THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVI. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, MAY 31, 1875. NO. 22.

MAIL ARRANGEMENT!

AT THE

CHARLOTTETOWN POST OFFICE,

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, MAY 17, 1875.

MAILS.	CLOSE.	DUE FOR DELIVERY.
Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, United States and Great Britain, via United States,	Daily at 5.30 a. m.	Daily, at 10.15 p. m.
Nova Scotia,	Tuesday and Friday at 3.30 p. m., Wednesday and Saturday at 9 p. m., Monday, May 17, and every alternate Monday, afterwards at 4.30 a. m.	Tuesday and Friday, at 8.30 p. m. Wednesday and Saturday, about 6 p. m.
Great Britain, via Halifax,	Friday, May 28, and every alternate Friday at 3.30 p. m.	Uncertain.
Great Britain, via Halifax, Supplementary,	Monday May 17, and every alternate Monday at 4.30 a. m.	
Summerside, Alberton, and offices west of Summerside,	Daily at 5.30 a. m.	Daily at 10.15 a. m.
Georgetown, St. Peter's Souris, and offices east,	" 7.30 a. m.	" 1 p. m.
Southport, Vernon River, &c.,	" 6.00 a. m.	" 2 p. m.
Hazel Grove, Springfield, &c.,	" " a. m.	" 2 p. m.
Bedeque, Tryon, Crapaud, &c.,	Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 9 p. m.	Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 2. 30 p. m.
Brackley Point, Cove Head,	Monday & Thursday, at 8 a.m.	Tuesday and Friday, at 9 a.m.
Pisquid, Johnson's River, &c.,	Friday, at 12.30 p. m.	Friday, at 10 a. m.

Letters intended for Registration must be posted at least half an hour before the time of closing the Mails by which they are to be forwarded. Registration open from 8 o'clock a. m. to 8 o'clock p. m.

Letters may be posted in letter boxes on Steamers up to time of departure.

Correspondence for Newfoundland, Bermuda and West Indies will be forwarded to Halifax by each mail.

Office hours daily, Sundays excepted, from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m,

A. A. MACDONALD, Postmaster.

Post Office, Charlottetown, May 17, 1875.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Trains between Charlottetown, Summerside, Alberton, and Tignish,
Daily, Sundays excepted.

GOING WEST.				GOING EAST.			
STATIONS.		NO. 1. Steamboat Train	NO. 3.	STATIONS.		NO. 2.	No. 4. Steamboat Train.
		A. M.					
Charlottetown	Depart	6.30	2.00 p. m.	Tignish			11.00 a. m.
Royalty Junc.	"	6.50	2.25 "	Alberton			1.00 p. m.
NorthWiltshire	"	7.40	3.20 "	O'Leary Road			2.05 "
Hunter River	"	7.55	3.40 "	Port Hill			3.30 "
Elliotts	"	8.20	4.15 "	Wellington			4.10 "
Kensington	"	9.10	5.15 "	Summerside		A. M.	5.00 "
Summerside	Arrive	9.45	6.00 "	Do.	Depart	6.00	6.30 "
Do.	Depart		6.45 "	Kensington	"	6.35	7.05 "
Wellington	"		7.30 "	Elliots	"	7.25	7.55 "
Port Hill	"		8.10 "	Hunter River	"	7.55	8.25 "
O'Leary Road	"		9.20 "	NorthWiltshire	"	8.10	8.40 "
Alberton			10.20 "	Royalty Junc.	Arrive	9.05	9.25 "
Tignish	Arrive		11.15 "	Charlottetown	"	9.35	9.45 "

Note.—No 1 Train from Charlottetown crosses at Hunter River No. 2 Train from S'side. No. 2 Train from Summerside connects at Royalty Junction with No. 2 Train from Charlottetown for Georgetown and Souris.

Trains between Charlottetown, Mount Stewart, Cardigan and Geo'town,
Daily, Sundays excepted.

GOING WEST.				GOING EAST.			
STATIONS.		NO. 1.	NO. 3.	STATIONS.		NO. 2.	NO. 4.
		A. M.				A. M.	
Georgetown	Depart	8.40	4.30 p. m.	Charlottetown	Depart	8.45	4.30 p. m.
Cardigan		9.10	4.57 "	Royalty Junc.	"	9.05	4.52 "
Mount Stewart	Arrive	10.30	6.10 "	Mount Stewart	Arrive	10.30	6.10 "
Do.	Depart	10.35	6.20 "	Do.	Depart	10.35	6.20 "
Royalty Junc.	"	12.05 p. m.	7.35 "	Cardigan	"	11.50	7.32 "
Charlottetown	Arr	12.30 "	8.00 "	Georgetown	Arr	12.15 p. m.	8.00 "

Note.—No. 1 Train from Georgetown crosses at Mount Stewart No. 2 Train from Charlottetown, and connects with No. 2 Train for St. Peter's and Souris.
No. 2 from Ch'town for Geo'town crosses at Royalty Junction No. 2 from Summerside.

