his hand, then when he turned away she said,—

'There is a wild rose-bush yonder; if you like, I will plant it by that stone, and I will see that it does not fall. If the moss should grow over it, I will clear it away from the name you have cut.'

'God bless you,' exclaimed Marcus; you have a feeling heart; I honour you for it. Yes,' added he, to himself, as he led his horse to the ferry-boat, which had just reached the shore, 'this woman has native refinement and sensibility. I am glad she dwells near my beloved spring. There is something in its placid, silvery beauty, in its deep continuous music, that creates responsive beauty in the heart that is bathed in it. I never approached it without feeling my immortality, my eternity. My father's soul, after going through a baptism of fire, here found the river of life. Poor old Simon, no doubt, here held communion with the Great Invisible, whose image he beheld in the far depths of the waters. Beautiful fountain of my boyhood!' continued he, casting one more backward glance, as he stood on the brink of the river, my being seems coeval with thine; I listen to thy murmurs, and feel as if I had for ever heard them sighing, breathing, mingling with my soul; I watch the wellsing, flowing onward, onward—never wearying, never pausing; full, exhaustless, deep and clear; and I feel as if thus my existence had ever been flowing onward, onward, and ever would flow along as God's eternal days shall last. Oh! when I have realized the lofty dreams of my ambition,—when my spirit has wrestled, and battled, and triumphed in the conflict with the stormy elements of the world, let me come and bathe my thirsty lips in thy sweet tranquilizing ways, and when, like the time-worn African, I lay my head on the clay-cold bosom of our general mother, may the lone, mysterious accents breathe forth my requiem, and thy silver gushings beautify the place of my repose.'

Lost in his meditations, he had not observed that the ferryman's wife was assisting her husband in urging the boat across the river. But the moment he became aware of this circumstance, he grasped the pole, though she laughingly endeavoured to retain it.

'And thou, rejoicing river!' thought he, bending over and watching the resisting waters gurgling and foaming round the opposing staff, 'thou, too, seemest a part of my own existence. Strong and glad and triumphant like thee, I go on my course, receiving tributary streams of strength from all things around me and about me. The breeze that ruffles thy surface moves over and refreshes the stream of my thoughts, and the sunbeams that flash on thy ripples play and sparkles over my spirit's restless waves. We are one, O rejoicing river; we ever have been, and ever shall be one.'

When he had landed, shaken hands with the woman, whose promise about the rose-bush had raised her so much in the scale of being, and ascended the steep bank, he felt as if he were at the starting-point of his journey. He girded himself anew for the enterprise, watching, with Indian sagacity, everything that could indicate the route of the fugitives. He had made inquiries of the ferryman, but they had elicited no information.

The weather was mild and clear, and as he swept along through the pine woods, inhaling the health and inspiring odour, catching glimpses of the effulgent blue of the heavens through the green dome above and here and there the sparkling of bright waters by the wayside, and the flow of the runnel across his path, he felt the joy of a young traveller, and though, himself incapable of fatigue. But when after several days continuous riding, without having met an adventure, or any clue by which he could direct his course, his buoyant spirits began to lose a little of then elasticity. It was probably owing to the electricity gathering in the clouds that rolled round the setting sun and deepened the gloom of the twilight hour. Many who, like Marcus, having their beings charged with the electric fluid, feel on the approach of a thunder-storm, as if it were withdrawn from themselves to give power and destructiveness to the elements, an oppression, an attraction towards the earth painful and irresistible. Marcus was wont to associate the idea of Florence with the lightning's flash, and he always hailed its corruscations with rapture—but, as she herself had told him, it was rather the lambent glory that sports silently on the horizon's hedge, than the blaze that herald the thunder's crash, that was the emblem of the electric L'Eclair. Deep into the night he rode through the gathering storm, for the place to which he had been directed for shelter was still far ahead, and he began to think he had turned into the wrong road. At length his horse, dazzled and scared by the lightning, stopped short, and refused to proceed, He perceived, at the same time, a hut, a little removed from the wayside, which he thought might furnish shelter for the night. He could see a gleam of light throught the wooden shutters, and concluded that it was inhabited; so, obeying the instincts of the horse rather than his own, he dismounted and led the animal toward the hovel, guided by the lightning's flash. Fastening his horse under the stoup that projected towards the road, he opened the door and looked round the dark unfurnished apartment, that was partially illuminated by a flickering blaze in the chimney. A frame, which was probably erected for a bedstead, stood on one side; a pile of old planks were placed diagonally resting against the front and one end of the building, and all the shadows gathered in the vacuum behind this rude rampart. Marcus gazed with surprise on the fire burning on the lone hearth, the only sign of inhabitancy in the desolate place. Perhaps some traveller had paused and lighted that blaze to cook a hasty meal, hurrying away from the storm that had so long seemed muttering behind. This idea was confirmed by a crust of bread and morsel of sweet potato lying on the hearth. Marcus threw another knot on the blaze, and spreading his blanket on the boards, while his valise served him as a pillow, he soon slept the sound sleep of the youthful traveller, though the rain drifted in torrents against the roof, and the thunders shook the timbers, and rattled the dust from the rafters.

