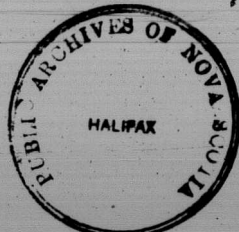


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No. 16.

Poetry.

The Well of St. Keyne.

A BALLAD BY THE LATE ROBT. SOUTHEY,
LL.D., POET LAUREATE.

A well there is in the West country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the West country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Drops in the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne,
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travel-
ling, and there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirstily and hot was he;
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighboring
town,
At the well to fill his pail;
On the well-side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth
he,
For an and thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drunk this
day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Ay has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life,
She has drunk of the well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was
here,"
The stranger he made reply;
"But that my draught should be better for
that,
I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne" quoth the Cornishman, "many
a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man henceforth he is,
For he shall be master for life."

"But if the wife should drink it first,
O pity the husband then!"
The stranger stooped to the well of St.
Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the well, I warrant, be-
cause
He to the Cornishman said:
But the Cornishman smiled as the stranger
spoke,
And sheepishly shook his head:

"Thirsted as soon as the wedding was
done,
And I left my wife in the porch;
But, faith, she had been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church."

Literature.

A Yachtman's Romance.

The scene is Ryde Pier, and the
hour about 7.30 p. m. There in the
S. Kent is the squadron of dainty craft,
their sails furled, still, and motionless
as anchors, the lamp fixed to their
main-masts reflecting itself with a
quivering motion in the tide below;
and the whole effect being that of a
marine illumination. A little further
on and you can see the line of light
on the main-land, and distinctly trace
the terraces of Southsea and Ports-
mouth. If you turn around, you will
see full in your face the little town
of Ryde, alive with gas, and the win-
dows of the Victoria Yacht Club all
glowing. Then, probably, to enhance
the sentiment of the moment, the
strains of music steal upon you; and
were it not that you are reasonably
reminded of contingent rheumatic
pains, you might be tempted to lapse
into poetic reverie.

Mr. Jim Lawlesse, to address him
at once by his familiar title, was
scarcely a gentleman of a poetic tem-
perament, yet from the prolonged
intensity of his gaze upon the water
as he lounged across the railings of
the pier, and the fact that he had
suffered his cigar to become extin-
guished in his hand, he might, for all
one could have told to the contrary,
be meditating a sonnet to his mis-
tress's eyelid, or be speculating
deeply on the philosophy of the un-
conditioned. Of that little yacht
yonder (the one nearest the shore,
with its tiny light twinkling from
amidst its rigging—the "Sea Fan"
was her name) Mr. Jim Lawlesse
was temporary proprietor. Jim's
friends were in the habit of saying
that, having made the land too hot
for him, he had taken to the waters;
and there may have been reasons
which rendered St. James's Street

slightly too public a place for our
hero. So Mr. Lawlesse had accept-
ed an invitation from an old college
friend to go on a yachting trip in the
"San Fan." But the "San Fan's"
owner had been called away, and Mr.
Lawlesse was the man in possession
pro tem.

A boat containing a gentleman and
two ladies pulled to the pier, and Mr.
Lawlesse's attention was aroused.—
The party had come from the "Pe-
trel," about a mile out, and consisted
of the proprietor of the "Petrel," Sir
Hedworth Dare, and his two daugh-
ters, (who stood to each other in the
relation of half-sisters, as Sir Hed-
worth had married twice), Edith and
Kate. When Mr. Lawlesse went up
to the two as they landed, it was
pretty obvious that Sir Hedworth
Dare would have been quite as well
pleased had that gentleman not chos-
en to present himself, for the baronet
regarded Mr. Lawlesse as a detri-
mental, and had a wholesale and par-
ental horror of the class.

"Ah, Lawlesse! thought it was
Moonington," said Sir Hedworth.—
"Said he would be here to meet us."
The Hon. Sam Moonington was
eldest son of the heir of Moonshine,
and desperately smitten with Miss
Kate Dare. Sir Hedworth—so said
Ryde society—was bent upon the
match. The Hon. Sam was certainly
a catch—so said the ladies; Moon-
ington was an ass—so (somewhat
abruptly) said the gentlemen in gen-
eral, and Mr. Lawlesse in particu-
lar.

