Senate News Room

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THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVI. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1875. NO. 39.

The Examiner

Is Printed and Published every Monday Forenoon, BY

William L. Cotton,

OFFICE:

Corner Queen and King Streets.

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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

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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 SEPT. 1875.

MOON'S CHANGES.

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

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

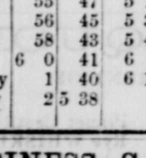
WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant and AUCTIONEER
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

CARVELL BROS.,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS.
Lower Queen 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.

HERMANS & SON,



Bell-Hangers, Gun and Tin-smiths,
QUEEN STREET,
OPPOSITE WATSON'S DRUG STORE,

BEG to return their thanks to the general public for the liberal patronage extended to them since their commencement in business, and ask for a continuance of the same. They keep constantly on hand:—

A NEAT ASSORTMENT OF
TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS,
&c. &c. &c.

All orders in the above business will be punctually attended to.

Having lately made large purchases in the Cheapest Markets, intended for House Builders, such as

Gas Fitting, Water Closets, Bell Fitting, &c., &c.,

We are prepared to sell them at Rates as Low as can be had in the city, and will fit them up in a good workmanlike style.

To a generous public we would say, that all orders in this branch of our business will be attended to with despatch.

A lot of First-class WATER COOLERS on hand. **Sayer's Crystal Blue** sold cheaper than ever. [Nov. 11, 1871.]

INSURANCE.

MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
ROBERT LONGWORTH, Esq., President,
HON. JAS. DUNCAN,
HON. L. C. OWEN,
HON. A. A. MCDONALD,
HON. J. C. POPE,
THOMAS HANDRAHAN, Esq.,
GEORGE R. BEER, Esq.
Risks taken daily at their office, corner Great George and Lower Water Streets.
F. W. HALES, Secretay.
Ch'town, March 22, 1875—1y

ST. LAWRENCE
Marine Insurance Co.
OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
Authorized Capital, - - $300,000.
Subscribed Capital, - - 143,950.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, *President.*
JOHN F. ROBERTSON,
ARTEMAS LORD,
P. W. HYNDMAN,
RALPH B. PEAKE,
THOMAS MORRIS,
GEORGE D. LONGWORTH.
Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange Building.
FREDERICK W. HYNDMAN,
Ch'town, March 22, 1875.—1y *Secretary.*

FIRE INSURANCE!

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

PHENIX
INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF BROOKLYN, N. Y
Cash 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

SEA-SIDE HOTEL.
Formerly "Ocean House,"
Rustico Beach, P. E. I.,
Having been bought and thoroughly refitted and refurnished
In First-class Style!
BY THE SUBSCRIBERS, WILL BE
RE-OPENED FOR THE SEASON,
FROM
1ST JUNE TILL 1ST OF OCTOBER NEXT.

Every Attention Given to Guests!

TERMS MODERATE.

As a summer resort the "Sea-side," is unrivalled.
A Salubrious and Bracing Atmosphere.

Excellent Surf Bathing!

A Magnificent View of the Bay and Ocean.

Best Fishing Grounds on North Shore, with boats for fishing and pleasure constantly on hand.

Coaches connect with every Train to and from Charlottetown and Summerside, at the Hunter River Station, as below:

PRESENT TIME TABLE.—Trains leave Charlottetown at 6 30 a. m., and 2 p. m Returning leave Hunter River at 7.55 a. m., and 8.25 p. m. Leaves Summerside at 6 a. m., and 6 and 6.30 p. m Returning leave Hunter River at 7,55 a. m., and 3.40 p. m.

Any change in Time will be duly advertised.

JOHN NEWSON,
W. A. HUTCHESON,
May 17, 1875.

"At Egmont Bay."