Between Charlottetown, Mount Stewart, Morell, St. Peter's and Souris,
Daily, Sundays excepted.

GOING WEST.			GOING EAST.		
STATIONS.		NO. 1.	STATIONS.		NO. 2.
Souris	Depart	7.00 a. m.	Charlottetown	Depart	8.45 a. m.
Harmony	"	7.30 "	Royalty Junc.	"	9.10 "
St. Peter's	"	8.50 "	Mount Stewart	Arrive	10.30 "
Morell	"	9.40 "	Do.	Depart	11.00 "
Mount Stewart	Arrive	10.20 "	Morell	"	11.45 "
Do.	Depart	10.35 "	St. Peter's	"	12.35 p. m.
Royalty Junc.	"	12.05 p.m.	Harmony	"	2.03 "
Charlottetown	Arrive	12.30 "	Souris	Arrive	2.30 "

Note.—No. 1 Train from Souris connects at Mount Stewart with No. 2 Train from Charlottetown to Georgetown; and at Charlottetown with No. 3 for S'side and Tignish. Intermediate Platform Stations will be called at when required to put down or take up passengers.—Trains will be run by Charlottetown Railway Station Time.

INSURANCE.

ST. LAWRENCE
Marine Insurance Co.
OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Authorized apital, - - $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.*

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

INSURANCE.

MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
ROBERT LONGWORTH, Esq., President,
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Risks taken daily at their office, corner Great George and Lower Water Streets.
F. W. HALES, Secretay.
Ch'town, March 22, 1875—1y

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

POETRY.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'er a low couch the setting sun
Had thrown its latest ray,
Where in his last strong agony
A dying warrior lay,
The stern old Baron Rudiger,
Whose frame had ne'er been beat
By wasting pain, till time and toil
Its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say
My days of life are o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed
And lead my bond no more;
They come and to my beard they dare
To tell me now, that I,
Their own leige lord and master born,—
That I—ha! ha!—must die.

"And what is death? I've dared him oft
before the Paynim spear,—
Think ye he's entered at my gate,
Has come to seek me hear?
I've met him, faced him, scorn'd him,
When the fight was raging hot,—
I'll try his might—I'll brave his power;
Defy, and fear him not.

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower,—
And fire the culverin,—
Bid each retainer arm with speed,—
Call every vassal in;
Up with my banner on the wall,—
The banquet board prepare,—
Throw wide the portal of my hall,—
And bring my armour there!"

A hundred hands were busy then,—
The banquet forth was spread,—
And rung the heavy oaken floor
With many a martial tread,
While from the rich, dark tracery
Along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleam'd on harness, plume and spear,
O'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate,
The mail'd retainers pour'd
On through the portal's frowning arch,
And throng'd around the board.
While at its head, within his dark,
Carved oaken chair of state,
Arm'd cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger,
With girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men,
Pour forth the cheering wine;
There's life and strength in every drop.—
Thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true?—
Mine eyes are waxing dim;—
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones,
Each goblet to the brim.

"Ye're there, but yet I see ye not,
Draw forth each trusty sword,—
And let me hear your faithful steel
Clash once around my board.
I hear it faintly—louder yet!—
What clogs my heavy breath?
Up all,—and shout for Rudiger,
"Defiance unto Death!"

Bowl rang to bowl,—steel clang to steel,
And rose a deafening cry
That made the torches flare around
And shook the flags on high:
"Ho! cravens, do you fear him?
Slaves, traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have you left me
To meet him here alone!

"But I defy him: Let him come!"
Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade
Came flashing halfway up;
And with the black and heavy plumes
Scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark carved oaken chair,
Old Rudiger sat, dead.

LITERATURE.

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

CHAPTER X.

