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THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVII. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 1876. NO. 3.

The Examiner

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BY
William L. Cotton,

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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
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10 do.	5.00	6.23	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 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 32	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. 11, 1876.

BREADSTUFFS.	
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	0.03 to 0.3½
Flour, per bbl	5.50 to 7.00
Flour, per 100 lbs	3.00 to 3.25
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs	2.70 to 3.50
FISH.	
Codfish per qtl	3.50 to 5.00
Herring per bbl	4.87 to 6.49
Mackerel per doz.	0.48 to 0.72
BOARDS.	
Hemlock, 100 feet.	0.81 to 0.94
Pine do	1.62 to 2.40
Spruce do	0.97 to 1.30
Shingles, per M.	2.11 to 2.48
POULTRY.	
Chickens, per pair	$0.30 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.	0.22 to 0.25
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 bushel	0.38 to 0.40
Potatoes, per bushel	0.25 to 0.32
Pearl Barley, per lb	0.03 to 0.04
Sheepskins	0.50 to 0.70
Straw, per ton	4.50 to 2.50
Tallow per lb	0.08 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.
—: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.

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.

THE PARTING HOUR.

The following exquisite poem, says the Portland, "Commercial," was written by the late Edward Pollock, the gifted Californian poet, on the 6th of Jan. 1857, and has never been published. It was given by the poet to a friend who was about to depart on a steamer for Oregon, Pollock saying: "Take this; you may perhaps read and appreciate the sentiment long after I have ceased to be among the living."

There's something in the "parting hour"
Will chill the warmest heart
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all to part;
But this I've seen—and many a page
Has pressed it on my mind—
The one who goes is happier
Than those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be,
Adventurous, dangerous, far,
To the wild deep or black frontier
To solitude or war—
Still something cheers the heart that dares
In all of human kind,
And they who go are happier
Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home,
With doubtings and with tears,
But does not hope her rainbow spread
Across her cloudy fears?
Alas! the mother who remains,
What comfort can she find,
But this—the gone is happier
Than one she leaves behind?

Have you a friend—a comrade dear!
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of sweet concourse
At length will have an end.
And when you part—as part you will—
O take it not unkind
If he who goes is happier
Than you he leaves behind.

God wills it so—and so it is;
The pilgrims on their way,
Though weak and worn, more cheerful are
Than all the rest who stay;
And when, at last, poor man subdued
Lies down to death resigned,
May he not still be happier far
Than those he leaves behind.

THE HANDFUL OF EARTH.

The following exquisite ballad is from a Dublin paper:—

It's sailing I am, at the dawn of day,
To my brother that's over the sea;
But it's little I'll care for my life anywhere,
For it's breaking my heart will be.
But a treasure I'll take, for ould Ireland's sake,
That I'll prize all belonging above:
It's a handful of earth from the land of my birth—
From the heart of the land that I love.

And won't the poor lad, in his exile, be glad,
When he sees the brave present I bring?
And won't there be flowers from this treasure of ours
In the warm of the beautiful spring?
Och, Erin machree, though it's partin we be,
It's a blessing I'll leave on your shore;
And your mountains and streams I'll see in my dreams,
Till I cross to my country once more.

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND;
OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER XI.—*Continued.*

The storm had not subsided, and the thunder, low and sullen, rolled at an immeasurable distance. Too much excited to think of sleep, Marcus resolved to push on, after having made Hector again repeat all the minute connected with the route he was to take. Hector, imitating the zeal and energy of the young man, determined to plunge out into the night also, thinking it better for a runaway to rest at noon in the deep woods, and avail himself of the curtain of darkness to speed his flight.

'Now, Hector,' said Marcus as they turned in opposite directions, 'be faithful to your trust as you hope for a liberal reward; and if you fall in with a sleeping traveller, have a little more respect for his head than you had for mine, and not deprive it quite so suddenly of a pillow. I really think there must be a contusion here,' added he, passing his hand laughingly over the back of his head.