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

POETRY.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know,
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love which was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of Heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes?—that was the reason (as all men know
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lay down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND;

OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

King and Cora opened the ball with a grace that captivated every eye. Cora lightly touched the folds of her full falling skirt with the tip of her white gloves, and put her pretty head on one side, as she had seen the white belles do in her mistres's drawing-room, and King kept up a bowing and swaying motion that waved the skirts of his coat to and fro, as well as the end of the white handkerchief that hung elaborately from his pocket. During a pause in the reels, Dancing Jack, as he was called far and near, took the centre of the floor and performed the *Virginia break-down*, in a style that defied description. Each separate joint and sinew danced, as if it were an individual self. If ever there was an example of rapidly accelerating, apparently perpetual, unwearied motion, it was exhibited by dancing Jack. He became wild, frantic, superhuman, and finished at last by an exulting leap, then giving his right heel a tremendous rap, stood as if transformed to a black petrifaction. While Jack was enchanting his companions by his unexampled achievement, Cora stole out to arrange her hair, which had become disordered in the dance. As she passed out, she saw a tall, dark figure lurking near the door, which was immediately recognised as Hannibal. Though she had a dread amounting to horror, of her Herculean lover, she pitied his unrequited attachment, and longed to address to him some soothing words.

'Why don't you come in and dance, General?' said she, 'or play on your violin for us? There's nobody can play like you.'

'I'm no Dancing Jack,' he replied, gloomily, 'and if you don't need me one way, you needn't another. I wish you joy, Miss Cora; I hope you will think of me, when next Christmas comes round again.'

'Thank you, Hannibal, to be sure I shall.'

Cora ran up-stairs into Mrs. Bellamy's room, which was unoccupied now, though a bright fire was blazing in the chimney and a candle burning on a stand near the hearth. Cora went to a large mirror and arranged her hair. She thought she saw the gloomy shadow of Hannibal behind her, and turned round once or twice before she could remove the impression.

'Poor fellow!' said she, still gazing on her own bright figure. 'I do pity him. If King loved anybody else, I should feel so bad. I really believe I should poison myself. Now ain't he handsome? and doesn't he look a rose among thorns? Oh, get along, Cora; how like a fool you do talk!'

Cora's white teeth gleamed on the face of the mirror, then turning away she threw herself into a large easy-chair in front of the fire, and in spite of the excited state of her feelings and the extreme want of sentiment evinced by the act, she fell asleep in her downy nest. She had been up almost all the preceding night, on her feet all day, and had been dancing with such extraordinary enthusiasm that the soft cushion and gentle warmth of the room soothed her to instantaneous repose. How long she slept she knew not. She was awakened by a sense of heat and suffocation, as if her lungs were turned to fire. Starting up she found herself encircled by a blaze of light that seemed to emanate from her own body. Her white dress was one sheet of flame, the chair she left was enveloped in the same destroying element.

'Mercy! mercy!' she shrieked. 'Oh mistress, save me, save me!' Rushing through the hall and down the stairs, the flames flashing more widly round her, she still screemed, 'Mistress save me!' Mrs. Bellamy, who was in the room below, heard the sudden terrible cry of human suffering, and flew to relieve it. When she beheld the blazing figure leaping towards the open door and recognizing the voice of Cora, shrill and piercing as it now was, regardless of self, she sprang after her, and seizing her with frenzied grasp, tried to crush the flames with her slender fingers, and smother them against her own body. While she was thus heroically endeavouring to save the beautiful mulatto at the risk of her own life, Hannibal, who had dragged the carpet from the hall, wrapped it closely round the form of her he so madly loved; feeling even in that moment of horror a fierce transport that he had anticipated the bridegroom in this act of preservation. The flames, which were communicated to Mrs. Bellamy's dress, which being of black satin was not of very inflammable materials, were smothered by the contact of the thick carper. Resigning Cora to the powerful arms of Hannibal, who bore her into the house, she followed her, unconscious, in her intense excitement and anxiety, of the injury she had herself sustained. Mr. Bellamy, who was looking into the ball room when Cora's wild cry summoned her mistress to her aid, met his wife on the threshold, who, even while she held up her burnt and bleeding hands, exclaimed with white and blistering lips:

'See to Cora. Oh! husband, look to her I am not hurt'

'My God; Isabel, those hands! What have you been doing?'

'Cora in burnt to death,' she gasped reeling against him as she spoke. 'Think hot of me. Poor Cora!'

While this self-sacrificing and heroic woman endeavoured to direct even her husband's attention to the chief sufferer in this awful scene, Cora was aroused by a dense and bewailing crowd. She was not burnt to death, as her mistress had said, but death would have been a mercy to the life of suffering that remained to her. Poor King! the late proud, happy, smiling bridegrom. He threw himself by her side with frantic agony, sobbing and wringing his hands, and calling pitiously on her name. Hannibal stood near, making no loud demonstration of grief, the big drops rolling down his cheeks. There was a lurid fire in his eye when he looked at King, indicating a kind of savage joy in his sufferings, mingled with his anguish for her.