Ulric had, to all appearances, escaped out of the hands of kidnappers, but only, as it seemed, to fall into the snares of wicked people, who had, alas, surprisingly soon seduced him into a vicious course of life. Mr. Breitenbach at least believed this, and old Martin, though his heart strove against conviction, could not avoid sharing the same persuasion. But recollect, dear reader, as old Martin said, 'appearances deceive,' Ulric did not escape from the kidnappers; but the morning after his flight he was again in the power of Captain de Silva, who forced him on board his ship, and without further delay clothed him as a sailor. It yet remains unexplained how Ulric could at the same time be a prisoner, and also in Valparaiso, where he transacted his business with Mr. Acosta, and in a short time afterwards gave himself up to the society of rogues and swindlers. Nevertheless he was there, and also on board the ship, for his slender figure might be seen leaning against the mast, as he sorrowfully looked back towards Valparaiso, while the light vessel, with sails spread, glided over the open sea. When Ulric endeavored by flight to frustrate the treachery of his false friend Wilkins, and had even luckily succeeded in reaching the open street, he was met by Padre Mendoza, who was carrying wine for the sailors from a neighboring cellar. The light of his lantern enabled him to recognize the fugitive, and he immediately guessed what had taken place; he dropped his lantern and wine bottles, and sprang upon Ulric like a tiger. The latter was not prepared for such a sudden attack. He uttered a loud cry and fell to the ground under the weight of his enemy; and in another instant he was surrounded by the sailors who, with shouts of triumph, dragged him back to the tavern. During the scuffle Wilkins slipped away, that he might not again meet the injured youth, whose look he dreaded; and it was his footsteps which on that night were heard retreating through the quiet streets. Captain de Silva showed his displeasure at Ulric's attempt to escape; and instead of treating him with kindness, which Ulric's prudent conduct at first inclined him to do, his behavior was now harsh and severe, and he caused him to be bound hand and foot, and to be conveyed on board his vessel.

As soon as morning dawned, Ulric was permitted, unfettered, to walk on the foredeck; for the Carolina had already weighed anchor, and, like a swan with extended wings, she sailed out of the harbor. Leaning against the mast, Ulric looked mournfully around. There were many ships in and about the harbor, and perhaps, if he were to raise a loud cry for help, some one might come to his assistance. But there was no human being to be seen, for it was yet very early. Suddenly, however, Ulric started and stretched out his arms towards a vessel which lay scarcely a cubic's length from him rocking on the waves. It was the Johanna, Captain Peters, in which he had sailed from Hamburg to Valparaiso. Here alone all hands were busy, for the Johanna was to sail very early. She only now waited for Captain Peters, who was again gone into the town to take leave of Ulric; but he was regaled by Wilkins with the intelligence that Ulric had passed the night in revelling, and that probably he still lay intoxicated in some tavern. Captain Peters shook his head, and would have been glad to await the return of Ulric, but his orders were so decisive that at last he was obliged to sail without taking leave of him. He commissioned Wilkins to give his kind remembrances to his young friend and he then hurried on board.

When Ulric beheld the dear and well known ship, he could not repress a joyous exclamation. He called to those on board, and made a signal that they should come and rescue him. Some sailors of the Johanna immediately observed the action; they heard the cry, and remarked the signal; but as they did not recognize Ulric in his sailor's dress, they naturally believed that some rude person was making fun of them; and they, therefore, turned their backs contemptuously upon the passing ship. Poor Ulric, who had felt a hope when he saw that he was observed by the sailors, now repeated his cries as the crew of the Johanna turned away. But Captain de Silva was now on the watch. His broad figure approached Ulric—he placed his hand over his mouth—and sent him below, where he had plenty of time to reflect over and lament his frustrated attempt to escape.

A feeling of deep and painful hopelessness took possession of him in the darkness and solitude to which he was for some days doomed. The more he reflected upon his fate, the more he reflected that Schleicher, Mr. Breitenbach's nephew, was the author of all his past and present sufferings, and bitterly did he now repent not having listened to and followed the advice of old Martin. What would Mr. Breitenbach think of him, as he could send no report of himself? His fancy was very busy in imagining all the calumnies which Mr. Schleicher would doubtless spread concerning him. How easily he might assert that he (Ulric) had run away with a large sum of money, which had been entrusted to him. Who would, or could, contradict such a report if it were once spread? Appearances would speak against the unfortunate Ulric, and he himself did not doubt that Schleicher would make use of these delusive appearances to his disadvantage.

