THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVI. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1875. NO. 37.

The Examiner

Is Printed and Published every Monday Forenoon, BY

William L. Cotton,

OFFICE:

Corner Queen and King Streets.

TERMS—Per Annum, Postage prepaid by Publisher, $1.40 in advance; $1.62 if paid within the year; $2.00 if not paid within the year.

CLUB RATES:

THE EXAMINER will be forwarded to Clubs at the following rates per year—payment strictly in advance:—

5 copies, one address, - - - - - $ 6.00
10 " " " - - - - - 10.00
15 " " " - - - - - 14.00
20 " " " - - - - - 18.00

Clubs may be made up at any time, but not for a shorter period than a year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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	5.85	6.62	7.37	8.12	16.24
4 do.	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	19.00
5 do.	2.50	3.12	3.75	4.37	5.00	5.62	6.25	6.87	8.11	9.35	10.59	11.83	23.66
6 do.	3.00	3.75	4.50	5.25	6.00	6.75	7.50	8.25	9.75	11.25	12.75	14.25	28.50
7 do.	3.50	4.37	5.25	6.12	7.00	7.87	8.75	9.62	11.38	13.14	14.90	16.66	33.32
8 do.	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	13.00	15.00	17.00	19.00	38.00
9 do.	4.50	5.62	6.75	7.87	9.00	10.12	11.25	12.37	15.65	17.93	20.21	22.49	44.98
10 do.	5.00	6.24	7.50	8.74	10.00	11.24	12.50	13.74	16.22	18.70	21.18	23.66	47.32
11 do.	5.50	6.87	8.25	9.62	11.00	12.37	13.75	15.12	17.85	20.58	23.31	26.04	52.08
12 do.	6.00	7.50	9.00	10.50	12.00	13.50	15.00	16.50	19.50	22.50	25.50	28.50	57.00

Transient Advertisements must be paid for in advance, in all cases, in order to secure insertion.

EXCEPTIONS TO THE ABOVE.—Commission Merchants and Auctioneers are allowed a discount of 20 per cent. on advertising accounts exceeding $32 per annum.

ALMANAC FOR 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 H M	SUN sets H M	MOON sets H M	HIGH water H M	DAY'S len'th 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 S. Charlottetown, P. E. I.

F. M. CAMPBELL.
General Merchant
COMMISSION AGENT,
AUCTIONEER & BROKER
TRINITY CORNER, GEORGETOWN, P. E. I.
AGENT FOR THE
Standard Life Insurance Co.
Sept. 1, 1873. 1y

HASZARD BROS.,
Commission Merchants & Auctioneers,
FORWARDING, MANUFACTURERS,
AND
General Agents,
61 WATER STREET.
Opposite Merchants Bank,
Charlottetown, - - - - P. E. I.
J. E. HASZARD, | HORACE HASZARD.

REFERENCES:
Messrs. Greenshields, Son & Co., Montreal,
Messrs. W. & R. Brodie, Quebec,
Messrs. J. S. Farlow & Co., Boston,
Henry Lawson, Esq., Halifax, N. S.
Hon. Daniel Davies, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
May 3, 1875.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INSURANCE.

MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
ROBERT LONGWORTH, Esq., President,
Hon. JAS. DUNCAN,
Hon. L. C. OWEN,
Hon. A. A. McDONALD,
Hon. J. C. POPE,
THOMAS HANDRAHAN, Esq.,
GEORGE R. BEER, Esq.

Risks taken daily at their office, corner Great George and Lower Water Streets.

F. W. HALES, Secretay.
Ch'town, March 22, 1875—1y

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

Authorized Capital, - - $300,000.
Subscribed Capital, - - 143,950.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, President.
JOHN F. ROBERTSON,
ARTEMAS LORD,
P. W. HYNDMAN,
RALPH B. PEAKE,
THOMAS MORRIS,
GEORGE D. LONGWORTH.

Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange Building.

FREDERICK W. HYNDMAN,
Ch'town, March 22, 1875.—1y Secretary.