'I think there 'tusion on my arm, young master,' answered Hector, shrugging his shoulders; 'but me no right to complain. Me take great liberty, sure enough. Good-bye, master. Give my 'spects to Master Arnold, when you see him.'

The mocking laugh of the runaway rang through the damp air. Marcus remembered that laugh, though he had not heard it since he was a very little boy. Such a laugh never issued before from human lungs—so loud, so long, so voluminous, it burst from the mouth like a cannon-ball, and went rolling into the space echoing as it went, gathering sound and force, when suddenly it ceased, checked at once in mid-volley. This miraculous laugh had won him the name of laughing Hector—a distinction of which he was very proud; and Laughing Hector had turned his peculiar talent to great account; for young men, and maidens too, were in the habit of paying him for one of his distinguished laughs, which were entirely independent of mirth or wit. When Marcus heard this magnificent laugh, rolling through the silence of the night, he could not help giving a merry response, while ten thousand reminiscences of life's earliest days were were wakened by its echoes.

The next day a great misfortune befell Marcus. He deemed it such, though it eventually proved a blessing. Ah! these blessings in disguise. How often the wayfarer of life meets them in his journey and knows them not! The pilgrim sees not the angel through the garb that conceals him; in doubting and darkness he follows his mysterious guide, till a revelation of Divine glory bursts upon his vision and the ways of Providence are justified to misjudging man.

Just as he was approaching a comfortable looking dwelling, that promised shelter and rest for himself and weary horse, the animal stumbled and threw his rider on a rocky ledge, with a force that produced insensibility. Fortunately he was near the dwelling of man, where he could receive the ministrations his helpless state demanded. No bones were broken, nor any serious internal injury received; but such was the violence of the fall it was impossible for him to resume his journey for several days. Marcus chafed with burning impatience under the unexpected delay. The nice couch on which he was laid gave him no more rest than Guatemozin found on his bed of coal. It was the first time he had ever been constrained to submit to a state of passive endurance, and at this moment it was agonizing to him. The fever of impatience kept him captive longer than he would have been, had he borne his confinement with that calmness and resignation so essential to recovery; but he was at length able to resume his journey, which he did with feelings of unspeakable gratitude.

'Thank heaven?' he exclaimed, when once more pursuing his impeded course, 'It might have been worse. I feel renovated, joyous, and my horse has renewed his strength. He bears me on with the fleetness of the antelope. Oh! for Mazeppa's winged courser—

"Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind."

One flashing thought of Byron brought all the grand and gorgeous imagery of his poems before the mind of Marcus. He was no longer lonely. The woods through which he rode became thronged with wondrous travellers. The Giaour came thundering on his raven steed; and Leila 'shining in her white symar;' the corsair with his glittering casque and sable plume, more glittering eye and black brow's sabler plume;' followed by the dark-eyed gulnare and the fair-haired Medora; Selim and the lovely Zuleika; the dark cloud spanned by the rainbow; Lara, the being of dark imaginings, with the unknown page linked with such fond devotion to his gloomy destiny; one and all th[illegible] [illegible]shed along with him, swift as the breeze that blew back his horse's flowing mane. Then the forest was converted into a grand picture-gallery, where Shakspere's wizard pencil drew immortal groups. From the witches of Macbeth, the ghost of Banquo, to Oberon and Titania's fairy court, he saw them all. As the camel, when travelling the desert sands of Arabia, far from the river's flow and the fountain's gush, moistens his dry throat from the reservoir within, so he refreshed his loneliness from the well-springs of memory, and went on his way with a sparkling brightness of spirit, which even the long trailing, melancholy moss, which here and there hung its funeral drapery on the trees, could not sweep away.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a wild scene. The camp-fires were blazing along the edge of the woods. Baggage-wagons, from which the horses and mules were taken, served as tents for the sick and infantine travellers. Clusters of black faces were grouped together, the light reflected from their charcoal surface as from mirrors of polished jet. Dark, shining constellations they looked, scattered all about among the shadows that were here and there illumined by the intense radiance of the pine-torch light, and at intervals rolled together in an opaque, ebon mass.