Ulric felt very unhappy when he reflected over the probable consequences of his sudden disappearance; but the consciousness of innocence, and his firm trust that God would bring his innocence to light, and cause truth at length to triumph, enabled him to bear up in his greatest affliction, aud infused into his anxious heart fresh confidence for the future. As soon as his mind had arrived at this point, he began to form new schemes for his deliverance. He considered that the first thing to be done was to make Captain de Silva pleased with him. He would even seek to win his friendship, and then afterwards openly lay before him his request to be restored to freedom, even at the expense of a ransom. When, therefore, the sailor came as usual at noon to bring him his dinner, Ulric asked him to tell the Captain that he was resigned to his fate, and that he would do his best to please and obey him. The man promised to deliver this message and went away. A few minutes afterwards, Ulric was unfettered, and brought into the captain's cabin, and he was received with a friendly smile, just as if nothing had happened.

'I am glad, my boy, that you are at length come to your senses,' he said, stretching out his hand to Ulric. 'There, sit down, and listen to what I have to say to you. I see that you are too good for a common sailor, and, therefore, if you are willing, I will make you my secretary. As you are aware that I transact, under the rose, a little traffic in ebony, which I get from the African coast, and sell to the planters in the East and West Indies? Now I can manage the business very well, but I cannot keep all the accounts. You understand that, as my friend Wilkins has informed me, and therefore we can be the best of friends. if you like.'

'But suppose I will have nothing to do with this base trade?' demanded Ulric, without concealing his just indignation.

'Then you shall keep your sailor's jacket, and shall be taught to know Captain de Silva!' replied the rough seaman angrily, and he contracted his dark forehead into a deep frown.

Ulric perceived that he must yield, and declared himself ready to keep the accounts of the Captain's trade books. The latter thence became friendly again, and ordered his people to restore to Ulric his own clothes, and he treated him more like an equal than a poor sailor who had been pressed into service, and whom he could compel to do the work of slaves, if his humor so disposed him. Ulric even placed some confidence in him, and related to him his history as far as he knew himself; and at length requested him to counteract Wilkin's treachery by restoring him his freedom, at the price of a ransom, which he himself should name.

'No, I will not,' said the captain, decidedly. 'This Wilkins is certainly a bad fellow, but I have given him my word to keep you fast on board the 'Carolina,' and this promise must not be broken; besides which, I require your service more than the ransom, and it does not appear sure to be paid to me: for the old man of whom you have so often spoken, may be long since dead, or his opinion of you may be changed. To have, is better than would have! Remain with me, my boy, and if you behave well, you shall not be badly off here.'

Ulric saw that he must yield; but he did not abandon all hope, which is always a soothing and comforting friend to the unhappy. He was taken in the ship to Madras; and after a short stay there, he sailed to the African coast and from thence to the West Indies, where the captain intended to sell his cargo of negroes.

Until now, no opportunity of escape had presented itself to the still sanguine Ulric. But at length, in the harbour of Havanna, in the island of Cuba, fortune seemed to smile on him. Besides his commander's vessel, a ship lay at anchor, which, by its appearance, seemed to be English. Ulric fixed his longing eyes upon it, and thought if he could only reach it, he should be safe and concealed. A scheme for flight darted through his mind. He would go, during the night, quietly on deck, and let himself down into the water, and then try to reach the ship by swimming. In this plan there was no danger except that of being too soon discovered, or of being devoured by sharks, which abound in almost all the West Indian harbours. Ulric recollected this perfectly; but the longing after freedom was stronger in his heart than the fear of death, and he determined to run all risks and to adventvre another atempt at flight. He relied very much upon his skill in swimming, and he hoped, besides, that Providence would protect him from the devouring teeth of the sharks.

Ulric appeared to have so entirely resigned himself to his destiny, that Captain de Silva did not in the least suspect that he still nourished plans for leaving him. He treated Ulric well enough, and did not allow him to want for anything; and he did not insult or beat him, as he did the other sailors. According to his opinion, Ulric could not anywhere, in the world, be better off than with him, and if any one had said to him, 'Captain, look about you, your secretary meditates escape,' he would not have believed the warning but would have replied, laughingly, 'Pooh! that cannot be. The youth is too well off with me. He is like a fish in deep water; it does not enter into his mind to leave me.'

This firm persuasion of the captains's was of great use to Ulric.

To be continued.

VOYAGE ON A TURTLE.

HOW A SOUTH SEA WOMAN WAS SAVED FROM DROWNING.