'I'll let him live now,' muttered he to himself. 'I 'fraid I would a killed him. He suffer now, poor fellow. He suffer now, that he does.'

It was some time before Dr. Manning, the physician of the family, could reach Hickory Hill as he dwelt several miles distant. In the meantime, Aunt Milly, who was famous for the cure of burns, took the poor girl under her care, and did all she could for her relief by taking off the burnt cinders of her dress, and wrapping folds of cotton around her. She also wrapped up Mrs. Bellamy's bleeding hands, while Katy stood sobbing by her side. It was a terrible winding-up of the bridal festivities. While Cora was nodding in the easy-chair, a portion of her light dress had come in contact with the candle burning on the table, and she thus became a blazing martyr to one moment's self-indulgence. She was fearing the dark jealousy of Hannibal. She thought not of the winding-sheet of flame the hand of destiny was waving in exchange for her bridal robes. How seldom do the evils we most dread roll down upon our souls! How often are we crushed by a sudden startling, unlooked for weight of woe!

It was past midnight before Dr. Manning arrived, whose arrival was anticipated with utter anxiety. Mrs. Bellamy sat in an easy-chair by the couch on which the moaning bride was laid. Her bandaged hands lay upon a pillow, and her pale countenance was expressive of the deepest suffering.

'Not me, doctor,' said she, looking towards the couch; 'attend to poor Cora first; my sufferings are nothing to hers, nothing.'

Feeling the truth of her remark, while he honoured her disinterested compassion, the doctor obeyed her, and turned to the patient whose moans and cries indicated a degree of pain which he feared his utmost skill would be unable to relieve. It was a harrowing task to examine the extent of the injuries she had received, nor was it possible for him to pronounce at once upon the probability of her recovery. So strong was her solicitude to know his opinion of Cora's case, that Mrs. Bellamy forgot her own, and fixed her eyes upon him with a look of earnest enquiry. She saw that a cloud, deeper than seriousness, rested tn his fine counteannce, and her heart failed.

'You think her case very bad, doctor?'

'She is, indeed, very badly, deeply burned.'

'But there is hope, doctor? You have cured such dreadful cases?'

'I would not say that this is hopeless; and be assurrd all that I can do shall be done to mitigate her sufferings and promote her recovery. But, my dear madam, when are you going to let me see those hands of yours you keep so carefully concealed?'

'How willingly would I endure this, and far more, if by so doing I could purchase the life of Cora,' said Mrs. Bellamy, while they unbound her smarting, raw, and disfigured hands. But never in their native fairness, when uncovered and sparkling with rings, had they been so worthy of admiration as at this moment, marred as they were in her generous effort to save the life of her slave. So Doctor Manning thought, as with gentle touch and well-tried skill he applied the healing remedies of his art to the sore and quivering flesh. He had a soul keenly susceptible of the influence of moral beauty, and as his profession brought him within those sanctuaries of the heart to which very few are admitted he had an opwortunity of studying its most hidden pages.

'Your scars will be more honorable than those of the warrior's, gained on the battlefield,' said he to Mrs. Bellamy, when he had dressed the martyred member.

'I do not deserve any praise, doctor. It was all instinctive.'

'But, surely, the instinct of benevolence that induces one to peril her life regardlessly for another, is more praiseworthy than the self-love that folds the mantle of security over its own breast, believing that self-preservation is the first great law of being.'

After administering an anodyne to both, the doctor took his leave, promising to call the next day, or rather the same, for the dawn was already standing at the gates of the orient. At the outer door he was stopped by the bridegroom, who could scarcely articulate the question which trembled on his lips.

'She won't die, doctor, will she? Cora won't die?' repeated he, hanging on his words as if his own existence depended on the answer.

'I hope not, my poor fellow,' said the doctor, in a kind and sympathising tone. 'It is impossible for me to say now what will be the result, but we will certainly hope for the best. In the meantime, I will do all in my power to restore her.'

'I know you will, doctor,' said he, still detaining him. 'They say you kill or cure, just what you please. Promise to cure Cora, and I'll follow you on my knees all my born days.'