There was an air of weariness and sullenness, and discontent about all these groups. They looked travel-worn and soiled. Some were washing their blistered feet, others mending their torn garments. Mothers were endeavouring to hush the cries of their infants, trying alternately the effect of a caress and a blow, till, overcome with fatigue, they dropped asleep over the struggling burden in their arms. It is true, there were some blither notes in the encampment. Some young and India-rubber beings, the moment the strain of the day's journey was over, would dance and sing to the scraping of the violin and the drumming of the tambourine. There were monkey-faced children cutting indescribable antics on the ground for the amusement of their elders, making somersets faster than the beholder could count; tying themselves apparently in double knots, and cutting themselves in two; then flying together again as if nothing had happened—juvenile ravels, self-taught, flexible as whalebone, and graceful as the willow. These merry, elfish, supernatural-looking creatures relieved the monotony and weariness of the scene, and converted it into a gipsey revel. Pots simmering over the fire and red handkerchiefs gleaming from the brows of the women, increased the resemblance to a Bohemian rendezvous.

A tent was pitched in the centre of this large encampment, where the master of these sable beings was reposing, after the toils of an itinerant day. A glass lantern suspended by a cord from the apex of the tent, gave light to the interior, and streamed down on the face of the gentleman who was reclining on a pallet of straw, attentively engaged in reading a newspaper. He looked haggard and uneasy, as well he might. Unforseen difficulties had retarded his unrighteous expedition. Sickness had broken out among his negroes, and he had been compelled to linger for a detachment that had been ordered to meet him at a particular point. So has the warrior slept on the tented field, while the foe, whom he thought remote, was coming armed with vengeance, making the obscurity of the night subservient to his will. So has the doomed one slept, while the bolt that was to fall upon him was forged in the armoury of heaven.

Arnold was awakened, but it was with no downy touch. A strong grasp was on his right arm. A firm hand pressed upon his breast. He struggled, panted and threw off the pressure that held him down, but the grasp was on his arm, and a figure before his eyes that dazzled, bewildered him, and before one moment he believed himself arrested by superhuman agency. The eyes bent upon him were clear, serene and of terrible brightness. They were like the noonday sunbeams, too intense to meet, and the face from which they beamed seemed enwreathed with a halo, so bright were the locks that floaten round it. There was another figure by its side, taller, larger darker—more of the earth, earthy. Arnold began to know his situation.

'What ho!' he cried, leaping from the pallet, and writhing to free himself from the hand of steel. 'What, ho! Pellam, rouse, I say. Unhand me.'

Pellam, who was in a leaden sleep, roused by the outcries of Arnold, sprang up and instinctively drew a pistol from his belt. Marcus recognised instantaneously the young man who had sought to degrade him in the eyes of L'Eclair, and, previously excited, his blood boiled in his veins. He had never forgotten the insult, and he rejoiced that an opportunity now offered when he could grapple with him, and satisfy that stern sense of justice every man feels in the presence of those who have wronged him.

'Here!' said he to the strong man at his side, 'prevent his escape; the authority is in your hands.'

Then surrendering Arnold to the officer of justice, he turned upon Pellam, who was aiming a pistol at his breast. Marcus wrenched it from his hand and threw it upon the ground. Pellam, though naturally cowardly, felt as if it were a life-struggle, and he disliked Marcus, the successful lover of Florence, with a deep animosity. Drawing his bowie knife, he made a fierce plunge at his antagonist, but only cut through the air. Marcus was unrivalled in the art of fencing, and though this was the first time he was ever engaged in mortal fight, he was more than equal to the strife. He was armed but instead of drawng his own knife, he seized the wrist of Pellam, and the knife gleamed and glanced between them coldly, bluely, destrnctively,— but colder, bluer, more brightly gleamed the eyes of Marcus on the face of his foe. The fierce delight that a brave man feels in a just cause quivered on his lip and lighted up his features. He was transformed. There was a terrible beauty in his face.