'Ha!' exclaimed the sleeper, suddenly wakened by the falling of his head against the boards. 'Ha!' springing up on his feet and making the old planks ring by the rebound. The pine-knot still sparkled with an intermitting light, and he could see, for his vision was clear, a black spectre leaping toward the door with his valise in his hand. While it was fumbling for the latch, Marcus, darting after it, imprisoned its arms with a grasp that made it cry out lustily for mercy.

'Oh! master — have mercy — mercy! Please let go. I jist went to see what you had for a pillow,' cried the negro, his teeth chattering with terror, for Marcus had the strength of a young lion, and his gripe was like steel on his muscles.

'You were taking it out of doors to look at it, were you?' said Marcus, smiling at the terrified countenance of the negro, on which the fitful blaze made fantastic lights and shadows. Come this way and let me see what you are.

Dragging him unresisting, toward the hearth, he perused the cold black face, in which the eyes were revolving with inconceivable rapidity. There was a long, deep scar on the right side of the forehead, which gave a peculiar expression to the orb beneath. There was something in the face, the scar, the facial angle, that gave him a vague and troubled feeling of remembrance.

'Hector!' involuntarily fell from his lips —'Laughing Hector.'

'Yes, that be me,' said the trembling negro. 'Oh! oh! how you know my name, master?'

'Did you ever have a master by the name of Warland?'

'Yes, master, that I did. Good master, too; but he fell a drinking; then he sell his coloured people. You know him, master?'

'Hector, would you rob your own masters's son? Would you rob your mistress, now laid in the grave?'

'Little master Marcus!' exclaimed the African, his sable features lighted with a gleam of recognition. 'You don't say so. Grew so fine and strong, too, rubbing his aching arm. 'Oh! young master, pray forgib Hector; he no know it be you. He jist wanted to look—to see – a'—

'Never mind, Hector. I hope you will have more respect for the next traveller you chance to meet, or you may fare worse than you do now. I am sorry to see you have forgotten your commandments, Hector. If I recollect right, my mother taught them to you.'

'Yes, I think she did; long time ago, though.'

'I am afraid your present master and mistress do not set you a good example. who is yovr master?'

Hector rubbed his head, with a perplexed air.

'I got no master jist now; I run away.'

'Bad case, Hector. But what is his name?'

'Master Arnold, he calls him.'

Marcus felt his blood bound in his veins. Providence directed him to that lone hovel. the lightning's flash was the flaming beacon to guide his track. That he should discover an old family servant, though in the equivocal act of robbing him, was a most interesting incident; that he should be escaping from the very man of whom he could certainly direct him, was indeed providential. Seating himself on the wooden frame he drew from Hector a clear statement of all he was desirous to learn. As we can probably give it in fewer words than the African, we will explain to the reader all he repeated to Marcus.