'You must pray to God for her life, and that He will bless the means used for her recovery. But you must not put *me* in the place of the Almighty,' said the doctor, gently drawing away from the despairing bridegroom, and riding from the door.

'Yes,' mused the benevolent physician, as he went forth into the faint, chill morning twilight; 'the words this poor negro has uttered in his ignorance and despair, are but the echoed breathings of suffering humanity. In the hour of physical anguish and impending bereavement, imploring nature turns to us, and prays us, in God's stead, to succor and to save. If our feeble arm does arrest the stroke of the destroying angel, some grateful hearts invoke Heaven's blessing on our head; but if human science be baffled, and inexorable death claim its victim, then the frantic mourner cries, 'We might have saved them if we would,' and the mocking cynic exclaims, when the hearse rolls darkly on to everlasting silence, 'There goes one of the doctor's patients to his long home.' Verily, there are thorns among the roses that blossom on the wayside of our existence.'

To be continued.

OUR PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

"Life is a strange problem; there seems to be no room for me here." Such were the last words of a youth of eighteen, who some days ago poisoned himself. It is certain from the evidence before us that young Oliphant did not drink; he had a home where he could have waited in haven for more favorable times; his was above the average intelligence; his character, whatever its defects, was not common place; and he had at least one refined taste highly developed. Out of his savings as a youth of sixteen, on ten dollars a month, he bought a piano; and at the time of his death he had a considerable sum in bank. Great men are human, like the smallest of us, and striking ability, when united with a false philosophy, has, in hours of trial, displayed infantine weakness. It is not, therefore, impertinent to remark, how Milton, old and poor, fallen on evil tongues and evil days, his cause trampled on, his life menaced, kept up a glad heart as he played on his organ or sang 'Darkling,' or to recall how Bolingbroke, who was desolate of a consolation which Milton had, found in renewing his acquaintance with philosophy and poesy, more than a compensation for the reverses of ambition. But young Oliphant, though by comparison with Milton, rich in wordly goods, though he had the means of musical delight, though life with all its wonders and charms stretched before him, was impatient of existence. There surely was, beneath this, a wrong principle of some kind. He feared no detection like Ralston, had been cast from no height. But failure to obtain a suitable situation pressed on his sensitive, ambitious, and acquisitive spirit so hard that he deliberately determined on suicide. A light is thrown on the workings of his mind by the words: 'Mother, I am sorry for what I have done, and if I could recall it I now feel I could become a great man.

In this country where there is no overstocked labor market, and no class distinctions; where the moral atmosphere, like the physical, is elastic, and where the very humblest station may reasonably welcome honorable ambition, a suicide such as that which has led to these remarks, is more calculated to make us reflect than if it happened in the Old World. In England, fostered by the luxury of idle wealth, the poison of ennui is in the air, and infects those who have nothing in common with the conditions from which it exhales. The superincumbent weight of rank and plutocracy crushes aspiring poverty to the earth. Yet it may be that here, while from much which elsewhere fills with perilous stuff the breast, we have, in greater activity than is found in old countries, an element, peculiar to modern civilization, but as calculated to unhinge the mind as the gloom of satiety, or the merciless impulse of ungoverned passion.

It might seem at first sight that a great gulf divides the case of Ralston and that of Oliphant. There is a great difference between weakness made weaker because of obliviousness than such a thing as duty exists, shrinking from what seems an uninviting road, and guilt fleeing from humiliation and punishment. But it was precisely the same view of life as left Oliphant no strength to face it, which impelled Ralston to spread himself abroad, until it became an alternative between malversation and ruin, even as at last the situation presents itself in the light of a yet more desperate bifurcation—the grave or the criminal dock. We have fallen on an age in which the proposition that true wealth does not consist in the abundance of possessions, nor true distinction in external show, numbers itself among those common places which are flippantly repeated and readily assented to, but hardly ever realized, and still more rarely acted on. 'Getting on,' is exalted to a divinity so exacting, that neither nature nor art can aspire to canonization. Nor is it merely that men are incapable of content without a prospect of acquiring wealth, a prospect which all, who can do so honorably, should secure, though it need not be made indispensable to happiness; they must in spite of Soloman, the Insolvency Act, and their Medical adviser, see their way to rapid fortunes. The burgher of former days hastening slowly to be rich, and a Bayard in his jealousy regarding the honor of his name, is as extinct as Dodo or the old mail coach. His successor lives in the era of steam engines and telegraphs, and aims at accomplishing his ends at express speed. Life apart from wealth seems of no value. The mind's joy in its own activity, the generous hoarding of knowledge, the noble thrift of doing good to others, the simple but unapproached pleasures within reach of a nature in harmony with the universe, these have no place in the ordinary ideal of a successful career, which has at least the virtue of being easy of comprehension, consisting as it does in the rapid accumulation of wealth with a view to ostentatious display. Without hopes of this, annihilation is not terrible but welcome, and the thought which grapples with the infinite, and expatiates through eternity, made, by base imprisonment, a drooping thing, is a burden gladly shaken off. Yet it has enabled hundreds to be gay when racked with pain, has proved a solace in exile and penury, and with the tender aid of ever varying nature, has re-discovered such riches and called forth such music as to impress fallen ambition with a glad sense of how much had been lost and sacrificed for power. But when turned away from all things else, the eye is fixed on the acquisition of wealth as the one and only thing needful, with this lost or no hope of acquiring it, collapse in one form or another is inevitable.