Jim, however, was not to be taken
aback by this very tepid welcome, and
walked down the pier with Sir Hed-
worth and his daughters.

"Are you going to the ball to-night,
Mr. Lawlesse?" asked Kate Dare.—
It happened to be within a few hours
of the commencement of the Yacht
Club ball.

Of course Mr. Lawlesse was going
and so was Mr. Moonington. That
gentleman had just joined them; and
so they all were. "And so we shall
all meet again presently." And Jim
Lawlesse sauntered off, after having
bade the ladies adieu—in decidedly
better spirits than when he had
first met Sir Hedworth and the Misses
Dare.

"I don't think I should mind back-
ing my luck against that of the Hon-
orable Sam," said Jim Lawlesse, as
he proceeded to dress. Miss Kate
Dare had promised Mr. Lawlesse the
first waltz.

The dance given by the Royal
Victoria Yacht Club was unusually
and brilliantly successful that year—
so said everybody; and the ball is
certainly one which, if for no other
reasons than those of a spectacular
nature, is well worth seeing. The
elegant devices which convert a bal-
cony into a corridor, the profusion of
banners, the trophies of yachtmanship,
the decidedly nautical features in the
dresses of the ladies—all these add
charm which is exclusively their own
to the affair.

Mr. James Lawlesse entered the
room almost at the same time as the
Dare party. On the arm of Sir Hed-
worth rested his eldest daughter, on
that of the Hon. Sam Miss Kate
Dare. The baronet's tone was more
chilled than ever when he caught sight
of our hero approaching in the dis-
tance.

Amidst an indescribable chatter,
strongly flavored with marine jargon,
the first quadrille was danced. Mr.
Moonington's partner was Miss Kate
Dare, his *vis-à-vis* the gentleman
whom we have for form's sake christ-
ened the hero of this slight narrative.
But the first quadrille, as even first
quadrilles are some time or other, was
over at last, and within a few min-
utes of its termination Mr. Lawlesse
claimed the younger of Sir Hed-
worth's two daughters as his partner
in the first waltz; and Mr. Moon-
ington surrendered the lady who, with-
out doubt, was the object of his af-
fection and ambitions, certainly not
with the best grace in the world.—
Miss Dare, however, was close by,
and disengaged. Would Miss Dare
give him the, the Hon. Sam, the plea-

sure of that waltz? Most happy;
and the pair whirled off. The eldest
of Hedworth's two daughters was far
from displeased at the *contretemps*,
and she determined to make the most
of it. She did not see why the heir
to the Moonshine peerage should be
calmly appropriated for and by her
younger and half sister. For her
part, she could never quite under-
stand what there particularly was to
charm people in Kate. Besides,
Kate had her time before her; she
had only finished her first season, and
Edith Dare's first season was an af-
fair of the more or less long past.—
If Kate did not choose to know her
opportunity, such a charge of igno-
rance should not be brought against
Miss Dare. In plain truth, this young
lady was as little pleased with her
father as with her sister in the pre-
sent matter. It would be no such
bad thing, she thought, if the event
should prove that the calculations of
the former were at fault; as for Kate
the child was far too ignorant to cal-
culate at all.

The fair partner of Mr. Moon-
ington put forth all her powers—and
they were not inconsiderable—to cap-
tivate and please. She suggested a
walk in the corridor—it was so hot
in the ball room. Curiously enough
Kate and Mr. Lawlesse had proceed-
ed in the same direction only a few
minutes previously. Curious enough,
also, the keen eyes of Edith Dare, had
noticed the movement.

"I think," said that young lady
in a low tone, "we will sit here, just
behind that pillar. The air blows in
so cool, and we have such a pretty
view of the sea."
Almost immediately on the other
side of the pillar were Miss Kate
Dare and Mr. Lawlesse.

"Ah! Mr. Moonington, there, I
declare, are my sister and Mr. Law-
lesse. How very sentimental!"—
And Edith looked up into the face of
the Honorable Sam, who, judging
from his expression was not particu-
larly pleased. He looked in the di-
rection indicated, and then turned
again to his partner.

Under the shadow of the pillar
Edith advanced with her cavalier a
little nearer her sister.