Captain John O. Holmes, who recently arrived in this city from Valparaiso, is responsible for the following striking narrative, which he vows is as 'true as steel.' The Captain had been cruising among the Society Islands, when, putting into a small cove one day for water, a number of natives, as usual, came on board to trade. Among them was a stout comely maiden of eighteen, to whom the mate took a great fancy. She was the daughter of a chief, and reciprocating the mate's affection the twain were married, a grand feast honoring the occasion. Wi-Wi was the name of the bride, signifying in the language of her country 'Big fish,' or to interpret more particularly 'Great Swimmer,' she having an extended notoriety as an expert in the art of swimming. Having married the mate she took up her quarters on the ship, much to the dislike of the captain, who, sailor like, felt the unseemliness of having a woman aboard. However, the vessel left the Island and stood for Tahiti, where she loaded with oranges and bore thence for Valparaiso. On the voyage this incident occurred: Wi-Wi, the mate's wife, was one evening performing her ablutions near the bows. There was a moderate sea running, not, however, enough to incommode the turtles, which could be seen floating all round the ship. Some of these were of very large size and were known as the green turtle. It happened, while the fair islander was so engaged, that the ship topled her bow under and picked up a sea, which passing over, carried Wi-Wi with it far to the leeward. The crew were at supper, but the man at the wheel saw Wi-Wi as she went over, and shouted 'man overboard.' At this cry, so terrible on shipboard, the crew rushed on deck; the ship was brought to, and a whale boat lowered. By this time Wi-Wi had drifted some distance to leeward, and nightfall made the task of rescuing her one of extreme difficulty. But the mate was in the boat, and though half-crazed at the mishap which had befallen his dusky wife, resolved to make every effort to save her. So he urged his men with telling earnestness. They too shared his spirit and pulled away on their dangerous venture.

But night fell and no sign of the unfortunate Wi-Wi was seen. The men gave her up as lost, but the mate was still hopeful. 'Wi-Wi is a fish,' said he 'and one night at sea will not hurt her. We will lay by till morning. So they lay in the boat that night shouting, but hearing no response. In the morning the mate saw a dark object on the top of the surge a long way off. 'There is something over there,' said he; 'give way for it.' 'It's only a turtle,' answered the men. 'Never mind,' replied the mate, 'give way.' They gave way, and after a hard pull, the sea having risen, reached the object. It was an immense turtle and on the back thereof sat Wi-Wi. She hailed the boat's crew with a cry of joy and plunging into the sea swam to the boat. The turtle was then secured and towed to the ship, where Wi-Wi was received with three cheers and a tiger. A glass of brandy stimulated her and made her loquacious. She told the story of her going overboard, how, being bruised by striking against the rail, she could not reach the ship by swimming, but, floating at the mercy of the sea, was at last thrown on the back of the turtle which was complacently oscillating on the surface of the water. 'But for this singular assistance,' said the captain, 'Wi-Wi must have perished; and it is to be regretted,' he added in a choking voice, 'that the creature which had so providentially saved the life of a human being should have subsequently been utilized in the form of turtle soup.'—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

A Japanese Imperial proclamation has been issued creating a body called 'Genero,' which will be composed of Senators appointed by the Mikado, also a body called 'Daishen," the functions of which are to be to adjust and administer a judical system. The question of an elective house is reserved for further consideration.

THREATENED FAMINE IN MISSOURI.—The Governor of Missouri last Monday morning issued a proclamation calling on the people of the State to observe Thursday, June 3rd, as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer. Information comes to him from all sources that the State is threatened with the grasshopper pestilence, to be followed by the failure of the crops, great distress and possible famine. Nothing but the interposition of Providence can save the State from the pest, and the Governor recommends that the supplications of the people be raised for Divine relief and protection.

CARE OF HORSES IN SPRING.—I was always taught to keep horses up, in the spring, on dry feed, until the spring work was done, for fear they would not eat their food if turned out, and would therefore fa l off in flesh. But for the last four years, when we began work in the spring, I have given my horses a run of an hour or more during the day, even when the grass was well started, and have found that they feel better, and keep in better flesh than under the old rule. The grass keeps the bowels open and the rolling is the natural method of currying. I keep two horses only—combined weight, 2,150 pounds—yet they do all the work on a farm of 180 acres.—*Ohio Farmer.*