In the meantime, Arnold was struggling manfully with the officer, who had come armed with legal authority to arrest him.

'What, ho!' again he cried, in vociferous tones. 'Brandon — Peters!—where are the rascals? Come to the rescue; I defy the warrant.'

The men thus summoned, previously aroused by the tumult, came rushing into the tent, which soon became a battle ground. The whole encampment was, by this time, a scene of indescribable confusion. The dogs were barking and howling, the negroes running to and fro, partly comprehending the deep interest they had in the conflict. A fortification of black figures was seen outside of the tent growing broader and broader as the strife deepened. It was becoming fearfully exciting; four against two. The overseers were strong rough men, well skilled in the use of the bowie knife and all destructive weapons. They were also initiated in the refined art of gouging, an accomplishment of frequent use in the butchery of man.

Marcus, who had thrown Pellam to the ground, and wrenched the knife from his grasp, rushing upon these men now bearing down upon the sheriff, who had been exerting all his strength to retain his hold of the prisoner, desperate and struggling as he was. He did not want to shed blood, he did not want his own blood shed, but it was shed already. There was a gash in his left arm, and a red stream running over his hand. Marcus saw it, and the sight inflamed his passion with tenfold power. He fought with fury, but against fearful odds. He fought for life and for justice. He thought not whether he spilled blood or not. He had right and might on his side; but it was now three against one. Three! it was four; for Pellam had risen. Arnold was free; the officer reeled with failing strength. Marcus turned upon them all like the stag at bay, believing himself lost but strong, brave, unyielding to the last. There was a smile of defiance and scorn upon his lip. His eyes was the lightning flashing from the clear blue heavens. But listen—other footsteps come rushing to the tent. The black wall gives way. A loud, thrilling cry! It is echoed by the negroes. More enemies! He is lost. But hark! he knows that shout. See, he knows those coal-black, burning eyes; he knows those gray locks, that slightly bent, but commanding form. Great heavens! Delaval—his father! How came they there? Is it a dream? Is he going mad? What a sudden, sharp cry, he springs and falls. A knife has stabbed him through the back. The villian dare not face him. 'Tis Pellam. The conflict goes on over the bleeding body of Marcus. Right and might at last prevail.

AN ACTOR'S DUEL.

In Adrian Mark's biography of Rossi, the following interesting story in the early Italian life of the great actor is rehearsed:

"It was at Cassale, during a farewell representation. Gentlemen and ladies of the court society (who had evidently dined too well) filled the boxes and chatted so loudly as to interfere with the representation. Rossi, who was playing Hamlet came to a full stop in the middle of a sentence, and, turning toward a front box from which the greatest noise came, he bowed and said, tranquilly, 'I shall hush as long as you do not hush.' The public applauded, the interruption ceased and the play went on, but afterwards Rossi was met at the door by one of the young gentlemen, who felt called upon to ask for satisfaction. Rossi made a long face, for he was expected on the morrow at Milan, and his engagement was a serious one. The bills were up, the theatre was hired and every place let beforehand, and it was as much as his fortune was worth to dissapoint his manager. So he explained his situation to his blood-thirsty adversary, and begged that, in order to get through with their little affair as speedly as possible, they should go to his (Rossi's) rooms at the hotel and quietly shoot at one another there. The proposition having been acceded to, they went to Rossi's rooms and had just placed themselves at either end of the *saloon* in order to exchange three shots, when the inn keeper, over-anxious as to his guest's health and hours, knocked at the door (which he found locked) and asked in an anxious voice if Monsieur was ill, as his light burned so unusually late.

'No,' replied Rossi, 'I am going to bed; thanks; good-night.'