Arnold was indeed bound for Texas, as Marcus had supposed – what particular locality he had selected, the negro could not tell. He had sent on detatchments of his slaves under the charge of overseers, at different times before his decparture, and they were all to meet somewhere on this side of the Mississippi river. Sickness had broken out among them, so that they had been detained on their journey, and there had been an evident spirit of rebellion among the negroes, most of whom had been compelled to sunder some tie of nature or of love. Hector, who had pleaded hard with his master to purchase his wife, so that she might accompany him, and had been coldly refused started with hard and vindicative feelings, and a determination to run away the first moment he could elude the vigilance of his master. This he had done two nights before. He had sought refuge in the ruined hut from the terrors of the thunder-storm, where he had kindled a blaze and eaten the food some pitying slave had given him on the way. He had heard Marcus fastening his horse under the stoup, and concealed himself behind the planks, where he crouched till the young traveller was asleep, when, 'old Satin tempted,' he said, 'to see what young master got in his pillow.' Marcus resolved to write Mr. Bellamy, and inform him of the discovery he had made, and to send Hector immediataly to Hickory Hill with the letter. He had no reliance on his fidelity; but as his wife lived in that vicinity, and as he assured him that Mr. Bellamy would reward him liberally, he hoped the intelligence would reach his benefactor, and relieve him of much anxiety. He gave Hector money to lift him above the temptation of stealing, and a written passport, which he might exhibit if arrested on his way.

MR. DISRAELI.

Speaking of Mr. Disraeli, the London *Spectator* observes: "Everyone is gratified when a man of note is able to work out in real life that conception of his career which has been elicited from him as his own ideal in his previous writings. And Mr. Disraeli has at last, as Prime Minister, done something which in some extent realises his own early ides of statesmanship, something bearing on it the impress of the mind which produced 'Coningsby,' 'Tancred,' and 'Alroy.' Even Mr. Kinglake will be pleased at the first step towards the literal fulfilment of his own youthful prophecy, that the Englishman, straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the faithful; and all who have thought that the revelation made to Mr. Disraeli's Tancred on Mount Sinai, that he was to announce the sublime and solacing doctrine of theoratic equality, and to 'find a ready instrument in every human being,' had perhaps some slight connection with Mr. Disraeli's desire to give the suffrage to the masses, and so to find ready political instruments for a grand policy of his own in the enfranchised residuum, will be gratified to find their suspicious confirmed by the cropping up of other leading notions of the same work, and especially by the secret and dramatic negotiations through 'Sidonia' of a loan which gives England a virtual protectorate in Egypt and makes one step towards the solution of the Eastern question, if not towards the penetration of 'the Asian mystery' so closely connected with it in Mr. Disraeli's imagination. Hitherto, certainly, Mr. Disraeli as Prime Minister had done scant justice to the political ideas of his youth. He once wittily ridiculed the Conservatism of Sir Robert Peel, by declaring that it could not be better described than in the words of a Paris advertisement, 'Grand magasin de nouveautes tres anciennes; prix fixe, avec quelques rabais.' But till now his own policy might have been quite as aptly described in the same terms. His novelties have been very old ones, and his terms absolutely fixed—except for certain abatements whenever the opposite parts insisted on them. He had told us so often that 'man is only truly great when he acts from the passions, never irresistible but when he appeals to the imaginaton,' that it was nearly a disappointment to see the tedious and even stupid reasonableness of his Government, which in its milk-and-water moderation contained far less appeal either to the passion or the imagination than that of his predecessor. We began to fear that Mr. Disraeli might illustrate in his own person his own apophthegm, 'Youth is a blunder, Manhood a struggle, Old Age a regret,' and that after preaching for half a century that 'all is race, there is no other truth,' he might retire from public life without even leaving one grandiose or characteristic act to illustrate the premiership of Conningsby and the counsels of Sidonia. It is therefore singularly pleasent to know that it will not be so; that Mr. Disraeli has at last managed to rise about that dreary fate which, to use his own words, condemns 'the most energetic men in Europe to be mere busybodies, empires to be governed like parishes, and great statesmen to be only select vestrymen.' Certrinly he has done something at last to associate his name with the growth of the British Empire, and especially with its growth eastward which will tend to repay the benefits derived from the loan of that 'Semitic idea,' of the power and fruitfulness of which Mr. Disraeli has said so many magnificent things, through all of them sailing short of absolute belief in its truth. And if, as the result of this great step, he seals Sidonia, as rumor anticipates, among the the Peers, he will certainly have realized more than most ambitious men of his early dreams, by proving the great resources of the Jewish race, and lighting up with a gleam of Eastern splendor the parochial conservatism of his party. In his first premiership, when Abyssinia yielded to our arms, he announced, in that rococo style of parliamentary rhetoric which he has made his own, that 'the standard of St. George floated over the mountains of the Rasselas.' If he is able to announce in his second premiership that the standard of St. George floats over the historic waters where 'Israel saw the Egyptian dead upon the sea-shore,' and so secure for us as safe a passage to our political destiny in the East across the dry land which a nation of sailors so much dreads, as even Moses secured for his people through the divided waters of the Red Sea, he will, indeed, seem to have been the link between the English race and those countries of grand Oriental tradition across which his own ancestry travelled to us, when they first adopted that national policy of self-expatriation described by Mr. Disraeli as, 'purely an Oriental custom.'