ENGLISH HORSES.—It appears that the rumors of wars and the maintenance of vast hordes of armed men on the continent of Europe, while they are of a perplexing diplomatic character to Great Britain have affected her interests in a matter that is particularly dear to the hearts of her country gentlemen. The fame of England's horses has extended to the uttermost parts of the earth, and their blood has been sought for breeding purposes in every civilized country. It, however appears, from a debate on a motion brought up recently in the Imperial House of Commons, that there is much danger of a deterioration in both the quality and quantity of the noted breeds of horses that have become so famous in England. Mr Chaplin, the mover in the matter, and an enthusiast upon the subject, states that the people of England have given so much attention to "sheep and shorthorns," that they have apparently been partially unconscious of the fact that the very best blood in the country has been taken out of it by the agents, sent to buy at any cost, of Germany, Italy, France, Hungary, and Austria. He points out that the most splendid horse in the world, Blair Athol, not long ago narrowly escaped exportation. Lord Ossington, the late Speaker, had commissioned the purchase of that famous horse, and another at a certain sum. It was due only, says Mr. Chaplin, to the "patriotic" conduct of certain gentlemen that the horse was saved from being bought up by Germany, whose agent bid £11,500, just before the English company saved the horse with £12,000. The second horse fetched £6,000, exactly three times the sum Lord Ossington had agreed to pay.

MARK TWAIN ON THE RECENT EPIDEMIC.

WHAT THE HARTFORD PHILOSOPHER HAS TO SAY ABOUT SPELLING AND SPELLING SCHOOLS.

Mark Twain being called on for some remarks at a high-toned spelling match in Hartford the other evening, spoke as follows:—

Ladies and gentlemen: I have been honored with the office of introducing these approaching orthographical solemnities with a few remarks. The temperance crusade swept the land some time ago, that is, that vast portion of the land where it was needed, but it skipped Hartford. Now comes this new spelling epidemic, and this time we are stricken. So I suppose we needed the affliction. I don't say we needed it. for I don't see any use in spelling a word right, and never did. I mean I don't see any use in having a uniform and arbitrary way of spelling words. We might as well make all clothes alike and cook all dishes alike—Sameness is tiresome; variety is pleasing. I have a correspondent whose letters are always a refreshment to me, there is such a breezy unfettered originality about his orthography. He always spells Know with a large K. Now that is just as good as to spell it with a small one. It is better. It gives the imagination a broader field, a wider scope. It suggests to the united mind a grand, vague, impressive new kind of a cow. Superb effects can be produced by variegated spelling. Now there is Blind Tom the musical prodigy. He always spells a word according to the sound that carries it to his ear. And he is an enthusiast in orthography. When you give him a word he shouts it out—puts all his soul into it. I once heard him called upon to spell orang outang before an audience. He said, 'O, r-a-n-g, orang, g-e-r, ger, oranger, t a-n-g, orangger tang!' Now a body can respect an orang-outrang that spells his name in a vigorous way like that. But the feeble dictionary makes a mere kitten of him. In the old times people spelled just as they pleased. That was the right idea. You had two chances at a stranger then. You know a strong man from a weak one by his iron-clad spelling, and his hand-writing helped you to verify your verdict. Some people have an idea that correct spelling can be taught—and taught to anybody. That is a mistake. The spelling faculty is born in a man, like poetry, music and art. It is a gift, it is a talent. People who have this gift in a high degree only need to see a word once in print, and it is forever photographed upon their memory. They cannot forget it. People who haven't it must be content to spell more or less like—thunder—and expect to splinter the dictionary wherever their orthographical lightning happens to strike. There are 114,000 words in the unabridged dictionary. I know a lady who can spell only 180 of them right. She steers clear of all the rest. She can't learn any more. So her letters always consist of those constantly recurring 180 words. Now and then, when she finds herself obliged to write upon a subject which necessitates the use of some other words, she—well, she don't write on that subject. I have a relative in New York who is almost sublimely gifted. She can't spell any word right. There is a game called Verbarium. A dozen people are each provided with a sheet of paper, across the top of which is written a long word like kaleidoscopical, or something like that, and the game is to see who can make up the most words out of that in three minutes, always beginning with the initial letter of that word. Upon one occasion the word chosen was cofferdam. When time was called everybody had built from five to twenty words except this young lady. She only had one word—calf. We all studied a moment and then said: 'Why, there is no l in cofferdam.' Then we examined her paper. To the eternal honor of that uninspired, unconscious, sublimely-independent soul, be it said, she had spelt that word 'caff!' If anybody here can spell calf any more sensibly than that let him step to the front and take his milk. The insurrection will now begin.

Mail advices from China report the loss of the Chinese ship Fusing by collision with the Ocean, a British steamer. Fifty persons were drowned.

A Constantinople letter states that the cattle disease is sweeping away thousands of cattle and sheep in all the Provinces of the Turkish Empire; also that the plague has reappeared among several Arab tribes in Mesopotamia with great fatality.