There is another point of view. In such a scheme of life there is a radical misconception as to what should constitute the great motive power. Happiness is what it hawks at; success is its idol. But experience, to take no higher ground, abundantly shows that to seek happiness or success first, is the sure way to lose the one and place in the other, in its earliest flower, the worm which, infecting unseen, and while all outside is fair, will destroy the fruit. To possess what has been selfishly sought, is only less wearisome than missing it. Nor is there any way by which men can be armed at all points but by making of life, not pleasure, nor ambition, but duty king. Then come what may it must be far from wholly ill. If success, the crown has no thorns in it; if failure, it is unattended by contempt, and instead of self-reproach there is the self-approving hour; nor could anything be less likely to occur to a man whose ruling principle was duty than self destruction. If in addition to this great prop of character there are the capacities for enjoyment which may be so easily and pleasantly cultivated, there is no shot of accident so cruel but will leave us master of our fate. Life is what we make it, and if within we have not springs of strength, if we have bound ourselves to fortune's wheel, we may rejoice while at the top, but must submit to be crushed when it comes full circle.

ENGLAND AND CHINA.

It is time surely to arouse ourselves lest a new war with China comes upon us as usual when we are totaly unprepared, and ignominious defeat be needed also as usual, to wake us from our treacherous sleep. The whole atmosphere of Chinese politics is becoming charged with foreshadowings of war. The policy of the empire has sustained a complete reversal since the death of the late emperor—by fair means or foul, it were hard to say which. Prince Kung, who for a Chinaman, was comparitively liberal and enlightened, and disposed to tolerate the "foreign devils" has passed out of power, and in his place we have to deal with that cruel, ruthless, implacable many-counselled Viceroy of Chi-li, Li Hung Chang—the man who, if we mistake not, signalized his command of the Chinese armies by an abominable breach of faith at the capture of Su-chu. This man, althogh not the nominal viceroy of the empire, is viceroy of the home province and real ruler of the imperial councils. His spirit is manifest everywhere—a spirit bitterly hostile to the English, bent on revenge and blood.

Since this man came into power we have had the massacre of Mr. Margary, we have had insults innumerable to English residents in the treaty ports, trade has been placad under new and vexatious exactions, treaty clauses have been set at naught, redress has been almost impossible; exacting pretensions of an intolerably tyrannous kind, and and unblushing encroachments on our blood-won privileges, have became the order of the day; and a feeling of dread and insecurity has spread abroad among foreign residents that is only too sure a pressage of what is at hand. While we are sittiag at home indifferent to all this, Prince Li is strenuously making ready for war. He has borrowed money of the complacent English to help to arm his forts on the Pei-ho—those forts which it cost such a bloody struggle to win in the last war, which it is his hope to render impregnable. His troops will be armed as a Chinese army never was before, and when he thinks himself ready the rtorm will burst upon us. Then innocent residents will be massacred, then will be clamour and fear, burning and waste, and after untold miseries have been endured, lives sacrificed that we could ill-spare, general helplessness and mismanagemet everywhere revealed, we shall rouse ourselves to the ife and death struggle with that myriad-peopled empire once more.—*London Examiner.*

DEEP SEA SOUNDINGS.