'You are deceiving me,' persisted his anxious keeper, perhaps enlightened as to the scene in the theatre. 'You are certainly ill.'

'Go to bed,' replied Rossi, 'I am putting out my light'—and in a lower tone he added to his antagonist, 'This is the only way out of it, blow out the candles.'

'What! are we to fight with pistols in the dark?'

'Not quite; we will each smoke a cigarette, that will serve to guide our aim.'

'All right.'

And so the famous duel was fought, in which Rossi again had the good luck to wound his adversary slightly, but the poor actor's troubles were not at an end. The report of the pistols aroused the whole neighborhood, and whilst the wounded man was being taken care of, Rossi was led off to the *juge de paix*, where, with his eyes anxiously fixed on his watch, he listened to the judge, who told him, at length that he deserved five years of prison, if not of hard labor, and as seven o'clock struck (he was to leave for Milan by the 8 o'clock train) Rossi groaned aloud.

'Now,' said the judge, suddenly changing his voice, 'the law has said all it has to say, and the friend may speak. I was at the theatre last night. You were quite right to punish that *faquin*. I know you are expected in Lombardy. Accept this ring as the expression of my admiration, and be off with you!'

Needless to say, no second invitation was required.

THE DYNAMITE HORROR.

The following particulars respecting the dynamite explosion at Bremerhaven are from the 'Weiser Zeitung.' It appears that just before the Mosel was to sail, a car containing four cases and a barrel, was being unloaded for shipment. Suddenly a terrible explosion occurred. The effect was horrible. The quay was then thronged with people—partly belonging to the steamers, partly spectators, and partly passengers who had remained to bid their friends a last farewell. An eye witness who stood under the gangway of the Mosel, on hearing the terrific report, saw a number of black lumps flying in the air, whilst very few of the persons on land remained visible. Apprehending a boilor explosion he threw himself flat on the deck, where he received a volley of sand, broken glass, fragments of flesh, etc. The havoc on board the Mosel was terrific. No skylight was left; the cabins aft, starbord and port, were either crushed in or bulged out or altogether smashed by the pressure; the side plates of the ship were burst; the ports, with their glasses and rivets forced inwards, and the whole ship was besmeared with blood and stuck over with pieces of flesh and other human debris. In the hold and all parts of the ship were found arms, legs, and other portions of the human body; thus the lower hold received some limbs through the lower hatchways. The sides of the hatchways were stove in by the pressure and the front of the navigation cabin on deck also. The whole ship was littered with glass shreds, which even filled the dishes from the steam kitchen as they were being served to the tween deck or steerage passengers. The tug got off comparatively unhurt, being so much more below the quay line than the Mosel; still the whole of its deck was destroyed. The crew came off with a mere fright, only the engineers and stokers being slightly hurt. On land where the package had been unloaded, a hole had been produced from six to seven feet deep. The whole place was strewn with limbs, shreds of dress, etc. In large reeking pools of blood you might see here an arm, intestines, mutilated busts, etc. Among the most horrible details of the calamity is the fate of the Etmer family, who was seeing off one of their sons to California. The father, mother, son and son-in-law are dead; the daughter-law has had her arm and the child its hand blown off. The case which exploded had been in the care of the carrier Westermano, of Bermerhaven, and was accompanied on its way to the steamer by a Mr. Tumforde, of whom it is said all traces has been lost. The cart has been shattered into thousands of pieces, and the poor horse has had his feet blown off near the hoofs. The authorship of the sad catastrophe is now traced to W. K. Thomas, a passenger of the 'Mosel.' Thomas has acknowledged that he was the owner of the barrel which exploded, and that he intended to take this barrel on board the vessel for the purpose of sinking her. The motive of this diabolical wickedness appears to have been the hope of gaining a large sum by means of exaggerated or fictitious insurance, and the sum thus obtained was to have been shared with others, he is perfectly conscious, and answer all questions put to him. He is in the same room with many of his victims. According to information at present in the hands of the police, Thomas has prepared only one barrel for the carrying out of his horrid work, although a report had been spread in Bremerhaven that a number of machines had been put on board the Mosel. This barrel was made for Thomas by the master cooper Delvendahl. It was made of strong material, and was divided by means of a partition in the middle, through which there was a hole. In the division it is assumed that he had placed the igniting apparatus, and the other was filled with dynamite. He accompanied the barrel when it was taken to the depot of the North German Lloyd's Company, and told the porter it should be handled with care. It is supposed that his plan was to effect the ignition by means of a clock-work apparatus, which, in all probability, was to have been set in motion when he arrived in Southampton, to which place he was booked. It appeares that he intended to sail with the ill-fated 'Deutschland,' but the apparatus for effecting the ignition was not completed in time. The number of victims is constantly being increased. According to authentic information the list of dead and wounded amount to 170 persons.