Preventive Against Moths.—A very pleasant perfume, and also a preventive against moths, may be made of the following ingredients; Take of cloves, carraway seed, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon and tonguin beans, of each one ounce, then add as much florentine orrisroot as will equal the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole well to powder, and put it in little bags among your clothes, &c. This will answer for furs also; but I never tried anything more certain as a protection against moths in furs than to first shake out or beat out every foreign substance before putting away for the season. Then wrap them up in a perfectly sound newspaper. What I mean by sound is, that there shall be no holes or breaks in the paper. Make a bag in the paper by pasting; pack in and paste up the mouth of the bag. Put in a drawer where it will not be disturbed. If well done not a moth will ever be found inside.

FEEDING HORSES.—At a recent meeting of the Hampden Harvest Club, the proper feed for horses was discussed. E. H. Patch, on being questioned, remarked that he had fed on an average forty horses for the last forty years. and the least quantity that a horse could use and keep in good flesh the better. He selects good, sweet wholesome, food, and feeds regularly and moderately. He recommended the farmers to feed more grain and less hay. Eight or ten pounds of hay is enough for a horse, and to this he would add a peck of oats or two quarts of corn meal and two quarts of wheat bran for a hard worked horse, and half these quantities for an idle one. Too much hay distends the horse's stomach and unfits him for travel. He cuts hay about three inches long and feeds it at night, mixed up with coarse bran and oats, morning and noon. He considers it dangerous to feed an idle horse high. Mr. William Pynchon, who keeps a score of idle horses every winter, was cited as a successful feeder. He gives cut hay twice a day, with about four quarts of wheat bran, each time, and his horses come out well every spring. Others gave similar testimony.

THE POPE AND A RUDE ENGLISHMAN.—I have heard from more than one source that an Englishman behaved with such marked disrespect at the Vatican, on Monday, as to irritate the Pope exceedingly, and cause is Holiness to stop in the midst of his benediction to remonstrate with him in the following words:—'Do you come here to insult me in my own house? Is it a gentlemanlike thing (*una cosa signorite*) to sit down when all the others are standing or kneeling!' It seems that the person in question gained admittance to the audience through some dealer in antique brocades and laces, who obtained for him a ticket from Monsignor Ricci; and instead of rising when the Pope entered, sat during the whole audience, although remonstrated with by some English ladies present. At the Pope's expression of displeasure the Captain of the Swiss Guard turned the offender out of the room; whereupon, a Roman friend informs me, that the aged Pontiff apologised to the company of his hasty outbreak: 'J'ai parle trop fort,' he said. All the English Catholics in Rome are especially excited about this affair, and the non-Catholics are equally ashamed that a fellow-countryman should be capable of such wanton insolence towards age and misfortunes. For, when everything is said, Pius IX. is a discrowned Sovereign, towards whom good feeling ought to inspire very exact punctilio in matters of mere etiquette.
Echo's Correspondent.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No less than 24,255 immigrants have arrived in California overland since April 1, 1874.

The Duke of Edinburgh is the only male member of the British royal family who is not a Freemason.

A New Orleans druggist has been mulcted in $25,000 for a prescription put up in mistake and which poisoned a woman.

The Shah of Persia has instituted another reform. He pays interest on borrowed money instead of squeezing it from his subjects.

Real estate, in the best locations in London, is worth $135 per square foot; in New York, $113; in Chicago, $27; and in San Francisco, $22.

There are, it is said, 41 theatres and 400 actors and actoresses in London, and 230 theatres and 2,000 actors and actoresses in the United Kingdom.

It is stated that there are eight millions of German-speaking people in the United States, have three hundred newsbapers and periodicals in their own language.

The Custom-house officials at Calais have, according to a *Times* telegram, seized a number of little boxes sent from England, and apparently containing pencils, however, are hollow, and, instead of lead, contain false twenty-franc notes.

The Italian Government has ordered the removal of all bishops who have not received a royal endorsement of their appointments. The Archbishop of Palermo has been notified to leave his see.

FROM VICTORIA, B. C., TO MANITOBA.—On Saturday advices were received here of the safe arrival, on that day, at Fort Garry, of Mr Jarvis, chief of the surveying party, and Mr. Charles F. Hanington. They had come overland from Vancouver, making excellent time. Mr. Jarvis belongs to Prince Edward Island.

A cable telegram to the New York *Herald* states, on the 18th, the Pope, after the ceremony of granting audiences at the Vatican, conversed with the personages who remained immediately near to his presence concerning the enthusiasm which was shown in New York in the occasion of the creation of an American cardinal.