Not so many years ago it was considered a feat in deep sea sounding to reach a mile or a mile and a half, and even then, after allowance had been made for the action of currents upon the line, the actual depth attained was a good deal a matter of calculation or guess. Breakages also were continually occurring in the hauling up from the necessary slenderness of the cord in comparison with the weight of the lead. The modern method by which the lead detaches it self at the bottom meets that as well as several other difficulties nearly as important, and the wonder is that it was not thought of sooner. Now there is scarcely any limit to the depth of sounding, except the depth of the sea, which the recent explorations of the *Challenger* go go far to show to be in accordance with the theory that its greatest depth is equivalent to the height of the highest elevations above its level. The deepest sea soundings yet effected were obtained by the *Challenger* this year in the abysses off New Guinea, depths which have occasioned a sharp line of demarcation between the fauna of Asia and Australasia. The "lead" weighed 4 cwt., and struck bottom at the tremendous depth of 4,450 fathoms, or about 26,700 feet. The hollow rod, by which specimens of the bottom are brought up, was full of mud, and both the thermometers that had been sent down were smashed to atoms by the enormous pressure of the superincumbent water. A previous unsuccessful attempt to reach the bottom, but in which 4,545 fathoms were sounded, showed the temperature at that depth to be 35½ deg. Fahr.

Hon. John H. Goodenow, of Maine, has resigned his position as United States Consul-General and Secretary of Legation at Constantinople, and will shortly return to this continent.

At the Pennsylvanian Convention of the Democrats of that State, held in Philadelphia yesterday, the members pronounced themselves in favor of the old-time Democratic honesty of government and purity of principle. Great enthusiasm marks the proceedings.

WRECK OF W. I. MAIL STEAMER.—The Royal West India Mail Steamer *Shannon*, is fast ashore, on Pedro Bank, which lies to the Southward of Jamaica. Her Majesty's ships *Dryad* and *Heron*, (tender to the *Aboukir*,) have been sent from Port Royal Jamaica, to the assistance of the *Shannon*, and the *Dryad* has already taken all the passengers, mails and specie from the wreck and landed them at Jamaica. The *Shannon* was owned by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, whose vessels run between Southampton and the West Indies. She was an iron vessel, built in 1859, of 2187 registered tonnage, and 800 horse power.—*Halifax Chronicle.*

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

CANADIAN.

SALE OF A WRECK.—The sale of the bark 'Cherokee' was sold at auction at Magdalen Islands on Wednesday by Captain Chevery of P. E. Island for $100 with cargo on board.—*H. Citizen.*

Her Majesty has been pleased to appoint Sir Alexander Tillock Galt, K. C. M. G., to be Her Majesty's Commisioner at Halifax under the 22nd and 23rd Articles of the Treaty of washington of May 8, 1871.

TO BE SHUT DOWN.—The St John "Telegraph" states that it is rumored that all or the principal shipyards at Annapolis, are to be closed in October, and that some 200 men will be thrown out of employment. Many of those men came from a distance.

THE SUPREME COURT JUDGESHIP.—It is understood that Hon. W. A. Brown is to be the Nova Scotia Judge of the new Supreme Court of appeal for the Dominion. The salary of the office is $7,000. The Judges are required to reside at Ottawa.—*Hx. Chronicle.*

It is said that the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court was offered to Chief Justice Dorion, but he declined. It is now rumored that the appointment has been given to Chief Justice Richards, of Ontario. It is probable that Chief Justice Dorion will be asked to reconsider his answer.

AN INFANT NEARLY KILLED BY A CHILD EIGHTEEN MONTHS OLD.—On Wednesday morning the infant danghter of Mr. Burpee Rice of this place nearly met its death at the hands of a brother only eighteen months old. Mrs. Rice had ascended to the upper part of the house, leaving the two children on the kitchen floor at play, and on her return she was horrifihd to find her little girl lying apparently lifeless, and the little boy standing over her and beating her on the head and face with a curling iron. the child's face and head was much bruised aud swollen, and for some time fears were entertained for her recovery. However the following night the child rallied and is slowly recovering.—*Digby Courier.*

A BIGAMY CASE IN PROSPECT.—The St. John *Globe* says that among the arrivals at that city on Saturday was an elderly man from Halifax (name not given) who is on a peculiar errand. He is in search of his son-in-law, who lately departed from his home, and whose whereabouts are anxiously looked for. It appears that some three years ago a St. John man visited Halifax, and representing himself as unmarried gained the affections of a young lady there, to whom he was finally married. Several weeks ago the man left Halifax and it is supposed came to St. John. Enquiries regarding him have developed the disagreeable fact that he has been married before and had a wife and children. Father-in-law, No. 2, now desires to meet the aforesaid son-in-law.