FIRE INSURANCE!

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

PHENIX
INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Cash Asses, - - - $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 o 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.

PANSY.

What blossom have you brought to-day,
Beside my pillow, dear, to lay?
Come, let me see my prize,
A velvet pansy, large and fair,
With petals yellow as your hair,
And purple as your eyes.

I think I know the very spot,
Where, bordered with forget-me-not,
This lovily blossom grew;
We knew that pansy bed of old,
A sweet swift story there was told,
Between black eyes and blue.

It seems but yesterday we stood,
Each unto each God's greatest good,
Beneath the morning sky!
We stood as lovers stand to part,
(But hand from hand, not heart from heart),
With lingering good-bye.

Upon your snow-white dress you wore,
One blossom, plucked an hour before
While still the dew was wet:
A purple pansy, fair as this,
I took it with your first shy kiss;
I have that blossom yet.

We thought our fate was hard that day,
But, darling, we have learned to say,
"What'er is, is best."
That far-off parting which is o'er,
Foretold one longer, on before,
A waiting which we rest.

We wait as friends and lovers do,
Each reading true heart through and through
Until that parting come.
Then if you speak I shall not hear,
I shall not feel your presence near,
Nor answer. Death is dumb.

You may bring pansies, too, that day,
To spread above the senseless clay,
But none so sweet as this:
And never one like that dear flower,
You gave me in love's dawning hour,
With your shy clinging kiss.

I may not give you courage strong,
And help and counsel all life long,
As once I hoped to do.
But, love, be fearless, faithful, brave;
The pansies on my quiet grave
May bring heart's-ease for you.

All the Year Round.

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND; OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

The sweet fact of Mrs. Bellamy had lost none of the winning charms that distinguished her several years before, while the soft glow of health now added to its attraction. A dress of thin white muslin softened the graceful outlines of her figure, and the flowers with which youthful taste and affection had decorated her hair, gave even a juvenile loveliness to her appearance, congenial to the young maiden who was bending over her. Katy's violet eyes had lost none of their pensive loveliness of expression, nor had her pure white cheek won one tint of rose from the fragrant and elevated atmosphere she breathed; but the bright hue of her lips redeemed her face from the idea of pallidness, and there were moments when those drooping eyes, suddenly lifted, would flash with gay emotion, and a rosy shadow flit over the lilies of her cheeks. On a low chair, a little removed from Mrs. Bellamy, sat a young mulatto girl, who from her singular beauty and docility was the pet of the household. Her hair, long, black and shiny as an Indian's, with a slight inclination to wave, was braided behind in imitation of her mistress; her eyes were soft and bright as a gazelle's, and beneath her clear, dark cheek the red blood flowed with a vermeil tinge. Her teeth, white and transparent as alabaster, glittered when she smiled, and her walk had the springy yet flowing grace of the leopard's. Cora, for such was the name of the beautiful mulatto, was mistress of the needle, and had been brought up in the house under the affectionate and watchful eye of her mistress. Her language in consequence of this was free from the peculiarities of the African dialect. Mrs. Bellamy loved Cora as tenderly as if no dusky tint shaded the ruby of her cheek; and had Mrs. Bellamy been an angel of light, Cora could not have worshipped her with more entire devotion.

'Can anything look sweeter than that?' exclaimed Katy, appealing to Cora to admire the starry blossoms that gleamed on the dark satin of her mistress' hair.

'Mistress looks sweet, let her wear what she will,' replied Cora, looking up from her work with a bright smile.

'You are both flatterers,' said Mrs. Bellamy, 'and I know you are making me look too girlish,' putting her hand to her head.

'Oh, please, don't!' cried both voices, 'please don't spoil it!'