"Romance, did you say, Mr. Law-
lesse? I don't think there's much
romance in the present century, least
of all at Ryde. If you want romance
I think it would be necessary to
search for it on far wilder waters than
those of the Solent."

"I suppose," returned Mr. Law-
lesse, who had evidently been reading
up "Ixion in Heaven," "that romance
is to the romantic."

"And who is romantic now-a-
days?"

The pair were standing close to-
gether, and Mr. Moonington and his
partner could distinctly see Mr.
Lawlesse's hand laid upon Kate
Dare's.

"I think, Mr. Moonington, we will
go inside. It is getting rather chill-
ing here—romantic perhaps, rheuma-
tic certainly," said Miss Dare, in
accents sufficiently audible to arouse
the attention of her sister and Mr.
Lawlesse.

"Haden't a notion," remarked Jim,
turning round with something of
confusion, "that any body was so
near."

The Hon. Sam Moonington did not
ask Miss Kate Dare to dance again
that evening.

In her dreams that night, when the
ball was over and the dancers disper-
sed, Miss Dare saw herself the Coun-
tess of Moonington; and if any
thoughts visited her sister's slum-
ber, I am disposed to fancy that they
were principally relative to Jim Law-
lesse.

—

A beautiful morning, two or three
days after the club ball; Ryde was
thinning gradually; but among its
visitors who remained were Sir Hed-
worth Dare, his two daughters, the
Hon. Sam Moonington, and Jim Law-
lesse, the latter of whom still waited
the return of his friend, the proprie-
tor of the "Sea Fan."

Sir Hedworth Dare was going to
take a morning's sail in his yacht,

the "Petrel." His two daughters
were coming, and they were to be
accompanied by Mr. Moonington.—
The baronet had noticed something
of the events of the ball night, and
Mr. Lawlesse was discreetly omitted
from the party.

Kate Dare was passionately fond
of the sea, and was herself an excel-
lent oar. She had told Jim as much
the other night. She could not im-
agine, she said, any life more perfect
than the yachtmanship; and it must be
allowed that the existence is not
without its attractions. If you study
independence, you realize it in a de-
gree possible under no other circum-
stances. You go from place to place
according to your own sweet will.—
The instant that a sentiment of bore-
dom commences to creep over you,
your anchor is weighed and the scene
is changed. Hotels may charge pro-
hibitory prices; lodging-house keep-
ers may drive their inmates to dis-
traction; what care you? All that
hotels and all that lodgings could
supply you have close at hand, ready
to your beck and call.

Sir Hedworth's party were on
board the "Petrel," and the yacht
was just about to slip her moorings.
"Where's Kate, Edith?" inquired
the baronet, not seeing his youngest
daughter on deck.

"Oh, down in the cabin, papa—I
suppose."

These last two words were added
in a somewhat lower tone, and as she
said them Edith rather blushed. She
sat down, however, presently, next
to Mr. Moonington, and was soon
making the running at a speed not
less than that of the good yacht "Pe-
trel."

"Tell Kate to come up," said Sir
Hedworth, after he had leisure to
think of other things than certain
matters of purely nautical importance
and Edith Dare called for her sister
down the companion-ladder. Receiv-
ing no answer, she descended into
the cabin.

"Papa," she said, on returning, "I
don't see Kate at all. I suppose at
the last minute she made up her mind
not to come."

This was not exactly the truth.—
Edith Dare had determined from the
first that Kate should not be among
the party, and to this end she had
managed to divert her attention to
some else at the moment they were
leaving the house. Sir Hedworth
was not satisfied with the explana-
tion, and knit his brow. His young-
er daughter was his favorite, and, not
being blind to the character of the
elder, he did, in plain truth, suspect
something of the ruse that had been
executed, but he said nothing, and the
"Petrel" went on.

Some person else had selected the
present morning as a favorable one
for a sail, and that was Jim Lawlesse.
He had taken no companion, and was
talking abstractedly to the master of
the "Sea Fan." The regulation tele-
scope was suspended from his neck,
and something impelled him to look
through it in the direction of what
seemed a black speck. He examined
it again.

"Looks uncommonly like a boat;
and, so far as I can make out, who-
ever is inside her is in distress, for it
appears to me as if they were making
signs," said Jim.