UNITED STATES.

Forest fires are raging furiously a mile east of Nassau, N. Y. They cover a tract a mile wide and five miles long. The wind is blowing a gale from the south, and farmers are deserting their dwellings.

The Treasury Department at Washington, having received information that vessels on the lakes, ostensibly engaged in fishing have been used to smuggle Canadian liquors and merchandise into the United States; and, as from the nature of the employment, their approach to any point within the United States is unlikely to excite suspicion of unlawful intent, Custom House officers on the frontier are directed to exceacise special vigilance to secure strict observance of the laws against smuggling.

The movements made by Theodore Tilton's lawyers, ostensibly to renew their contest with Mr. Beecher, have not apparently had any depressing effect on the zeal of Mr. Beecher's Brooklyn friends. They propose giving him a grand reception on his return to resume the occupancy of his own pulpit. They have arranged for a demonstration of some sort towards him, in the Academy of Music, on the evening of the 29th inst. It will be bad for them and for him should it be anything less than 'a grand success.'

Madness in Horses.—A plant in Californ a known as 'rattle weed' is said to produce in animals which eat of it symptoms resembling madness. A correspondent of a San Francisco newspaper, writing from Monterey County describes ar follows the effect produced by this plant on a herd of fifty horses on a ranche in the southern part of County. He says: "They became crazy, forsook the farm, and wandered off one by one over the plain, paying no attention to their mates or anything else. They were too muddled in their brains to seek for water, and most of them died from thirst. Although they were wild, and had never been handled, any person could walk up to them on the plain and hit them with his hand when they would jump, perhaps straight in the air, perhaps some other way and act as if they were trying to leap a fence at every step. They seemed to retain their sight, yet would not turn aside for anything. The poor demented beasts would walk over a precipice without the lightest fear or hesitation

EUROPEAN.

The Papal Consistory was held on September 24th.

Cardinal McCloskey was received by the Pope, Sept. 9th.

Gen. Derregary has been appointed Commandeder-in-chief of the Carlist army.

The addres of the chamber of deputies of Servia in reply to Prince Milan has been adopted. It contains no warlike declaration. An address of an opposite character may yet be introduced.

The French Government is considering a project for constructing a canal, by which the vinyards of the Rhone may be flooded as a remedy for the phylloxera. The canal will cost twenty million dollars, but it will bring into fruitfulness 60,000 acres of vine lands, which will yield forty million dollars annually.

The Greek Government, mindful of the services of Lord Byron to Greece, and desirous of seeing them commemorated, has offered to supply whatever quantity of Pentalic marble the Byron Monument committee may require for the monument free of all cost, and the expense of its transit will be paid out of the Greek Exchequer. The London *Times* believes that a site on the Thames Embankment will be offered to the Committee by the Government.

THE DIVORCE OF THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.—We have been told from St. Petersburg that the Grand Duke Alixes, son of the Czar, is just divorced. His wife was a German maid of honor, for whom the Empress had a great affection. She was not pretty, I am told, but extraordinarily graceful, and possessed of that fascination which is a better gift than beauty. So the Grand Duke fell over head and ears in love, and the lady confiding in her mistress' affection undertook to break the news. It was done, and in a few hours after the lady found herself travelling at express speed towards the frontier, while the Prince received orders to join his ship. Thus they were parted for awhile. But it is hard to control a prince, harder to rule a sailor, and a sailor prince in love must be worse to hold than quicksilver. The Grand Duke ran away, of course, found the lady, and married her at a village church in Germany. Thence they went to America, where for two years they dwelt in perfect happiness. The Czar it is said, would not forgive, nor would the Prince humble himself. But the Empress interposed at length, both for her son and her ex-maid of honor. And so, after a time, a reconciliation took place. This week the solemnities of the divorce are all completed; the Grand Duke enters the army, and his widow receives a pension. Seeing she is but twenty-one she has time for more romantic adventures, but greater she can scarcely hope for.