At this moment a rapid step was heard ascending the stairs; there was a light bound over the threshold, and a youth of sixteen summers leaped into the centre of the room. Waving his straw hat in one hand, while he pushed back with the other the fair brown curls from his moist brow, he cried—

'Victory, dear Mrs. Bellamy! Victory, Katy! I've won the prize, the golden badge of merit, and I come to lay it at the feet of my benefactors.' Then bending one knee with sportive grace before Mrs. Bellamy, he took from his neck a blue ribbon, from which was suspended a golden medal, and laid it on her lap.

'Well done Marcus,' said Mrs. Bellamy, gazing with pride and delight upon the noble-looking boy who thus vindicated her early prophecy. 'I knew you could not fail; this is only a foretaste of the honors which await you in a larger sphere.'

'I hope so, madam; I hope so for your sake. I only cared to obtain this because I thought it would gratify you. What shall I do with it? I should despise myself tricked out with blue ribbons and trinkets. Katy must wear it till I return from college, and let it be in her eyes an emblem of ambition. It is in the form of a harp, Mrs. Bellamy, you see, strung with twisted threads of gold. It will remind Katy of her music, and how anxious you are that she should excel.'

Marcus passed the azure band round the fair neck of Katy, who felt proud of wearing the badge of her brother's excellence. It was a prize awarded by a committee of gentlemen for the best essay on a given subject written by the pupils of a high school at which he had graduated. He could have entered college two years previous, but Mr. Bellamy thought him too young to be exposed to the temptations of such a life, and preferred that he should enter in advance, and thus shorten the time of his collegiate studies. He was to depart in a few weeks for the most distinguished university of the South, and should he bear away the first honors, Mr. Bellamy promised to reward him by sending him afterward to one of the literary institutions of the North. Burning with desire to prove himself worthy of this munificence, Marcus looked forward to his departure with the eager anticipations of youth, and the distinction he had just won seemed only an earnest of his future success.

When supper was announced, Warland came in with Mr. Bellamy, and took his seat at the table by the side of his children. While there was no apparent change in the person of the latter, he looked greatly altered, and the burden of many years seemed added to his frame. His hair was almost white, proof of the terrible warfare he had sustained with his bosom foe; his complexion was very pale, and his upright form bent from its perpendicular line; but his eye was clear, and the throne of an unclouded intellect. Though its light was ofttimes darkened by the shadow of memory, never since his dwelling with Mr. Bellamy had it been quenched in the night of intemperance. He had performed his duties to his benefactor with unerring fidelity and marked success, and it was now as an honored friend and faithful coadjutor, even as a beloved brother, that he remained in the household of the planter. Aunt Milly came in her ancient costume of the white turban and stiff white apron, and stood with folded hands behind her master's chair till the customary blessing consecrated the board; then with an elevated brow and aristocratic mien, she carried her gilded waiter back and forth to supply the wants of her children, as she always called them, and 'ole master.' There was a peculiar delicacy of kindness in Mrs. Bellamy's giving this office to Milly, for her own servants were trained to wait upon her table, and did its honors with more dexterity, than one belonging like Aunt Milly to the ancient regime. She knew she would be happy in proportion as she thought herself useful, and she had no desire to wean Marcus or Katy from their allegiance to their true and faithful nurse. Sometimes the little ebony images that stood on each side of the table waving beautiful brushes of sun-eyed peacock's feathers, with tremendous flourishes, would purposely hit her lofty turban, but she never swerved from her majestic course, satisfying her dignity by giving them a rebuking roll of her large eyeballs. The beautiful mulatto girl had the post of honor at her mistress' chair, and a tall, handsome mulatto man, with an apron of snowy whiteness reaching to his knees, and a waiter under his arm, held the same position at the right hand of his master. Many a brilliant eye beam and glittering smile were exchanged across the table by this distinguished pair. They were betrothed in marriage, and the coming Christmas was appointed for their nuptials. The coquettish Cora denied the truth of this fact, and declared it was only a false report, and that there was nothing in the world in it; but when her mistress told her what a beautiful wedding-dress she was going to give her, and what a fine supper too, she hung her head and laughed, and said, 'she shouldn't wonder if she did get married.'