The master was of the same opin-
ion, and the pair decided that they
would "stand about" and try to get
at the object.

"By Jove!" cried Jim, as they
drew a little nearer, "it's a woman I
declare!"

And a woman it certainly was, ex-
hausted with the severity of her efforts
to make headway against the waves.
They were now within two or three
hundred yards of the boat, and Jim
ordered the yacht's pinnace to be let
down, and said he would himself run
up to this female Columbus.

"Miss Dare," cried Jim, as the
pinnace touched the boat, "is that
you? What on earth brought you
here—three miles from the shore?"

"Oh, Mr. Lawlesse, I am so glad
to see you, or some one. I was a-
bout getting exhausted, and
thought—"

But Kate Dare was unable to say

more, for she fell back in a dead
faint.

Jim Lawlesse transferred himself
into her boat and rowed to the yacht,
and when Kate Dare next became
sensible she found herself lying in the
ladies' cabin of the "Sea Fan,"
with Mr. James Lawlesse at her
side.

"How very kind!" were her first
words, and "How very fortunate!"
"It was certainly fortunate that I
should have seen you, but there is no
kindness," said Jim. "Don't speak
till you have quite recovered."

The recovery was not long delay-
ed, and Kate Dare commenced to tell
Jim Lawlesse exactly what had oc-
curred.

"You know," she said, that we—
that is, papa and Edith and Mr.
Moonington—were to have gone out
for a sail in the "Petrel" this morn-
ing. Well, I was dressing, and I
thought I had plenty of time, when,
on looking out of the window, I saw
the yacht starting. I was determin-
ed not to be robbed of my cruise, so I
hurried and went down to the water,
and got into the little boat. You see,
they were close to me. The "Pe-
trel" didn't seem to be more than a hun-
dred yards ahead, and I thought that
I could easily attract their notice.—
Besides, I had imagined, naturally,
that they would discover that I was
left behind, and I thought most like-
ly they would put back for me. How-
ever, I couldn't manage it, and I
rowed on and on, and when I looked
back the shore was ever so far be-
hind, and I didn't know what to do,
and I only hoped some person would
pick me up—and at last you did, and
I am really more obliged than I can
say."

Jim blurted out some disclaimer in
reply, that does not materially affect
the course of this narrative.

It was decided that the best plan
would be to steer for home immedi-
ately, and to land as near Sea View
as possible, where Sir Hedworth
Dare's house was situated.

"People talk so absurdly in Ryde,"
added Miss Kate Dare, as an argu-
ment to clinch the plan.

When the shore was reached there
was scarcely a person visible. Two
persons, however, had watched the
disembarkation from the "Sea Fan." One
was Edith Dare, and another
Mr. Moonington.

"If that does not convince him,
nothing else will," thought Miss
Dare.

Miss Dare's wish was accomplish-
ed, and before the boat was reached
she was scarcely a person visible. Two
persons, however, had watched the
disembarkation from the "Sea Fan." One
was Edith Dare, and another
Mr. Moonington.

"Where on earth is Kate?" said
Sir Hedworth, as he met Mr. Moon-
ington and his newly gained niece.

"We have just seen her, papa,
landed from Mr. Lawlesse's yacht."
was the sisterly reply.

"The devil you have!" replied the
baronet, *with rage*.

"Ah! here they come, I declare,"
added Miss Dare. "Hope you've
had a pleasant sail, Kate?"

"Kate," said Sir Hedworth, as that
young lady was bursting out into all
manner of ejaculatory explanations,
"I want to speak to you at once. I
am surprised," continued the baronet,
when the library was reached, "that
you should have acted as you have
done; that you should have given
me the slip in the dishonest manner
you did, simply to do a most impropr-
e thing—go out in the yacht of a
young man to whom you know I ex-
ceedingly object. As for his con-
duct, it is simply disgraceful. I do
not understand it, upon my soul—I
don't."

"Oh, papa! what do you mean?"
burst in Kate. "Mr. Lawlesse has
saved my life." And Kate narrated
to her father all that had occurred.
The baronet's face changed more
than once in the course of his daugh-
ter's story.

"Go up and dress for dinner,
Kate. I will go and thank Mr. Law-
lesse."