The New York *Herald* professes to have discovered a secret society,—the 'Order of the American Union,'—having Gen. Grant, the Postmaster-General, and Mr. Blain, among its members, and having for its object the election of Grant for a third term. The society professes to be based on Anti-Catholic principles, and to have been called into existence 'in view of the intolerent, persistent, aggressive efforts of Romanists, and their evident determination to control the government of the United States, and to destroy our civil and religious liberty.' The existence of the society, and the membership of President Grant and other officials, have been denied by the Cleveland *Leader*. It is proposed by Mr. Caulfield that the members of the Cabinet shall have seats on the floor of Congress, and take parts in the debates, an endeavour to assimilate the United States to the English form of Government.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

(From the Toronto Nation.)

Standing aloof from party we have never shared any partisan unwilling to do justice to the qualities and claims of Sir John Macdonald. The following which still surrounds his fallen and somewhat besmirched banner, shows that he possesses in a high degree the gift of making and keeping friends. He has long served Canada, though it must be remembered that mere continuance in office is not always service rendered to the public. He loves the country, and has aspirations for her greatness which we do not the less respect because we are convinced that the visions with which they are connected will soon vanish like the morning mist. As an administrator he has probably gone right whenever there was not a very strong party temptation to do wrong. Party seems to him an eternal necessity, while it seems a noxious and transient absurdity to us; and it is reasonable to give him credit for acting in obedience to the everlasting law. In setting an example of individual courage and manliness, he has not failed; and while he was in power the country at all events saw before it its real head, a gallant and self-reliant man, not a huge wire-pulling apparatus with an intriguer at the centre of it. Perhaps even the corruption with with which we fear he infected public life, was hardly more pestilential than the hypocrisy and cowardice with which it is being infected now. We can well understand how he may think that on the whole, he held things together in the best way possible, and that the narrowness of the national judgement rather than its justice, led to his fall. His personal character as a sensible, courteous and tolerant man of the world, affords so agreeable a contrast to rabid and tyrannical Pharaism, that people who do not care for his public opinions, may well be ready to fly to him as social deliverer. But what the country needs, and begins to be conscious that it needs, is not what the Montreal speech courts—a reversal of the national verdict of 1872. What the country wants is a change of system such as shall give it a strong, stable, honest and impartial Government — a Government round which all citizens who have no object in view but the good of the country, may rally with a feeling that loyalty to it is a virtue, and which with general support and sympathy may steer us over the dangerous waters that now too surely lie before us. One step towards such a change of system has been gained since bad times have begotten serious reflection. It would be a pity if through any impatience under the existing *regime*, however disgusting, the advantage were thrown away. That Sir John Macdonald might well be a member of a really national Government, no one who is not prejudiced against him by rivalry would deny; but we must have surer guarantees for the satisfactory employment of supreme power than his history or that of his leading associates can afford.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