Cora was the belle of the plantation, and there were others besides King the handsome mulatto who contended for her smiles. There was one negro, of Cimmerian blackness, of the name of Hannibal, who was a formidable rival to the gallant King; not that Cora regarded him with a favoring eye, but he possessed great muscular power, and his temper when roused was fierce as the goaded lion's. Mr. Bellamy had more trouble with him than any other slave on the plantation, but he was at the same time one of his most valuable men. He was nicknamed the General, and honored his title by exercising authority over his younger and weaker brethren. He was attached to his master, and when no counter feelings opposed his sense of obligation to him, he would work with an enthusiasm that communicated like wildfire to all around him.

'Push on,' they would exclaim, 'don't you see the General ahead?' And the cotton balls would fly thick as northern snow-flakes, and the huge baskets heave high with their downy burdens.

But lately Hannibal had been in a dark sullen mood, and neither persuasion nor coercion had any effect on his obstinate resistaace of duty. Mr. Bellamy, believing that a spirit like his would spurn at delegated authority, told Warland that whenever symptoms ef rebellion appeared in the Carthaginian general to refer him to him, and he usually succeeded by personal influence in recalling him to duty and obedience. Now smarting from the pangs of disappointed love, and maddened by the triumphant happiness of his rival, he broke out in open mutiny, and was placed, by the orders of his master, in solitary confinement, till he had leisure to reflect on the best course to pursue with the offending slave. As soon as supper was over Mr. Bellamy was about to leave the room anxious to perform his disagreeable task, fearful that he might be compelled to have recourse to the dreaded alternative of selling him, and filling with anguish a mother's heart. Hannibal was the only son of an aged mother, who was now trembling in her cabin for the consequences of his rebellion to his much-enduring master.

Mrs. Bellamy, who noted the clouded brow of her husband, followed him into the passage, that she might learn the cause.

'Let me go to him, my husband,' said she; 'I think I have more influence over him than any one else, and I know so well the cause of his present wayward humor. If love has subverted empires razed cities to their foundations, and shaken the boasted reason of the white man, we ought to make great allowance for its influence on less enlightened minds and stronger passions. You are weary, I see you are; give me the lamp and key, and I pledge my word, that Hannibal shall return to his allegiance on the morrow, like a true and valiant soldier.'

'Isabel, this will never do. It is a shame to impose such a task on you. Indeed I cannot allow it.'

'But you must, Mr. Bellamy. When did you ever refuse any request of mine? A woman knows so much better where the keys of the human heart are placed than man. Hannibal has a heart, as his passionate love for Cora but too plainly shows.'

Gently but irresistibly she drew the lamp and key from her husband's hand and glided on to the solitary room, where the General was awaiting the threatened visit of his master, arming herself with strength to withstand both the voice of reason and the menaces of violated authority. The key turned—a bright light flashed into the apartment, and instead of the kind but severe countenance he expected to behold, the sweet face and white-robed form of his mistress beamed upon his gaze. She stood alone before the tall, powerful negro, over whose raven features passion had, if possible, spread a dark hue.

'Hannibal,' said she, bending on him her serene and serious eyes, 'I am very sorry to see you here in disgrace. What have you been doing to deserve this punishment?'

'Nothing mistress, just nothing at all.'

'Was it your master, or Mr. Warland who had you confined here?'

'Twas Master. I tell you what, mistress, if it had been anybody but master, I d a killed him fust.'

'You don't mean to tell me, Hannibal, that your master confined you for nothing. You must not say that a second time. Look me in the face, and tell me, if you can, that your master has ever been unjust or unkind to you.'

'It makes no difference, mistress, who is kind, as long as there is one that treats me like a dog. It turns my heart black to everybody. I can't help what I do, if they kill me for it.'

'If you mean Cora you are very wrong, Hannibal. She is not to blame if she loves another better than you. She cannot help it. Besides, King paid her a great deal of attention, and tried hard to win her, before you ever said a word about loving her. If you had spoken first very likely she would have liked you best.'