Sir Hedworth met that gentleman
standing on the steps of the porch.
"No thanks whatever are due, Sir
Hedworth," replied Jim. "I'm only
sincerely grateful that I saw your
daughter when I did."

"Don't go, Lawlesse," continued
the owner of the "Petrel". "Come
and stay to dinner." And so saying
Sir Hedworth turned aside to speak
to his eldest daughter, whom he saw
coming.

"Edith," he said, "I should like
to know what you meant by telling
me that Kate was in the cabin this
morning?"

"Really, papa, I knew nothing to
the contrary. I'm glad she was in
more agreeable society. But Mr.
Moonington is in the library, and I

know is anxious to see you—pray
go!"

Later on that evening there was
another interview—this time between
Sir Hedworth and Mr. Jim Lawlesse.
It was evidently satisfactory. Kate
had spoken to her father in the inter-
val on the subject of her lover. Jim
had made, and would make no decla-
ration without Sir Hedworth's con-
sent. That consent was given.

"Lawlesse, you have only saved
my daughter's life, you have acted,
as I have heard from her, in a manner
infinitely creditable to yourself."

"Kate," said Jim to his affianced
bride, before they parted that night,
"don't you think I was right, and
that there may be romance even close
to Ryde, and on the water of the
Solent, after all."

The Phenomena of Crime.

From the New York Tribune.

There is always something start-
ling in the occurrence of a quick suc-
cession of crimes which bear a re-
semblance to one another, either in
the motive or the mode of their ex-
ecution. Only a few days ago it
seemed as if murder following upon
illicit intercourse between the sexes,
was becoming epidemic. Today a
mania for poisoning appears to be
the fashionable form of crime, of
which the Sherman case in Con-
necticut, the Ruth case in Kansas, the
Wharton case in Baltimore, and one
or two others that have recently come
to light, are the most conspicuous ex-
amples. In reality, there is no cause
for surprise in this concurrence of
similar instances of homicide. It
cannot be called a coincidence. His-
tory so abounds with cases of this
character that we are justified in sus-
pecting that they follow a general
law, and that perhaps in the progress
of social science we may learn to
combat them as effectually as we op-
pose the contagion of cholera or yel-
low fever. The tendency of crime
to become epidemic is pretty gener-
ally admitted. Incendiarism, suicide,
infanticide, and murder by poison
are offenses which experience shows
to be specially liable to propagate
themselves by infection. About the
middle of the 17th century there was
a frightful epidemic of poisoning in
Italy, and a society of young wives
devoted means for getting rid of their
husbands. Fourteen were hanged,
and a great number of others, includ-
ing many young and beautiful girls,
were whipped half naked through the
streets of Rome. The notorious
Tofania, who carried on the poison-
ing trade for fifty years, flourished
about the same time; and almost
simultaneously the crimes and execu-
tion of Madame de Brinvilliers
gave rise to a mania for poisoning in
France which lasted until more than
a hundred persons had been execut-
ed. A celebrated poisoning case in
England in 1845 was followed by an
extraordinary increase of the same
form of crime, especially among the
poor in the agricultural districts: one
woman killed eight of her children
by putting arsenic on her breasts.—
After the execution of the English
poisoner Palmer, about fifteen years
ago, for killing his wife with strychnine,
an English gentleman named
Dove got rid of his wife in precisely
the same manner, and acknowledged
that reading about the Palmer case
induced him to do it. De Quincey
mentions the frequency of the assas-
sination of prominent historical char-
acters between 1588 and 1625, that
short period of forty-seven years wit-
nessing the murder of William of
Orange, the Duke of Guise, Henri
III., Henri IV., the Duke of Buck-
ingham, Wallenstein, and perhaps
Gustavus Adolphus, whose fate is
surrounded by mystery. Suicide
by drowning was once so prevalent
among the women of Lyons that to
check it the authorities ordered the
bodies of all the victims to be pub-
licly exposed in the market-place.—
At Versailles toward the close of the
last century, there were 1,300 suicides
in a single year. Several cases of
epidemic incendiarism have occurred
in this country; and we have no
doubt that it would be found, if the
necessary statistics were accessible,
that other forms of crime have pre-
vailed here from time to time with
the same symptoms of contagion.