STORY OF AN EYE WITNESS—INTERVIEW WITH THE FIEND.

A N. Y. *Herald* reporter interviewed some of the passengers of the Salier, who were on the Mosel when the dynamite explosion occurred, and the following is Mr. Mueller's story:—

I SAW THOMASSEN, THE FIEND,

in the Mosel while going down the cabin stairs. I thought I knew him as been from Milwaukee, and I said, 'Excuse me but are you from Milwaukee?' He said, 'No sir; I am from the United States, but not from Milwaukee.' This reply was given in German—Ich bin nicht aus Milwaukee, aber von der Vereinigten staaten. I said to him persistently, 'I thought you were from Milwaukee. He then said, 'You may have seen me there, as I have travelled through the States most extensively.' I asked him if he was going in the first or second cabin. He replied that he was going in the saloon, and added, 'We can be together, any way.' Our conversation was only carried on in German at the commencement; subsequently in English.

Reporter—I suppose you liked his appearance and were possessed by his manners?

Mr. Mueller—I thought he looked a good, clever fellow, and liked his appearance, and thought we might have travelled together agreeably. He looked a scholar and a genial fellow. I then went to my cabin with my valise in my hand. A few minutes after the expeosion took place. It happened just as my head emerged while coming on deck from the cabin. My head was about a foot above the level of the deck. The concussion of the air forced me back

AND I FELL ON THE STAIRWAY.

The same thing happened to one of the stewards. I asked the steward what had happened and he told me he thought the boiler had burst, and I said that was not possible, as I had seen bodies and portions of bodies flying through the air. I walked then as if in a dream, and could hardly collect my thoughts. I then went forward and saw the deck covered with dead bodies and pools of blood. The bodies were mostly stripped of their clothing. Some were perfectly naked. I covered up the nakedness of several of the dead both men and women. I saw a Hebrew on a trunk stripped of his clothing, and apparently wounded; his head was falling back and he appeared to be suffocating. I took some bedclothes out of a trunk burst open by the explosion, and made a comfortable bed for him. Five minutes afterwards he died. A sailor kindly brought him some water, but his mouth was filled with coagulated blood and he could not swallow the water. I then attended a young lady screaming for help, denued of all her clothing from the waist. I covered her over with some sheeting. She said she was wounded in her back. She had been struck with a bar of iron from the deck railings. She was taken to Loi's Hotel, and was recovering when we left Bremen.

Shortly after this I heard that a man had attempted to commit suicide after locking his cabin door. That was told to me by Meyer, the steward. I wanted to get away from the ship, as I thought we might have another explosion, and such, in fact, was the general belief. I then went ashore to a hotel, making my way through a pile of dead bodies, arms, legs and trunks of bodies lying both on the ship and on the wharf. Nobody was hurt, by a Providential interposition, on the rear of the ship. I then went to Lloyd's Hotel, Bremerhaven, and I did not return to the ship till next day. I asked, when I got there what kind of a man it was who had attempted to commit suicide and from the description given me I came to the conclusion that the man might possibly be the individual I had met at the cabin stairs, and that I have just told you of. I then went to the hospital to see him, and after asking permission of the authorities was conducted to his bedside and found it was the same man I had spoken to.