'I don't know what to say to please the ladies,' said the African chief, with a grim smile; 'I can't put on airs and make believe I'm a gentleman, like that yellow boy they think such a 'Donis—all on 'em.'

'Now, Hannibal, I want you to listen to me,' said the lady setting down her lamp and taking a seat on a wooden bench; 'you ought to have more sense than to loose all your dignity of character for a young girl, who loved another before she knew you had one thought of her. You make yourself very unhappy, you set a bad example to the other negroes, who look up to you as a pattern; you disturb the peace of your indulgent master, and you fill with anguish the heart of your mistress.'

'I never thought of giving pain to you, mistress.' The tone of his voice was softened, and his head began to droop towards his breast.

'I have always treated you kindly. I have always tried to make you happy. You know when you were sick last winter, and laid up so long, how we wached over you, master and myself, and brought you back to health and strength You blessed us then, and said you never would forget it as long as you lived. You said it was not the medicine or the watching you thanked us for, for that might have been for our own interests, but for the tears we shed when we thought you were dying; that proved we cared for you, for your own sake. Don't you remember it?'

'Yes—that I do, mistress— that I do—every word I say be true.' His lips began to quiver, and tears chased each other down his midnight cheeks.

'I see you are sorry Hannibal. You do not wish your master to sell you?'

'The Lord have mercy on me!—no, mistress.'

'Well, if you ever trouble him again, as you have to-day, he is resolved to do it. He will not allow the peace of the whole plantation to be disturbed by one, of whom he has the power to rid himself. This is a last appeal. Will you follow me to your master, and promise hereafter to curb your rebel passions, proving yourself worthy of his confidence and esteem? or will you be banished from the home where you have so long been sheltered in kindness and affection?'

'Take me to master—take me to master,' said the repentant negro; 'let him punish me any way he please—only let me stay—best master and mistress nigger ever had in this world. Pray forgive poor Hannibal, mistress—he never did so no more—never.'

Mrs. Bellamy lifted the lamp and left the room, beckoning him to follow Looking back with an angelic smile upon the black shadow rolling behind, she led the way to the sitting-room, and opened the door, beckoned her husband to approach.

'I have brought you a patient,' said she 'one sincerely convinced of his error, and anxious for your forgiveness. I commend him to your mercy, firmly believing this will be his last offence.'

Leaving her husband with the subdued General she returned to her adopted children, rejoicing in the success of her mission. That night, when she retired to bed, and was about to drop the muslin curtains over the open windows, that the night-air might come in mellow through its folds, she heard the strain of a violin directly beneath. Bending out, she discerned distinctly, by the sparkling starlight, the tall, dark form of Hannibal, thus exercising a minstrel power, in the solemn stillness of the evening. He was the Orpheus of Hickory Hill, who, if he did not move the stones and trees, set all the black feet quivering whenever his magic bow touched the resounding strings. That he had come this night, beneath her window, to wake the tones of his beloved instrument, was a touching proof that the evil spirit had indeed departed from him; and as she listened to the low, plaintive melody, so different from his usual brisk, enlivening measures, a tear glistened in her mild eyes.

'Poor Hannibal,' said she, 'I wish I had another Cora for him. There is more depth of feeling and passion in him than in the handsomest, smiling King. But she is not the first woman who has been charmed by a showery exterior, nor will she be the last.'

Long after she had sunk to rest, the wounded heart of Hannibal breathed its sorrow and remorse, in the sweet complaining notes of his viol, while the midnight stars gleamed with lonely lustre on his brow.

To be continued.

Every week—we might perhaps more correctly say every day—brings to our knowledge some crime more or less horrible. Before one has had time to realize the horror of one atrocity, another is reported which outweighs its predecessor in brutality and lawlessness. Our special despatch to-night from Ottawa reports a startling and horrible affair at Rodney, in Elgin County, Canada West. A man who degrades the name of 'father' committed an outrage on his two young daughters, and threatened to kill them if they made it known. They gave information to the authorities, however, and now an investigation must follow. Such fiendish work calls for justice of the strictest kind, and let us hope the matter will not be minced. Let justice be done, and speedily. The country must have the benefit of the protection the law affords them.