Very important discoveries are often made almost accidently. A gentleman residing in Newark has in this manner become the fortunate possessor of a secret of nature which will, if it realizes all that is expected from it, not only number him among the celebrated few who have contributed to science her most valuable discoveries, but will prove a source of the most ample revenue to himself. Mr. Edison, the discoverer of what he is pleased whether appropriately or not, to call the "etheric force" was in the employ of the Western Union Telegraph Company during the war. He is possessed of an inventive genius, which he has frequently turned to account in improving the apparatus used in telegraphing, and with such success as to be able to abandon the business of operator. His most important invention hitherto had been an ingenious piece of mechanism for transmitting four messages simultaneously through a single wire. In the course of his new occupation as an ardent student of electricial science, he was in the habit of making frequent experiments with the mysterious and subtle agent of which he was daily witnessing the practicial effects. It was while dallying in this thoughtful and observing manner with his instruments that he made this great discovery. He noticed that the accidental contact of a wire with the cone of the magnet caused the production of a peculiar bright spark when a metallic substance was applied to it. As the story is told by an eye witness of his experiements the same manifestations had frequently been observed before, but he was led into an investigation of its orign. "He was amazed to find that the spark failed to respond to any of the tests usually employed to discover the presence of electricity. The galvenometer was unmoved by it; the dainty gold leaf of the electroscope showed no signs of deflection; the tongue could detect no sensation; aLynden jar charged with it posessed no property that is not contributed to it by electrical contact. In a word it was the display, recognized for the first time, of a principle hitherto unknown. It had been usual when the circuit was open or broken to allow the power started in the magnetic coil to dissipate itself, no one ever having been conscious that it had acquired new and valuable properties. Since Mr Edison made this discovery, however, he has worked it up with an earnestness and confidence in the result which has contributed, perhaps, as much as anything else to his success. He now feels himself in a position to claim for the 'etheric force' that 'it is not affected by the contact of earth, but performs its operations independent of insulators.' This is one of its most valuable points. It does away with such appliances for transmitting electricity as telegraph poles, insulating knobs, and so on. It thus affects the saving of time and money and makes a long stride in the progress towards cheap telegraphy. Ocean cables may be constructed and laid at a fraction of their present cost. Land wires may be laid either in the ground or in water, and an end will be put to the frequent annoyance of 'wires down and no communication. A large quantity of apparatus is being constructed for the purpose of conducting experiments on a larger and more satisfactory scale. If they prove as successful as those which have already been made, and the existence of the 'etheric force' is established, Mr. Edison will certainly be deserving of all the praise which can be bestowed upon him. For the present, and until this is done, the 'etheric force' must be placed in the same category with the 'Keely motor' and other unaccomplished wonders. We hope, however, that report speaks truly and that Mr. Edison is the lucky man he is said to be. The only objection to the universal employment of the telegraph has been its expensiveness as a means of communication. The man who overcomes this will be deserving of a monument when he is so unhappy as to need one.—*Hx. Citizen.*

DEATH IN THE DISHCLOTH.

A lady says in the *Rural World* that during this month and next, when some of you are sure to be down with typhoid fever; when neighbours are neglecting their own work to nurse you; when doctors are hunting in cellars and old drains for the cause, let me whisper in your ear—look to your dishcloths. If they be black and stiff and smell like a 'boneyard,' it is enough—throw them in the fire, and henceforth and forever wash your dishes with cloths that are white, cloths that you can see through, and see if you ever have that disease again. There are sometimes other causes, but I have smelled a whole houseful of typhoid fever in one 'dishrag.'

I had some neighbors once—clever, good sort of folks; one fall four of them were sick at one time with typhoid fever. The doctors ordered the vinegar barrels whitewashed, and threw about forty cents' worth of carbolic acid in the swillpail, and departed. I went into the kitchen to make gruel—I needed a dishcloth, and looked about and found several, and such 'rags!' I burned them all, and called the daughter of the house to get me a dishcloth. She looked round on the tables. 'Why, said she, 'there was about a dozen here this morning' and she looked in the woodbox and on the mantlepiece, and felt in the dark corner of the cupboard. 'Well,' I said, 'I saw some old, black, rotten rags lying round and I burned them, for there is death in such dishcloths as those, and you must never use such again. I 'took turns' at nursing that family for four weeks, and I believe those dirty dishcloths were the cause of all that hard work.

Therefore, I say to every housekeeper, keep your dishcloths clean. You may wear your dresses without ironing, your sunbonnet without elastic—but you must keep your dishcloths clean. You may only comb your head on Sunday, you need not wear a collar unless you go from home—but you must wash your dishcloth. You may only sweep the floor 'when the sign gets right;' the windows don't need washing, you can look out at the door; that spider's web on the front porch don't hurt anything—but, as you love your lives, wash out your dishcloth. Let the fox-tail get ripe in the garden (the seed is a foot anyway), let the holes in the heels of your husband's foot-rags go undarned, let the sage go ungathered, let the children's shoes go two Sundays without blacking, let two hens set four weeks on one wooden egg—but do wash your dishcloths. Eat without a tablecloth; wash your faces and let them dry; do without a curtain for your windows, and cake for your tea—but for heaven's sake keep your dishcloths clean.