This transitory popularity of cer-
tain horrible offences can be in part,
but not wholly accounted for by man's

well-known proneness to imitation.
Every community is thickly sown
with the seeds of evil. The germs of
violence and lust in all their potent
shapes, are hidden under the surface
of society, and nothing is wanting
for their development but a concu-
rrence of favorable external circum-
stances—an exceptional social dis-
turbance unholly rousing the passions
and unsettling the balance of the
mind, an outbreak of political or
commercial excitement, anything in
fact which affects the normal con-
dition of mental health, favors the
predominance of appetite and impulse
over reason and judgment. Then
the instant of imitation comes into
play, and we see the result in an ap-
alling series of adulteries, poison-
ings, shootings, child-murders, for-
geries, or suicides. Perhaps we may
go further yet. Strictly speaking,
every criminal is insane, and it is
possible that moral disorders are in
part explicable not only by the same
method of reasoning which we apply
to the investigation of bodily dis-
eases, but by the same physical causes
whereby those diseases are pro-
duced. Bodily diseases, mental dis-
orders, and criminal propensities are
correlatives, interchangeable with
one another, as heat may be changed
into electricity, electricity into che-
mical action, chemical action into
magnetism, and so on with all the
interchangeable forces, either being ex-
changeable for any of the others.—
The morbid organization which shows
itself in one generation by epilepsy
or melancholia, may be inherited in
the next as chronic alcoholism, in the
next as physical deformity, or hypo-
chondriasis, or moral depravity, or
homicidal mania. Who shall say
then that the external influences
which induce a disordered action of
the system and arrest the natural de-
velopment of the body are not cap-
able of favoring both endemic and
epidemic manifestations of insanity
and crime? In other words trace a
murder back far enough and you may
find its origin in a miasma. Study
all the facts, and you may discover
that certain forms of violence are
endemic in Ireland, robbery in Italy,
infanticide in China, suicide in India
and Japan, because physical influ-
ences in those countries induce
peculiar morbid changes in the ner-
vous centres; and that poisoning
is especially liable to propagate
itself in Lyons, whitechapel in En-
gland, and other disturbances facili-
tated the development of certain
pathological conditions.

Of course we do not imply that be-
cause crime is a symptom of mental
disease, a criminal is therefore ir-
responsible. The precise degree of
disorder which destroys free-will is
an inquiry which often baffles ex-
perts; but there lies on each side of
the dividing line a wide region of
disease in which it will not be diffi-
cult to derive the patient's account-
ability, Mrs. Sherman may have
been impelled to poison three hus-
bands and eight children, and Mrs.
Wharton to kill half a dozen people
with tartar-emetic, in consequence of
some hereditary defect of organiza-
tion, developed by physical and
wholly extraneous causes, just as a
latent fever-tendency may be devel-
oped by a change of climate; and
yet both women may be responsible
for their actions in the sight of God
and in the eye of the law. Ruffo
was justly hanged; but nobody be-
lieves that he had really a healthy
mind notwithstanding that the phy-
sicians pronounced him "perfectly
sane." He was sane in a legal sense,
so if the two women now in her ar-
rest for wide-spread poisoning prove
to be guilty, it will not follow that
they have not deserved the full penalty
of the law, because common sense
requires us to look upon such extraor-
dinary series of murders as the man-
ifestations of horribly disordered
brains.

The Marquis of Lorne.

One of those rumors that no one
can trace home, yet which every one
accepts as not impossible, tells us
that we are to be honored with the
Marquis of Lorne as our next Gov-
ernor General. The favorable im-
pression a visit to Canada produced
on the Prince of Wales, and more
especially on Prince Arthur, may have
had some influence in tempting Prin-
cess Louise to try this country. The
Marquis of Lorne is not opulent, and
he might make a worse arrange-
ment for himself than serving here as
Governor General. The official in-
come of fifty thousand a year is suf-
ficient to maintain the dignity of the
office, for that matter the two Gov-
ernors General that preceded Lord
Lisgar managed to pull through on
half the official salary and thought
they behaved very hospitably. If
they did not they had the satisfaction
of knowing that their private estates
were improved to the extent of \$6,000
a year.—*Montreal Daily News.*