ICELAND.

LETTER FROM DR. I. I. HAYES, EXPLAINING THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE RECENT ERUPTIONS—ONE-THIRD OF THE ISLAND RENDERED UNINHABITABLE.

Dr. I. I. Hayes writes to the New York *Herald* as follows:—The London papers have for some time had items of information concerning the volcanic eruptions in Iceland during the present year, but, until your publication of yesterday, nothing seems to have been definitely known here with respect to this remarkable occurrence. The region covered has not been greatly disturbed since 1783. It embraces almost the whole of the eastern and southern parts of the Island, beginning in this latter direction in the neighborhood of Hecla, and extending nearly to the point where Iceland touches the Arctic circle This includes the great area of the Vatna Jokull, which has a true glacier system, terminating on the north in the famous Odaharhann, a lava desert that is utterly barren and waterless. Jokull, in the Icelandic, simply means a mountain covered perpetually with ice and snow, while a fjall is one from which the ice and snow mostly disappears in summer.

SKANTAR JOKULL

is the south-western portion of the Vatna Jokull, and it was the eruption of this which caused so much mischief in the last century, though scarcely equalling the damage done this summer. The first symptoms were manifested in 1783, according to the Danish authorities, by a trembling and shaking of the earth. This was so great that the inhabitants quit their houses. Then from the mountains three great fire spouts broke out. These could be distinctly seen thirty miles, and were united at the top by a great cloud. Great quantities of brimstone, pumice stones, and ashes were thrown up with great force and noise, and the wind being very high, these were driven over the country, overwhelming everything and destroying both life and property. A substance like pitch also fell in immense quantities. Then there was a great fall of rain, hail and snow, alternately. The ground, already covered with hot ashes which had destroyed the farms and pasture grounds, melted the snow at once and produced great floods, and, worse than all, filled the air with steam. One of the results was to swell the Skaptar River from this melted snow But very quickly this whole scene was changed. Lava broke out from the mountain in prodigious streams, and in a few hours the river was dried up, and in its place there was

A FLOOD OF FIRE

which spread in every direction, overwhelming the country through a vast area. This fiery stream continued to flow from June 12 to August 13. Twenty-one villages were overwhelmed, twenty-four others were partially destroyed, and thousands of people lost their lives. Eleven rivers were dried up and the filling up of Lakes caused an overflow which was very near as destructive as the lava flood itself. This eruption of Skaptar, which did so much damage, was local compared to the present one, which embraces more than

A THIRD OF THE WHOLE ISLAND,

and has been raging with greater or less violence since last Christmas Day, when the first shocks were felt. At Reykjavik, the capital, there is published a paper called the *Thjodolfr*, which gives minute descriptions of several of the eruptions, for they are indeed numerous, extending through, probably, at least 200 miles, from an account therein published we hear that extensive pasture fields are overflowed, still greater tracts covered with ashes, and three large craters are incessantly

ROARING AND THUNDERING.

To quote from an exceedingly graphic account:—"And a sight awe inspiring beyond expression it was to behold them; not only were the rumblings terrific and the reports of the frequent explosions tremendous but the quaking of the earth was so frightful as if, at any moment, everything must crumble down. The larger craters shot forth boulders of various sizes, the greatest of which were forty-five seconds in falling down like a shower of hale far away from the crater." This is in the northern and eastern part of the island, in the neighborhood of Myvatn; but further to the south, among the mountain groups of Dyngjufjoil occur

OTHER ERUPTIONS,

and in chronicling them from time to time, as information could be obtained through the slow mention of pony travel, which is the only means of communication between one place and another, the picture of suffering and destruction is perfectly appaling. Speaking of a lava stream, the papers says:—"It was grand as it was horrible to behold the rush and to listen to the roaring of it as it traversed the spot where once their was a fair and friendly landscape." The greatest suffering seems to have been from