The London *Examiner* mentions a rumor that Disraeli is to resign at the close of the session, and believes there is foundation for it, as the Premier's disability for continuous work is damaging to the Government. The understanding, however, exists among his supporters that he shall not be replaced until he voluntarily resigns.

There is no foundation for the report that in the Belgian Cabinet a crisis is imminent. A denial is also given to the report published yesterday in the despatch to *Telegraph* that the German Government instructed their Ambassador at Brussels to ask Belgium to prohibit religious processions, the object being the overthrow of the Belgian Cabinet.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes sent the following with his autograph to a bazaar and fancy fair at Manchester, England, in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital:—

Hugged into the clinging billows' grasp,
From seaweed fringe to mountain heather
The British oak, with rugged grasp
Her slender handful holds together;
With cliffs of white and bowers of green,
And ocean narrowing to caress her,
And hills and threaded streams between—
Our little mother-isle, God bless her!

Dr. Kenealy, who is stirring up the British lion rather uncomfortably, was sent to prison for some time about sixteen years ago, as we learn by a private letter, for cruelly beating his child. The circumstances went very nearly towards disbarring him then, but people said he was a very fiery man naturally, so he was allowed to remain a barrister. He is regarded as a very dangerous man, from his influence with the lower classes.

The Government of Barbadoes have intimated the establishment of a new light at Ragged Point. A further notice is given, that upon the exhibition of that light, on and after 1st inst., the light at the South point light house, on the Southern coast of Island, will be changed from a whiteinto a red light, time of revolution one minute. The shore light at Needham's Point, will remain the same as at present, fixed shewing Red to Southward of West, and as a bright light to Northwest of West.

The National Bank of Brazil, which has suspended, has asked the forbearance of its creditors, promising to pay them in full, with interest. The suspension of this institution caused a sensation, and many depositors in the other banks withdrew their funds. The Bank of Brazil came to the aid of the National Bank, and the Government introduced a bill in the Chamber of Deputies authorizing the issue of 25,000 contos to relieve the crisis, which was caused by the absorption of capital by great undertakings in the provinces. These steps restored confidence.

A Nova Scotia Family Murdered.—The following, says the 'Pictou Standard,' is a communication received by Mr. Arthur from the Postmaster of Mo. Valley, Harrison Valley, Iowa, in answer to a communication with regard to his brother's family, who were murdered by a band of robbers:—"In answer to yours of February, about your brother's family, we believe they were all shot and killed, and, as far as we know, before daylight the robbers were all gone. We do not know whether he was your brother or not; all we know about them is that they were all from Pictou, Nova Scotia."

EGGS AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.—An English paper earnestly recommends an increased consumption of eggs as an important article for daily food. It asserts that this ingredient of diet is an unmistakable promoter of longevity, and that practical advocates of the system will live to be eighty or ninety years old. It gives a still higher incentive to a liberal consumption of eggs, for it advises their use for all those persons who are deficient in brains, as the phosphorus forming a large constituent in their egg will strengthen and develop the brain force.

There was a fire in New Glasgow, N. S. on the 25th inst. Five stores and several other buildings were destroyed. The fire broke out in the store of Messrs. Graham & McKay, and owned by Thos. Fraser, two of the other buildings also owned by Fraser, and the one occupied by himself, G. W. Underwood, merchant, and Mrs. Fraser boarding house keeper, were burned. The out buildings, owned and occupied by J. W. Jackson, and family of the late Mrs. McNaughton are also burned. The loss is $20,000 to $25,000, insurance $10,000. It is supposed to be a case of incendiarism.

A Spanish decree has been promulgated declaring the electoral period opened. During the time prescribed the press is free to discuss all constitutional question except that of monarchy, and public meetings of a political character may be held. The decree conclude by expressing the hopes of the Government for the re-establishment of a representative *regime*, without which there can be nothing but anarchy. In another decree the Government avows its intention of doing justice to the Church, and gives a hopeful review of the military situation.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.—The Carrollton, Ga., *Times* relates the following:—"A thrilling incident occurred yesterday at the copper mines near Villa Rica. Several miners were engaged in clearing out a deep shaft by blasting. One of the men had placed a lighted time-fuse in the blasthole, and was being drawn out of the shaft by a windlass, when the running gear suddenly got out of order and refused to perform its office. There the man was suspended for several moments. His life hung upon a thread, and another minute's delay would have ended his existence; but with great presence of mind he leaped to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of twenty feet, snatched the burning fuse from its position, and thus escaped a catastrophe. He had been literally within one minute of death.'