SCOTTISH HORSES.—An English writer, in a recent article on Scotch and English farming, says of the Clydesdale horses:—"Although Scotch farmers generally have something to learn from their English brethern in the management of cattle and sheep, and require to improve considerably in the selection and style of their hacks and harness horses, they stand almost unrivalled in the breeding and management of their cart horses. There is no better farmer's horse than the Clydesdale. He has the power in the right place; he can move smartly with two tons behind him; he walks four miles an hour; trots, if need be, seven or eight; is active and hardy; his feet are sound and good, and Messrs. Pickford and others who use many horses in large towns, assure me that no horses stand the work on the stones like the Clydesdales, and none bear up so well against the rough usage and buffeting to which those big willing van horses are so often subjected. The heaviest and most valuable Clydesdales are bred within about twenty-eight miles of Glasgow; their style and usefulness have of late years been improved by breeding them with fine and less hair about the legs. It is the hay of the Clydesdales that enables the Scotch farmer to overtake his work with so few horses. With nearly double the area of arable land, the agricultural returns show that in Scotland there are 3.9, in England 4.2 horses per hundred acres. Three horses are considered amply sufficient to work a hundred acres of medium land under a four or five course rotation. The horses are invariably worked in pairs plough an acre a day, and are used in single or double carts. Waggons are unknown in Scotland.

Over the Suez Canal purchase, a cloud of ambiguity seems to have come. We were told the British Government had secured a controlling influence. There are 400,000 shares, and the number bought was only 177,000; but it was naturally assumed that the government had secured, in other ways, a sufficient amount to make up a majority. It now seems doubtful whether this is the case, and whether a rather high price will not have to be paid for the requisite additional shares. The stockbroking part of the matter, however, is of a very secondary importance. A great highway of nations, which is also the key of British Empire in India cannot pass from hand to hand like so much railway stock. England will need not only commercial property in the canal, but territorial rights over it: she cannot leave it in any jurisdiction but her own. The purchase of the Khedive's interest in the canal is the first step towards the protectorate of his kingdom; and the protectorate will one day lead to annexation. It was inevitable that when the Turkish Empire broke up, England would take Egypt, even at a risk of a quarrel with France. Of French opposition she has been relieved by the German sledge-hammer; and it does not appear that any other country has an interest in interference. Of course the complications and risks of Empire are multiplied for the future; but the only immediate consequence probably will be the license practically given to all other intending partitioners to fall on. The Russian bear growls horribly through his Moscow *Gazette*; but he means no mischief; at least he means only to justify prospectively his own advance upon Constantinople.

DYSPEPSIA—ITS CAUSE AND CURE.—Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*, discourses on this subject in the following terse style:—The most universal cause of dispepsia is eating too often, too fast, and too much. The general rule should be:

1.—Eat thrice a day.
2.—Not an atom between meals.
3.—Nothing after two o'clock but a piece of cold bread and butter and one cup of hot milk.
4.—Spend half an hour at least in taking each meal.
5.—Cut up all meats and hard food in pea-sized pieces.
6.—Never eat enough to cause the slightest uncomfortable feeling afterwards.
7.—Never work or study hard within half an hour of eating.

The most universal and infallible indication that a person is becoming dyspeptic is some uncomfortable sensation coming on uniformly after each meal, whether that be in the stomach, throat, or elsewhere. The formation of wind in the stomach, indication by eructation, belching, or otherwise, demonstrates that dyspepsia is fixing itself in the system. Then there is only one course to pursue, and that is unfallible: Eat less and less at each meal, until no wind is generated and no uncomfortable sensation experience in any part of the body. No medicine ever cured confirmed dyspepsia; eating plain food regularly and living out of doors industriously, will cure most cases.

From England we learn that the Prince of Wales landed at Calcutta on the 26th, and had a magnificent reception. On the same day the Earl of Stanhope, formerly Lord Mahon, died in London. On the 27th, Augustus Mayhew, a wellknown contributor to *Punch*, died. Sir Alexander Gordon, Conservative has been elected for East Aberdeenshire. Yet another, and this time a fatal calamity has befallen the British Navy; the training ship Goliath was burned on the 22nd, and there is reason to believe that twenty boys perished in her. One passenger and several of the crew of the wrecked steamer Louisiana were drowned. A son of Joseph Arch, the English Labour Reformer, has been sent to gaol for stealing. A British success is reported from Malacca.