THE FALL OF ASHES

which was driven by the wind even as far as Norway, and while the destruction of human life does not seem to have been so great as might have been expected, the complete obliteration of the pasture lands in many places appear to have been productive of the greater misery and want, owing to the starvation of the cows, sheep and ponies. Professor Eirikr Magnusson, who accompanied me to Iceland last year, and who is one of the most learned Icelandic scholars, in a letter to the London *Times* says that "many of the sufferers have been prevailed upon to cleanse the manured homefields from the ashes, even where the reward of the toil would be only the saving of one cow alive for the winter, rather than to move bodily away and fall a helpless wandering prey on the already heavily taxed neighbors."

We are sorry to notice that the famous publishing house of Lee & Shephard, and the branch house in New York of Lee, Shephard & Dillingham, have been compelled to suspend. This was one of the most enterprising, upright and extensive publishing houses in the Eastern States. The liabilities are stated at from $350,000 to $1,000,000. The trustee says that the firms will be able to pay fifty cents on the dollar The firm's first heavy blow was received in the great Boston fire, when it lost at least $100,000 thus curtailing its operations. Then fully half that amount was lost by a subsequent fire in another part of Boston. These losses, followed by a dullness in trade, bore the firm down, and, after a severe struggle to maintain their position, they were compelled to take the steps now announced.

The Atlantic and Pacific and Western Union Telegraph companies are said to have consolidated.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Jacques Cartier Bank of Montreal, will resume with an addition of $1,000,000 preferential stock to the capital.

Chicago is about to establish a system of floating hospitals to cure diseases by means of pure air of the rivers and lakes.

There was quite a heavy frost in various localities in Illinois and Iowa last Sunday night. Most of the small vines were killed. Potatoes and corn were more or less injured.

The liabilities of the Bank of California are estimated at $14,000,000, and the available assets at $7,000,000. The Merchants' Exchange Bank, it is expected, will resume business this morning, but the National Gold Bank will not do any business for a few days. The funeral of President Ralston was very largely attended.

The London Quarterly Review for July, 1875 just issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay Street, New York, contains as follows:

I. The First Stewart in England—Von Ranke, Pattison, Spedding, Gardiner.
II. Jamaica.
III. Virgil in the Middle Ages
IV. Balloons and Voyages in the Air.
V. The 'Theatre Francais.'
VI. Falconry in the British Isles.
VI. Memoirs of Count de Segur—More about Napoleon.
VIII. Tennyson's Queen Mary.
IX. Church Law and Church Prospects.

HOW THE SUN MOVED A BRIDGE.—During the recent building of a bridge in Holland, one of the traverses, 460 feet long, was misplaced on the supports. It is an inch out of line, and the problem was how to replace it. Experiments proved that the iron work expanded a small fraction of an inch to every degree of heat received. It was noticed that the night and day temperatures differed by about 25 degrees and it was thought that this might be made to move the bridge. In the morning one end of the pieces were bolted down securely and the other end left free. In the heat of the sun the iron expanded, and towards night the bolted end was loosened. The contraction then dragged the whole mass the other way. For two days this experiment was repeated, and the desired place was reached. The contraction and expansion of iron bars by fire heat has frequently been used to move heavy weights over short distances. Broken walls and strained roofs and arches have been brought into place by simply heating iron rods till they expanded, then taking the slack by screws and nuts, allowing contraction by cold to pull the wall or roof into place.