I said, 'How do you feel?'

He looked at me with a sorrowful, wearied face and with tears in his eyes. After gasping repeatedly for breath, he said, 'I wish that I was dead,' and then closed his eyes as if exhausted by the efforts of speaking.

I said, 'It is wrong, sir, to wish that you were dead. I hope you will recover.' He looked, I thought, gratefully at me for wishing that he might live, but repeated, 'I wish I was dead. I then left him. I did not ask him if he was the cause of the fearful carnage, thinking it might only be a rumor. Afterwards I heard he confessed being the owner of the dynamite, and mentioned that a brother of his at Dresden was implicated. The chief of the police of Bremerhaven told me afterwards that the brother had been arrested. I heard nothing about the date fixed for his trial when we left Bremerhrven.

Thomassen's wife and child came to see him, but the Bremerhaven police gave out that she knew nothing of his fiendish crime. This may only be a ruse on their part, however. A doctor, who knew whereof he spoke told me that Thomassen was constantly supplicating his medical attendants to remove the bullet from his head. Such an operation would doubtless have precipitated his death, and prevented the world knowing of his fearful confession.

A BEAR KILLED BY TWO WOMEN AFTER A SAVAGE FIGHT.

Delhi, N. Y., December 29.—About a year ago a man named Jonas Butler went into the wild region around the head waters of the Delaware River, about twenty miles above this place, for the purpose of cutting railroad ties and peeling bark, on contract for some parties in Green County. He erected a log cabin, where he and his wife, his daughter Jennie, aged sixteen, and an infant child made their home.

On Sunday last, Butler was absent from home, and about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of that day Mrs. Butler and her daughter heard an unusual commotion among the pigs in the pen, a log enclosure a few yards away from the house. Going to the door of the cabin, Mrs. Butler saw a large black bear in the pen, with a pig weighing about sixty or seventy pounds hugged tightly in one fore paw and trying to get out of the enclosure with it. A watch dog belonging to the family was barking furiously at the bear from the outside, and the pig was wriggling and squealing. Without a moment's delay Mrs. Butler told her daughter to take the axe, and she herself seized a heavy mall, used in driving wedges, and thus armed, the two women rushed out to attack the bear. With no thought of the consequences, they both jumped into the pen followed by the dog. They began the attack at once, dealing the bear blows heavy and fast with their weapons. The dog harrassed bruin in the rear, and it was not long before he dropped the pig and turned his attention to his assailants. He first seized the dog, and in a very short time crushed the life out of it. The infuriated animal then rushed with open mouth upon the girl. She retreated slowly using her axe with vigor, but by a sudden blow of his paw the bear knocked the axe from her hands and pressed her into a corner of the pen. But for the hearty and vigorous attack that Mrs. Butler kept up with her mall the bear would have crushed the girl in another second as he had the dog. This drew his attention from the daughter, and he dashed at the mother. She kept him at a distance, and shouted to her daughter to go to the house and fetch the rifle and shoot the bear. Jennie leaped from the pen and flew to the house. The struggle between Mrs. Butler and the bear waxed hotter and hotter. She retreated backwards around the pen, dealing blow after blow with the mall, the bear following her closely with open mouth and blood flowing from his wounds. Finally the bear struck the mall and sent it flying out of the pen. Mrs. Butler crouched down in a corner, and covering her face with her hands, had resigned herself to her fate, when her daughter arrived with the gun. She pushed the barrel through a chink in the logs and fired. The bear, which stood over Mrs. Butler in the act of seizing her, tottered an instant on his haunches and fell over dead. The ball, as afterwards discovered, had passed clear through his heart. After firing the shot and seeing the result, the girl fainted. Mrs. Butler could not summon strength to get out of the place for some time, but finally succeeded in doing so, and got her daughter into the house, where she soon restored her to consciousness.