SENSIBLE WORDS ABOUT ADVERTISING.—The following is from the financial article of the New Orleans *Picayune*:

"The people who sit nervously in countinghouses, or behind their goods, waiting for customers to take them by storm, and making no efforts to let the world know the bargains they have to offer, will find the season very unpropitious. Many of those who have spent large sums in hiring drummers and paying for other well-known appliances of trade, have effected large sales, but swallowed up too large a share of the receipts in such enormous attendant expenses. The best remuneration has been found by those who have returned to more legitimate old fashioned methods of pushing their business. We say it not simply because we are interested in this line of expenditure, but, as our best advice to all who wish to be enterprising and to secure a larger custom, there is nothing now so effective to this end as judicious advertising. A little advertisement may be like a gentle touch of the whip to poor Dobbin's horse, 'a mercy thrown away;' but a liberal outlay is almost certain to bring in a large return, and this will last even beyond the current season. We do not believe that any one who has valuable service or desirable property to offer can fail of reaping a rich harvest by continuous advertising on a large scale."

Another of those frightful accidents that seem inevitable, even when men are experienced and cautious miners recently occurred in the Belcher mine. Wm. Henderson, a gentleman well known in Gold Hill, had ignited a blast in the 1,000 foot level of the mine, and as usual retired to a safe distance to wait the explosion. He remained a much longer time than is usually taken for it to go off; but, as through some cause, probably a defective fuse, it did not do so, he cautiously approached it to see what was the matter. He got close up to it just as it exploded, receiving terrible and perhaps fatal injuries. His body from the waist up was fairly riddled with small fragments of rock. He was taken to the surface as soon as possible and conveyed to his residence a short distance below the Belcher hoisting works. Drs. Hall and Falconer were sent for, and did all in their power to relieve the sufferings of the injured man. They removed a piece as large as an ordinary hen's egg from his left arm, near the shoulder, and another almost as large from his right jaw near the ear. This latter piece struck him on the chin, producing a facture of the jaw at that point and ploughing its way back to where it was extracted. His right eye was completely destroyed and his left torn from the socket, so that in case of ultimate recovery he will be totally blind. The piece which tore out his left eye hit the bridge of the nose and the forehead at the inner corner of the eye, breaking the former and producing a fracture of the latter, that of itself would appear sufficient to produce death. He was alive and conscious at noon to-day. He fully realized the terrible nature of his injuries, and seemed resigned to his fate. He is a man about sixty years of age, and although of a naturally robust constitution, will on account of his years, have all the poorer chance to recover. He has a large family of estimable children, some of them grown up, and will therefore be cared for with the skill that can only be rendered by loving hands.—*Gold Hill News, Aug. 19.*

Attempt to Kidnap Two Ladies.—One Lady Jumps into the River —Last Friday the members of the St. Jean Baptist Society of Ogdensburg, had a pic nic party at the St. Lawrence Park, Brockville. In the afternoon two ladies were swinging in the grove, when one expressed a desire to have a boat ride. The conversation being overheard by Thomas Murphy, William Gleason, James Cronan and John Moffat, all of Brockville one of the party remarked, 'we have a boat on the beach, which is at your service.' The lady, Maggie McHugh, answered, 'We want to go alone.' 'All right,' replied the man who had offered to lend the boat. Miss McHugh, accompanied by her friend (whose name we have been unable to learn) proceeded to the beach and got into the boat. One of the men pushed it off, but the moment it floated, two of the men jumped in. The ladies said 'they wished to go alone,' and made a request to have the boat landed. One of the men replied that they would row the boat for them, which they proceeded to do. In a few minutes they passed slowly around the point in front of the Park, when they immediately steered for the islands, rowing very rapidly. The ladies became alarmed, remonstrated and screamed for help. A youth, who was out in a small boat, went to their rescue, rowing up near the boat in which they were seated. One of the ladies jumped into his boat, when immediately the other boat, containing Miss McHugh, made off in the direction of the lighthouse, followed by a boat containing two men who had left at the Park. Miss McHugh began screaming for help, when one of the roughs put his hand over her mouth. The boat containing the other lady returned to the Park as quickly as possible, the facts were made known, and half a dozen boats were at once in pursuit. In the meantime the boat containing Miss McHugh approached an island, when the heroic girl jumped into the river, where the water was about five feet in depth, remaining in this position until reached by her friends. The two boats containing the roughs, proceeded towards the American shore, and, we are sorry to say, escaped.